Museum Shakespeare
THE COMPLETE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE

COMPRISING HIS

Dramatic and Poetical Works

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GEORGE STEEVENS, ESQ.

WITH A

GLOSSARY AND NOTES

AND A

MEMOIR

BY ALEX. CHALMERS, A.M.

ILLUSTRATED WITH HISTORICAL STEEL ENGRAVINGS

IN ONE VOLUME

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SKETCH

OF THE

LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE.

BY ALEXANDER CHALMERS, A. M.

William Shakespeare was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, in Warwickshire, on the 23rd day of April, 1564. Of the rank of his family it is not easy to form an opinion. Mr. Rowe says that by the register and certain public writings relating to Stratford, it appears that his ancestors were "of good figure and fashion," in that town, and are mentioned as "gentlemen," an epithet which was more determinate then than at present, when it has become an unlimited phrase of courtesy. His father, John Shakespeare, was a considerable dealer in wool, and had been an officer and bailiff (probably high bailiff or mayor) of the body corporate of Stratford. He held also the office of justice of the peace; and at one time, it is said, possessed lands and tenements to the amount of £300, the reward of his grandfather's faithful and approved services to King Henry VII. This, however, has been asserted upon very doubtful authority. Mr. Malone thinks "it is highly probable that he distinguished himself in Bosworth Field on the side of King Henry, and that he was rewarded for his military services by the bounty of that parsimonious prince, though not with a grant of lands. No such grant appears in the Chapel of the Rolls, from the beginning to the end of Henry's reign." But whatever may have been his former wealth, it appears to have been greatly reduced in the latter part of his life, as we find, from the books of the Corporation, that, in 1579, he was excused the trifling weekly tax of fourpence levied on all the aldermen; and that, in 1586, another alderman was appointed in his room, in consequence of his declining to attend on the business of that office. It is even said by Aubrey, a man sufficiently accurate in facts, although credulous in superstitions, narratives and traditions, that he followed for some time the occupation of a butcher, which Mr. Malone thinks not inconsistent with probability. It must have been, however, at this time, no inconsiderable addition to his difficulties that he had a family of ten children. His wife was the daughter and heiress of Robert Arden of Wellingote, in the county of Warwick, who is styled "a gentleman of worship." The family of Arden is very ancient. Robert Arden of Bromich, Esq., being in the list of the gentry of this country returned by the commissioners in the twelfth year of King Henry VI. A. D. 1438. Edward Arden was sheriff of the county in 1588. The woodland part of this county was anciently called Arden, afterwards softened to Arden; and hence the name.

Our illustrious poet was the eldest son, and received his early education, however narrow or liberal, at a free school, probably that founded at Stratford. From this he appears to have been removed, and placed, according to Mr. Malone's opinion, in the office of some country attorney, or the seneschal of some manor court, where it is highly probable he picked up those technical law phrases that so frequently occur in his plays, and could not have been in common use, unless among professional men. Mr. Capell conjectures, that his early marriage prevented his being sent to some university. It appears, however, as Dr. Farmer observes, that his early life was incompatible with a course of education; and it is certain, that "his contemporaries, friends and foes, say, and himself likewise, agree in his want of what is usually termed literature." It is, indeed, a strong argument in favor of Shakespeare's literature, that it was maintained by all his contemporaries, many of whom have left upon record every merit they could bestow on him; and by his successors, who lived nearest to his time, when "his memory was green," and that it has been denied only by Gildon, Sewell, and others down to Upton, who could have no means of ascertaining the truth.

In his eighteen years, or perhaps a little sooner, he married Anne Hathaway, who was eight years older than himself, the daughter of one Hathaway, who is said to have been a substantial yeoman in the neighborhood of Stratford. Of his domestic economy, or professional occupation at this time, we have no information; but it would appear that both were in a considerable degree neglected by his

1 MSS. Aubrey, Mus. Ashmol. Oxon, examined by Mr. Malone.
associating with a gang of deer-stalkers. Being detected with them in robbing the park of Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, near Stratford, he was so rigorously prosecuted by that gentleman, as to be obliged to leave his family and business, and take shelter in London. Sir Thomas, on this occasion, is said to have been exasperated by a ballad Shakspeare wrote, probably his first essay in poetry, of which the following stanza was communicated to Mr. Oldys:—

A parliament member, a justice of peace,
At home a poor scarecrow, at London an ass,
For Lucy was a wight, a very wight; as, when some volatiles did fall,
Then Lucy is lowish whatever befell it;
He thinks himself great,
Yet an ass in his state
We allow by his ears but with asses to mate.

If Lucy be lowish, as some volatiles misclude it,
Sing lowish Lucy, whatever befell it.

These lines, it must be confessed, do no great honor to our poet; and probably were unjust; for although some of his admirers have recorded Sir Thomas as a "vain, weak, and vindictive magistrate," his exasperation towards volatiles is in complete accord with the fact of the case, and the reputation of the man who was degrading the commonest rank of life, and had, at this time, bespoke no indulgence by superior talents. The ballad, however, must have made some noise at Sir Thomas's expense, as the author took care it should be affixed to his park-gates, and liberally circulated among his neighbors.

On his arrival in London, which was probably in 1598, when he was twenty-two years old, he is said to have made his first acquaintance in the play-house, to which idleness or taste may have directed him, an I where his necessities, if tradition may be credited, obliged him to accept the office of call-boy, or prompter's attendant. This is a fanciful whose employment it is to give the performers notice to be ready to enter, as often as the business of the play requires their appearance on the stage. Pope, however, relates a story, communicated to him by Rowe, but which Rowe did not think deserving of a place in his "Life of Shakespeare," that Shakspeare retained the advocation of so high a person as the Duke of Buckingham.
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chaser continued posed Jonson related.

tain &c., that all lutely on sarcasm, his species conducted, &c., necessary thenticated.

been George The mansion-house, highest part, &c. He conceived &c. on the coinplimcut highest part. &c. was, and his conception, and endeavored to arro- gate the supremacy in dramatic genius. Like a French critic, he insinuated Shakespeare's incoherence, his careless manner of writing, and his want of judgment; and, as he was a remarkably slow writer himself, he could not endure the praise frequently bestowed on Shakespeare, of seldom altering or blotting out what he had written. Mr. Malone says, "that not long after the year 1600, a coolness arose between Shakespeare and him, which, however he may talk of his almost idolatrous affection, produced on his part, from that time to the day of our author, and for many years afterwards, much clumsy success$, and much unloving rejections." But from these, which are the commonly received opinions on this subject, Dr. Farmer is inclined to depart, and to think Jonson's hostility of Shakespeare absolutely groundless; so uncertain is every circumstance we attempt to recover of our great poet's life. Jonson had only one advantage over Shakespeare, that of superior learning, which might in certain situations give him the greater prominence. Mr. Malone has no reason for the highest clarified without. Nor will Shakespeare suffer by its being known, that all the dramatic poets before he appeared were scholars. Greene, Lodge, Peele, Marlowe, Nash, Lily, and Kyd, had all, says Mr. Malone, a regular university education; and, as scholars in our universities, frequently composed and acted plays on historical subjects.

The latter part of Shakespeare's life is not so evident in event, retirement, and the conversation of his friends. He had accumulated considerable property, which Gildon (in his "Letters and Essays," 1674) stated to amount to $200 per annum, a sum at least equal to $1000 in our days; but Mr. Malone doubts whether all his property amounted to much more than $200 per annum, which yet was a considerable fortune in those times, and it is supposed that he might have derived $200 per annum from the theatre while he continued on the stage.

He retired some years before his death to a house in Stratford, of which it has been thought important to give the history. It was built by Sir Hugh Clopton, a younger brother of an ancient family in that neighborhood. Sir Hugh was Sheriff of London in the reign of Richard III. and Lord Mayor in the reign of Henry VII. By his will, he bequeathed to his elder brother's son, his manor of Clopton, &c., and his house by the name of the Great House in Stratford. A good part of the estate was in possession of Edward Clopton, Esq., and Sir Hugh Clopton, Knight, in 1733. The principal estate had been sold out of the Clopton family for above a century, at the time when Shakespeare became the purchaser; who having repaired and modelled it to his own mind, changed the name to New Place, which the mansion-house, afterwards erected in the room of the poet's house, retained for many years. The house and lands belonging to it continued in the possession of Shakespeare's descendants to the time of the last man, on some dispute, pulled the house down, so that we now have one stone upon another, and cut down the tree, and piled it as a stock of firewood, to the great vexation, loss, and disappointment of the inhabitants; but an honest silversmith bought the whole stock of wood, and makes many old things of this wood for the curiosities." Letter in Annual Register, 1769. Of Mr. Gastrell and his lady, see Bowdler's Life of Dr. John 200, vol. ii. p. 356. Edit. 1798.

Note by Mr. Malone to "Additional Anecdotes of William Shakespeare."

2 In 1603, he and several others obtained a licence from King James to exhibit comedies, tragedies, histories, &c., at the Globe Theatre and elsewhere.

3 This was written in Blount's "Lexicon," 1704, and is "One of his objections to academical education, as it was then conducted, is, that men designed for orders in the Church were permitted to act plays," i.e. Johnson's Life of Milton.

4 "As the curiosity of this house and tree brought much fame, and more company and profit to the town, a certain man, on some dispute, pulled the house down, so that we now have one stone upon another, and cut down the tree, and piled it as a stock of firewood, to the great vexation, loss, and disappointment of the inhabitants; but an honest silversmith bought the whole stock of wood, and makes many old things of this wood for the curiosities." Letter in Annual Register, 1769. Of Mr. Gastrell and his lady, see Bowdler's Life of Dr. John 200, vol. ii. p. 356. Edit. 1798.

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During Shakespeare's abode in this house, his pleasantable wit, and good nature, says Mr. Rowe, engaged him the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendship, of the gentlemen of the neighborhood. Among these, Mr. Rowe tells a traditional story of a miser or usurer, named Combe, who, in conversation with Shakespeare, said he fancied the poet intended to write his epitaph if he should survive him, and desired to know what he meant to say. On this Shakespeare gave him the following, probably extemporarily:

Ten in the hundred lies here engraved,
That hundred's ten whose soul is not hid.
If any man ask, who lies in this tomb?
Oh! lo! quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe.

The sharpness of the satire is said to have stung the man so severely, that he never forgave it. These lines, however, or some which nearly resemble them, appeared in various collections, both before and after the time they were said to have been composed; and the inquiries of Mr. Stevens and Mr. Malone, satisfactorily prove that the whole story is a fabrication. Betterton is said to have heard it when he visited Warwickshire on purpose to collect anecdotes of our poet, and probably thought it of too much importance to be nicely examined. We know not whether it be worth adding of a story which we have rejected, that a \textit{miser} in Shakespeare's time did not mean one who took exorbitant, but any interest or usance for money, that ten in the hundred, or ten per cent., was then the ordinary interest of money. It is of more consequence, however, to record the opinion of Mr. Malone, that Shakespeare, during his retirement, wrote the play of Twelfth Night.

He died on his birth-day, Tuesday, April 23, 1616, when he had exactly completed his fifty-second year, and was buried on the north side of the chancel, in the great church at Stratford, where a monument is placed in the wall, on which he is represented under an arch, in a sitting posture, a cushion spread before him, with a pen in his right hand, and his left rested on a scroll of paper. The following Latin distich is engraved under the cushion:

\textit{Judicio Pyllum, genio Socratem, arte Maremon, Terra legit, populus morti Olympus habet.}

"The first syllable in Socrates," says Mr. Stevens, "is here made short, which cannot be allowed. Perhaps we should read Sophocles. Shakespeare is then appositely compared with a dramatic author among the ancients; but still it should be remembered, that thecalomedia is lessened while the metre is reformed; and it is but known of one or two early writers of Latin poetry were unnecessarily negligent in their prologe, especially in proper names. The thought of this distich, as Mr. Tolet observes, might have been taken from the Faery Queene of Spenser, B. ii. c. ix. st. 48, and c. x. st. 3.

"To this Latin inscription on Shakespeare may be added the lines which are found underneath it on his monument:

\textit{Stay, passenger, why dost thou go so fast?}
\textit{Read, if thou canst, whom honest death has placed}
\textit{Within this monument; Shakespeare, with whom}
\textit{Quick nature died; whose name doth deck the tomb}
\textit{Far more than cost; since all that be hath writ}
\textit{Leaves living art, but page to serve his wit,}
\textit{Oliv, Ano. Dni. 1616.}
\textit{St. 53, die 23 April.}

"It appears from the verses of Leonard Digges, that our author's monument was erected before the year 1623. It has been engraved by Vertus, and done in mezzotinto by Miller."

On his grave-stone, underneath, are these lines, in an unusual mixture of small and capital letters:

\textit{Good Friend for Jesus SAK/E forbear To die T-'E Dust Enclosed HER/E Besse be T-E Man Y spares T-Es Stones And curt be H-y / moves my Bones.}

It is uncertain whether this request and imprecation were written by Shakespeare, or by one of his friends. They probably allude to the custom of removing skeletons after a certain time, and depositing them in charnel-houses; and similar exhortations are found in many ancient Latin epitaphs.

We have no account of the malady which, at no very advanced age, closed the life and labors of this unrivalled and incomparable genius.

His family consisted of two daughters, and a son named Hamnet, who died in 1586, in the twelfth year of his age. Susannah, the eldest daughter, and her father's favorite, was married to Dr. John Hall, a physician, who died November, 1635, aged sixty. Mrs. Hall died July 11, 1649, aged sixty-six. They left only one child, Elizabeth, born 1607-8, and married April 22, 1629, to Thomas Nashe, Esq., who died in 1647; and afterwards to Sir John Barnard, of Abington, in Northamptonshire; but died without issue by either husband. Susanna, Shakespeare's youngest daughter, was married to a Mr. Thomas Quiney, and died February, 1651-2, in her seventeenth-seventy seventh year. By Mrs. Quiney she had three sons, Shakespeare, Richard, and Thomas, who all died unmarried. Sir Hugh Clifton, she who was born two years after the death of Lady Barnard, which happened in 1689-90, related to Mr. Macklin, in 1742, an old tradition, that she had carried away with her from Stratford, many of her grandfather's papers. On the death of Sir John Barnard, Mr. Malone thinks these must have fallen into the hands of Mr. Edward Bagley, Lady Barnard's executor; and if any descendant of that gentleman be now living, in his custody they probably remain. To this account of Shakespeare's family we have now to add, that among Oldys's papers is another traditional gossip's story of his having been the father of Sir William Davenant. Oldys's relation is thus given:

"If tradition may be trusted, Shakespeare often dined at the Crown Inn or Tavern in Oxford, in his journey to and from London. The landlady was a woman of great beauty and sprightly wit, and her husband, Mr. John Davenant, (afterwards mayor of that city,) a grave melancholy man; who, as well as his wife, used much to delight in Shakespeare's pleasant company. Their son, young Will, Davenant, (afterwards Sir William,) was then a little school-boy in the town, of about seven or eight years old, and so fond also of Shakespeare, that whenever he heard of his arrival, he would fly from school to see

The only notice we have of his person is from Aubrey, who says, "he was a handsome well shaped man;" and adds, "very good company, and of a very ready, and pleasant and smooth wit."
him. One day, an old townsmen, observing the boy running homeward almost out of breath, asked him whether he was pesting in that heat and hurry. He answered, to see his god-father Shakespear. There's a good boy, said the other, but have a care that you don't take God's name in vain. This story, if true, shows the poet in his early days, upon a holiday, in the midst of some discourse which arose about Shakespear's monument, then newly erected in Westminster Abbey."

This story appears to have originated with Anthony Wood, and it has been thought a presumption of its being true, that, after careful examination, Mr. Thomas Warton was inclined to believe it. Mr. Stow, however, treats it with the utmost contempt; but does not, perhaps, argue with his usual attention to experience, when he says William Davenant's "heavy, vulgar, unmeaning face," as a proof Shakespear could not be Shakespear's son.

In the year 1741, a monument was erected to our poet in Westminster Abbey, by the direction of the Earl of Burlington, Dr. Mead, Mr. Pope, and Mr. Martyn. It was the work of Scheemakers, (who received £200 for it,) after a design of Kent, and was opened in January of that year. The performers of each of the parts of the play, engraved the title and reference to each of the poet's works in Westminster Abbey, and made a large present of the ground. The money received by the performance at Drury Lane theatre amounted to above £200, but the receipts at Covent Garden did not exceed £10.

From these imperfect notices, which are all we have been able to collect from the labors of his biographers and commentators, our readers will perceive that less is known of Shakespear than of almost any writer who has been considered as an object of laudable curiosity. Nothing could be more highly gratifying than an account of the early studies of this wonderful man, the progress of his pen, his moral and social qualities, his friendships, his failings, and whatever else constitutes personal history. But on all these topics his contemporaries and his immediate successors have been equally silent, and ifught can be hereafter discovered, it must be by exploring sources which have hitherto escaped the anxious researches of those who have devoted their whole lives, and their most vigorous talents, to retracing the history and illustrating the characters of their predecessors. In the sketch we have given, if the dates of his birth and death be excepted, what is there on which the reader can depend, or for which, if he contemplate it, he may not be involved in controversy, and perplexed with contradictory opinions and authorities?

It is usually said that the life of an author can be little else than a history of his works; but this opinion is liable to many exceptions. If an author, indeed, has passed his days in retirement, his life can afford little more variety than that of any other man who has lived in retirement; but if, as is generally the case with writers of great celebrity, he has acquired a pre-eminence over his contemporaries, if he has excited rival contentions, and defeated the attacks of criticism or of malignity, or if he has plunged into the controversies of his age, and performed the part either of a tyrant or a hero in literature, his history is not a less interesting as that of any other public character. But whatever weight may be allowed to this remark, the decision will not be of much consequence in the case of Shakespear. Unfortunately, we know as little of his writings as of his personal history. The industry of his illustrators for the last thirty years has been such, as probably never was surpassed in the annals of literary investigation; yet so far are we from information of the conclusive or satisfactory kind that even the order in which his plays were written, rests principally on conjecture, and of some plays usually printed among his works, it is not yet determined whether he wrote the whole, or any part.

Much of our ignorance of every thing which it would be desirable to know respecting Shakespear's works, must be imputed to the author himself. If we look merely at the state in which he left his productions, we should be apt to conclude, either that he was insensible of their value, or that, while he was the greatest, he was at the same time the humblest writer the world ever produced—that he thought his works unworthy of posterity—that he leaved no ideal tribute upon future times, nor had any further prospect, than that of present popularity and present profit. And such an opinion, although it apparently partakes of the case and looseness of conjecture, may not be far from probability. But before we are at liberty to decide on this, we must learn the history of his life. He derived his labors, if it may be said, from his profession, which, he was determined to consider their precise nature, and certain circumstances in his situation which affected them; and, above all, we must take into our account the character and predominant occupations of the times in which he lived, and of those which followed his decease.

With respect to himself, it does not appear that he printed any one of his plays, and only eleven of them were printed in his lifetime. The reason assigned for this is, that he wrote them for a particular theather, that it was to them in the theatre that they were produced; his style was poetical, not actor, reserved; the money which he received, not as a manager, and when he disposed of his property in the theatre, they were still preserved in manuscript to prevent their being acted by the rival houses. Copies of some of them appear to have been surreptitiously obtained, and published in a very incorrect state; but we may suppose, that it was wiser in the author or managers to overlook this fraud, than publish a correct edition, and so destroy the exclusive property they enjoyed. It is clear, therefore, that any publication of his plays by himself would have interfered, at first with his own interest, and afterwards with the interest of those to whom he had made over his share in them. But even had this obstacle been removed, we are not sure that he would have gained much by publication. If he had no other copies but those belonging to the theatre, the business of correction for the press must have been a toil which we are afraid the taste of the age did not assume the burden. We know from the best authority, that he was very joyed; it was probably the highest which dramatic genius could confer: but dramatic genius was a new excellence, and not well understood. His claims were probably not heard out of the jurisdiction of the master of the actors, certainly not beyond the metropolis. Yet such was Shakespear's reputation, that we are told his name was put to pieces which he never wrote, and that he felt himself too confident in popular favor to undeceive the public. This was singular resolution. If the actors were not sure that at this day, the test of internal evidence must be applied to his doubtful productions with the greatest caution. But still how far his character would have been elevated by an examination of his plays in the closet, in an age when the refinements of criticism were not understood, and the sympathies of taste were seldom felt, may admit of a question. "His language," says Dr. Johnson, "not being designed for the stage, and published in a state to be if possible improved, has drawn upon it a lasting censure."

Shakespear died in 1616; and seven years afterwards appeared the first edition of his plays, published at the charges of four booksellers,—a circumstance from which Mr. Malone infers, "that no single publisher was at that time willing to risk his money on a complete collection of our author's plays." This edition was printed from the copies in the hands of his fellow-managers, Hening and Condel, which had been in a series of years frequently altered through convenience, caprice, or ignorance.

*Dr. Johnson's Preface.
Hemings and Condell had now retired from the stage; and, we may suppose, were guilty of no injury to their successors, in printing what their own interest only had formerly withheld. Of this, although we have no documents amounting to demonstration, we may be convinced, by adverting to a circumstance, which will, in our days, appear very extraordinary, namely, the decension of Shakspeare's popularity. We have seen that the publication of his works was attended a doubtful speculation; and we are the more disposed to think that public taste was at that time in quest of variety. But for several years after his death the plays of Fletcher were more frequently acted than his, and during the whole of the seventeenth century, they were made to give place to performances, the greater part of which cannot now be endured. During the same period, only four editions of his works were published, all in folio; and perhaps this unwieldy size of volume may be an additional proof that they were not considered as having a ready market. The impressions were numbered in the thousands.

These circumstances which attach to our author and to his works, must be allowed a plausible weight in accounting for our deficiencies in his biography and literary career; but there were circumstances enough in the history of the times to suspend the progress of that more regular drama of which he had set the example, and may be considered as the founder. If we wonder why we know so much less of Shakspeare than, let us recollect, of his modern contemporaries; but we may hastily observe that we have known, or, at least, we now rate it, took a direction which was not calculated for permanent admiration, either in the age in which he lived, or in that which followed. Shakspeare was a writer of plays, a promoter of an amusement just emerging from barbarism; and an amusement which, although it has been classed among the schools of reality, has ever had such a strong tendency to deviate from moral purposes, that the force of law has, in its endeavor to preserve it within the published common decency, been made to suffer. The Church has ever been unfriendly to the stage. A part of the injunctions of Queen Elizabeth is particularly directed against the printing of plays; and, according to an entry in the books of the Stationers' Company, in the forty-first year of her reign, it is ordered, that no plays be printed, except allowed by persons in authority. Dr. Farmer remarks, that in that age, poetry and novels were destroyed publicly by the bishops, and privately by the puritans. Of a canonization of that period, could not admit of much attention to matters of amusement. The Reformation required all the circumspection and policy of a long reign to render it so firmly established in popular favor as to brave the charge of any succeeding sovereign. This was effected, in a great measure, by the diffusion of

In fifty years after his death, Dryden mentions that he was then become "a little obsolete." In the beginning of the last century, the plays of Dryden completed the public library complete, and his quarto quarto phrase and wit." It is certain, that for nearly a hundred years after his death, partly owing to the immediate revolution and rebellion, and partly to the licentious taste encouraged in Charles II's time, and perhaps partly to the incorrect state of his works, he was almost entirely neglected. Mr. Malone has justly remarked, that if he had been read, admired, studied, and imitated, in the same degree as his admirers, the one or other of his admirers in the last age would have induced him to make some inquiries concerning the history of his theatrical career, and the anecdotes of his private life. Mr. Adams, however, if he had admired him in that age, possessed no portion of such enthusiasm. That curiosity, which in our days has raised biography to the rank of an independent study, was scarcely known in the days of King James. If curiosity publicly took rise, it, in addition to the circumstances already stated, we consider how little is known of the personal history of Shakespeare's contemporaries, we may easily resolve the question, why, of all men that have ever claimed admiration by genius, wisdom, or valor, who have eminently contributed to enlarge the taste, promote the happiness, or increase the reputation of their country, we know the least of Shakspeare; and why, of the few particulars which seem entitled to credit, when simply related, and in which there is no manifest violation of probability, or promise of importance, there is scarcely one which has not swelled into a controversy. After a careful examination of all that modern research has discovered, we know not how to trust our curiosity beyond the limits of those barren dates which afford no personal history. The nature of Shakspeare's writings prevents that appeal to internal evidence, which in other cases has thrown light on the character of the writer. The parts of his plays, which are not his own, and of his plays, must be measured against the licentiousness of his language, and the question will then be, how much did he write from conviction, and how much to gratify the taste of his hearers? How much did he add to the age, and how much did he borrow from it? Pope says, "he was obliged to please the lowest of the people, and to keep the worst of company;" and Pope might have said more; for although we hope it was not true, we have no means of proving that it was false.

The only life which has been prefixed to all the editions of Shakspeare of the eighteenth century, is that drawn up by Mr. Rowe, and which he modestly calls, "Some Account," &c. In this we have what Rowe could collect when every legitimate source of information was closed, a few traditions that were floating nearly a century after the author's death. Some inaccuracies in his account have been detected. In the valuable notes of Mr. Steevens and Mr. Malone, of their respective editions, have scattered a few brief notices which we have incorporated in the present sketch. The whole, however, is unsatisfactory. Shakspeare, in his private character, in his friendships, in his amusements, in his closet, in his family, is no where before us; and such was the nature of the writings on which his fame depends, and of that employment in which he was engaged, that being in no important respect connected with the history of his age, he is in vain to look into the latter for any information concerning him.

Mr. Steevens's Advertisement to the Reader, first printed in 1773.
Mr. Malone's Preface to his edition, 1790.
Mr. Capell is of opinion, that he wrote some prose works, because "it can hardly be supposed that he, who had so considerable a share in the confidence of the Earls of Essex and Southampton, could be a taste spectator only of controversies in which they were so much interested." This editor, however, appears to have taken for granted, a degree of confidence with these two statesmen, which he ought first to have proved. Shakespeare might have enjoyed the confidence of their social hours; but it is mere conjecture that they admitted him to the confidence of their state affairs. Mr. Malone, whose opinions are entitled to a higher degree of credit, thinks that his prose compositions, if they should be discovered, would exhibit the same perspicuity, the same ease, the same elegance and vigor, which he finds in his plays. It is unfortunate, however, for all wishes and all conjectures, that not a line of Shakespeare's manuscript is known to exist, and his prose writings are no where hinted at. We have only printed copies of his plays and poems, and so depraved by carelessness or ignorance, that all the labor of all his commentators has not yet been able to restore them to a probable purity. Many of the greatest difficulties attending the perusal of them, yet remain, and will require, what it is scarcely possible to expect, greater sagacity and more happy conjecture than have hitherto been employed.

Of his Poems, it is perhaps necessary, that some notice should be taken, although they have never been favorites with the public, and have seldom been reprinted with his plays. Shortly after his death, Mr. Malone informs us, a very incorrect impression of them was issued out, which in every subsequent edition was implicitly followed, until he published a corrected edition in 1760 with illustrations, &c. But the peremptory decision of Mr. Stevens on the merits of these poems must be our apology for omitting them in the present abridgment of that critic's labors. "We have not reprinted the sonnets, &c., of Shakespeare, because the strongest act of Parliament that could be framed would fail to compel readers into their service. Had Shakespeare produced no other works than these, his name would have reached us with as little celebrity as time has conferred on that of Thomas Watson, an older and much more elegant sonneteer."

The elegant preface of Dr. Johnson gives an account of the attempts made in the early part of the last century to revive the memory and reputation of our poet, by Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Hammer, and Wilkes, whose respective merits he has characterized with candor and with justice. The second edition of his Poems, which was published in 1779, was reprinted with much curiosity, and so many opinions; but Johnson's preface is an accompaniment worthy of the genius it celebrates. His own edition followed in 1785; and a second, in conjunction with Mr. Stevens, in 1793. The third edition of the joint editors appeared in 1789, the fourth in 1799, and the last and most complete, in 1808, in twenty-one volumes octavo. Mr. Malone's edition was published in 1799, in ten volumes, crown octavo, and is now become exceedingly scarce. His original notes and improvements, however, are incorporated in the editions of 1798 and 1803, by Mr. Stevens. Mr. Malone says, that "from the year 1716 to the date of his edition in 1799, that is, in seventy-four years, above 50,000 copies of Shakespeare have been dispersed through England." Among the honors paid to his genius, we ought not to forget the very magnificent edition undertaken by Messrs. Boydell. Still less ought it to be forgotten how much the reputation of Shakespeare was revived by the unrivalled excellence of Garrick's performances. His share in directing the public taste towards the study of Shakespeare was, perhaps, greater than that of any individual in his time, and such was his zeal, and such his success, in this laudable attempt, that he may readily be forgiven the foolish rumour of the Stratford Jubilee.

When public opinion had begun to assign to Shakespeare the very high rank he was destined to hold, he became the promising object of fraud and imposture. This, we have already observed, he did not wholly escape in his own time, and he had the spirit or policy to despise it. It was reserved for modern impostors, however, to avail themselves of the obscurity in which his history is involved. In 1751, a book was published, entitled, "A Compendious or brief examination of certain extraordinary Complaints of divers of our Countrymen in those our days: which, although they are in some Partes unjust and frivolous, yet are they all by way of dialogue thoroughly debated and discussed by William Shakespeare, Gentlemen." This had been originally published in 1751; but Dr. Farmer has clearly proved that W. S., gent., the only authority for attributing it to Shakespeare is the reprinted edition, meant William Stafford, gent. Theobald, the same accurate critic informs us, was desirous of palmimg upon the world a play called "Dobme Falsehood," for a posthumous one of Shakespeare. In 1754, in the "Festival," an old play called "The Tragedy of Arden," was revived, as "an ode to the memory of Shakespeare," which Mr. Stevens has very happily characterized as "the performance of a madman without a just interval," or to enter more at large into the nature of a fraud so recent, and so soon acknowledged by the authors of it. It produced, however, an interesting controversy between Mr. Malone and Mr. George Chalmers, which, although mixed with some unpleasant asperities, was extended to inquiries into the history and antiques of the stage, from which future critics and historians may derive considerable information.1

1 Mr. Malone has given a list of fourteen plays ascribed to Shakespeare, either by the editors of the two later folios, or by the compilers of ancient catalogues. Of these, Reticula has found advocates for its admission into his works.
TEMPEST.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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 of Naples.
ADRIAN, Francisco, Lords.
CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave.
STEFANO, a drunken Butler.
Master of a Ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.

MIRANDA, Daughter to Prospero.

ARIEL, an airy Spirit.
IRIS, CAINS.
JUNO, Nymphs.
OTHER Spirits attending on Prospero.

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; beseech, beseech.

[Exit.]

Enter Mariner.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare: Take in the top-sail; 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 boaterman, 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 labor! keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is, Hence! What care these roaring for the name of king? To cabins: silence: Trouble us not.

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

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

[Exit.]

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow; methinks he hath no crowning mark upon him: his complexion is perfect health. Stand fast, good fate to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny

[Readily.]

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 top-mast; yare; lower, lower; bring her to try with main course. [A cry within.] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.—

Re-enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

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

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

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noise-maker, 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 unstaunched wench.

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

Enter Mariner, wel.

Mor. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [Exit.

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them.

For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

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

This wide-chapped rascal; —Would thou mightest lie drowning

The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hanged yet.

Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut him.

[Exit.]

[Other Spirits attending.] Mercy on us!—We split, we split! Farewell, my wife and children!—Farewell, brother!—We split, we split, we split. —

Incontinent. Absolutely.
TEMPEST.

Aut. Let's all sink with the king.
Sch. Let's take leave of him.

[Exit.]

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of soil for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, and all that springs above he done; but I would fain die a dry death.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—The island: before the cell of Un prosper. Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mir. If by your art, my dearest father, you have put the wild waters in this roar, allay them: the sky, it seems, would pour down standing pitch, but that the air, mounting to the weaks' check, 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, Dives'd to the bottom; the cry did check

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

Of anything the image tell me, that

Thou hast'd, and yet, which thou saw'st sink.

Sit down; For thou must now know further.

Pro. How so? You have often

Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd

And left me to a bootless inquisition;

Concluding, Stay, not yet.—

But, by your leave. The hour's now come; The minute bids thee ope thine ear; Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember

A time before we came unto this cell? did not thou canst; for then thou wast not

Out three years old.

Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pro. Why, what? by any other house, or person? Or anything the image tell me, that

Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mir. Tis far off, and rather like a dream than an assurance, That my remembrance warrants: had I not

Four or five women once, that tended me?

Pro. Thou hast, and more, Miranda: but how

That this lives in thy mind? What scents else in

The dark backward and abysm of time?

If thou remember'st anath, ere thou canst'st here, How thou canst't here, thou may'st'st.

Mir. But that I do not. Pro. Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years since, thy father was

The duke of Milun, in a prince's power. Art, sir, are not thy father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and she said—thou wast my daughter: and thy father Was duke of Milun; and his only heir

A princess — no worse issued.

Mir. O, the heavens! What foul play had we, that we came from thence! Or blessed wast we did! Both, both, my girl.

By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence, that blessedly holp bither.

[Quite.]

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

Pro. My son, the wise, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio, I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should Be so peribional!—be whom, next thyself, Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put The manage of my toil; as, at that period, Through all the signiories it was the first, And Prospero the prime duke; being so reputed In dignity, and, for the liberal arts, Without comparison; hence being all my study, The government I cast upon my brother, And to my state grew stranger, being transported And wrap't in secret studies. Thy false uncle— Dost thou attend me?

Mir. Sir, most heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits, How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom To trade; for over-doping; new created The creatures that were mine; I say, or chang'd them,

Or else new-formed them: having both the key Of officer and office, set all hearts To what tune please'd his ear; that now he was The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk, And shone, how verdate out on't.—Thou attend'st, not:

I pray thee mark me.

Mir. O good sir, I do.

Pro. I thus neglecting worldly, all did dedicate To closeness, and the bettering of my mind

With that, which, but by being so retir'd, O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother Awak'd an evil nature: and my trust, Like a good parent, did begot of him A falsehood, in its contrary as great As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit, A confidence sens'd. He being thus herd Not only with what my revenue yielded, But what my power might else exact,—like one Who, having unto truth, by telling of it, Made such a name of his name, that

To credit his own lie,—he did believe He was the duke; out of the substitution, And executing the outward face of royalty, With all prevarication,—hence his ambition Growing,—dost hear?

Mir. O the heavens! A year's 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 done away; of those enough; of temporal royalties He thinks me now incapable: considerates (So dry he was for sway) with the king of Naples, To give him annual tribute, do him homage; Subject all, to whom he, that crown, and head The dukedom, yet unbod' (aas, poor Milan?) To most ignoble stooping.

Mir. O the heavens! Pro. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me, If this might be a brother.

Mir. I should sin To think but nobly of my grandmother; Good wows 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 be in lieu o the promises,— Of homage, and I know not how much tribute— Should presently extinguish me and mine; Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan, With all the honors, on my brother, Whereas, A treacherous army leaved, one midnight Fled to the purpose; and, as the time, Antonio of the Gates of Milan; and I the dead of darkness, The ministers for the purpose hurri'd thence Me, and thy crying self.

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

Pro. Hear a little further, And then I'll bring thee to the present business Which now's upon us; without the which, this story

Sorrow.

Cut away.
We're most impartial.

_Thou_. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

_Pro_. Well demanded, wench; My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not;

(Whose love my heart so sore bore) nor set A mark so bloody on a bone. nor face With furs fair painted their foul ends. In furs, they hurried us aboard a bark, lone seas to sea; where they prepar'd A deathly carcass of a boat, not rig'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 have the pity, whose pity, sighing back again, Did us but wrong.

_Miri_. Alack! what trouble

_Was_ I then to you?

_Pro_. Of a cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have decked the sea with drops full salt;
Under my burden ground; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what ensue.

_How came we ashore?_

_Pro_. By Providence divine.

_Some food_ we had, and some fresh water, that Artub's, I believe, most marvel, Gonzalo;
Out of his charity (who being then appointed Master of this design) did give us; with rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries, Which since have staid much; so, or his gentle-

_Knowing I love'd my books, he furnished me, From my own library, with volumes that I prize above my life's domin.

_Miri_. Would it might
But ever see that man?

_Pro_. Now I arise:
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 princes can, that have hard use For valiant hours, and tutors not so careful. 

_Miri_. Heaven's thanks you for it; and now I pray you, sir,
(For still in beating in my mind,) your reason For raising this storm?

_Pro_. Know thus far forth. —
By accident most strange, bountiful fortune, Nor thou forget'st. This damned witch's sorcery
Brought to this shore: and by my presence
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If ever I court not, but my fortunes
Will ever after droop; — Here cease more questions,
Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way; — I know thou cannot choose.

[MIRNA SLEEPS.

Came away, servant, come: I am ready now: Approach, my Ariel; come.

_Enter Ariel._

_Ari_. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly, To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding, Task and all his quality. 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 deck, Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin, I flamed amazement: Sometimes I'd divide, And burn in many places; on the top-mast, The yards, and bowsprit, I would flame distinctly, Then meet, and join: Jove's lightnings, the precursors Of the dread thunderbolts, more momentary And sight-outrushing were not: The fire, and cracks Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble.

*Stubborn resolution. *The minutest article.

_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 mind, and play'd Some tricks of desperation: All, but mariners, There'd in the boiling brine, and quitted the vessel, They all a-dire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand, With hair up-staurne, (then like reeds, not hair,) Was the first man that I'd cried; he's cal'd, Heli, is easily, and all the deities are here.

_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 fresh and gayer than before, and, as thou hast me, In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle: The king's son I have landed by himself;

_Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs, In an old 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 of the fleet?

_Ari_. Safely in harbor
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where one
Thou call'dst set me up at midnight to turn new
From the sea, she'd Bermuthes, there she's hid: The mariners all under hatches stow'd; Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labor, 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 Noise found sadly home for Naples;

_Supposing that they find the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.

_Pro_. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:
What is the time o' the day?

_Past the mid season._

_Pro_. At least two glasses: The time 'twixt six and
And now,
Must by this be spent most preciously.

_Ari_. Is there more told! since thou dost give me pain?

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

_Pro_. How now! moody?

_What is't thou canst demand?_

_Ari_. My liberty;

_Pro_. Before the time be out! no more.

_Ari_. I pray thee Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
'Tild thee no lies, made no mistsakings, used
Without a grudge or grumblings; thou didst promise
To hate me a full year."

_Dost thou forget_

_From what a torment I did free thee?_

_Ari_. No.

_Pro_. Thou dost; and think'st it
If much, to tread the ozone of the salt deep;
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.

_Pro_. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot

_The foul witch Syrvarox, who, with age and envy,
Was grown into a hoop! hast thou forget her?_

_Ari_. No, sir.

_Pro_. Thou hast; where was she born?

_Ari_. In Argier."

_Thou know'st, was banish'd; for one thing she did,
They would not take her life: is not this true!_

_Ari_. Ay, sir.

_Pro_. This blue-ey'd har was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors: Thou, my slave,

_Ari_. Bunte, Buntant. 9 Bermuda. 3 Wave. 4 Algiers.
As thou report'st thyself, was then her servant:
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthly and abhor'd commands,
Relieving her grandest, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most immovable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou diest painfully remain
A hundred years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou diest, vent thy groans,
As fast as quarter wheels strike: Then was this island
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hail-born) not honor'd with
A human shape.

Art. Yes; Caliban her son.

Pro. Full thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did thee in: thy groans
Dio name the biggest, and pedantic the breasts
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the dam'd, which Sycox
Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Art. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmurf st, I will rend an oak,
And pluck thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Art. pardon, master.

Pro. I will be correspondent to command,
And do my springing gently.

Pro. I will discharge thee.

Art. That's my noble master!

What shall I do? say, what? what shall I do?

Pro. Go make thyself like to a nymph of the sea;
Be subject to no sight but mine; invisible
To every eye-ball else. Go take this shape,
And hinder come in't; hence, with diligence.

[Exit Ariel.

Ariel. Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well; Awake! Wilt it be the strangeness of thy story put Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off! Come on, we will visit Caliban, my slave, who never yields us kind answers.

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

Pro. But, as 'tis, we cannot miss him: he does make our fire, pitch in our wood; and serves in others That pressure us. What he! slave! Caliban, Thou earth, thou! sneak.

Cal. Within. There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say: there's other business.

Come forth, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter Ariel, like a water-nymph.

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

Art. My lord, it shall be done. [Exit.]

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

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dew do e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unhonorable fen.
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And beat both you away, and out, out, out.

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; arches
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made them. This island's mine, by Sycoxus, my mother, Which thou hast tak'st from me. When thou cam'st
Whither, thou strokest me, and mad'st much of me;
Whilst give me Water with berries in 't; and teach me how
To lay the biggest, and pedantic the breasts
That burn by day and night; and then I loved thee,

[Commands, and show'd thee all the qualities of the isle.

The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place, and

fertile;

Cursed be I that did so; — all the charms

Of Sycoxus, honey, bees, hats, 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, whiles you do keep for me
The rest of the island.

Pro. Thou most lyng slave, Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have us'd
Fithest as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou did'st seek to violate
The honor of my child.

Cal. Who, ho! ho! — would it had been done!

Thou didst prevent me; I had peoples else
This isle with Calibans.

Pro. Abhorr'd slave;

Which any print of goodness will not take,

Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,

Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,

Know there one meaning, but wouldst gabble like

A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes

With words that made them known: But thy vile

Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good

natures

Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou

Deservedly confind't into this rock,

Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

Cal. Thou taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to ensnare: the red plague rid you,

For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-seed, hence! Fetch us in fuel: and be quick, thou wilt best,

To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, majestie? If thou neglect st, or dost unwillingly

What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;

Fill all thy bowels with aches; make thee roar,

That beast shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, 'tis not, pray thee! —

I must obey: his art is of such power

It would control my clam's god, Selenus,

And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave; hence!

[Exit Caliban.

Re-enter Ariel, incredible, playing and singing:

Ferdinand following him.

Ariel's Song.

Come unto these yellow sands
And then take hands:
Court'sisied when you here, and kiss'd,
(The yeld staves whitey,
Free it freely here and there:
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear,
Hark, hark!
Burr, bow-th, wow-th,
[Dispersedly
The watch-bows bark:
Burr, bow-th, wow-th,
Dispersedly.
Hark, hark!
The strata of strutting chantaclers
Cru, cock-a-doodle-do.

Per. Where should this music be? if the air, or

the earth?

It sounds no more: — and sure, it waits upon
Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wretch,
This music crept by me upon the waters:
And slavish, in his 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:
If 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.]

Per. The ditty does remember my drown'd
Father:

*Destroy.

*Being stilled, silenced.
ACT II.

SCENE I. — Another part of the Island.

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

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause (So have we all) of joy; for our escape Is much beyond our loss: our hint of woe Is common; no, woe; every day some sailor’s wife, Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle, I mean our preservation, few in millions Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh Our sorrow with our comfort.

Mira. There’s nothing ill I can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair an hause,
Good things will strive to dwell with’t.

Mira. No, as I am a man.

Fer. Follow me. — [To Ferau.]

Ferau. Speak not you for him: he’s a traitor. — Come. I’II muzzle thy neck and feet together;
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither’d roots, and humus.

Mira. Wherein the acorn cradled: Follow.

Mira. No; I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power. — [He draws.

Mira. Beseech you, father!

Mira. Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He’s gentle, and not fearful.

Ferau. What, I say,
My foot my tutor! — Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who makst a show, but darst not strike, thy conscience
Is so possessed with guilt: come from thy wand;
For I can here disarm thee with this staff,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you, father!

Mira. Hence; hang not on my garments.

Mira. Sir, have pity; I’ll be his surety.

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

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

Mira. Come on; obey: — [To Feru.

Ferau. Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigor in them.

Ferau. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father’s loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man’s threats,
To whom I am subdu’d, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o’ the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Ferau. It works: — Come on.— Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! — Follow me. — [To Feru. and Mira.

Mira. That is the queen of Naples!

Ferau. Soft, sir, one word more. —

Ferau. They are both in either’s powers; but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning [Aside.

Ferau. Make the prize light. — One word more; I charge thee,
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow’st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island, as a spy to win it
From me, the lord on’t.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

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That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow’st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island, as a spy to win it
From me, the lord on’t.
Seb. You have taken it wiser than I meant you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

Aur. Vee, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue! —

Seb. I pray you, see her. O then mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee!

Sir, he may live:
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The rage of storms that met him; he had bold head
'Love the contemptuous waves he kept, and o'ert
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bowed,
As soothing to relieving him; I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great
That would not bless our Europe with your daugh-
ter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is balsam'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to weep the grief on't.

Alon. F'rythee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd, between lothness and obedience, at
Which much it was seem'd bow. We have lost your
son.

I fear, forever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making,
That to bring men to comfort them: The faith
Your own.

Alon. So is the dearest of the loss.

Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. Very well.

Alon. And most chirrurgical.

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

Seb. Foul weather!

Alon. Very foul.

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

Aur. He'd sow it with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king of it, what would I do!

Seb. 'Scapes being drunk for want of wine.

Gon. If the commonwealth I would by contraries
Exercise all things for no kind of practice.
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; no use of service,
Of riches or of poverty; no contracts,
Succession; none of land, title, 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 sore grievance: —

Seb. And yet he would be king on't.

Aur. The latter end of his commonwealth for-
gets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should pro-
duce.
Without sweat or endeavor: 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 fosson't, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marriage among his subjects?

Aur. None, man; all idle; whores and knaves,
Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.

Seb. 'Save his majesty!

Aur. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, do you mark me, sir? —

Aur. F'rythee, 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.

Aur. 'Twas you laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am
nothing so; you may continue, and laugh
at nothing still.

Plenty.
Scene II. TEMPEST.

Ant. What a blow was there given!

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gonz. You are gentlemen of brave metal; you

would fill the moon out of her sphere, if she

would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel invisible, playing solemn music.

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

Seb. Nay, good my lord, we are not yet

Gonz. 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.


Ant. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes

Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts! I find

They are inclined to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it;

It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,

It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,

Will guard your person, while you take your rest,

And watch your safety.

Alov. Thank you; wondrous heavy.

[Alack! sleep. Exit Alov.

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them! Ant. It is the quality of the climate.

Why did it not then our eyelids sink? I find not

Myself disposed to sleep; it is strange.

Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.

They fell together all, as by consent;

They drop'd as by a thunder-stroke. What might,

Worthy Sebastian!—0, what might!—No more:

And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,

What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee;

And my strong imagination sees a crown

Dropping upon thy head.

Ant. What, art thou wak'n?

Seb. Do you not hear me speak?

Ant. I do; and surely, it

Is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st

Out of thy sleep: What is it thou didst say?

This is a strange repose, to be asleep

With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,

And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,

Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die rather; wink'st

While thou art waking?

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;

There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you

Must be so too, if 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,

Hereafter sloth instructs me.

Ant. If you knew how, why do you purpose cherish,

Whiles thou mock'st it! haw, in strapping it,

You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,

Most often do so near the bottom run,

By their own fear, or sloth.

Seb. Pr'ythee, say on:

The setting of thine eye, and cheek, preclude

A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,

Which threes thee much to yield. Thus, sir,

Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,

(Who shall be of as little memory,

When he is earth'd,) hath here almost persuaded

(For he's a spirit of persuasion only)

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, with me?

That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me,

Who's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She is that queen of Tunis; she that dwells

Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from

Naples

Can have no note, unless the sun were post,

(The man the moon's too slow) till new-born chins

Be rough and rasonable she, from whom

We were a wary swallow'd, though some cast again;

And, by that, destined to perform an act.

Whereof what's past is poleogue; what to come,

In yours and my discourse.

Ant. What stuff is this?—How say you!

'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;

So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions

There is some space.

A space whose every cubit

Seems to cry out, How shall that Claribel

Measure us back to Naples?—Keep in Tunis,

And let Sebastian wake!—Say, this were death

That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no worse

Than now they are: there be, that can rule Naples

As well as he that sleeps; lords, that can prate

As amply, and unnecessarily,

As this Gonzalo! I myself could make

A thought of as deep chat. O, that you here

The mind, that I do! what a sleep were this?

For your advancement! Do you understand me!

Seb. Methinks I do.

Ant. And how does your content

Tender your own good fortune! I remember,

You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Seb. True.

Ant. And, look how well my garments sit upon me;

Much fatter than before: My brother's servants

Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience

Ant. Ay, sir, where lies that if it were a kxe

'Twould put me to my slipper; but I feel not

This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,

That stand twixt me and Milan, careful they be,

To rear our prince: Here lie our brotlers.

No better than the earth the lie bes,

If he were that now he's like: Whom I,

With this obedient steel, three inches of it,

Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you, doing thus,

To the perpetual wink for any might put

This ancient morsel, this sir Erude,

Who should not applaud 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 belts the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,

Shall be my precedent: as thou go'st Milan,

I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke

Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;

And the king shall love thee.

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 forces the danger

That these, his friends, are in; and sends me forth,

(For else his project dies,) to keep them living.

[Noses in Gonzalo's ear.

While you here do savoring live,

Open-ear'd confidence,

His tune doth take:

If of life you keep a care,

Shut not thy senses, and beware:

Breke! Breke!—

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gonz. Now, good angels, preserve the king!

[Then wake.

Alov. Why how now, ho! awake! Why are you drawn!

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gonz. What's the matter

Seb. While we stood here securing your repos,

Even now, we heard how low burst ofellowing

Like bulls, or rather lions: did it not wake you?

It struck mine ear most terribly.

A bird of the jackdaw kind.
Alon. I heard nothing.

Act. 0. 'twas a day to fright a monster's ear;
To make an earthquake! sure it was the roar
Of a whole herd of horses.

Alon. I heard you this, Gonzalo!

Gon. Upon mine honor, I do save a humming'd noise
That amongst a thousand, which did awake me:
I shak'd you, sir, and cry'd: as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn: — there was a noise,
That lack'd no certainty: there stood upon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead of this ground; and let's make further search
For my poor brother.

Gon. Heaven's keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, the island.

Alon. Lead away.

Act. Prospero, my lord, shall know what I have done:
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. — Another part of the Island.

Enter Caliban, with a burden of wood.

A noise of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From logs, fens, flats, on Prospero fall, and make him
By infection a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pinch me 'tis the mere,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way: unless I bid them; but
For every trifle are they set upon me:
Sometimes like apes that make and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
I left bare-footed on a mount of their pricks at my foot-fall: sometime am
All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness: — Lo! now! lo!

Enter Trinculo.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,
For I was bold in school: I fall flat; —
Perchance, he will not unmake me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to hear off
Any weather at all, and another storm brewing; —
I hear it sing! the wind: you'd come black cloud, you'd 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:
you'd come cloud cannot choose but fall by painfuls,
What have we here! a man or a fish? dead or alive? —
A fish: he smells like a fish: a very ancient and
Fishlike smell; — and kind of, of the newest, poor
John, a strange fish! Were I in England now, (as
Once I was,) and had but this fish painted, not
A holiday-fair there but would give a piece of silver; there
Monsieur makes a curious any strange
Beast there makes a man: when they will not give
A dot to relieve a lame beggar, they will buy out
ten to see a dead Indian. — Leez'd a man! and
His lines like arms? Warm, o' my truth! I do now
Let loose my opinion, hold it no longer: this is no
Fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffer'd by a
Thunder-bolt. [Thunder.] Also! the storm is coming amain: my best way is to creep under his barber-
dines: there is no other shelter hereabout: Misery
acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will hire shroud, till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter Stephano, singing; a bottle in his hand.

Ste. I shall no more in sea, in sea,
Gone 'tis suffered for me now.

[Drinks.

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

TH. murder, the swabber, the bedswab, and I,
Shall be sworn: — we'll be sworn.

Leed'Mall, Meg, and Marin, and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate: —
For she had a tongue with a limb,
Taught ev'ry to a sailor, to bow.
She bore not the swear of tar or of pitch,
Yet a latter might scratch her where'er she did
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

[Drinks.

Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

* Make soups. A black jack of leather to hold beer.
* The flook of a peasant.

Ste. This is a very curious tune: but here's my comfort.

Cal. Do not torment me: oh! 

Ste. What's the matter? have we devils here?
Do you put tracks upon us with savages, and men of

Ste. This is some monster of the isle with four
legs; who hath got, as I take it, an auge: Where
there, as I believe, he shall learn our language: I will give him some relief, if it be 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
made an honest leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee;
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: I'll recover him, and keep him tame, I
will not take too much for him: he shall pay for
him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt
Anon, I know it by thy trembling:

Ste. How's your hand 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 shakings, I
can't pronounce, and that soundly: which I cannot tell
who's your friend: open your chaps apace.

Trin. I should know that voice: it should be —
But he is drowned; and these are devils: O! do
enter.

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

Ste. Enter the three.

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

Ste. 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 can'st thou be the siege of this moon-calf?
Can he went Trinculos? —

Ste. Stephano! — Gilgumis shall be killed with a thunderstroke; — but art thou not drowned, Stephano? I
hope thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's cacque
for fear of the storm and the living, Stephano! O Stephano, two Neapolitans escape'd!

Ste. 'Tis my brother, turn not me about, my stomach
is not constant.

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

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

Ste. How didst thou 'scape? how can'st thou
hither? swear by this bottle, how can'st thou hither? I came in a cloud, a cloud, on a cloud 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'st.

Ste. Stephano, this straw, man, like a duck; I
could never live, I'll be sworn.

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

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

Ste. I hope thou not dropped from heaven?

Ste. Out of the moon, I do assure thee; I was
the man in the moon, when time was.
Act III. Scene 1.

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

Ferd. There be some sports are painful; but their labor
Delight in them sets off; some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Fondly their ends. This my mean task would be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious; but
The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labors pleasures: 0, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: My sweet mistress
Wears when she sees me work; and says, such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labors;
Most busy-less, when I do it.

Enter Miranda; and Prospero at a distance.

Mir. Alas, now! pray you work not so hard; I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs, that you are enjoined to pile! pray set them down, and rest you: when this burns,
Twice I cudgeled for having wearied you: my father
Is hard at study; pray now rest yourself;
He's safe for these three hours.

Ferd. 0 most dear mistress,
The sun will set, before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

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

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

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

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

Mir. So too; you look weary.

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

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

Mir. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow!
And I with my long nails will clize thee pigs-net.
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare theumble marmozet; I'll bring thee
To cluse ring fiblers, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young sea-nets; from the rock; Wilt thou go
with me?

Pros. 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.

Ferd. Farewell, master; farewell, farewell.

[Scenes drunkenly.

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster.

Pros. No more damn I'll make for fish!
Nor fright in firing
Of requiring, nor scrape trenching, nor wash dish.

Has a new master — Get a new man.

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

Pros. O brave monster! I lead the way.

[Exit.

Act III.
Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not
Of what I desire to give; and much less take,
What I shall die to want: but this is tripping;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, base, cunningful
And most unmanly fear, and holy innocence.
I am thy wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me: but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.
Mira. My husband then?
Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.
Mira. And mine, with my heart in't: And now
Till half an hour hence.

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

SCENE II. — Another part of the Island.

Enter Stephano and Trinculo; Caliban following with a bottle.

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

Tri. 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;
your eyes are almost set in thy head.

Tri. Where should they be set else? he was
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
swen, 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.

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

Ste. Will not run, monsieur monster.

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

Ste. Moon-cal, speak once in thy life, if thou
hast a good moon-cal.

Col. How doth thy honor? Let me lick thy shoe:
I'll not serve him, — he's not valiant.

Tri. Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am
in my right mind: a constable! Why, thou desehest
fish thou, was there ever a man a coward, that hath
drunk so much sack as I today? Will thou tell a
monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a
monster!

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

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

Col. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

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

Col. Thank my noble lord. Will thou be pleased
To hear me once again the suit I made thee?

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

Enter Ariel, invisible.

Col. As I told thee
Before, I am subject to a tyrant;
A soarer, that by his cunning hath
Chid me of this island. Thou hast.

Ari. Thou liest, thou jesting monster, thou;
I thought thy valiant master would destroy thee: I
do not lie.

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

*Debouched.

Tri. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more. — [To Caliban] Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him — for, I know, thou dar'st
But thou dost not, I say, and most provest him.

Ste. That's most certain.

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

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

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

Ari. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a pitiful nay'st this? Thou scurvy patch!
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take some bottle from him: when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show

Tri. Where the quick freshest are.

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

Tri. What, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go
further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say, he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Tri. Do, take thou that. [Strikes him.] As you
like this, give me the like another time.

Tri. I did not give the he: — out o' thy wits, and
hearing too! — A pox o' thy bottle! this can
suck and drinking do. — A murrain on your
monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Ste. Ha, ha, ha!

Ari. Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee! shal

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

Ste. Stand farther. — Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him.

Ari. Having seen se'ed his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
or cut his wazards with thy knife: Remember,
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a set, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: They all do hate him,
As rootedly as I; [Burn his books;]
He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them.)
When he has a house, he'll deck within.
And that most deeply to consider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I ne'er saw woman,
But only Sycorax my dam and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,
As greatest does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Ari. Ay, my lord: she will become thy lady,
warrant.
And bring thee forth brave brood.

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

Tri. Excellent.

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

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

Ste. Ay, on mine honor.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleas-
ure:
Let us be jocund: Will you toll the catch
You taught me but while ere?

Ste. And by request, monster, I will do reason,
any reason: Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [Sings
Flout 'em, and shant 'em, and shant 'em, and shant 'em:
Thought be free.]

Cal. That's not the tune.

[Ariel plays the tune on a lutor and pipe.

*Alluding to Trinculo's party-colored dress.
Springs. The Coat.
Scene III.

Tempest.

Set. What is this same?

Friar. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of No-body.

Set. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness if you beest a devil, tak't as thou hast.

Friar. 0, forgive me my sins!

Set. He that dies, pays all debts: I devise thee:—

Mercy upon us!

Curtain. Thou afraid?

Set. No, master, not I.

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

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

This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

Curt. When Prospero is destroyed.

Set. That shall be by and by: I remember the staff.

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

Set. Lead, monster; we'll follow. — I would I could sec the sorcerer: he lays it on.

Friar. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano. [Exit.]

Scene III. — Another part of the Island.

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

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

Alon. (Old lord, I cannot blame thee, Who am myself attach'd with weakness, To the doing of my spirits: sit down, and rest. Even here I will not leave my hope, and keep It no longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd, Whom we thus stray to find; and the sea mocks Our fruitless search on this land: well, let him go.

Ant. I am right glad that he's so out of hope. [Aside to Sebastian.

Set. Do not, for one repulse, forgo the purpose That you resolve'd to effect.

Alon. The next advantage Will we take thoroughly.

Set. Let it be to-night.

Friar. For now they are oppress'd with travel, They will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance, As when they are fresh.

Seb. I say, to-night: no more.

Solemn and strange music: and Prospero stirs. 

Enter several strange shapes, breathing in a haggard; they dance abroad if with gentle actions of saturation: and, inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hard!

Gon. Marvelous sweet music?

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?

Set. A living drodery. — Now I will believe, That those are unicorns: that in Arabia There is one tree, the phrenix throne; one phrenix At this hour reigning there.

Alon. I'll believe both;

And what does else want credit, come to me,

And I'll be sworn 'tis true: Travellers ne'er did lie, Though fools at home condemn them.

Gon. If in Naples I should report this now, would they believe me? If I should say I saw such islands, (For, certes, these are people of the Island,) Who, though they are of monstrous sizes, yet, note, Their manners are more gentle-kind, than of Our human generation you shall find Many, may, almost any.

Friar. Honest lord,

Thou hast said well: for some of you there present Are worse than devils. [Aside.

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

Pro. Praise in departing. 

Friar. They vanish'd strangely.

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

Will't please you taste of what is here!

Alon. Not I.

Friar. Good, sir; you need not fear: When we were boys,

Who would believe that there were mountaineers, Dew-lapped and brow'd bulls, whose threats and hangings at the wall,

Wallets of flesh! or that there were such men, Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find,

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

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

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

Ari. 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 bech up; and on this island Where man doth not inhabit; you monstrous men Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad: [Seeing Alon., Seb., &c. draw their swords.

And even with such like valor, men bang and draw.

Their proper selves. You fools! and I and my fellows Are ministers of fate; the elements Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well Wound the thinking winds, and with such a staff. Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish One dowel that's in my plume; my fellow-ministers Are like invulnerable: if you could hurt, Your swords are now too nasey 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 his innocent son, to whom I gave,

His, 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: This is a berth! of the son, Alonso, They have bereft! and do pronounce by me, Linzering perfidy (worser than any death Can be at once; shall step by step attend You, and all your ways; whose wrath to guard you from

(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls Upon your brows, is nothing, but heart's sorrow, And a clear peace ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance with maps and moves, and carry out the table.

Pro. [Aside, Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou

Performed! — Ariel! a grace it bad, devouing: Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated, In what thou hast to say: so, with good life, And observation strange, my master 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 ways I leave them. While I visit Young Ferdinand, (whom they suppose is drown'd,) And his and my lord's darling.

Exeunt Prospero from above.

Alon. I the name of something holy, sir, why stand you

In this strange state?

Aron. O, it is monstrous! monstrous! Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it; The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder, Down. 

Set. Pure, blameless.
SCENE I.—Before Prospero's Cell.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I have too earnestly punished 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 strongly stood the test: here, afore heaven, I study 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 hard behind her. I do believe it, Against an oracle.

Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition Worth a great country, for my daughter. But If thou dost break her virgin knot before All sanctimonious ceremonies may With fault and holy rites be minister'd, No sweet aspersions shall the heavens let fall To make this contract grow; but barren hate, Sour-cvd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew The nuptial of your bed, with woods so heartily, That you shall hate it both: therefore, take heed, As Hymen's lamps shall light you. 

Pro. As I hope for quiet days, fair issue, and long life, With such love as 'tis now; the markest den. The most opportune place, the strongest suggestion Our worser Genius can, shall never melt Mine honor into lust; to take away The edge of that day's celebration, When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are bound.[Or night kept chair'd below. 

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

Enter Ariel. 

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

Pro. Thou and thy ne'er contented fellow your last service Did worthy perform; and I must use you In such another trick: go, bring the riddle, Of whom I give thee power, here to this place: Insist them to quick notion; for I must Besow upon the eyes of this young couple Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise, And they expect it from me. 

Ari. Presently! 

Pro. Ay, with a twinkle. 

Ari. Before you can say, come, and go, And breathe twice; and cry, so, so. 

Each one tripping on his toe, 

Will be here with mop and mopew; 

Do you love me, master! no. 

Pro. Descry, my delicate Ariel: do not approach, Till thou dost hear me call. 

Ari. Well I conceive. [Exit. 

Pro. Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance Too much the vein; the strong'st winds are straw To the fire; the blood: be more abstemious, Or else, good night, your vow! 

Pro. I warrant you, sir; 

The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart Abates the ardor of my liver. 

sprinkling.

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

Ade. Follow, I pray you. [Exeunt.
Cer. Earth's increase, and fowings plenty; 
Barns, and garners never empty; 
Vines with clustering bunches growing; 
Plants, with golden budding leaves. 
Spring come to you, at the lastest, 
In the very end of harvest! 
Scarcely and want shall you see; 
Till you drink the cup of joy. 

Per. This is a most majestic vision, 
And harmonious charming; May I be bold 
To think these spirits? 
Pro. Spirits, which by mine art 
I have from their confines called to exact 
My present fancies. 
Per. Let me live here ever: 
So rare a wonder! 
Ceres and Prospero, and a wife, 
Make this place paradise. 

[Junio and Ceres whisper, and send Juno on employment.] 

Pro. Sweet now, silence: 
Junio and Ceres whisper seriously; 
There's something else to do: bush, and be mute, 
Or else I'll leave the mask. 
Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiaus, of the wand'ring brooks, 
With their slack'd crowns, and ever harmless looks, 
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land 
Answer your summons; Juno does command: 
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate 
A contract of true love; be not too late. 

Enter certain Nymphs. 

You sunburn'd sicklemen, of August weary, 
Come hither from the furrow to and be merry; 
Make holy-day: your eye-straw hats put on, 
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one 
In country footing. 

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join to the Nymphs in graceful dance; 
Toward the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and 
Confused noifer, they heavily mount. 
Pro. [Aside.] I had forgot that foul conspiracy 
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates, 
Against my life; the minute of their plot 
Is almost come. — [To the Spirits.] Well done; 
avoid; no more. 
Per. This is most strange: your father's in some 
Passion that works him strongly. 
Mist and sleight, er'd child, do never till this day, 
Saw I him touch'd with anger so dis tempered. 
Pro. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort, 
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir: 
Our roads of renown are ended: these our actors, 
As I for told you, were all sport, and 
Are melted into air, into thin air; 
And, like the fleshy fabric of this vision, 
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gnomical palaces, 
The solemn temples, the great globe itself, 
Yea, all that it inheret, shall dissolve; 
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded, 
Leave not a rack behind: We are such stuff 
As dreams are made on, and our little life 
Is round'd with sleep. — Sir, I am vex'd: 
Bear with my weakness: my old brain is troubled. 
Be not disturb'd: I take my infirmity: 
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell, 
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk, 
To still my beating mind. 

Per. Mira. We wish you peace. 
[Exeunt. 
Pro. Come with a thought: — I thank you: 
[Aside.] Alcmeone. 

Enter Ariel. 

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to; What's thy pleasure? 

Pro. Spirit, 
We must prepare to meet with Caliban. 
Ari. Ay, my commandeur: when I presented 
Trinculo, 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 

*Abundance. 

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

drinking: 
So full of valor, that they smote the air 
For breathing in the labour; beat the ground 
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending 
Toward their project: Then I beat my tabor, 
At which, like uncleak'd cobs, they prick'd their ears, 
Alvare's'd their bless'd lids,brand'd up their noses. 
As they smelt music; so I charm'd their ear, 
That, call-like, they my bowling follow'd, through 
Tooth'd briars, sharp furze, prickig goss, and 
their nose. Which enter'd their frail shins; at last I left them 
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell. 
There dashing up to the chin, that the fool lake 
O'erstuck their feet. 

Pro. This was well done, my bird. 
Thy shape invisible retain thou still: 
The triumph in my house, do bring it hither, 
For sake 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, 
Humane taken, all, all lost, quite lost; 
And as, with age, his body ushers grows, 
So his mind eanksers: I will plague them all, 
Re-enter Ariel, laden with glistening apparel, 
&c. 

Even to roaring: — Come, hang them on this line. 
Prospero and Ariel remain invisible. Enter Caliban, Trinculo, and Stephano, all wea. 

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 play'd 
The pranks with us. 
Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss, at which 
your fancy's grow, and all your end, 
Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I 
should take a displeasure against you; look you, — 
Trin. Thou went but a lost monster. 
Cal. Gasps, to my lord, give me you still 
Shall hood-wink this mischance: therefore, speak 
softly. 
All's business as midnight yet. 

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool, — 
Ste. There's not only disgrace and dishonor in that, 
but an infinite loss. 

Trin. But this is none to me more than my wetting: yet 
this is your harmless fairy, monster. 
Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er 
care for my labor. 
Cal. Pray, let my king, be quiet; Swest thou here, 
This is the mouth of the cell: no noise, and enter: 
Do that good mischief, which may make this island 
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban, 
For thee, to his father. 
Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts. 

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! Look, what a wharf's here is for thee! 
Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash. 

Trin. O, ho, monster; we know what belongs to 
A slippery loggerhead, Stephano! 

Ste. Pit of hell, I own it, Trinculo; by this hand, 
I'll have that gown. 

Trin. Thy grace shall have it. 
Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean. 
To doat thus on such luggage! Let's along 
And do the murder first: it is awake, 
From toe to crown he'll fill all our skins with pinches; 
Make us strange stuff. 
Ste. Be you quiet, monster. — Misstress line, 
This is not my jerkin. Now is the jerkin under 
the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, 
And prove a bauld jerkin. 

Trin. O, do: we steal by line and level, a'th' like your grace. 

Ste. I know the line for that set: here's a garment for it: we shall not go unwarded, whiles I am king 

c of this country: skant line evel bet' st, is an excellent pass of pace; there's another garment of 

for. 

Bait. 

Education. 

Jack with a lantern. 

* A shop for sale of old clothes.
Act V.

SCENE I. — Before the Cell of Prospero.

Enter Prospero in his magic robes, and Ariel.

Pros. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

Pros. When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and his

Ari. Confid'nt together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them, sir; all prisoners
In the lime-grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge, till you release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Have not one care to keep them, or else
To fight for the rest of them. Hence, sir,
Him you term'd, sir. The good old lord, Gonzalo;
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds; your charm so strongly works upon
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Ari. Dost thou think so, sir? I prithee
Pros. And mine shall.

Hast thou, what art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions? and I shall not myself,
Our charm to re-shield, that rest all as sharply
Passion as they, be kindler mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the
Quick.
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action
Is in virtue when in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a brow further: Go, release them, Ariel;
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

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

Pros. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;
And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
When he comes back; ye demi-puppets, that
By moon-shine do the green-sour midnight's sleep make,
Whereof the eaves no notities; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight-mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew: by whose aid
(Weak masters though you be) I have been divin'd
The timbrel's jingling, and the images of 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 oak hall
With his own heel: the strong-bosomed promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs phuck'd up
The pine, and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have I made shake, processions going on: and
Left 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,)  

Birds: 

To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Fury it certain lethems in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book. [Solemn Music.]

Reciter Ariel: after him Alonso, with a frantic gesture, attended by Gonzalo; Sebastian and Antonio in the manner attended by Adrian and Gonzalo. They all enter the circle which Prospero hath 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, boiled within thy skull! There stand, For you are spell-stopp'd.

Holy Gonzalo, honorable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the shew of thine,
Fall swiftly, enforce the charm dissolves space
And as the morning steals upon the night.
Meltling the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. O my 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. — Flesh and blood,
You brought strange, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse; and nature; who, with Sebastian,
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,) Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Free natural though thou art! — Their understanding
Becins 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: — Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;

Ariel. I will dis-case me, and my self present,
As I was sometime Milan: — quickly, spirit:
Thou shalt ere long be free.

Ariel recovers, singing, and helps to allure Prospero.

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

Pros. Why that's my dainty Ariel; I shall miss thee.

But ye shall have freedom; so, so, so.
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatchets; the master and the boatswain,
Drinking and singing songs: — and so to this place;
And presently, I pr'ythee.

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

Leopard.

Fly or tenderness of heart.
Scene I. TEMPEST.

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amaze-
ment
Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!
Pros. Behold, sir king,
The wrong'd 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. Wilt thou beest he or, no,
Or have enchanted tribe to abuse me,
As late I have been, I do not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I am a kindred field, for this: this must crave
(As if this be all) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign; and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs: — But how should
Prospero
Be living and be here!
Pros. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age; whose honour cannot
be measured, or confin'd.
Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.
Alon. You do yet taste
Some subtleties of the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain: — Welcome, my friends all:
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
[Aside to Sar. and Ant.]
I here could pluck his height's from upon you,
And justly you tradest; at this time
I'll tell no tales.
Pros. The devil speaks in him. [Aside]
Pros. For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.
Alon. If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation:
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!
My dear son Ferdinand.
Pros. Irreparable is the loss; and Patience
Says, it is past her cure.
Alon. I rather think,
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid,
And rest my self content.
Alon. You the like loss!
Pros. As great to me, as to you, and portable,
To make the dear loss, have I a means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you: for I
Have lost my daughter.
Alon. A daughter? 
O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were madded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?
Pros. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire.
Thus they devour their reason, and scarce
Think their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath; but howsoever you have
 Been justled from your senses, know for certain,
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed.
To be the lord on'. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Being the third meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will require you with as good a thing;
At least, bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.
The entrance of the cell opens, and discourses Fer-
ｄｉｎａｎｄ and Mｉｒａｎｄａ playing at chess.
Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.
Fer. No, my dearest love, I would not for the world.
Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should
wangle.
And I would call it fair play.
Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.
Fer. A most high miracle!
Fer. Tho' the seas threaten, they are merciful;
I have cured them without cause.
Fer. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Alon. Ares, and say thou canst sit here!
Mira. O! wonder! How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in it! 
Fer. Tis new to thee.
Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast
at play?
Your old acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sev'rd 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
Received a second life, and second father.
This lady makes him to me.
Alon. I am hers:
But O, how oddly will it sound, that
Must ask my child forgiveness!
Fer. There, sir, stop:
Let us not burden our remembrances
With a heaviness that's gone.
Gon. I have inly wept.
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown;
For it is you, that have chal'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!
Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!
Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples! O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set my heart
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Charibell her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife,
Where be himself was lost: Prospero his dukedom
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
When no man was his own.
Alon. Give me your hands:
[To Fer. and Mira.
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That daith not wish you joy!
Gon. Be't so! Amen!
Re-enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain
amaz'dly following.
O look, sir, look, sir; here are more of us!
I prophesied, if a gullows were on land,
This fellow could not drown: — Now, blasphemy,
That swears' grace o'erboard, no! to an oath on shore!
Hast thou no mouth by land! What is the news?
Boats. The best news, is, that we have safely found
Our king, and company: the next our ship, —
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split,
Is tight and strong, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.
Ari. Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.
[Aside.
Pros. My tricksy spirit! 
Alon. These are not natural events; they
strengthen
From strange to stranger: — Say, how came you
hither?
Boats. Sir, 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 hatches,
[Realy.
Cleve, atroit.
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, grinning chains,
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
Capturing to eye her: On a truce, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping,ilter.

Art. Was't well done?

Pro. Bravely, my diligence. Thou shall, y'please.

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

Pro. Sir, my liege,
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,
And think of each thing well. — Come, hitler,
spirit;
Set Caliban and his companions free:
Unite the spell. [Exit ARIEL.] How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

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

Str. 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 spics which I wear in my
head, here's a goodly sight.

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

Pro. Ha, ha;
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy them?

Art. 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 flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command, without her power:
These three have rob'd me; and this demi-devil
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you

Must know, and own; this thing of darkness!

Acknowledging mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now; Where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: Where
should they

Find these strange and horrid that hath gild them?

How can'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 mope, I'll go.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?

Sev. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a
cripple.

Pro. You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?

Seb. I should have been a sore one then.

Alon. This is as strange a 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 hereafter,
And seek for grace: What a three-bottomed ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this daff fool? — Go to;

Pro. Go to; away!

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

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

[Exeunt CAL. STEP. and TRIN.

Pro. Sir, I invite your lustiness, and your train,
To my private cell: where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which (part of it) I'll waste
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away: the story of my life,
And those 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 mutines
Of these our dear beloved solomoniz'd;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

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

Pro. I'll deliver all; And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off. — My Ariel; — chick,
That is thy charge; 'tis then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! —[Aside.] 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 confined by you,
Or sent to Naples? Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd th'一一eever, dwell
In this bare island, by your spell;
But release me from my bonds,
With the help of your good hands.

Conductor. Honest.

*Applause; noise was supposed to dissolve a spell.

Gentle breath of yours my soul
Most fill, or else my project fails.
Which was to please: None I want
Sprits to enforce, art to enchain;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be releav'd by proper;
Which pieces so, that it assaults
Mercy herself, and frees all faults.
As you from whence i'would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE of MILAN, Father to Silvia.

VALENTINE, Gentleman of Verona.

PROTEUS, Ant. Father to Proteus.

ANTONIO, Father to Proteus.

BRANDON, Foolish Friend to Valentine.

EGLAMOUR, Agent for Silvia in her Escape.

SPEED, a clamish Servant to Valentine.

LAUNCE, Servant to Proteus.

PANTINO, Servant to Antonio.

HOST where Julia lodges in Milan.

OUTLAWES.

JULIA, a Lady of Verona, beloved by Proteus.

SILVIA, the Duke's Daughter, beloved by Valentine.

LUCETTA, Wanting-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: We're not alljection chains thy tender days To the sweet chances of thy homed love, I rather would entreat thy company, To see the wonders of the world abroad, Than living dully shaggy'd at home. Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness, But, since thou livest, love still, and thrive therein, Even as I would, when I to love began. Will thou hence now? 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, on thy danger, If ever danger do environ thee. Command the grievance to my holy prayers, For I will be thy head-shad-man, Valentine. Val. And on a love-book pray for my success. Pro. I pen some book I love, I'll pray for thee. Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love, How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont. Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love; For he was more than over shoes in love. Val. 'Tis true: for you are ever boots in love, And yet you never swim the Hellespont. Pro. (Over the boots? May I, give me not the boots.) Val. No, I'll not, for it boots thee not. Pro. What? Val. To be In love, where scorn is bought with groans: coy looks, With heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth, With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights: If haply won, perhaps, a hapless gain; If lost, why then a grievous labor 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. I love is your master, for he masters you: And he that is so yoked by a fool, — A humorous punishment at harvest-home feasts, &c.

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 fairest wits of all. Val. And writers say, As the most forward bud Is eaten by the canker ere it blow, Even so by love the young and tender wit Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud, Losing its verdure, even in the prime, And all the fair effects of future hopes. But when once 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 I will bring thee, Valentine. Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave. At Milan let me hear from thee by letters, Of thy success in love, and what news else Betold here in absence of thy friend; And I likewise will visit thee with mine. Pro. All happiness bearance to thee in Milan! Val. As much to you at home! and so farewell! [Exit Valentine.

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

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you: saw you my master! Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan. Speed. Twenty to one then he is shipp'd already; And I have play'd the sheep in losing him. Pro. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray, And 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. Uro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.


**TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.**

**Act I.**

**Luc.** Please you, repeat their names, I'll show my mind.

According to my shallow simple skill,

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

Luc. He is a knight, well spoken, and pale.

But were I you, he never should be mine.

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

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

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

Luc. Lord, lord! to see what silly rejoins us.

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

Luc. Fair, dear madam; 'tis a passing shame,

That I, unworthy body as I am,

Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

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

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

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. Wouldst not expect from Proteus another

but a woman's reason? I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?

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

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

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

Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.

Luc. Fire, that is best kept, burns most of all.

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

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

Jul. I would I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. To Julia,—Say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will show,

Jul. Say, say; what have it there?

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

from Proteus:

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

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

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly buyer.

Dare you presume to harbor wanton lines?

To whisper and encompass against my youth?

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

And you an officer fit for the place;

There, take the paper, see it he return'd,

Or else return no more into my sick.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fea than hate.

Jul. Will you become?

Luc. That you may ruminate, [Exit Luc.]

Jul. And yet, I would I had o'ertook'd the letter.

It were a shame to call her back again,

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

That she begins to see, that I am a madam,

And would not force the letter to my view?

Since maids, in modesty, say No, to that

Which they would have the proflerer construe, Ay, fie, fie! he wayward is this foolish wish.

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

And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod.

How hurriedly had Lucetta been,

When willingly I would have had her here!

How angrily I taught my brow to frown,

When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!

My pen is to, call Lucetta back,

And ask remission for my folly past:—

What ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. What would your ladyship! —

Jul. Is it near dinner time? —

Luc. I would it were;

That you might kill your stomach on your meal,

And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is't you took up

So gingerly? —

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stop then?

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

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,

Unless it have that false interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.
LUC. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune:
Give me a note; your ladyship can set.
JUL. As little by such toys as may be possible;
Bear me to it of Light withal. 8. 2.
LUC. It is too heavy for so light a tune.
JUL. Heavy! believe it hath some burden, then.
LUC. Ay; and melodious it were, if you would sing it.
JUL. And why not you?
LUC. I cannot reach so high.
JUL. Let’s see your song:—How now, minion! You have not taken your time too2
LUC. Nor yet, my lady: in my achievement I was cut out:
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.
JUL. You do not!?
LUC. No, madam; it is too sharp.
JUL. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descent.
There wanteth a mean’t to fill your song.
JUL. The mirths are drown’d with our unruly base.
LUC. Indeed I did the base for Proteus.
JUL. This bubble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation! 
[Teares 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 pleased
To be so anger’d with another letter. [Exit.
JUL. Nay, would I were so anger’d with the same.
O hateful hands, to tear such lovely words!
Injurious wasps! to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings!
I’ll kiss each paper for amends.
And well and well, kind Julia! and well, Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude.
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
Look here is writ—Lor Cupid’s arrow 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 twine, or thrice, was Proteus written down!
He calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name; that some wild wind hear
The ragged, fearful, haggard, lashing words;
And throw it thence into the raging sea!—
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—
Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To thee sweet Julia:—that I’ll tear away;—
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names;
Thus will I fold them one upon another;
Now kiss, embrac’d, embrace, do what you will.

Retreat Lucetta.
LUC. Madam, dinner’s ready, and your father
JUL. Well, let us go.
LUC. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?
JUL. If you respect them, best to take them up.
LUC. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.
JUL. I see you have a month’s mind to them.
LUC. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.
JUL. Come, come, will you please you go! [Exeunt.

Scene III.—The same. A room in Antonio’s house.

Enter Antonio and Panthino.
ANT. Tell me, Panthino, what salt talk was that,
Wherein thy 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 ladyship
Would suffer him to wound your heart so soon;
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preeminence out:
Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discovery islands far away;
Some, to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
A term in music.
A challenge.
Serious.
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 is now become a great impeachments to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.
ANT. Nor need’st thou much importune me to that.
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider’d well his loss of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try’d and tutor’d in the world:
Nay, and his counsel by interest set out:
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 empress in her royal court.
ANT. I know it well.
PANT. I were good, I think, your lordship sent
There shall be practise tilts and tournaments.
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen;
And be in eye of every exercise.
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.
ANT. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis’d
And that thou mayst perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known;
With the speediest of his execution
I will dispatch him to the empress’s court.
PANT. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.
ANT. Good company; with them shall Proteus go;
And, in good time—how will we break with him.

Enter Proteus.
PRO. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand the agent of her heart;—
Here is her oath for love, her honor’s pawn:—
O, that our fathers would applauded our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!—
I over hear Julia’s love.
ANT. How now! what letter are you reading there;
PRO. Nay, please your lordship, ’tis a word or two.
Of commendation sent from Valentine,
Deliver’d by a friend that came from him.
ANT. Send me the letter; let me see what news.
PRO. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov’d,
And daily grace’d by the emperor.
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.
ANT. And how stand you affected to his wish?
PRO. As one relying on your lordship’s wish,
And not depending on this friendly promotion.
ANT. My will is something sorted with his wish:—
Muse’st not I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolved, that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentines in the emperor’s court;
What maintenance he from his friends receiveth,
Like exhibitions thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go.
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.
PRO. My lord, I cannot he so soon provided;
Please you, deliberate a day or two.
ANT. Mark, what thou w’st sent be shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.—
Come on, Panthino; you shall be employ’d
To hasten on his expedition.
[Exeunt ANT. and PANT.
PRO. Thus have I shunn’d the fire, for fear of burning;
And drown’d me in the sea, where I am drown’d;
I fear’d to show my father Julia’s letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.
O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!—
# Repr. [Repr.]
# Break the matter to him.
# Wonder.
# Allowance.
ACT II.


Enter Valentine and Speed.

Val. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you; he is in haste, therefore, I pray you, go.

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 had the lights they were wont to have, when you chatted with sir Proteus for going unattended.

Val. What should I see then?

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

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

Speed. Nor, 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 could you were set; so, your affliction 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 to.

Enter Silvia.

Speed. O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! I will be interpreter to her.

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

Speed. O, give you good even! here's a million of manners. [Aside.]

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

Speed. He should give her interest; and she gives it him. [Aside.]

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter, unto the secret nameless friend of yours;

Speed. Which I was much unwilling to proceed in, but for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant, 'tis very dexterly done.

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

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

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

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

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

Sil. What means your ladyship? do you not know?

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

Sil. They are for you.

Val. 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 will 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 labor; And so good-morrow, servant. [Exit Silvia.


* Like a scholar.
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!

My master says to her; and she hath taught her to say,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.

An excellent device! was there ever heard a better?

That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?

Speech. Nay, I was rhyming; 'tis you that have the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speech. To be a spokesman from madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speech. To yourself: why, she weos you by a figure.

Val. What figure!

Speech. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me.

Speech. But did that need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

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

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

Speech. Why, she hath given you a letter.

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

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

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speech. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well.

For often you have writ to her; and she, in mo-

Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;

Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover.

Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.

All this I speak in print; for in print I found it,—

Why muse you sir! 'tis dinner-time.

Val. I have dined.

Speech. Ay, but hearken, sir: though the chameleon love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat;

0, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Verona. A room in Julia's house.

Enter Proteus and Julia.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Julia. I must, where is no remedy.

Enter. When possibly I can, I will return.

Julia. If you turn not, you will return the sooner:

Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

[Aside.]

Pro. Why then will we make exchange; here take you this.

Julia. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;

And this that hour orpicks me in the day,

Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,

The next ensuing hour some foul miscarriage

Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!

My father stays my coming: answer not;

That tide is now: may, not the tide of tears;

That tide will stay me longer than I should;

[Aside.]

Julia, farewell.

What! gone without a word!

Ay, so true love should do; it cannot speak;

For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Proteus, Sir Proteus, you are said for.

Pro. Go; I come, I come;—

Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The same. A street.

Enter Launce, leading a dog.

Laun. Nay, it will be this hour ere I have done weeping: all the kind of the Launcestres have this very fault: I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with sir Proteus to the imperial's court. I think, Crab my dog be the soundest natured dog that lives: my mother weeping,

*Kindred.

my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted our shed one tear; he is a stone, a very pebble-

stone, and in no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father;—no this left shoe is my father;—no, not, this left shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be so neither:—yes, it is so; it is so; it hath the worse sole: This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father: A vengeance on it! tieve: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this lat 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 a word for weeping: now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on; now come I to my mother, (0, that she could speak now;) like a wood' woman;—well, I kiss her;—why there 'ts; here's my mother's breath up and down; now come I to my sister; mark the moon she makes; now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter Pantning.

Pant. Launce, away, away, aboard; thy master is slipped, and thou art to post after with ears. What's the matter? why weepest thou, man? Away, ass; you will lose the tide, if you hurry any longer.

Julia. I know not of the matter: it is the ty'd dog: it frets: for it is the unkindest ty'd that ever man ty'd.

Pant. What's the unkindest tide?

Laun. Why, he's ty'd here; Crab, my dog.

Pant. If any ty to the matter, 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 didst thou lay up my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

Pant. Where should I lose my tongue?

Laun. In thy tallow.

Pant. In thy tallow.

Laun. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service! Be ty’d!—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 bolt with my sighs.

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

Laun. Sir, call me what thou darest.

Pant. Will thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go.

[Exeunt.]


Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, and Speed.  

Sitt. Servant—

Val. Mistress?

Speed. Master, sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speech. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress then.

Speech. T'were good, you knock'd him.

Sitt. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thur. Seen you that you are not?

Val. I do, I do.

Thur. So do counterfeit.

Val. So do you.

Thur. What seem I that I am not?

Val. What, sir?

Thur. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thur. And how quote you my folly?

Val. Quote me in your jerkin.

Thur. My jerkin is a doublet.

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

Thur. How?

Val. What, sir, angry, sir Thurio? do you change color?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of chameler—

*Crazy, distracted.

**Serious.

*Note, obscure.
Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are here betid. 
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 Lord Antonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman To be of worth, and worthy estimation, And without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

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

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I knew him as myself; for from our infancy We have conversed and spent our hours together; And though myself have been an idle truant, Consuming 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 unmanhood'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'll make a worthy for an emperor's heir, As meet to be an emperor's counsellor. 

Val. Well, sir; this gentleman is come to me, With commendation from great potentates; And I am glad to spend his visits here; I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you. 

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

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth. 

Val. You know, sir, that I have done, or seem'd to do, 

Duke. For Valentine, I need not e'en him to it: 
I'll send him hither to you presently. 

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

Val. That she now hath e'en enrich'd him With some other pawn for fealty. 

Duke. 'Tis sure, I think she holds them prisoners still. 

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

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

Val. They say that love hath not an eye at all, 

Val. To see your looks, Thuro, as yourself; Upon a homely object love can wink. 

Proteus. 

Silv. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman. 

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus! — Mistresses, I beseech you, Confirm his welcome with some special favor. 

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

Val. Mistresses, it is: sweet lady, entertain him 

Indie. 

To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship, 

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

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

Lad. I have off discourse of disability; — 

Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant. 

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

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed; 

Servants are welcome none to a woman's mistress. 

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

Sil. That you are welcome! 

Pro. No; that you are worthless. 

Enter Servant. 

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

Sil. I'll wait upon his pleasure. 

[Exit Servant. 

Come, sir Thurio. 

Go with me:—Once more, new servant, welcome: 
I'll leave you to your own home-affairs; 
When you have done, we will look to hear from you. 

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship. 

[Exit Silvia, Thurio, and Speed. 

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

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

Val. And how do yours? 

Pro. I left them all in health. 

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

Pro. My lady's love were wont to wear you; 
I know you joy not in a love-discourse. 

Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now; 
I have done penance for contemning love; 
Whose most impious thoughts have punish'd me With bitter fits, with pentential groans, 
With nightingall, and daily heart-sore sighs; 
For in the edge of my contempt of love, 
Love hath enthrall'd me from my established eyes, 
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow. 

Pro. O, gentle Proteus, what 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 eye: 
Was this the idol that you worship so? 

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint? 

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon. 

Val. Call her divine. 

Pro. I will not flatter her. 

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

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills; 
And I must minister the like to you. 

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

Pro. Except my mistress. 

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

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own? 

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

Pro. Why, Valentine, what bragguardism is this? 

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

Pro. Not 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 true as theirs, if their sun and moon were pearl, The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold, 
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee. 
Because thou seest me dote upon my love, My foolish rival, that for her father's sake, 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?
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd.
Nay, more, our marriage hour,
With all the cunning manner of our light,
Determined how to build a chimney-window;
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on, for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In the same aid, and I will speak to thee.
Pro. Go on before: I shall inquire you forth:
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use.
And then I'll presently attend you.
Val. Will you make haste?
Pro. I will.
[Exit Val.]

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drive out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine eye, or Valentine's praise,
That 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 a soul my love had;—
Which, like a waver ing image against 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 fair, and much:
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dole on her with more advice,
That thus without advise begin to love her?
That her picture I have yet to paint,
And that hath dazzled my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my own, and love, I love,
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill.

SCENE VII. — The same. A street.

Enter SPEED and LAUNCE.

Speed. Love, love! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.
Laun. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am a welcome balsam to thine eyes—that a man is never unloved, till he be hated: nor never welcome to a place, till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say welcome.

Speed. Come, come, you madcap, I'll be the housekeeper with you presently; where, for one shot of five-pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, saugh, how did thy master part with matter with maid Julia?
Laun. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very finely in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?
Laun. No.
Speed. How then? shall he marry her?
Laun. No, neither.
Speed. What, are they broken?
Laun. No, they are not broken.
Speed. Why then, how stands the matter with them?
Laun. Marry thus; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.
Speed. What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

Laun. Why, what a block art thou, that thou canst not? My staff understands me.
Speed. What thou say'st!
Laun. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understandeth thee indeed.
Speed. What stands under and understand is all one.
Laun. Speed, wilt thou tell me true, will'st thou be a match?

Ask my dog: if he say, ay, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, hast thou, that my master has become a notable lover?
Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than hove?
Laun. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

[On further knowledge.

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

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant that master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.
Laun. Why, I tell thee. I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the alehouse, I will show thee an alehouse, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why!

Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the alehouse with a Christian. Will thou go?

Speed. At thy service.

SCENE VI. — The same. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Proteus.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn; To love fair Valentine shall I be forsworn; To wrong my friend, shall I be much forsworn; And that even power, which save me first my oath, Provokes me to this threefold perjury.

Speed. Love bade me swear, and love bade me forswear: O sweet-suggesting love, if thou hast so said,

Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it. At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship not the beam,
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he that wants wit, that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.

Fie, fie, unpardonable—art thou a fool?

Whose sovereignty so oft hast prefer'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths,
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I have to leave, where I should love,
Julia I love, and Valentine I love.

If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, thus I find by my loss,
For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Satan.

To myself and all dearer than a friend;
For love is still more precious in itself,
And Silvia, witness heaven, that made her fair
Thou dost not love, but the thy Ethelme.
I will forget that Julia is alive;
Remembrance that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I will hold an enemy.

Ami'ng at Silvia as a sweeter friend,
I cannot now prove constant to myself;
Without some trucevery used to Valentine;
This night he meaneth with a corded ladder
To clamber in the ladder, Julia's chamber-window;
Myself in counsel, his competitor;
Now presently I'll give her father notice
Of their dissembling, and pretended flight:
Who all things need, will haunt Silvia's chamber,
For Tho'to, he intends, shall wed her daughter;
But Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,
By some sly trick, blunt Tho'to's double proceeding.
Love, love, love, thou that art to make my match,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [Exit.]

SCENE VII. — Verona. A room in Julia's House.

Enter JULIUS 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 chartered and engraved,—
To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honor, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc. Alas! the way is weary, and long.

Jul. A true devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps:
Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly
And when the flight is made to so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as in Proteus,
Luc. Better forbear, till Proteus make return.

Jul. O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food?

Luc. Pity that strength which I have pined in.

Jul. For loving for that food so long a time.
But didst thou know but the joyous touch of love,

Thou wouldst at so soon knead fire for snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

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

Jul. The more that thou dost it up, the more it burns;

The current, that with gentle murmurs stirs,

Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;

But, when its fair course is not hindered,

He makes sweet music with the channel'd stones,

Giving the gentle kiss to every sedge

He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;

And so by many winding nooks he strays,

With willing sport to the wild ocean.

Then let me go, and hinder not my course:

I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,

And make a pasteume of each weary step,

Till the last step have brought me to my love;

And there I'll rest, as, after turn'd,

A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent

The look that, even in the most stancie countenance

Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds

As may beseeem some well-reputed page.

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

Jul. No, girl; I'll knot it up in silken strings,

With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:

To be fantastic may become a youth

Of greater time than I shall show to be.

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?

Jul. That fits as well, as — "tell me, good my lord,

What compass will you wear your farthingale?

"Why, even that fashion thou most listst, Lucetta.

Luc. You must needs have them with a caduceus

Of my invention, and shall be ill-favor'd.

Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,

Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have

What thou think'st best meet, and is most mannerly:

But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me,

For undertaking so unstaide a journey!

I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.

Luc. I think so, too, and yet stay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infernity, 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 my love, that ever I did love 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 true and honest hearts do govern Proteus' birth;

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;

His love sincere, his thoughts immutabile;

His tears pure messengers sent from his heart;

His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray heaven, he prove so, when you come to him!

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that 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 longings 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 tarryance.

[Exeunt.]
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Scene I.

Should have been cherished by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolved to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then kill her beauty be her wedding dowry:
For me and my possessions she esteem's not.

Val. What would your grace have me do to this?

Duke. There is a lady, sir, in Milan here,
With whom I affect; but she is now alone,
And must esteem 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 change'd.
How, and which way, I must bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she receives not words;
Duchess jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Duke. This she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val. A woman sometimes scorches what best contains her:
Send her another; never give her nay:
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For she's the fool, if she be gone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For, get you gone, she doth not mean away;
Flatter, and praise, commend, exalt her grace;
That so she may blush, if she take the lace.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is, no man,
It with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she, I mean, is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of wonder;
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What he's, but one may enter at her window!
A ladder, which her chamber is aloft, far from the ground;
And build so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

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

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

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

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

Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But, hark thee; I will go to her alone;
Her chamber is, I'll ask; another chamber.

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak, that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak so long as thine will serve the turn.

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak; I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?
I pray thee, let me feel the cloak upon me—
What letter is this same? What's here! —To Silvia.
And here an engine fit for my proceeding; I'll be so bold to break the seal for once.

[Reads.]

My thoughts do harbor with my Silvia nightly;
My life, I come, I come, I come to thee,
O, could their master come and so as light?
Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying,
My hasty thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;
White, their king, that father them imparture.

Val. What is your news? What is your news?

Duke. What is your news? What is your news?

[Exit Duke.]

Val. And why not death rather than live in 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.
Exeunt. But I by Silvia in the night.

Val. There is no music in the everlasting darkness;
But I look on Silvia in the day.
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my essence; I and leave to be,
If I be not by her face appearances,
Silvia, and that evening kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom;
Tarry I here, but attend on death;
But, by I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter Protesilaus and Lucentio.}

So much of bad already hath possess'd them.
Pro. Then is drum and silence will not serve mine,
For they are harsh, un mutable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead? Pro. No, Valentine. Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia! — hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine. Pro. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me! — What is your news? Pro. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are banish'd.

Pro. That thou art banish'd, 0, that's the news; From hence to hence Silvia, and from me thy friend.

Val. 0, I have fed upon this woes already,
And now excess of it will make me sure.
Both Silvia know that I am banish'd.

Pro. Ay, and she shall not refer to the door,
(Which, unrecover'd, stands in effectual force.)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears; Those at her father's church feet she tender'd; With the tears, and upon her knees, her humble self; Wrang'ing her hands, whose whiteness so became them.

Val. As if but now they waxed pale for woe; But neither buried knives, nor blunt bands hold up, Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears, Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be that, must die.
Besides, her intercession had bid me stay;
When she for thy repeal was supplicat, That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of holding there.
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Act III.

Thou more; unless the next word that thou speakst
Have some mightier power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolor.

Pros. To ease to lament for thou canst not help,
And I can say the thing which is uppermost in my heart.
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: willst thou hence with that,
And manance it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence:
Whitch, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd Evermore, the milks-worm of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I'll convey thee through the city gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large,
Of all that may concern thy love affairs.
As thou lovest Silvia, though not for thyself,
Recond thy danger, and along with me.
I pray thee, Laurence, an' thou seest my boy,
But let's make haste, and meet thee at the north gate.

Pros. (Go, sirrah, find him out). Come, Valentine.

Tut. O my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine!

Laun. 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 a whole life to be in love: yet I am in love;
but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me;
nor who 'ts I love, and yet 'ts a woman: but
what woman, I will not tell my self: and yet 'ts a man. This is not a madman: he hath had goings:
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 low brastian. Here is the catalogue (pulling out a paper) of her conditions. Imprisons, 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 pale. She can milk: look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter Speed.

Speed. How now, signior Laurence? what news with your mastership?

Laun. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still: mistake the word: What news then in your paper?

Laun. The blackest news, that ever thou heardst.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Laun. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read thee.

Laun. Fear thee, heed-hast; thou canst not read.

Speed. Thou hast best, I can.

Laun. I will try thee; tell me this: who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Laun. O illiterate knave! it was thy son of thy grandmother: this proves, that thou canst not read.

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

Laun. There: and Saint Nicholas be thy speed!

Speed. Imprisons, She can milk.

Laun. Ay, that she can.

Speed. She can brew good ale.

Laun. And thereof comes the proverb,—Bless-ing of your heart, you brew good ale.

Speed. She can see.

Laun. That's as much as to say, Can she so?

Speed. She can knit.

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

Speed. She can sing. She can make a sweet shift.

Laun. A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.

Speed. She can spin.

Laun. That's the world on wheels when she can spin for her living.

Speed. She can make many necesario virtues.

Laun. But thou shalt not say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. Here follow her virtues.

Laun. Close at the heels of her virtues.

2° Saint Nicholas presided over young scholars.

Speed. Item. She is not to be kissed, fasting, in respect of her breath.

Laun. What that fault may be mended with a breakfast: read on.

Speed. Item. She hath a sweet mouth.

Laun. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. She can talk in her sleep.

Laun. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. Item. She is slow in words.

Laun. That, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words, is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with it; and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item. She is proud.

Laun. Out with that to; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item. She hath no teeth.

Laun. I care not for that matter, because I love erusts.

Speed. Item. She is curst.

Laun. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. Item. She will often praise her liquor.

Laun. 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.

Laun. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ down she is slow o't; of her purse she shall not; for that I'll keep shut: now, of another thing she may, and that is, cannot fields. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item. She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.

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

Speed. Item. She hath more hair than wit.

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

Speed. And more faults than hairs.

Laun. That's monstrous; 0, that that were out!

Speed. And more wealth than faults.

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

Speed. And the third?

Laun. Why, then I will tell thee,—that thy master stays for thee at the north gate.

Speed. Item. She hath more hair than wit.

Laun. For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath shied for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Laun. Yes; must run to him, for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? 'pox of your love-letters.

Laun. Well, thou wilt be swinge'd for reading my letter: An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets!—I'll alter, to reprove in the boy's correction.

Enter Duke and Thurio; Proteus behind.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not, but that she will love you,
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thur. That his exile she hath deepened me most, Foreswore me to every one and null a while, That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure Trenched in ice; which with an hour's head Dissolves to water and doth lose his form.

A little time will melt her frozen thoughts, And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.—

How now, sir Proteus! Is your countryman, According to our maxims, gone away?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously, Pro. Foe, as my lord, will kill that grief.

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

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

Act IV. Scene I. 

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. 37

... But yet I slew him manfully in flight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1 Out. Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so:
but were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Val. I will, and hold me glad at such a doom.

1 Out. Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel thence made me happy;
or else I often had been miserable.

3 Out. By the bare scalp of Isham Hood's fat friar,
This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

2 Out. We'll have him: sirs, a word.

Speel. Master, be one of them;
It is an honorable kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain!

2 Out. Tell us this: have you anything to take?

Val. Nothing, but my fortune.

3 Out. Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of unconquered youth
Hurst from their caves, courting of all men:
Myself was from Verona banished,
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allies unto the duke.

2 Out. From Milan, a gentleman,
Whom, in my mood, I stabbe'd unto the heart.

1 Out. And, for such like petty crimes as these,
But to the purpose,—for we cite our faults,
Not that they may hold examples of our lawless lives,
And, partly, seeing you are beleaguered
With a wide shape: and, by your own report
A linesman; and a man of such pretension,
As we do, and 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?

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — A Forest near Mantua.

Enter certain Out-laws.

1 Out. Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.

2 Out. [to Pro.]. There be ten, strick not, but down with 'em.

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

3 Out. Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you;
If not, we'll make you sit, and ride you.

SPEE. Sir, we are undone! these are the villains,
That all the travelers do fear so much.

Val. My friends —

1 Out. That's not so, sir; we are your enemies.

2 Out. Peace, sir; we'll hear him.

3 Out. Ay, by my beard, will we;
For he's a proper man.

Val. Then know that I have little wealth to lose;
A man, I mean, crooked of all men:
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfigure me.
You take the sum and substance that I have,

2 Out. Val. Who's that travel you?

3 Out. To Verona.

1 Out. Whence came you?

Val. From Milan.

2 Out. What did you bring sojournd there?

Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might have stood,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 Out. What were you banish'd therefor?

Val. I was.

2 Out. For what offense?

Val. For that which now entempts me to rehearse;
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;

Val. Well looking.

ACT IV.
To make a virtue of necessity, 
And live, as we do, in this wilderness? 
2 Okt. What say'st thou? will thou be of our consort? 
Say, ay, and be the captain of us all: 
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee, 
Love thee as our commander, and our kit: 
1 Out. But if thou scor'n our courtesy, thou diest, 
2 Out. Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

Vol. I take your offer, and will live with you; 
Provided that you do no outrage 
On silly women, or poor passengers. 
3 Out. No more, we detest such vile base practices, 
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crew; 
And show thee all the treasure we have got; 
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose. 

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. — Milan. Court of the Palace.

Enter Proteus.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine, 
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio, 
Under the color of commending him, 
I have access my own love to prefer; 
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy, 
To be corrupted with my worthless goods. 
When I protest true fealty 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 was once beforesworn 
In breaking faith with Julia whom I love. 
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quirks, 
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope, 
Yet, as the dawn that like the more she spurns my love, 
The more it grows and fawneth on her still. 
But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window, 
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter Thurio and Musicians.

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

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

Host. Now, my young guest! methinks you're all anlycholy; I pray you, why is it? 
Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry. 
Host. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you in, sir, shall bear music, and see the gentleman that you ask'd 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 please, let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? What is she? 
Tell all our cousins commend her? 
Holy, fair, and wise is she; 
The heavens 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 even repair. 
To help him of his burdens; 
And, being help'd, inhabits there. 
Then to Silvia let us sing, 
That Silvia is creating; 
She careless all mortal things. 
Upon the dull earth dwelling; 
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now! are you slander than you were before! 
How do you, man! the music likes you not. 

[Passionate reproaches.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not. 
Host. Why, my pretty youth! 
Jul. He praise, father. 
Host. How! is it tune on the strings? 
Jul. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings. 
Host. He will have a quick ear. 
Jul. Ay, I would be deaf! it makes me have a sior heart. 
Host. I perceive you delight not in music. 
Jul. Not at all, when it jars so in my ear! 
Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music! 
Jul. Ay; that change is the spire. 
Host. You would have them always play but one thing. 
Jul. I would always have one play but one thing. 
But, host, doth this sir Proteus, that we talk on, 
Often resort unto this gentlewoman! 
Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me, 
He loved her out of all nick. 

Jul. Where is Launce! 
Host. Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow, 
by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady. 
Jul. Peace! stand aside! the company parts. 
Pro. Silvia, hear you not! I will so plead, 
That you shall say, my cunning drunk excels. 
Thur. Where meet we! 
Pro. At saint Gregory's well. 
Thur. Farewell.

[Exeunt Thurstio and Musicians.

Silvia appears above, at her window.

Sil. Madam, good even to your ladyship. 
Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen: 
Who is that, that spake? 
Pro. One lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth, 
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice. 
Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it. 
Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant, 
Sil. What is your will! 
Pro. That I may compass yours, 
Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this,— 
That presently you hie you home to bed. 
Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disdainful man! 
Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless, 
To be seduced by thy flattery, 
That hast deceived so many with thy vows! 
Return, return, and make thy love amends. 
For me,— by this pale queen of night I swear, 
I can 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. 
Pros. — My dear, sweet love, that I did love a lady, 
But she is dead. 
Jul. Twere false, if I should speak it; 
For I am sure she is not buried. 
[Saside. 
Sil. Sir, she that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend, 
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness, 
I am betrothed: and art thou not ashamed 
To wrong him with thy importunity! 
Pros. — I Beside thee, what, Valentine is dead! 
Sil. And so, suppose, am I; for in his grave 
Assure thyself, my love is buried. 
Pros. Sweet lady, let us take it from the earth. 
Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her thence; 
Or, at the least, in her sepulchre thinke. 
Jul. He heard not that. 
[Aside. 
Sil. Madam, if our 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 is of our perfect self 
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow; 
And to your shadow, I will make true love. 
Jul. If here a substance, you would, sure, decease her. 
And make it but a shadow, as I am. 
Jul. I am very both to be your idol, sir; 
But, since your falsehood shall become you well 
To worship shadows, and adore false hopes, 
Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it; 
And so good rest. 
Pros. — As wretches have o'er night, 
That wait for execution in the morn. 
[Exeunt Proteus, and Silvia from above. 

[Beyond all reckoning.
**Scene IV.**

**TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.**

JUL. Host, will you go?

**Host.** By my halloam, I was fast asleep.

JUL. Pray you, let me have the dog.

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

**JUL.** No; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest. [Exeunt.]

**SCENE III.**

**The same.**

**Enter Eglamour.**

**Egl.** This is the hour that madam Silvia

Entreated me to call and know her mind;

There's some great matter she'd employ me in.—

Madam, madam!

**Silvia appears above, at her window.**

**Sir.** Who calls?

**Egl.** Your servant, and your friend;

One that attends your ladyship's command.

**Sir.** Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good-morrow.

**Egl.** As many, worthy lady, to yourself.

According to your ladyship's import, I

Am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

**Sir.** Sir Eglamour, thou art a gentle gentleman
(Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not.)

Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplished.

Thou art not ignorant, what dear good will

I have in the name of Valentine.

Nor how my father would enforce me marry

Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhorreth.

Thyself hast said; and I have heretofore say'd,

Nothing but such as thou hast said of her,

As when thy lady and thy true love died,

Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.

Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,

To Marsup, 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.

Not yet 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 unhappy match,

Which heaven and fortune still reward with plagues.

I do desire thee, even from a heart

As full of sorrows as the sea of sands

To bear me company, and go with me;

Not to hide what I have said to thee,

That I may venture to depart alone.

**Egl.** Madam, I pity much your grievance;

Whereof I know they will virtuous place,

I give consent to go along with you;

Recking as little what betideth me,

As much I wish all good befell you.

When will you go?

**Sil.** This evening coming.

**Egl.** Where shall I meet you?

**Sil.** At fair Patrick's cell.

**Egl.** Where I intend holy confession.

**Sil.** I will not fail your ladyship:

Good-morrow, gentle lady.

**Sil.** Good-morrow, kind sir Eglamour. [Exeunt.]

**Scene IV.**

**The same.**

**Enter Launce, with his dog.**

When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look, you go hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning when they threw a hound's hair on him. My master and his sisters were fond 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 his sisters, and I put his name into the dining-chamber, but he stepped 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 was sent to deliver him, one would take 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 not he had been a greater thief. As I love, he had suffered for it; you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like

*Holy dame, blessed lady.*

**Injunction, command, Compassionate.**

*Caring.**

**Beast,** dogs, under the duke's table; he had not been there (bless the mark!) a passing while; but all the chamber, says one; What cur is that? says another; Whimp him out, says the third; Hang him up, says the duke, I, having been acquainted with a smell betimes, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: Friend, quoth I, you mean to whip the dog? Ay, marry, do I, quoth he. You do him the more wrong, quoth I. And I said the thickest of all. He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for their servant! Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for piddling he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory for gree he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for it: 'tis think not of this now! — Nay, I look upon the man serves now, when I look my leave of madam Silvia; did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's tartangale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

**Enter Proteus and Julia.**

**Pro.** Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,

And will employ thee in some service presently. I will never make thee afraid.—

**JUL.** Sir, I will, sir; I will.

**Pro.** I hope thou wilt.—How now, you whoreson peasant! [To Launce.]

Where have you been these two days hindered?

**Lau.** Nay, sir, I carried mistress Silvia

The dog you bade me.

**Pro.** And what says she to my little jewel!

**Lau.** Sir, she says, your dog was a cur;

And tells you, curish thanks is good enough for such a present.

**Pro.** But she received my dog?

**Lau.** No, indeed; she did not: here have I brought him back again.

**Pro.** What, didst thou offer her this from me?

**Lau.** Ay, sir; the other squrell was stolen from me by the harsmann's boys in the street: and then I entered her mine own; who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

**Pro.** Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,

Or else return again into my sight.

**Away, I say: stay at thon 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 you foolish boy:

But, cherish him, and make good and honest behavior;

Which (if my anger deceive me not)

Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:

Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.

Go present and take this ring with thee,

Deliver it to madam Silvia:

She loved me well, deliver it to me.

**Jul.** It seems you loved her not, to leave her

thus, and like, belike.

**Pro.** Not so; I think, she lives.

**Jul.** Alas! Why dost thou cry, alas?

**Pro.** I cannot choose but pity her.

**Pro.** Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

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

As you do love your hand between your sisters and Silvia;

She dreams on him, that has forgot her love;

You dote on her, that cares not for your love;

_Tis pity, love should be so contrary;

And thinking on it makes me cry, alas!

**Pro.** Well, give her that ring, and therewithal

This letter; — That's her chamber.—Tell my lady

I claim the promise for her proper heavenly picture.

Your servant done, he went unhappily to chambers,

Where thou shalt find me sad and solitery. [Exit Proteus.]

**Jul.** How many women would do such a message! Alas, poor Proteus! I am not a strong heart;

A fox to be the shepherd of thy fawns: Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him?

That with his very heart despeareth me

Because he loves her, he despiseth me; —

_So ends the play._
ACT V.

SCENE I.—The same. An Abbey.

Enter Eglanour.

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

Enter Sitein.

Site. See, where she comes! Lady, a happy evening!

Sil. Amen, amen! go on, good Eglanour!
Out at the postern by the abbey wall;
I fear I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we are sure enough. [Exeunt.

Jul. She hath been fairest, madam, than she is:
When did I think my master loved her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you?
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The rose-buds with the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the fly-ittance of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.
Jul. How tall was she?
Jul. About my stature: for at Pentecost,
When all our paucants 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;
And Whelp served me as the fit, by all men's judgment.
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 Arinade, passioning
For Thesuc's perfurjy, and unjust right;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If in my thought felt not her very sorrow!
Sil. She is behelthen to thee, gentle youth!—
Alas, poor lady! desolate and lost!
I weep myself to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this
For the sweet mistress sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewell. [Exit SILVIA.

Jul. And she shall thank you for it, if ever you
know her.—
A virtuous gentlemwoman, 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 trouble with itself!
Here is her picture: Let me see; I think,
If I had such a face, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers;
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a color'd periwig,
Her eyes are grey as glass; and so are mine:
Ay, but her forehead low, and mine as high.
What should it be, that he respects in her,
But I can make respective in myself,
If this fond love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Then shall the world be sad, thy beauty
And, were there sense in his dultery,
My substance should be stature in thy stead.
I'll use thee kindling mistress' sake,
That used me so; or else, by love I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee. [Exit.
Scene IV.
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

For I had rather wink than look on them. [Aside.


Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

That. But well, when I discourse of love, and peace.

Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.

That. What says she to my valor?

Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.

That. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well derived.

Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool. [Aside.

That. Considers she my possessions!

Pro. O, ay; and pities them.

That. Wherefore?

Jul. That such an ass should own them. [Aside.

That. That they are out by lease.

Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, sir Proteus? how now, Thurbio? Which of you saw sir Eglamour of late?

That. Not I.

Duke. Nor I.

Pro. Duke. Saw you my daughter?


Pro. Duke. Why, then, she's fled unto that peasant Valentine.

And Eglamour is in her company.

'Tis true; for faire Laurence met them both.
As he in penance wand'ring through the forest:
He him knew well, and guessed that it was she;
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it:
Besides, she did intend confession.
At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not:
Those likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently; and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain foot
That leads towards Mantua, where they are fled:
Dread not, sweet gentlewomen, and follow me. [Exit.

Thy. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
That thieves fortune when it follows her:
I'll alter, more to be revenged on Eglamour,
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [Exit.

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

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

Scene III.—Frontiers of Mantua. The Forest.

Enter Silvia and Outlaws.

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

1 Out. A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiency.

2 Out. Come, bring her away.

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

3 Out. Being nimble-fisted, he hath out-run us,
But Moyse, and Valerian, follow him.

Go thou with her to the west end of the wood,
There is our captain; we'll follow that's fled:
The licent is best, he cannot escape.

1 Out. Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave;
Fear not; he bears an honorable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine, this endure for thee! [Exeunt.

Scene IV.—Another part of the Forest.

Enter Valentine.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unpeopled woods,
I better brook than flourishing populous towns;
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And, to the nightingale's melodious notes,
These my despatching, and record my woes,
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long vacantless;
Lest, growing runious, the building fall,
And leave no memory at what it was,
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain—
What building, and what stir this to-day?

[Own. 'Carolus.

Sing.

These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase:
Tell I love well, you have much to do,
To keep them from uncivil outzises.
Withdraw thee, Valentine: who's this cometh here! [Stops aside.

Enter Proteus, Silvia, and Julia.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,
(Though you respect not aught your servant doth)
To hazard life, and rescue you from him
That would have forc'd your honor and your love
You weree made for my service but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot he.
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.
Val. How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. [Aside.
Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!

Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But, by my coming, I have made you happy.
Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your presence.

[Aside.

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.

Heaven be the judge bow I love Valentine,
Whose Life's as tender to me as my soul;
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I do detest false perch'd Proteus,
Therefore be gone, solicited me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?
'Tis for the curse in love, and still approv'd.
When women cannot love where they're behold;

Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he's behold.

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

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 mild form,
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end;
And love you against the nature of love, force you.
Sil. O heaven! [Aside.

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

Pro. Valentine!

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love,
(For such is a friend now,) treacherous man!
Thou hast bezold'd my hopes; though but mine eye
Could have persuaded me: Now I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand
Is perjurd to the bosom! Proteus, I am sorry
I must never trust thee more.

But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wounding is deepest: O time, most cruel!
Mongst all the foes, that a friend should be the worst!

Pro. My shame and guilt confound me.
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender thee there: I do as truly suffer,
As ever I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid.

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

Sil. O unhappy! [Faints.

Pro. Look to the boy.

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

[Exit Proteus with Silvia

Sed. Felt, experienced.
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. 

Act V.

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 your mercy, sir; I have mistook;
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

Pro. But, how came'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 oaths, 
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury cleat the root? 
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou ashamed, that I have took upon me 
Such an inofficious 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!

But constant, he was 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?

Vlt. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be best 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 have mine.

Enter Outlaws, with Duke and Thurio.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Vlt. Forbear, I say; it is my lord the duke.
Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd;

Banish'd Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!

Thur. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

Vlt. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;

[Exit.

An allusion to cleaving the pin in archery.

Come not within the measure of my wrath;
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Milan shall not behold thee. Here she stands 
Take but possession of her with a touch;—
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love,—

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

Duke. The more degenerate and base a'thou, 
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.—
Now, by the honor of my ancestry, 
I appeal thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love.
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repel 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 her.

Vlt. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me 
happy.

I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake, 
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whatever it be.

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

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd: I pardon them, and 
thee;
Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go; we will include all jars 
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

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

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

Vlt. I warrant you, my lord; more grace than 
boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying?

Vlt. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along, 
That you will wonder what hath forsworn;—
Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance, but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[Exeunt.
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Sir John Falstaff.
Fenton.
Shallow, a country Justice.
Slender, cousin to Shallow.
Mr. Ford; 
Mr. Page; 
William Page, a Boy, son to Mr. Page.
Sir Hugh Evans, a Welsh Parson.
Dr. Caius, a French Physician.
Host of the Garter Inn.
Bartholomew Pistol.
Nym; 
Followers of Falstaff.

SCENE, Windsor; and the parts adjacent.

ACT I.


Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans.

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

low, esquire.

Sten. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace

and coroner.

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and Custos Rotulorum, 2

Sten. Ay, and radulatorum too; and a gentleman born, master person; who writes himself armigerous in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, armi-
gerus.

Shal. Ay, that we do: and have done any time

those three hundred years.

Sten. All his successors, gone before him, have
done; and all his ancestors, that came after him,
may: they may give the dozen white laces in their

cloak.

Shal. It is an old cloak.

Eva. The dozen white laces do become an old

cloth well; it agrees well, passant; it is a familiar

beast to man, and signifies — love.

Sten. The lace is the fresh fish; the salt fish is

an old cloth.

Shal. I may quarter, coz!

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marrying indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, my lady; if he has a quarter of your

cloth, there is but three skirts for himself, in

my simple conjecture; but this is all one: if Sir

John Falstaff have committed disapprobations un-

to, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my

benevolence, to make atonements and compromises

between you.

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

1 A title formerly appropriated to chaplains.

2 Custos Rotulorum.

3 By our.

Eva. It is not meet the Council hear a riot; there

is no fear of God in a riot; the Council, look you,

shall desire to hear the fear of God, and not to hear

a riot; take your vainments in that.

Shal. Ha! o’ my life, if I were young again, the

sword should end it.

Eva. It is better that friends is the sword, and

end it; and there is also another device in my pram,

which, peradventure, prings good discretions with it:

There is Anne Page, which is daughter to

master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Shen. Mistress Anne Page! She has brown hair,

and speaks small like a woman.

Eva. It is that very person for all the world, as

just as you will desire: and seven hundred pounds

of monies, and gold, and silver, is her grandis,

upon his death’s bed (God deliver to a joyful resur-
estion!) gave, when she is able to overtake seven-

teen years old: it were a good motion, if we leave

our prickles and prubbles, and desire a marriage

between master Abraham and mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Dull her grandis, leave her seven hundred

pounds!

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a better penny.

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 pate the door (knocks) for master Page.

What, hoa! press your house here!

Enter Page.

Page. Who’s there?

Eva. Hero is God’s blessing, and your friend,

* Advisement.
and justice Shallow; and here young master Slender; that peradventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Fal. And glad to see your worshhips well: I thank you for your venison, master Shallow.

Shaft. Master Page, I am glad to see you; Much good venison is your good hand! I wish'd your venison better; it was ill-killed;—How doth good master Slender Page!— and I love you always with my heart; ha, with my heart.

Fal. Sir, I thank you.

Shaft. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do. I am glad to see you, good master Slender.


Fal. It could not be judged, sir.

Stenn. You'll not confess, you'll not confess; That he will not;—his you fault;— This is a good dog.

Fal. A cur, sir.

Stenn. 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?

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

Shaft. It is spoken as a Christian ought to speak. A gentleman hath wrong'd me, master Page.

Stenn. Sir, he deth in some sort confesses it.

Shaft. If he be confess'd, it is not redress'd; is not that the way?— and be the heath right me;—indeed, he hath;—at a word, he hath,—believe me;—Robert Shallow, esquire, saith, he is wrong'd.


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

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

Shaft. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my house; and against you came the most mischievous rascal, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket.

Bard. Youバンバリーの食べ物。

Stenn. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, now, Mephostophilus?

Stenn. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slic:e, I say, pautco, puce; slice—that's my humor.

Stenn. Where's Simple, my man!—can you tell, cousin?

Eva. Peace! I pray you! Now let us understand: There is three umpires in this matter as I understand; that is—master Page, Frelleth, master Page; and there is myself, Frellet myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

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

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

Fal. Pistol. He hears with ears.

Eva. The devil and his tam! what phrase is this, he hears with ear? Why, it is affectations.

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

Hoods, these gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else,) of seven groats in muff-sixpences, and two Edward shovell-cordier that rost me two shillings and two pieces twenty-pieces of do. brothers, by these gloves.

Eva. Cotswold in Gloucestershire.

* Words was the ancient name of all the rubbish kind.

* Sharpens.

* Nothing but paring!

* The name of an evil spirit.

* King Edward's shilling used in the game of shuffle-board.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

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

Fal. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner?—Sir John, I combat challenge of this laten hitto:

Word of denial in the tabras here;

Word of denial: fresh and scum, then fistic.

Stenn. Nam. Be advised, sir, and pass good humors: I will say, marry, trap, with you if you run the not-hom, and be one. that is the very note of it.

Stenn. By the hand, then he in the bed had it foi: though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. Why, sir, saith you, it is not a piece of Scarlet and bar.

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

Eva. It is his five senses: he, what the ignorance.

Stenn. And being fap, sir, as they say, cashier'd; and so conclusions pass'd the careness.

Stenn. Ay, you speak in Latin then too; but its no matter: I'll never be drunk whilst I live again but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick; if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knives.

Fal. Page. Wife, bid these gentleman welcome:—

Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all mistrice.

Fal. Page. Enter all but Shal, Slender, and Evan.

Stenn. I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of songs and Sonnets here:—

Enter Simple.

Jailor. Now, simple! where have you been! I must wait on myself, must I? You have not The Book of Ribbles about you, have you?

Eva. Sir, was I, sir, Sir Ribby not? why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas!?

Stenn. shall, come, ooz, come; ooz; we stay for you. A word of you, ooz; ooz, marry, this ooz; There is, as were a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by sir Hugh here;—Do you understand me?

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

Stenn. Nay, but understand me.

Stenn. So I do, sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, master Slender: I will inform the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

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

Eva. But this is not the question; the question is concerning your marriage.

Shallow. You're the right point, sir.

Eva. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to mistress Anne Page.

Stenn. Why, if it be so, I will marry her, upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affectation the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is parted, the heart is not. Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shall. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Eva. Nay, I hope, sir,—I will do, as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, God's lords and his ladies! you must

* Blade as thin as a latch.

* Lips.

* If you say I am a thief.

* Drink.
scene iii.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

45

House, which is the way: and there dwells one mistresse (Queen), by which is the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his Laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Sir. Well, sirs.

Earl. Nay, now it is better yet:—give her this letter; for it is a token in that altogether's acquaintance with mistresse Anne Page; and the letter is to desire and to require her to solicit your master's desires to mistresse Anne Page; I pray you become: I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and chelse to come.

[Exeunt.]

scene iii.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

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

Fal. Mine host of the Garter.—

Host. What says my bully-rook?—Speak soberly, and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them was: trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou art an emperor, a Caesar, Keiser, and Phæazar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: say I well, bully Hector!—

Fal. Do as good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow: Let me see thine froth, and hine: I am at a word, follow. [Exit Host.]

Fal. Bardolph, follow him; a tapster is a good trade; an old choker makes a new perkin; a wherered serving-man, a fresh tapster; Go, adum.

Bar. It is a life that I have desired; I will thrive.

Host. [Exit Host.]

Pist. O base Gongarian! what! wilt thou the spirit yield?—

Nym. He was drunk in drink; is not the humor conceited? His mind is not heroic, and there's the humor of it.

Fal. I am glad I am so acquitt of this under-bix: his threats were too open: his foolish was like an unskillful singer, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humor is, so to speak at a minute's rest.

Pist. Convoy, the wise it call: Steel! foll, a face for the phrase!

Host. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why then let knaves ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must coven-catch; I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Host. Which of you know Ford of this town?—

Pist. I ken of them; it is a bad hun-tance good. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Fal. Two yards and more.

Nym. No quips now, Pistol; indeed I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste: I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife; I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the lieu of invitation; I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behavior, to be English'd rightly, is, I am Sir John Falstaff.]

Pist. He hath studied her well, and translated her well; out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep; will that humor pass?

Fal. Now, to prepare goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse; she hath legions of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain; and, To her, ban, say not. Nym. The humor rises; it is good: humor me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife: who ever so good ever examined my parts with most judicious evilsh: sometimes the beam of her view girded my foot, sometimes my porky belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humor.

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with

[For Hungarian.  ① Fig.  ② Gold Coin.  ③ Eyes]
such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to stretch me up like a burning-chest! Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guinea, all gold and bounty. I will, therefore, betheir both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear this letter to mistress Page; and then this to mistress Warren, for I shall will thrive, lady, we will thrive.

Psal. Shall I or Pandarus of Troy become, And by my side wear stee! then, Lucifer take all!

_Nya._ I will run no base honor; here, take the letter; I will keep the favor of reputation.

_Pat._ Hold, sirrah; [To ROB._ bear you these letters tightly?

Sail like ye pinnaces on these golden shores— Reigns, herds, dominions! vanish like haut-stools, go; Trudge, plod away, o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack! Falstaff will learn the humor of this age, French thrift, you know myself, and skirted page.

[Exeunt Falstaff and Robin.

_Pat._ Let vultures grape thy guts! for gourd and fullman hold, And high and low beside the rich and poor; Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack, Base Thyrian Turk!

_Nya._ I have operations in my head, which be honors of revenge.

_Pat._ Wilt thou revenge?

_Nya._ By welling, and her star!

_Pat._ With wit, or steel, My master will be in both the honors. I: I will discuss the humor of this love to Page. And I to Ford shall e'ee unhold, How Falstaff, varlet vile, To the dove will prove, his gold will hold, And his soft couch define.

_Nya._ My humor shall not cool: I will incense Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with Yellowness, for the recoil of men is dangerous; that is my true humor.

_Pat._ Thou art the Mars of malcontents; I second thee; troop on.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. — A Room in Dr. Caius' House.

_Enter Mrs. QUICKLY, SIMELE, and RUGBY._

Quick. What? John Rugby! — I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, master doctor Caius, coming: if he do, I'll tell him, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abasing of God's patience, and the king's English.

Rug. I'll go watch.

_Earl Rugby._

_Quick._ Go; and we'll have a posset for 't soon at night, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servent shall come in a house, and he is, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something pecuniad that way; but nobody but has his fault; — but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say you, vif, and named peace.

_Sim._ Ay, for fault of a better.

Quick. And master Sheldrake's your master?

_Sim._ Ay, forsooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a grover's paring knife?

_Sim._ No, forsooth; he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; a Cano-colored beard.

_Quick._ He is a preened-man, is he not?

_Sim._ Ay, forsooth, he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head; he hath a hand in a warreight.

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

_Sim._ Yes, and 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. Well, shall we be short? Run in here, 

_Escaphour, an officer in the Exchequer.

_Cleverly.

_Skipper._ I will have in pocket.

_Instigate.

_Hoodey.

_Quick._ Brave.

good young man; go into this closet. [Shut's Simple to the closet.] He will not stay long here. What, John Rugby! John, what, John? I say! — Go, John, go enquire for my master; I doubt he be not well, for he comes not home: and down, down, down, away, away, &c. [Sings.

_Enter Doctor CAIUS._

_Caius._ Vat is you sing! I do not like these toys; Pray you, go, and vetch me in my closet un bother vird; a box, a green-a box; Do intend vat I speak! a green-a box.

_Quick._ Ay forsooth, I'll fetch it you. I am glad he went not in himself; if he had found the young man, he would have horn-mad. [Aside.

_Caius._ Fers, fers, fers! me foi, I 'sall fort chalk. Je m'en vais a la cour, — in grande aquare.

_Quick._ Is it this, sir? _Caius._ It's not in my own pocket; Diptyche quiedy,— Verre is dat knave Rugby? _Quick._ What, John Rugby! John! _Rug._ Here, sir. _Caius._ You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby; Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

_Rug._ 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch. _Caius._ Yes, but, sir; I larry too long. Off's me! Qu' appel ombre? dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vill not for the vorld I shall leave behind. _Quick._ Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be folke aile.

_Caius._ O diable, diable! vat is in my closet? — Villany! laron! [Putting Simple out.] Rugby, my rapiers.

_Quick._ Good master, be content. _Caius._ Verefore 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 de honest man dat shall come in my closet. _Quick._ I beseech you, be not so legomettac; bear the truth of it. He came of an errand to me from parson Humfrey. _Caius._ Very well.

_Quick._ Ay, forsooth, to desire her to — _Caius._ Peace, sir, I pray you.

_Quick._ Be not in your tortunge,—Speak-a your tale.

_Quick._ To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to mistress Anne Page for my master, in the way of marriage.

_Quick._ This is all, indeed, ba; but I'll never put my fingers in the fire, and need not.

_Caius._ Sir Hugh send-a you? — Rugby, baiitez me some paper; — Tarry you a little while.

_Writes._

_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, — but notwithstanding, — but notwithstanding, — but notwithstanding. If I can drink 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, sew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself; —

_Sim._ 'Tis a great charge, to come under one body's hand.

_Quick._ Are you 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 not take 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._ Be not a jack-nape; give dis letter to sir Hugh; by gar, it is a challenge; I will cut his throat in de park; and I will teach a scurry jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make: — you may be gone: it is not good you tarry here: — by gar, I will cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have one to trow at his dog.

_Earl Simple._

_Quick._ Ah, he speaks but for his friend.

_Sim._ What, no matter-a for dat; — do not you tell me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself? — by gar, I will kill de jack priest; and I have appointment with the head of de Jarderse to be our weapon: — by gar, I will myself have Anne Page.

_Quick._ Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate: What, the good things?

_Solded, reprimanded.

_The goulcer, what the pox!"
ACT II.  SCENE I.  MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Cadiz.  Ruby, 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, Ruby,  

Excuse Cadiz and Ruby.  

Quick.  You shall have an fools-head (for 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 lordship to ask.  

Fent.  What news? how does pretty mistress Anne?  

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

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

Quick.  Truth, sir, all is in his hands above; but notwithstanding, master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book she loves you:—Have not your worship a wart above your eye?  

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

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

Well, go to.  

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

Quick.  Will I! faith, that we will; and I will tell your worship more of the wart, or of that woman, the next time we have confidence; and of other wores.  

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

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

[Exeunt.  

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Before Page's House.  

Enter Mistress Page, with a letter.  

Mrs. Page.  What! have I escaped love-letters in the holy-day time of my beauty, and am I now a subject to them? Let me see.  

[Reads.  

Ask me no reason why I love you; for though love use reason for his praisers, he admits him not for his counsellor.  You are not young; no more an I; go to them, there's sympathy you are weary, so am I.  But, ho! There's more sympathy; you love sick, and so do I.  Would you ^scribe better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, mistress Page; (at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice) that I love thee, I will not say, pity me. 'Tis not a solitarie phrase; but I say, love me.  

By me,  

Thrice own true knight,  

By day or night,  

Of any kind of light,  

With all his might,  

For this brief flight,  

John Falstaff.  

What a Herold of Jewry is this!—0 wicked, wicked world!—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! What unweighted behavior hath this English drunkard picked (with the devil's name) out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me!—Why, he hath not been thrice in my company;—What should I say to him?—I was then drunk of my mirth:—heaven forgive me!—Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be revenge'd on him! for revenge I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.  

Enter Mistress Ford.  

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

Mrs. Page.  And trust me, I was coming to you.  

You look very ill.  

Mrs. Ford.  Nay, I'll never believe that; I have to show to the contrary.  

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

Mrs. Ford.  Well, I do then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary: O, mistress Page, give me some counsel!  

Mrs. Page.  What's the matter, woman?  

Mrs. Ford.  O, woman, if it were not for one trilling respect, I could come to such honor!  

Mrs. Page.  Hang the tridge, woman:—take the 

Most probably Shakespeare wrote physician.
his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his dis-

cruelled men; very rogues, now they be out of ser-

vice.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I would 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 here

and set him get more of her than sharp words, let it

lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be

loath to turn them together: A man may be too

confident. I would have nothing lie on my head:

I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look where my ranting host of the Garter

comes: there is either liquor in his purse, or money

in his purse, when he looks so merrily.—How now,

mine host?

Enter Host and Shallow.

Host. How now, bully-rook! thou'rt a gentleman:

cavalero-justice, I say.

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; tell him, bully-

rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, between

sir Hugh the Welsh priest, and Caius the French

doctor.

Ford. Good mine host of the Garter, a word with

you.

Host. What say'st thou, bully-rook?

[They go aside.

Shal. Will you to Page] go with us to behold it?

my merry host hath had the measure of their

weapons: and, I think, he hath appointed them

contrary places: for, believe me, I hear, the person

is no pest. Hark, I will tell you what our sport

shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my

guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest: but I'll give you a bottle

of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell

him, his name is Brook; only for a jest.

Ho! My hand, bully; thou shalt have eases and

regress; and I well, and thy name shall be

brook: It is a merry knight.—Will you go on,

hearts?

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard the Frenchman hath good

skill in his rapier.

Shal. True, sir, I could have told you more! In

these times you stand on distance, your passes,

strokes, and I know not what: 'tis the heart,

master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the

time, with my long sword, I would have made you

two fellows skip like rats.

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

Page. Hast with you:—I had rather hear them

cold than fight.

[Exeunt Host, Shallow, and Page.

Ford. Though page be a secure fool, and standso

brave on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put of

my opinion so easily: she was in his company at

Page's house; and what they made there, I know

not. Well, I will look further into it; and I have a

discussion with Falstaff. If I find her honest, I

lose not my labor; but she be otherwise, 'tis labor

well bestowed.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Pistol.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Nay, by heaven 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 content, sir, you

should have maintenance to pay. I have grazed

upon my good friends for three reprieves for you

and your coach-fellow Nyum; or else you had

looked through the grate like a gemmy of baboons.

I am dammed in hell, for swearing to conventions

my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows:

1 Pay you again in stolen goods.

2 Draws along with you.
Merry and 49 made, and, never go no Woman, warrant my she You pray Think'st I am 'What Let they Bhe-Mercury. warrant with I brought make, first hour, absence been, twenty thousand, Good-morrow, Let Well: I Didst little worship, here's such a woman, then, your say, I think you have charmed, lay, 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!

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 Ford, is an honest man. So will 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, is as she list, and she describes it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, will I.

Quick. What will you do so then; and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a may-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for it is not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well; commend me to them both: there's my page; I do not yet thy devoir, for I am, along with this woman. — This news distresses me.

[Exeunt QUICKLY and Robin.]

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's creatures. Clap on more sails; pursue, up with your height; Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean witheth them all! —

[Exit PISTOL.]

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

Enter BARDOLE.

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

Fal. Brook, is his name!

Bar. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in. [Exit BARDOLE.] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah! ha! mistress Ford and mistress Page, have I encompassed you! go to; ete.

Re-enter BARDOLE with FORD disguised.

Fal. bless you, sir.

Fal. and you, sir; Would you speak with me! Ford. I made bold, to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome; What's your will? Give us leave, drawer.

[Exit BARDOLE.

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

Fal. master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you; for I must let you understand. I think you did me some wrong, at first in having a light for a lende book of — the which hath something embolden'd me to this unseason'd intrusion: for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

* Pestful, provish
* By all means
* A watch word
* A cant phrase of excitation.
Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and Will on. Ford. Truth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me; if you will help me to bear it, sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage. Fal. sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter. Fal. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing. Fal. Speak, good master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant. Sir Nin. Shrift you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you:— and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall desire you, coming to you, wherein I most very much lay open mine own imperfections; but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the region of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, saith you yourself know, how easy it is to be such an offender. Fal. Very well, sir; proceed. Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford. Fal. Well, sir. Ford. I have long loved her, and I protest to your honor, she has loved me; for I found her with a following observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her: she dined slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many pictures for to love her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given; briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursued me: which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But what I am more particularized, either in name, or in my means, I merit, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a Jewel: that I have purchases all at an infinite rate: and that hath taught me this:—

Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues; Pursuing that flies, and flying what pursues.

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands? Ford. Never. Fal. Have you importuned her to such a purpose? Ford. Never. Fal. Of what quality was your love then? Ford. Like a fair house, built upon another man's greatness; and that I have lost my collicy, by mistaking the place where I erected it. Fal. To what purpose have you unfolked this to me? Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that, though she appear honest to me; yet, in other places, she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her virtue. But this here is the heart of my purpose: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, in your person and place, generally allowed for your many wadles, courtly, and learned preparations.

Fal. O sir. Ford. Believe it, for you know it.—There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable seizce to the honor of my good wife; use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any. Fal. Would it apply well to the venereity of your purpose? you tell me I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift! she swells so secretly that the fulness of her heart, the fullness of my soul doth not present itself; she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had in my power to command to accomplish themselves; could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defenses, which now are too strongly embattled against me: What say you to, sir John! Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as

I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O a good sir! Fal. What say you, sir John, I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, sir John, you shall want none.

Fal. If no mistress Ford, master brook, you shall want none; I shall be with you hereafter by your own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven, ten and seven. The jealous, rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know how I am blest?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not:—yet I wrong him to call him poor; they, the jealous wittily knave hath masses of money; for which the wife seems to be well-favored, I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's cotter; and there's my harvest-home. Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir; that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt butter rogue! I will scare him out of his wife; I will awe him with my looks; it shall name like a maccot o'er the cuckold's horns: master Brook, thou shalt know, I will predominate over the peasan, and thou shalt lie with his wife. Come to me soon at night:— Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his stile; thou, master Brook, shalt know him for a knave and cuckold:—come to me soon at night. [Exit. Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal is this!— My heart is ready to crack with astonishment. Who says this is improper jealousy? My wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any one have thought this!—See the bell of a false woman! my eye at the breach, Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, parson Hugh the Welchman with my wife; I am a true scholar with my aqua-vite bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she rummages, then she devises: and what they think in their hearts and minds, they may express to the effect, the hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praised for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour;—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be enraged on Falstaff, and rage on. The bell rings three hours too soon, than a minute too late. If, fie, tie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [Exit.]

Scene III.—Windsor Park.

Enter Caits and Reyny.


Caits. What is de clock, Jack? Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that sir Hugh promised to meet. Caits. Jey gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; ob you, Bobbee Vile, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come. Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would look him, if he came. Caits. By gar, de herring is no dead, as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I will tell you how I will kill him.


Enter Host, Shallow, Slender, and Page.


* Add to his titles. ** Contested Cuckold
ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Field near Frogmore.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans and Sim.

Evans. I pray you now, good master Slender's serving man, and friend to me, you may speak by your name, which way have you looked for Master Caius, that calls himself Doctor of Physic?

Sim. Marry, sir, the city-ward, the park-ward, every way, old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Evans. I most cheemely desire you, you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir.

Evans. 'Plliness my soul! how full of cholers I am, and trembling of mind!—I shall be glad, if he have deceived me:—how melancholies I am!—I will know his winds about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the ork:—'pless my soul! [Stays.

To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Metulous birds sing melodiously;
There we will make our pids of rows,
And a thousand fragrant posies.

To shallow—

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

Metulous birds sing melodiously;
When as I sat in Fuglham,
And a thousand vragrant posies.
To shallow—

Sim. Yonder he coming, this way, sir Hugh.

Evans. He's welcome:—

To shallow rivers, to whose falls—

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he? Sim. No weapons, sir; There comes my master.

*To the Town in Fencing.

Host. Muck-water, in our English tongue, is valor, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much muck-water as de Englishman:—scurry Jack-dog priest! by gar, me will cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me; for by gar, me will have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to it, or let him wag.

Caius. Where's you for dat.

Host. And moreover, bully.—But first, master guest, and master Page, and the cavalier, slander go you through the town to Frogmore.

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he!

Host. He is there; see what humor 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 Sim. Adieu, good master doctor.

[Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Caius. By gar, me will kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an'ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die: but, first, sheath thy impudence; throw cold water on thy cholers: go about the fields with me through Frogmore: I will brine thee where Mrs. Anne Page is, at a farm-house, a feasting; and then shall woo her: Cry'd game, sir, am I.

Caius. By gar, me tank you for dat; by gar, I love you; and I shall procure a you de good guest, de cart, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For which, I will be thy adversary towards Anne Page; and I well!

Page. By gar, 'ts good; well said.

Host. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [Exeunt.

ACT III.
Page.

I warrant you he’s the man should fight with him.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so by his weapons;—Keep them asunder;—here comes doctor Carsio.

Enter Host, CAIUS, and RUGBY.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disman and them, and let them question; let them keep their hands whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear; verdone will you not meet-a me!

Ford. PrCCCCCCa!—it’s boy’s good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughin’-stogs to other man’s humors; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amend; and I will knock your uncles about your knave’s coigecomb, for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable!—Jack Rugby,—mine Host de Jarterre, have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

As. 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, Guailila and Gaul French and Welsh; soul-ener and body-ener.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good! excellent.

Host. Peace, I say; hear mine host of the Garter.

Am I politic! am I subtle! am I a Machiavel! Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions, and the modes. Shall I lose my parson? my priest! my sir Hugh! no; he gives me the projects and the noverges.—Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so:—Give me thy hand, celestial; so:

Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are magic, and your brains are wicked, and I have made you my wife.

Shal. I have used my good-will, father Page.

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

Caius. By gar; and de mad is love-a-me; my mirth-a quicken tell me so much.

Host. What say you to young master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holyday’s a holiday. April and May he will carry’t, he will carry’t; ‘tis in his buttoms; 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 Page; he is of too high a region, he knows too much. No, he shall not kno a knot to meet with fortune with the fashion 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 woeing at master Page’s.

Enter Ford, SHALLOW and SLENDER.

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

Exit RUGBY.

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink candy with him.

Exit Host.

Ford. [Aside.] I think, I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I’ll make him dance. Will you go, gentle souls?

All. Have with you, to see this monster. [Exit Host.

SCENE III.— A Room in Ford’s House.

Enter Mrs Ford and Mrs Page.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! what, Robert?

Mrs Page. Quickly, quickly; is the busk-basket—


Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Shall encourage. Out of the common style.
Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brisk.

Mrs. Ford. Merry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the briew-house when I shall call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or staggerring) take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whiskers in Datchet-road, and there commit 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: Before, and come when you are called. 

[Exit Servants.

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eye-musket? what news with you?

Rob. My master, sir John, is come in at your back-door, mistress Ford; and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us.

I'll be sworn: My master knows not of your being here; and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for, he swears, he'll turn me away.

This is a good hoy: this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so.—Go tell my master, I am about. Mistress Page, remember you are in the country.

[Mrs. Page enters to disguise herself. 

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel! Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough: this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog. I cannot prate, mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead; I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I thy lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France show me such another: I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: Thou hast the right arched biet of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the -ev-cantel, or any tire of Venetian diamond.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, sir John; my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a traitor to say so: thou would make an absolute countess; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if fortune thy toe were not; nature is thy friend: Coque, thou cannot hide it.

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

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee.—Come, I cannot cog, and say, thou art this that, like a many of these hisping haw-thorn buds, that come like wench in men's apparel you, smell like Bucklers-burry 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 me mislike.

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

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 cannot be in that mind.

Rob. [within] Mistress Ford, mistress Ford!  

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do with her? she's a very tattling woman.—[Falstaff hides himself.]

Enter Mrs. Page and Robin.

Mrs. Page. Why the matter? how now?

Mrs. Ford. O mistress Ford, what have you done? You're shinned, you are overthrown; you are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion! 

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion! — Out upon you! how am I mistaken in you! 

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter!

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here, in the house, but that he may take an ill advantage of his absence; you are undone.

Mrs. Ford. Speak louder. [Aside]—Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain your husband's coming with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you: If you know how to save yourself, why am I glad of it? but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out—tis not amaz'd: call all your senses to you: defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend: and I fear not mine own shame, so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand you were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame, never stand you had rather, and you had rather: your husband's here at hand, thank you of some conveyance: in the house you must not hide him.—O, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a basket: if he be or any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw toss linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or, it is whiting-time, send him by your two men to Datchet-mead.

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

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. Let me sec! let me see! O let me sec! 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, and none but thee; help me away: let me creep in here; I'll never — (He goes into the basket; they cover him with foul linen)

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy: Call your men, mistress Ford:—You dissimulating knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John, Robert, John! [Exit Robin, Re-enter Servants.] Go, take up these clothes as quickly. Where's the cow-staff? look, how you drumble; carry them to the laundress in Datchet-mead; quickly, come.

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

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

Serv. To the laundress, forthwith.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whether they hear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck! I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck! Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. 

[Exit Servants with the baskets.]

[Aside]—

Buck. 

A staff for carrying a large tub or basket. 

Buck,
I have dreamed to-night: I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out: I know not which fox — Let me stop this way first:— So now uncapped.

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

Ford. True, Master Page. — Up, gentleman; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentleman. [Exeunt.]

This is very fantastical humours, and jealousies.

Caust. By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentleman; see the issue of his search. [Exeunt Evans, Page, and Caust.]

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I knew not which pleased me better, that my husband is deceived, or sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband asked who was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would, all the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I thank my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here: for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that: and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his disolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carion, namely, to follow him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him into another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it; let him be sent to-morrow night o'clock, to have amends.

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

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragg'd of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. Ay, ay, peace: — you use me well, master Ford, do you you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay: I must bear it.

Mrs. Page. Think you not it be proper in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coifers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caust. By, gar, nor I too: dere is no bodies.

Mrs. Ford. Who is master Ford? are you 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 for it.

Even. You suffer for a bad conscience; your wife is as honest a woman, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caust. 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 never, before, having 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, gentleman; 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 bash: Shall it be Ford?

Ford. Any thing.

Even. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caust. If there be one or two, I shall make a third.

Even. In your teeth: for shame.

Ford. Pray you, go, master Page.

Even. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knife, mine host.

Caust. Dat be good: by gar, vit all my heart. — Unbag the fox.

Eva. A lousy knife; to have his gibes and his mockey.

SCENE IV. — A Room in Page's House.

Enter Fenton and Mistress Anne Page.

Fent. I see, I cannot get thy father's love:

Therefore, no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas! how can I do it?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.

He doth object, I am too great of birth;

And that, my state being gaff'd with my expense, seek to heal it only by my wealth:

Besides these, other bars he lays before me,

— My riots past, my wild societies;

And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible

I should love thee, but as a proper one.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come:

Albeit, I do confess, thy father's wealth

Was the first motive that I would thee, Anne:

Yet, woeing thee, I found thee of more value

Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags;

And in the very riches of thyself

That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle master Fenton,

Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir;

If opportunity and heart alert out.

Cannot attain it, why then — Hark you hither.

[They converse apart.

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, and MRS. QUICKLY.

Shal. Break their talk, Mrs. Quickly; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Sec. He'll make a shaft or a bolt on't: a slip, 'tis venturing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Sec. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that — but that I am afraid.

Quick. Hark ye; master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him. — This is my father's choice.

O, what a world of vile ill-favor'd faults

Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

[Aside.

Quick. And how does good master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hast a father, Anne.

Sec. I had a father, mistress Anne: — my uncle can tell you good jests of him: — Pray you, uncle, tell mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two good horses, and bought a good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Sec. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. And let not my cousin maintain you like a gentleman.

Sec. Ay, that I will, come out and long-tall, under the degree of a squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds a year.

Anne. Good master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it: I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, master Shallow.

Sec. Now, to good mistress Anne.

Sec. What is your will?

Shal. My will! of their heartings, that's a pretty jest indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven: I am not such a sickly creature. I give heaven praise.

Shal. I mean, master Shallow, what would you with me?

Sec. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: Your father, and my uncle, have made motions: if it be my luck, so: if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you things a lot better than you may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter Page, and Mistress Page.

Page. Now, master Slender: — Lovelorn, daughter Anne.—

Shal. A proverb — a shaft was a long arrow, and a bolt a thick short one.

Lett.
Merry wives of windsor.

Why, how now! what does master fenton here? you wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house: i told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of. fret. nay, master farse, be not impatient. 

Mrs. Page. good master fenton, come not to my child. 

Page. she is no match for you. fret. sir, will you hear me? 

Page. no, good master fenton come, master shallow; come, son slender; in: - knowing my mind, you wrong me, master fenton. 

[Exeunt page, shallow, and slender. 

Quick. speck! step, and knock at the page. 

Fent. good mistress page, for that i love your daughter 

In such a righteous fashion as i do, 

Perforce, against all kinds of rebukes, and manners, 

I must advance the colors of my love, 

And more: - let me have your good will. 

Anne. good mother, do not marry me to yond' fool. 

Mrs. Page. i mean it not; i seek you a better husband. 

Quick. that's my master, master doctor. 

Anne. alas, i had rather be set quick' i the earth, 

And howl to deal with turnips. 

Mrs. Page. come, trouble not yourself: 

Good fellow, i will not be your friend, nor enemy: 

My daughter will i question how she loves you, 

And as i lead her, so am i affected; 

Till then, farewell, sir: - she must needs go in; 

Her father will be angry. 

[Exeunt Mrs. Page and Anne. 

Fent. farewell, gentle mistress; farewell, Nan. quick. this is my doing now: - say, and i, will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? look on master fenton: - this is my doing. 

Fent. i thank thee; and i pray thee, once to-night 

Give my sweet Nan this ring: there's for thy pains. 

Quick. now heaven send thee good fortune! a kind heart he hat' a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. but yet, i would my master had master anne; or i would master slender had her; or, in sooth, i would master fenton had her: i will do what i can for them all three; for so i have promised, and i'll be as good as my word; but specially for master fenton. 

Well, i must own, another entreat to sir john falstaff from my two mistresses: what a beast am i to shack it. 

Scene v. - a room in the garter inn. 

Enter falstaff and bartholomew. 

Fal. bartholomew, i say, - 

Bar. Here, sir. 

Fal. fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in it. 

[Exit Bartholomew. 

Have i lived to be caried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal! and to be thrown into the thames! well; if i be served such another trick, i'll have my brains on an out and battered, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. the rogues snitched me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a dog to gete bags; i am as sorry as they; and you may know by my nose, that i have a kind of alteration in sucking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, i should down. i had been drowned, but that the shore was as rough and shallow: a dead man i abode for; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should i have been, when i had been swallowed! i should have been a mountain of mummy. 

Re-enter Bartholomew, with the wine. 

Bar. 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. - 

Come in. 

Bar. come in, woman. 

Enter Mrs. Quickly. 

Quickly. by your leave; i cry you mercy: give your worship good-morrow. 

quickly. 

Fal. take away these chafices. go brew me a potter of sack thinly. 

Bar. with eggs, sir? 

Quick. simple of itself; i'll no pullet-prim in my browsage. - [Exit Bartholomew.] i have my belly full of ford. 

Quick. marry, sir, i come to your worship from mistress ford. 

Fent. mistress ford! i have had ford enough: i was thrown into the lord: 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 must thank the devils. 

Fent. so did i mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise. 

Quick. she laments, sir, for that, it would ye 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. 

Fent. do so. between nine and ten, say'st thou! 

Quick. eight and nine, sir. 

Fent. master fenton, i will not miss her. 

Quick. peace be with you, sir. 

[Exit. 

Fal. i marre, 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 how sped you, sir? 

Quick. very ill-favouredly, master brook. 

Ford. how so, sir? did she change her determination? 

Quick. no, master brook; but the peaking cornuto, her husband, master brook, dwelling in a continual 'tromat of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the produce of our comedy, and at his heels a rabble of his company, that i rather provoked and instigated by his dissembler, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love. 

Ford. what, while you were there! 

Fal. while i was there. 

Ford. and did he search for you, and could not find you? 

Fal. you shall hear. as good luck would have it, comes in one mistress page; gives intelligence of ford's approach; and, by 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, and greasy clothes. i was, that master brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell, that ever offended nostril. 

Ford. and how long lay you there? 

Fal. now, sir, you shall hear, master brook, what i have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of ford's knives, his hired replacements (two, i think), that master brook, were carried me in the name of foul clothes to date-seit lane: they took me on their shoulders; not the jealous knife their master in the door; they brought replaced once or twice in their basket; i quaked for fear, lest the furiate knife would have searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. 

out, sir; out of my reach, and away went i in foul clothes. but mark the sequel, master brook: i suffered the pangs of several deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten-beef'd eye; next, to be compassed like a good bindo, in the circumference of a peak, lilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be stopped in, 

[Exit. 

[More to the best blades are made.]
Like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that foetted in their own greese: think of that,—a man of my kidney, think of that; that am as subject to heat as bull's; a man of continual dissolution and that, I saw a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that sauce, like a horse-shoe; think of that;—finishing hot—think of that, master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit then is deserv'd: you must undertake it no more.

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into the Thames, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her hands. Her husband is this morning come a birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting in; 'twixt eight and nine the hour, master Brook.

Ford. It's past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to your appointment.

Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: Adieu, you shall have her, master Brook: master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [Exit.]

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision! is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake; awake, master Ford; there's a hole made in your best coat, master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets!—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house: he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he can: I will drive him into a hand-penny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not to take me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn mad.

*Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Street.

Enter Mrs. Page, Mrs. Quickly, and William.

Mrs. Page. Is he at master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure he is by this; but will be presently: but truly, he is very courageous mad, about his throw into the water. Mistress Ford desires you come to yourself.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school: look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

How now, sir Hugh? no school to-day?

Eva. No; master Slicer is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says, my son profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you, ask him some questions in his absence.

Eva. Come hither, William; hold up your head, come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in a noun?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more; because they say, of a noun.

Eva. Peace your tattlings. What is fair, William.

Will. Pullet.

Quick. Poulcets! there are fairer things than poulets, 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 in your prunt.

Will. I. Lapis.

Eva. That is good William. What is he, William, that does learn articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and he that declaims, Singulariter, nominatives, hic, hie, hoc. Em. Nominative, hic, ha! ha! hoc: pray you, mark; genitives, bijus: Well, what is your accusative case?

Will. Accusativo, hic.

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child:

Accusativo, hinc, hang, boa.

Quick. Hang boa is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prattles, 'oman. What is the feminine case, William?

Will. 0—Vocativo, 0.

Eva. Remember, William; feminicule is care.

Quick. And that is good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace. 1

*Outrageous.

Eva. What is your genitive case, plural, William?

Will. Genitive case?

Eva. Ay.

Will. Hominis—hominis, hominis, hominis.

Quick. Vengeance of Jenny's case! tie on her!—never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame, man.

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to kick and to hack, which they'd do fast enough of themselves: and to call hominis—tie upon you!

Eva. Brick, art thou lunatic? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of thee, the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desire.

Mrs. Page. Pray thee, hold thy peace.

Eva. Show me now, William, some declensions of thy pronouns.

Will. Forswore, I have forgot.

Eva. It is ki, ke, coo; if you forget your kiis, your kis, and your ends, you must be preeches.

Go your ways, and play, go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprig's memory. Farewell, mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good sir Hugh. [Exit Sir Hugh.] Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay too long.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Room in Ford's House.

Enter Falstaff and 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, mistresse Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accomtrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a husband, sweet sir John.

Mrs. Page. [Within.] What hoa! gossip Ford! what hoa!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, sir John. [Exit Falstaff.]

Enter Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart! who's at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly:—speak louder! [Aside.]

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, sweetheart?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all wives' daughters, of whose countenance he's so ever; and so nobly rubs himself on the forehead, crying Peer out, peer out! that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness, civility, and patience, * breeched, i. e. flogged. Apt to learn. 1 Mad flu.
to this his distemper he is in now: I am glad the
faith knavish is not here.
Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?
Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and sworn, he was
carried out, the last time he was home; in a
bassin' to my husban' and me 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:
now shall see his own folly.
Mrs. Ford. How near is he, mistress Page?
Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end; he will be
here anon.
Mrs. Ford. I am undone! — the knight is here.
Mrs. Page. Why, then you are utterly sham'd,
and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you!
Away with him, away with him; better shame
than murder.
Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how
should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the
basket again?
Reciter Falstaff.
Pat. No, I'll come no more to the basket: May I not
go out ere he come?
Mrs. Page. Alas, three of master Ford's brothers
watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue
out; otherwise you might slip away cre he came,
and But what make you here!
Pat. What shall I do! — I'll creep up into the
chimney.
Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge
their birdie pieces; creep into the klin-hole.
Pat. What is this? —
Mrs. Ford. He will seek there on my word.
Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but
he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such
places, and goes to them by his note. There is
no hiding you in the house.
Pat. I'll go out then.
Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance,
you die, sir John the basket, I say.
Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?
Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not. There
is no woman's gown big enough for him; or
wise, he might put on a hat, a madder, and a ker-
chief, and so escape.
Pat. Good hearts, devise something: any
extremity rather than a mischief.
Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of
Brentford, has a gown above.
Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's
as big as he is, and the other shrunk'd and her
imparted too, by sir John.
Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet sir John; mistress
Page and I will look some linen for your head.
Mrs. Page. Quick, quick, we'Il come dress you
straight: put on the gown the while. [Exit Fal.]
Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him
in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of
Brentford; he swears she's a witch; forbade her my
house, and hath threatened to beat her.
Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's
cuckold; and the devil guide his cuckold afterwards!
Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?
Mrs. Page. Ay, in good suddens is he; and talks
of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelli-
gence.
Mrs. Ford. Well try that; for I'll appoint my
men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the
do or with it, as they did last time.
Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently;
let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.
Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men, what they
shall do with the basket. Go up, I'll bring linen
for him straight. [Exit.]
Mrs. Page. Hane him, dishonest varlet! we
cannot misuse him enough.
We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
We may be merry, and yet honest too.
We do not set, that often jest and laugh,
'Tis old but true, Still swine eat all the draft. [Exit.]
Mrs. Ford. We'll go, take the basket again
on your shoulders; your master is hard at door; if he
but set it down, obey him; quickly, dispatch.
[Exit Ford.
Mrs. Ford, with two servants.
Mrs. Ford. Come, come, take it up.
Mrs. Page. Pray heaven, it be not full of the knight
again.
Mrs. Page. I hope not; I had as lief bear so much
lead.
Enter Ford, Page, Shallow, Candle; and Sir
Hugh Evans.
Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have
you any way then to know the catastrophe of the
basket, what man it be? — somebody call my wife:
You, youth in a basket, come out here! — O, you
panderer rascal! there's a knot, a gang, a pack, a
conspiracy about you: Now shall the devil be
slammed. What ! wife, I say, come forth; behold
what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.
Page. Why, this passes! Master Ford, you are
do not to go loose any longer: you must be pinioned.
Evans. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad
dog.
Shal. Indeed, master Ford, this is not well; in-
deed.
Enter Mrs. Ford.
Ford. So say I too, sir,— Come hither, mistress
Ford; mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest
wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous
fool to her husband! — I suspect without cause,
mistress, do it!
Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness, you do, if you
suspect me in any dishonesty.
Ford. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out. —
Come forth, and squeeze it! — [Pulls the clothes out of
the basket. Page. This passes!
Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed! let the clothes
alone.
Ford. I shall find you anon.
Evans. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your
wife's clothes! Come away.
Ford. Embrace the basket, I say.
Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why.—
Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was
one conveyed out of one of my houses in this
basket: — Why may not he be there again! In my
house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my
jealousy is reasonable: Place me out all the linen.
Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die
a fires death.
Page. Here's no man.
Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master
Ford; the wight ye.
Evans. Master Ford, you must pray, and not
follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is
jealousies.
Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.
Page. No, nor nowhere else, but in your brain.
Ford. Help to search my house this one time: if
I find not what I seek, show no color for my,
jealousy, let me forever be your table-sport; let them
say of me, As jealous as Ford, that search'd a hol-
low walnut for his wife's leman. Satisfy me once
more: once more search with me.
Mrs. Ford. What box, mistress Page! come you,
and the old woman down: my husband will come
into the chamber.
Ford. Old woman! What old woman's that?
Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of
Brentford.
Ford. A witch, a quack, an old coining quack!
Have I not forbid her my house! She comes of
rascals, does she? We are simple men; we do not
know what's bought to pass under the profession
of fortune-tellers. She works by charms, by spells,
by the hazard, and such daubery as this is; beyond
our element; we know nothing. — Come down,
you witch, you hang, you; come down, I say.
Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband; — good
gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.
Enter Falstaff in woman's clothes, led by Mrs.
Page.
Mrs. Page. Come, mother Pratt, come, give me
your hand.
Ford. I'll prest her: — out of my door, you
witch! [beats him], you rag, you luggage, you
Lover.
pole-cat, you ronyon! out! out! I'll confound you, I'll burn down all the devils in him, that he should not come, methinks his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it:—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great power to say a great word under her mother.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen! I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy; if I cry out thus upon no trial, never trust me when I speak again.

Page. Lets obey his humor a little further: Come, gentlemen.

[Exeunt Page, Ford, Shallow, and Evans.

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most mispitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel balledows, and hang o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the waste of womankind, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is sure, secently, the devil will have him if we kill not in just, simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts, the poor unvirtuous fat knaves, when they are further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I' ll warrant, they'll have him publicly shamed: and methinks, there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then, shape it; I would not have things cool.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. — A Room in the Garder Inn.

Enter Host and Barnwell.

Bar. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses; the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be, comes so secretly! I hear not of him in the court; Let me speak with the gentleman; they speak English! I'll call them to the Host.

Host. They shall have your horses; but I'll make them pay, I'll shame them; they have had my houses a week at command; I have turned away my other guests; they must come off; I'll shame them: Come.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. — A Room in Ford's House.

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

Eva. 'Tis one of the pest discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife: Henceforth do what thou wilt: I rather will suspect the sun with cold, Than thee with wantonness: now do thy honor stand,

In him that was of late an heretic, As from an oath.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.

Be not as extrem in submission, As in offence; But our plot go forward: Let our wives Yet once again, to make us public sport.

Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow. Where we may take him and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spake of.

Page. How? to send him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight? he, the, he'll never come.

Eva. You say, he has been thrown in the rivers—

Page. and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman; then methinks he should have him. That he should not come, methinks his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise how but you'll use him when he comes,

And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is a old tale goes, that Herne the Hunter, in a most haggard and dreadful manner; You have heard of such a spirit, and well you know, The superstitious idle-headed chaps Received, and did deliver to our age, this tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear

In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak: But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device; That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us, Disguise'd like Herne, with base horns on his head.

Ford. If it be not to be doubted but he'll come, And in this shape: When you have brought him thither,

What shall you do with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus:

Nan Page my daughter, and my little son And three the honest, in the measure of their growth, we'll dress Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and white, With round of waxen tapers on their heads, And riddles in their hands; upon a sudden, As Falstaff, she, and I, are new made, 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 path 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 practiced well to this, or they'll never do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviors; and I will be like a jack-anapes also, to burn the knight with her her.

Ford. That will be excellent! I'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies, Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy: — and in that time shall master Slender steal my Nan away. [Aside. And marry her at Elton. — Go, send to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brook: He'll do his part to serve his purpose; Sun and moon.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that: Go, get us properties, And tricking for our fairies.

Eva. Let us about it! it is admirable pleasures, and very honest knaveries.

[Exeunt Page, Ford, and Evans.

Mrs. Page. Go, mistress Ford, Send quickly to sir John, to know his mind.

[Exeunt Mrs. Ford.

I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will, And I'll go hither to marry with Nan Page, That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot; And he my husband best of all effects; The doctor is well money'd, and his friends Potent: he done but he, shall have her, Though twenty thousand worshiper come to erave her.

[Exeunt.
Enter Host and Simple.

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor? what, thin-skinned? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, jump.

Sir. Mary, sir, I come to speak with sir John Falstaff from master Slender.

Host. Th'ere's his chamber, his house, his estate; the old woman, gone up into his chamber; he'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down; I come to speak with him, indeed.

Host. Hal! a fat woman! the knight must be robbed: I'll blame bully, boisterous sir John! from thy thin military: Art thou there? it is thin host, thin Ephesian, calls.

Fal. [aside] How now, mine host? Host. Here's a bohemian—Partar tarrying the coming down of thy fat woman; let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honorable: Fye! privacy! fye! fye!

Enter Falstaff.

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

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

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell; what wouldst thou have with him?

Sir. My master, sir, my master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go through the streets, to know, sir, whether any Nyne, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, hath the chain, or no?

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

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

Fal. Mary, she says, that the very same man, that beguiled master slender of his chain, cozened him of it.

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

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Sir. I may not conceal them, sir.

Host. Conceal them, or thou diest.

Sir. Why, sir, they were nothing but about mistress Anne Page; to know, if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sir. What, sir?

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

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

Fal. Ay, sir Tike; who more bold!

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

[Exit Simple.

Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, sir John. Was there a wise woman with thee?

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

Enter Bardolph.

Bar. Out, alas, sir! cozenage! mere cozenage! Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varietie.

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

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not say, they be dead; Germans are honest men.
Her mother ever strong against that match,
And turn for doctor Cains, hath appointed
That she shall likewise shall her away,
While other sports are tasking of their minds,
And at the dearness, where a priest attends,
Marry sent her; to this her mother's plot
She hath obediently, if she hath
Made promise to the doctor: — Now, thus it rests;
Her father means she shall be all in white;
And when that half, when Slenher sees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She shall go with him: her mother hath intended,
The better to denote her to the doctor.
(Enter Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly.)
That, quaint in green, she shall be loose enough,
With ribands pendant, flattering '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 do to deceive? father or
mother?
Ford. Both, my good host, to go along with me:
And here it rests,—that you'll procure the vicar
To stay for me at church; 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marriage,
To keep the shouldered ceremonies.
Host. Well, husband your device; I'll to the vicar;
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.
Ford. So shall I, I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides, I'll make a present recompense. [Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I. — A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly.

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more prattling: — go. — I'll hold you.
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 majesty, chance, or death. — Away.

Mrs. Quic. I'll provide you a chair; and I'll do what I can to get ten a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and mince. [Exit Mrs. Quickly.

Enter Ford.

Now how, master Brook! master Brook, the matter which you have to night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man: but I came from her, master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave, Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you:—He beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman: for in the shape of man, master Brook, I fear not what you think of my beaver's beam; because I know also, he is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me: I'll tell you all master Brook. Since I plucked green, played truant, and with what I knew not what it was to be beaten till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford: on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand.

Follow: Strange things in hand, master Brook! follow. [Exit.

SCENE II. — Windsor Park.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Page. Come, come; we'll cough it the castle-ditch, till we see the light of our fairies. — Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Sho. Ay, forsooth: I have spoke with her, and we have a may-word: how to know another. I come to her white, and cry may; she cries back to me; and by that we know one another.

Slend. That's good too: But what needs either your may or your back? the white will decipher her well enough. — It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; and light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; — follow me. [Exit.

SCENE III. — The Street in Windsor.

Enter Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Dr. Caius.

Mrs. Page. Master doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and despatch it quickly: Go before m'io the park; we two must go together.

[Keep to the time.

Mrs. Ford. I know vat I have to do; Adieu, Page. Fare you well, sir. [Exeunt. Caius. My husband will not rejoice so much at the absence of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter; but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding than to see her married to a heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies! and the Welsh devil, Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights: which at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him. Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way he mocked.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters, and their lechery,
Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on; to the oak, to the oak!

[Exit.

SCENE IV. — Windsor Park.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, and Fairies.

Evans. Are we there? fares, fairies; come and remember your parts: be polished, for such follower into the pit; and when I give the watch 'ords, do as I bid you; Come, come; trib, trib. [Exit.

SCENE V. — Another Part of the Park.

Enter Falstaff disguised, with a buck's head on.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on: Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me!—Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europe; love set on thy horns—0 powerful Jove! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast. — You were also, Jupiter, and for the love of Leda; O, omnipotent Jove! how near the god drew to the complexion of a cow! — A fault done first in the form of a beast; — O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a towl; think 'tis not, Jove, a foul fault.—When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fatter, I think, I forecast: send me a cool rut-time, love, or who can blame me to pass my tallow! Who comes here? my doe! 

Enter Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John! art thou there, my dear; my male deer! 

Fal. My doe with the black spot! — Let the shy ram potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of Green Sleeves; let his goose dress comfits, and snow crumps; let there come a tempest of invocatation, I will shelter me here. [Embracing her.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweet-heart.

Fal. Divide me like a bride-g buck, each a bannch: — I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I beseech your husbands. Am I a woodman? hit? Speak I
like Herne the hunter!— Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome. [Noise without.


Enter Sir Hugh Evans like a satyr; Mrs. Quick- ly and Ford: Anne Page as the Fairy Queen, attended by her brother and others, dressed like fairies, with waxen tears on their heads.

Quick. Fairies, black, grey, green and white, You moon-shine revellers, and shades of night, You enchain heirs of fixed destiny, Attend your office and your quality. — Crier Hoggoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

Fist. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys. Cricket, to Windsor chimney shall thou leap; Where fires thou find'st unak'd, and hearth's unswept. There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry: Our radiant Queen bates shut and shanty. Fal. They are fairies; be, that speaks to them, shall die: I'll wink and cough: No man their works must eye.

Eva. Where's Peto? — Go you, and where you find a maid, That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said, Raise, and ring to the organs of her fancy, Sleep she as sound as careless infancy: But those as sleep, and think not on their sins, Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

Quick. About, about: Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and without, Strew good luck, ophues, on every sacred room, That it may stand till the perpetual doom, In state as wassail, 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 instrument, coat, and several crest, With royal blaze, evermore be blis! And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing, In praise of the Garter's compass, in a ring: The expression that it bears, green let it be, More fertile-fresh than all the field to see; And, Many soul qui nitat a pace, write, In blazon, tuffs, flowers purple, blue and white; Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery, Buckled below fair knighthood's hunting knee: Fairies use flowers for their character. As when, dispersive: But, till 'tis o'clock, Our dance of custom, round about the oak Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set: And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be, To guide our measure round about the tree. But, stay! I smell a man of middle age. Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy! lest he transform me to a piece of cheese! Pist. Were him, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth.

Quick. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end: If he be chaste, the flame will back descend, And turn him to no pain: but if he start, It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A trial, come.

Eva. Come, will this wood take fire? Fal. Oh, oh, oh! [They burn him with their tears.

Quick. Correct, corrupt, and tainted in desire! About him, fairies: sing a scornful rhyme: And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Fist. It is right; indeed he is full of lecheries and misquity.

SONG.

Fye on sinful fantasy! Fye 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, and burn him, and turn him about, Till candles, and starlight, and moonshine be out.

[During this song, the fairies pinch Falstaff. Doctor Caius comes out way, and steals away a fairy in great; slender another way, and takes off a fairy in white; and Falstaff comes, and steals away Mrs. Anne Page. A noise of hunting is made within. All 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 him.

Page. Nay, do not fly; I think we have watch'd you now;

Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn? Mrs. Page. I pray you, come; hold up the jest no further.

Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives? See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now! — Master Brookes, Falstaff, I have a new jest for you: here are his horns, master Brookes: And, master Brookes, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money; which must bring me to master Brookes; his horses are arrested for it, master Brookes.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck: we could never meet; I will never like you for my love again, but I will always count you my dear.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are exact.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the spirit into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a jack-a-lent, when it's upon ill employment.

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pine you.

Ford. We'll say, Fairy Huck.

Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till then art able to serve her good as well.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross der- reaching as this! And I riddin with a Welsh goat too! Shall I be too cold tocole? 'tis my time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. Sence is not good to give putter; your belly is all putter.

Fal. Sence and putter! Have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fitters of English! This is enough to be the decay of idle-walking through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, thence to the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodg-pudding! a bag of dax! Mrs. Page. A pulled man!

Pace. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entreats.

Ford. And one that is as sanderson as Satan! Pace. And as poor as Job! Ford. And as a cuckold as his wife? Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and saek, and wine, and methenig, and to drinkings, and swearings, and sturings, prubbles and prubbles! Eva. Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me: I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh funnel; ignorance itself is a plummct o'yer me; use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one master Broook, that you have cozened of money

* Horns which Falstaff had.

* A fool's cap of Welsh materials.
to whom you should have been a powder; over and above that you have suffered, I think to repay that money will be a bitting affliction.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, husband, let that go to make amends.

For this sum, and so we'll all be friends.

Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at last.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh to tears at my wife that now laughs at thee: Tell her, master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that: — If Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, doctor Caius's wife.

[Aside.

Enter Slender.

Slender. Whoa, ho! ho! father Page!

Page. Son! how now! how now, son! have you despatched?

Slender. Despatched — I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't; would I were hanged, ha, else.

Page. Of what, son!

Slender. I came yonder at Elton to marry mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy: If it had not been for the church, I would have swunged him, or he should have swunged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir, and 'tis a post-master's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.

Slender. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you should know your daughter's garments?

Slender. I went to her in white, and cried mum, and she cry'd budget, as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.

Eva. Joshu! Master Slender, cannot you see but marry boys?

Page. O, I am vexed at heart: What shall I do?

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turned my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at deanery, and there married.

[Aside.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Vere is mistress Page! By gar, I am cozened; I ha' married an garcon, a boy; an pawn,
TWELFTH NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

O'RSINO, Duke of Illyria.
SEBASTIAN, a young Gentleman, Brother to Viola.
ANTOIN, a Sea Captain, Friend to Sebastian.
A Sea-CAPTAIN, Friend to Viola.
VALENTINE, Gentlemen attending on the Duke.
CURIO, Sir JOSY BELCH, Uncle of Olivia.
SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.
MALVIOLO, Steward to Olivia.

FABIAN, Servants to Olivia.
CLOWN, 
OLIVIA, a rich Countess.
VIOLA, in love with the Duke.
MARIA, Olivia's woman.

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

SCENE, a city in Illyria; and the Sea-Coast near it.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—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,
Stealing from the sweet unaccorded air,
And on the plumpest petticoat of June
That it alone is high-fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she pur'd the air of pestilence;
That instant was I turned into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.—How now! what news from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloister, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye offending bribe: all this, to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else?
That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd
(Her sweet perfections) with one self king!—
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with beads.

[Execut.]
TWELFTH NIGHT:  
Act I.

Cap.  
A noble duke, in nature,  
As in his name.  

Vio.  
What is his name?  

Cap.  
Cap.  

Vio.  
Orsino! I have heard my father name him!  
He was a bachelor then.

Cap.  
And so is now,
Orsino so very late; for but a month,
Ago I went from hence; and then 'twas fresh
In murmurs, as (you know, what great ones do,
The less will prattle of) that he did seek
The hand 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 adjured the company
And sight of men.

Vio.  
O, that I served that lady;
And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is.

Cap.  
That were hard to compass;  
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
Not of the duke's.

Vio.  
There is a fair behavior in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Concerning me what I am: and be my aid.
For such disagree as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke;
Thou shalt present me as a cuckoo to him:
It is not worth thy purse; 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 the shape yet silence to my wit.

Cap.  
Be you his counsellor, and your mate will be:  
When my tongue blubs, let mine eyes not see!
Vio.  
I thank thee, lead me on.  
[Exeunt.  

SCENE III.—A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, and Maria.

Sir To.  
What a plague means my niece, to take
The death of her brother thus! I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Mar.  
By troth, sir Toby, you must come in ear-
er' o' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To.  
Ay, 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
These clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; an' they be not, let them hang themselves in their own strips.

Mar.  
That quaffing and drinking will undo you.
I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight, that you brought in one night here, to be her waker.

Sir To.  
Woo! Sir Andrew Ague-cheek!

Mar.  
Ay, he.

Sir To.  
He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar.  
What's that to the purpose?

Sir To.  
Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar.  
Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats; he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To.  
Why, you'll say so: he plays o' the viol-de-ccambro, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar.  
He hath, indeed,—almost natural: for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreler; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gift of a quarreler. 'Is the weight among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To.  
By this hand, they soundstrels, and substractors, that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar.  
They add moreover, he's a drunkard nightly in your company.

Sir To.  
With drinking healths to my niece; I'll drink to her, as long as there's a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria: He's a coward, and a
Scene V.  OR.  WHAT YOU WILL.

Sir And.  Faith, I can cut a caper.
Sir Tro.  And I can cut the mantua too.
Sir And.  And I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.
Sir Tro.  Wherefore are these things hid? whereas I have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture? Why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and case thy body in thy adornment? My very walk should be a rig; I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.
Sir And.  Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colored stock. Shall we set about some revels?
Sir Tro.  What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?
Sir And.  Taurus! that's sides and heart.
Sir Tro.  Yes, thou art a man! - Damsel's lip. Let me see thee caper! ha! higher! ha! ha! excellent! [Exeunt.

Scene IV.—A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Valentine and Viola in man's attire.

Val.  If the duke continue these favors towards you, Cesario, you are like to be made advanced in any of his or her acquaintance, even by the very man that has known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Val.  You neither hear his humor, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love; is he inconstant, sir, in his favors?
Val.  No, believe me.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Duke.  Who saw Cesario, ho?
Viola.  On your attendance, my lord; here.  
Duke.  Stand you awhile aloof.  Cesario, thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd to thee the book even of my secret soul: This morning, thou, with thy tricks, art thy gait unto her; Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors, and tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow, Till they have audience.

Duke.  Your noble lord, Sir, be he so abandon'd to her sorrow As it is spoke, she never will admit me.  
Duke.  Be chaster, and leap all civil bounds, Rather than thou unprocted get upon the stage.

Viola.  Say, I do speak with her, my lord: What then?

Duke.  Ah, then unfold the passion of my love, and I will stand by her discourse of my dear faith: It shall become thee well to act my woes; She will attend it better in thy youth, Than in a manner of grave aspect.

Duke.  I think not so, my lord.

Duke.  Duke.  Dear lad, believe it; For they shall yet believe thy happy years That say, thou art a man; Damsel's lip. Is not more smooth and robust; thy small pipe Is as the maiden's organ, shrill, and sound, And all its sensibility a woman's part. I know, thy constellatio is right apt For this affairs:—Some four, or five, attend him; All, if you will; for I myself am best. When least in company,—Prosper well in this, And wisely live as freely as thy lord, To call his fortunes thine.

Duke.  Thou hast, I'll do my best To thy lady: yet, [Aside, a barbarous strife! Who'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [Exeunt.

Scene V.—A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Maria and Clown.

Maria.  Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter, or in any way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

CLOWN.  Let her hang me: that, he is well-hanged in this world, needs to fear no colors.

Maria.  Make that good.

CLOWN.  He shall see none to fear.* Cloth, the name of a dance.  Stocking.  Full of impediments.

Maria.  A good lenient answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of; I fear no colors.

CLOWN.  Wherefore, or thou wilt press a Mary? Maria.  In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your folly.

CLOWN.  Would thou strengthen them wisdom, that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.  
Maria.  Yet you will be hanged, for being so long absent; or, be turned away; is not that as good as a hanging?  
CLOWN.  Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer beat it out.

Maria.  You are resolute then!

CLOWN.  Not so neither; but I am resolved on two points.

Maria.  That, if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

CLOWN.  Ah, thou good fellow! very apt! Well, go thy way; if sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Maria.  Peace, you rogue, no more of that; here comes my lady: make your excuse wiscely, you were best. [Exit.

Enter Olivia, and Malvolio.

CLOWN.  Wit, and be th' thy will put me into good fooling? Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: For what says Quinapalus? "He that wields the fool, than a foolish wit."—God bless thee, lady!  
Olivia.  Take the fool away.

CLOWN.  Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Olivia.  Go to, you are a dry fool! I'll have none of your besides, you know dishonest.

CLOWN.  Two faults, madonna;—that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; but the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the bawd, him mend; anything, that's mended, but patched; say, that those graces, is but patched with sin; and sin, that анд аиds, is but patched with virtue:—if that this simple soliloquy will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calumny, so beauty's a flower:—the lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Olivia.  Sir, I bade them take you away.

CLOWN.  Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, Caelitus non fideliam monarchi; that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

CLOWN.  Can I do it?

CLOWN.  Dexterously, good madonna.

CLOWN.  Make your proof.

CLOWN.  I must catch this for you, madonna; good my nose of virtue, answer me.

Olivia.  Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll take your proof.

CLOWN.  Good madonna, why mourn'at thou?

Olivia.  Good fool, for my brother's death.

CLOWN.  I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Olivia.  I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

CLOWN.  The more fool you, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentleman.

Olivia.  What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not meet your liking?

Malvolio.  Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him. Infamy, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

CLOWN.  God send you, sir, a speedy infamy, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn, that I am no fox; but he will not pass his wont for two pence that are no fool.

Olivia.  How say you to that, Malvolio?

Malvolio.  I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren race; I saw him put down the other two, with an happy foil, that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he's gagged. Protest, I take these wise men, that can play at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools zounds.*

Olivia.  O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and

* Short and spare.  Italian, mistress, dame.  Fools, buffoons.

[304]
Taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous,
guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those
things for hard-boiled, that you deem cannon-bul-
lets: There is no slander in an allowed fool, though
he do nothing but tell; nor no railing in a known
discerning man, that is not an hundred times
more. Now Mercury endure thee with laughing,
for thou speakest well of fools.

Re-enter MARIAN.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gen-
tleman, much desires to speak with you.

O. From the Count Orsowo, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man
and well attended.

Oft. Who of my people hold him in debt?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oft. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing
but madman: Fye on him! [Exit MARIAN.] Go
you, Malvolio; if it be a suit from the count, I am
seek, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it.
[Exit MALVOLIO] Now you see, sir, how your
fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

O. Thou hast spoke too, madam, as if thy
children should be a fool: whose skill rave enam
with brains, for here comes one of thy kin, has a
most weak head matter.

Enter Sir Toby Belch.

Oft. By mine honor, half drunk.—What is he
e at the gate, cousin?

Sir T. A gentleman.

O. Gentlemen! What gentleman?
Sir T. This gentleman here.—A plague o'these
pickle-herrings, now new, now old.

Oft. Good Sir Toby.

O. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early
by this lechery?

Sir T. Lechery! I defy lechery: there's one at
the gate.

Oft. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir T. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care
not; go to bed, girls, say I. Well, it's all one. [Exit.

Oft. What a drunken man like, fool?

Sir T. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman:
one drench'd above heat makes him a fool; the sec-
ond is the end of a third drown'd him.

Oft. Go to, and seek the coroner, and let him sit
out my coat; for he's in the third degree of drink,
he's drown'd; go, look after him.

Sir T. He is bat mad yea, madam; and the fool
shall look to the madman. [Exit Clown.

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond' young fellow swears he will
speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes
on him to understand so much, and therefore
comes to speak with you: I told him you were
asleep: be seems to have a fore-knowledge of that
too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What
is to be said to him, lady? he's fortiied against an
en-}

O. 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 shar'd post, and be the
supporter of a bench, but he'll speak with you.

O. What kind of a man is he?

Mal. Why, of man kind.

O. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you,
will you or no.

O. Of what personage, and years, is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young
enough for a boy: as a squash is before 'tis a peasc
or a cooling when 'tis almost an apple; 'tis
with him en standing water, between boy and
man. He is very well favored, and he speaks very
shrewdly; one would think, his mother's milk
were scarce out of him.

O. Let him approach. Call in my gentlewomen.

Mal. Gentlewomen, my lady calls. [Exit.

Re-enter MARIAN.

Oft. Give me my veil: come, throw it over myace;

We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is
she!

[Short arrows. Lying. The cover of the brain.

Oft. Speak to me, I shall answer for her. Your
voice will be a voice.

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable
beauty,—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady
of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loth
to speak before her, for besides that it is excelle-
ently well penned, I have taken great pains to con
it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn: I am
very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Oft. Whither came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied,
and that question's out of my part. Good gente
one, give me modest assurance, if you be the lady
of the house, you shall begin to speak, and for
besides that it is excellent well pen'd, I have taken
great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no
cern; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Oft. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the
very fangs of malice, I swear, I am not that I play.

Oft. Who gave you this poem?

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do surp
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.

Oft. Come to what is important in't: I forgive
you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and it's
poetical.

O. 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, he
good; for, by the reason, he is to be not that
time of moon with me, to make one in so skipping
a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hold sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. Good swabber; I am to hull here a little
longer.—Some mollification for your giant, sweet
lady.

O. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

O. Sure, you have some hideous matter to
deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak
your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no
overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the
chive in my hand: my words are as full of peace
as matter.

Oft. Yet you began rudely. What are you?
what would you?

Vio. The rudeness, that hath appeald in me,
have I learn'd from my entertainment. What
I am and who I am, are as secret as maidshead:
to your ears, divinity; to any other's, propagation.

Oft. Give us the place alone: we will hear this
divinity. [Exit MARIAN.] Now, sir, what 's your

Vio. Most sweet lady.

O. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be
said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oft. In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his
heart.

Oft. Have I read it; it is honey. Have you no
more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oft. Have you any commission from your lord
to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your
text: but we will draw the curtain, and show you
the picture. Look you, sir, such a one as I was
told: it is not well done! [Unmask.

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oft. Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and
weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will read these graces to the grave,
And change the world no more.

Oft. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will
give out divers schedules of my beauty. It shall
be invisible; and every particle, and uses, is
labelled to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red;
item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item,

Accountable.

Vio. It appears from several parts of this play that
the original actress of Maria was very short.

Oft. Presents.
Act II. Scene II. OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent
lither to 'praise me'? Vi. 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; 0, such love
Could be but requited, though you were crowned
The nonpareil of beauty! 
Oh. How does he love me?
Via. With adoration, with fertile tears,
With grarms that thunder love, with sighs of fire.
Oh. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot
love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
But some might well deserve to be held 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.
Via. If it did love you in my master's flame,
With such suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no cause,
I would not understand it.
Via. Why, what would you?
Via. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house
Via. O, the wantonness of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Hold 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.
Via. You might do much: What is your parentage?
Via. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.
Via. Get you to your lord;

ACT II.

SCENE I. — The Sea-coast.

Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not, that I go with you?
Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly over me: the maid many of my fate might, per-
haps, distress you: therefore I shall crave of you leave, that I may bear my evils alone: It
was a bad recom pense for your love, to lay any of them on you.
Ant. Let me know of you whither you are bound.
Seb. No, smooth, sir; my determinate voyage is
never extraneous. But I perceive in you so ex-
cellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort
from me what I am willing to keep in: therefore it
charges me in manners the rather to express my self.
You must know of me then. Yukon, my name is
Sebastian, which I called Rodrigo: My father was
that Sebastian of Messalline, whom, I know, you
have heard of: he left behind him, myself, and a
sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens had been
peaceful, we had so ended! but you, sir, after it:
for, some hour before you took me from the
breach of the sea, was my sister drowned.
Ant. Alas, the day!
Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much re-
sembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful:
but, the lady less married, with such estimable wond-
er, o'er fast I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: she is drowned already, sir, with salt
water, though I seem to draw her remembrance
again with more.
Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.
Seb. This good Antonio, forgive your trouble.
Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let
me be your servant.
Seb. If you will not undo what you have done,

I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again.
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains; spend this for me.
Via. I am no fool'd post, lady: keep your purse;
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of thine, that you shall love;
And let your favor, hence, my master bring.
Place'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.
[Exit.
Via. What is your parentage?
Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman. — I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon: — Not too fast:

Reenter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.
Via. Run after that same provish messenger,
The country's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not; tell him, I'll not send it. Desire
him not to flutter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes: I am not for him.
If the country man will come this way to morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. He, thee, Malvolio.
Via. Mal. Madam, I will.
Mal. In a thousand fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman: — We ourselves do not
What is decreed, must be; and be this so!
[Exit.

SCENE II. — A Street.

Enter Viola; Malvolio following.

Mal. Were not you even now with the countess
Olivia?
Via. No, sir; I never was so close with her.
Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir: you
might have saved me many pains, to have taken it
away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should
put your lord into a desperate assurance she will
none of him: And one thing more; that you be
never so hardly to come again in his ears, unless
you do to report your lord's taking of this. Receive
it so.
Via. She took the ring of me; I'll none of it.
Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly throw it to her;
and she would be so returned: if it be worth
stopping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be
not his that finds it.
[Exit.
Via. I left no ring with her: What means this

Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her!
She made a good view of me; indeed, so much.
That sure, most thought, her eyes had lost her tongue.
For she did speak in starts distantly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churchful messenger.
None of my lord's ring? why, she sent 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,
What this preposterous enigma does much,
How easy it is, for the proper-raise,
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our faculty is the cause, not we;
For, such as we made of, such she be.
How will this fadge? I! My master loves her deadly;
And, I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to do on me:
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman, now alas the day!
What thriftless sighs shall poor time breathe!
O, this misfortune! but not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie.

[Exeunt.]

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 disturb surgeons, thou know'st.

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A true conclusion: I think it as an un-
filled can: To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that, to go to bed after mid-
night, is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives consist of four elements?

Sir And. Faith, so they say; but, I think, it
rather consists of eating and drinking,
Sir To. Thou art a sober man: let us therefore eat and drink.—Maria, say!—a stout of wine.

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool.

Clo. How now, my hearts! Did you never see the picture of we three?

Sir To. Pardon, Welcome, as. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg: and so sweet a breath to sing, as the Pea has. In sooth, thou want in so very graceful tooling last night, when thou spokest of Piergroonmait, of the Vapans passing, the equinatio of squeakens; I was very good, a man. I sent thee thence for thy leman: hadst it?

Clo. I did impertinently thy gratuity; for Malvo-
lio's nose is no wimpock; my lady has a white hand, and the grandsons are no wimpock-houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best tooling, when all is done. Now a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is a dance for you:
let's have song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too; if one
knight gives a—

Clo. Would you have a love-song, a song of
good?—

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:
O say, why from our meeting you have flown?
Since last we saw, but little has been shown.

Sir And. Excellent good, I' faith!

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. What is love? 'tis not hereof,
Present wirth hath present laughter;
What's to come, to still unsure;
In death there be no pity;
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath
Swarthy and sweet and contagious, I' faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in con-
tagion.
But shall we make the wekken dance in
And rouse the nightingale on a catch, they will draw three souls out of one weaver! Shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't; I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catchwell Sir And. Most certain: let our catch be, That's knave.

Clo. Hold thy peace, thou knave, knight! I shall be constrain'd not to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. I must be; and I have constrain'd
one to call me knave. Begin, fools; 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
not called you out of doors, I never trust one
Sir To. My lady's Catana, we are politicians:
Malvolo's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and there's merry men we be. Am not I consanguineous? I am not of
her blood! Tilly-valley, lady! There dwelt a man
in Babylon, lady, lady!

Singing.

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fool-

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be dis-
posed, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O, the twelfth day of December,—Sing-

Mar. For the love of God, peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My masters, are you mad! or what are you? Have you gone out, mauners; let me therefore eat
and drink.—Maria, say!—a stout of wine.

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool.

Clo. His eyes do show his dogs are almost done.
Mal. Is it even so!

Sir To. But I will not ver die.

Sir To. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much cred to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go?

Singing.

Clo. What an if you do?

Clo. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clo. No, no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o' time! sir, ye lie.—Art any more
than a steward! Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale!

Mal. Yes, by saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot, the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt in the right.—Go, sir, rub your
chan with crums;—A stoop of wine, Maria!

Mal. If you priced my lady's favor at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivild rule; she shall know of it, by this hand.

Mal. Art ill to choose your ears.

Sir And. There were so good a deed as to drink
when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do, knight; I' will write thee a challenge; or, I' will deliver my indigination to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count's was too-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For meanour Mal-
voi, let me alone with him; if I do not gall him into a nay-word, and make him a common recre-
ation, do not think I have wit enought to be straight in my bed: I know I can do it

Remarces.

Name of an old song.

Humble.

Hang yourself.

Bye-word.
SCENE IV. OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mrs. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I 'll beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Sir. The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser; an affected ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarts; tis the best persuaded of himself, so crammed he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all, that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Sir. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein by the color of his heard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressiveness of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly persomated; I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have 't in my nose too.

Sir. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt send, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

Sir. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that color.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Sir. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Sir. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of the event. For this night, to bed; and I dream on the even. Farewell. [Exit Sir To.]

Sir And. Good night, Penitulous.

Sir To. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beggar, true bred, and one that adores me: What o'that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight—Thou hast need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her, not 't the end, call me Cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight, come, knight.

[Exit Sir And.]

SCENE IV.—A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Duke. Give me some music: Now, good morrow, friends.

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song, That old and antique song we heard last night; Methought, it did relieve my passion much; More than light airs and recollected terms Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:—

Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, your lord; a fool, that the lady Olivia, or that lover took much delight in; he is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[Exit Cur. Enter Cesario.—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:
Unfed and skittish, amorous else,
Save, in that 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 thine own.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye

[Music.

Hath stay'd upon some favor that it loves;
Hath it not, boy! A little, by your favor.

Duke. What kind of woman 'st thou?

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 wars she to him, So sways she level in her husband's heart.

For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fortunes are more giddy and infirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Then woman's are.

Viola. If 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 to perfection grow.

Recuer Curio and 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 chant it; it is silly sooth;
And dailles with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clown. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; pr'ythee, sing

[Music.

SONG.

Clown. Come away, come away, death,
And in sad express lies be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am blown by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with you,
O prepare it;
My part of death, no one so true Bel share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black caffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clown. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure, then.

Clown. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clown. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changable stuffs, for thy mind is a very opeal; I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where; for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of anything.—Farewell.

[Exit Clown.]

Duke. Let all the rest give place.—

[Exit Curio and Attendants.

Curio. Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yon same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestowed upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Duke. But, if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Viola. Sooth, but you must.

Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; Must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There's no woman's sides

Can hide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.

[Simple truth.

Duke. Decks.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate;
The tender surfeit, and the drink
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compa—

Sir To. To what then, man can bear ne—
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know!—

Sir To. To what then, man can bear ne—

And what's her history?—

Vio. A blank, my lord; she never told her love,
But let conceit, like a worm i' the bud,
Forth from her damask cheek she push'd in thought:
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed!
We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy!—

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house.
And all the brothers too,—and yet I know not:—
Sir, shall I to this lady!—

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say, My love can give no place, bide no denial.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Olivia's Garden.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, and Fabian.

Sir To. Come th' ways, signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I' ll come; if I have a scrap of this sport, let me be lod'd to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the magnificently rascally sheep gaping, by some notable change?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out of favor with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will feed him black and blue:—Shall we not, sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain:—How now, my bottle of India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree; Malvolio's coming down this walk; he has been yonder i' th' sun, practising behavior to his own shadow, this half hour; observe him, for the love of mockery, or I know, this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [The men hide themselves.] Lie thou there! [Throws down a letter,] for here comes the trout that must be caught with ticking.

[Exit Maria.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me, she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me more with respect than one else that follows her. What should I think out?

Sir To. Here's an overweening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rascally-cook of him, how he jets under his advanced plumes?

Sir And. Slight, I could so beat the rogue:—

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rascally-cook of him, how he jets under his advanced plumes?

Sir To. Ah, rogue!—

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace, peace!—

Mal. There is example forth; the lady of the stracony married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Be on him, Jeedle!—

Fab. O, peace! Jeedle!—

How he's deeply in, look, how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

* Denil.

Struts.

Sir To. O, for a stone-how, to hit him in the eye!—

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I left Olivia sleeping.

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!—

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obstinate start, make out for him; I brown the whole; and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches; court'sy there to me:—

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Then, our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control;—

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow of the lips then?

Mal. Saying, cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your notice, give me this prerogative of speech:—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkenness.

Sir And. Out, scab!—

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight;—

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One Sir Andrew;—

Sir And. I knew, twas; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

Sir To. [Taking up the letter.] Now is the woodcock near us;—

Mal. Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of honors intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her usual--[Reads,] her Us's, and thus makes she her great Ps's. It is, in contempt of question her hand.

Sir And. Her ts, her Us's, and her T's;—Why that?

Mal. [Reads.] To the unknown beloved, this and my good wishes; her very phrases!—By your leave, wax,—Soil!-- and the impression her Lucrece, with which she used to seal; 'tis my lady: To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, live and all.

Mal. [Reads.] Jove knows, I love;—

Sir To. But who?

Mal. Lady Venus more, No man must know.

[Reads.] No man must know. What follows? the numbers altered!—No man must know:—if this should be thee, Malvolio!—

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brook!—

Mal. I may command, where I adore;—

Sir To. With bloodless stroke my heart doth goe;—


Fab. A fistian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say 1.

Mal. Maria, A, I, doth sway my life,—

Fab. But let me see.—

Mal. That being a vrille, I may speak.

Fab. What a dish of poison hath she dressed him?—

Sir To. And with what wing the stammy-checker in the air.

Mal. I may command where I adore;—

Sir To. Why, she may command me; I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no man to mend it in this:—

Fab. That should as alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me,—

Mal. Sir And. Peter, Peter, Pete, Peter, Pete, Peter, Peter, Pete, Pete, Peter, Peter, Pete, Peter, Peter, Pete, Peter.

Sir To. O, I make up that;—he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sawter'll cry upon't for all this, though it be a mere虚构.

Mal. M—Malvolio;—M—why, that begins my name.

* Badger.

* Hawk.

* Flies at it.

* Name of a bound.
Scene I.—Olivia’s Garden.

Enter Viola, and Clown with a labor.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music: Dost thou live by thy labor?

Clo. Yes, sir; I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir; I do live by the church: for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him: or, the church stands by thy labor, if thy labor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir.—To see this age! A sentence is but a cheverel ¹ glove to a good wit: How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward! Viol. Nay, that’s the fashion in this world, that daily nice with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name’s a word; and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton: But, indeed, words are very scalable, since bonds disgrace them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I loath to prove it.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir. I do care for something: but in my conscience, sir: I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Enter Fabio, and a post-carrier.

Fáb. Did not I say, he would work it out? the ear is excellent at limbs.

Mal. M. D.—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel: that sufferers under probation: A follow, but O does.

Fáb. And O shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I’ll cudgel him, and make him cry, O.

Mal. And then, I comes behind;—

Fáb. Ay, an you had an eye behind you, you might see more distraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. M. D. I. — This simulation is not as the former, and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft, here follows prose:—If this fall into thy power, Sir Viola. In my stars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatness: Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inquire myself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble strength and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, early with servants; let thy tongue and arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularly; she thus advises thee, that sights for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and what they said to thee, these cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art mode, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a sternard still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortunes: Farewell. She that would defer services with thee, The fortunate and unwise. Day-light and champion ² discovers not more: this is open. It will be proud. I will read politic authors. I will have babies. I will wash off gross acquaintance. I will be bent-de-vice, the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason extols to this, that my lady loves me. Sir, I’ll commend myself in yellow stockings, 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. Don’t read but chose and placate whoever 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 will do every thing 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 Andr. So could I too.

Vio. Yet seek no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter Maria.

Sir Andr. Not nor I neither.

Fáb. Here comes my noble pullatcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot my neck?

Sir Andr. Or mine either!

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond slave?

Sir Andr. 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.

Marc. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vite with a midwife.

Marc. 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 color she abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will be so unsuitable to her disposition, being added 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 Andr. I’ll make one too. [Exit.

ACT III.
That comes before his eye. This is a practice, As full of labor as a wise man's art. For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit; But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit.

**Enter Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Ague-Creek.**

_Sir To._ Save you, gentleman.

_Vio._ And you, sir.

_Sir And._ Duruns garde, monsieur.

_Vio._ Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

**Sir And._** I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

_Sir To._ Will you encounter the house? My niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be her.

_Vio._ I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the mistress of my voyages.

**Sir To.** Taste your legs, sir, put them to motion.

_Vio._ My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste no legs.

**Sir To.** I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

_Vio._ I will answer you with guilt and entrance: but we are prevented.

**Enter Olivia and Maria.**

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odors on you! And then, that youth's a rare courtier! Rain odors! well.

_Vio._ My master hath no voice, hole, but to your own mouth, and would unloose it.

_Sir And._ *Ogros*, *pregnant*, and *vouchsafed*;—I'll get 'em all three ready.

_Ol._ Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

**[Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.**

_Give me your hand, sir._

_Vio._ My duty, madam, and most humble service.

_Ol._ What is your name?

_Vio._ Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

_Ol._ My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world since lowly writing was called compliment.

_You are the servant to the count Orsino._

_Vio._ And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:

_Are you the servant's servant, madam._

_Ol._ For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts.

"Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!"

_Vio._ Madam, I come to what your gentle thoughts

_On his behalf._

_Ol._ O, by your leave, I pray you; I bade you never speak again of him;

_But would you undertake another suit, I have no fear you to select that, than

_Nause from the sciences._

_Vio._ Dear lady,—

_Ol._ Give me leave. I beseech you, if you did send, And the last enchantment you did use, A ring in chase of you; so did I

_Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:_

_Under your hard construction must I sit, I

_T was, and much science._

_Vio._ Which you knew none of yours: What naughty you think?

_Have you not set mine honor at the stake, And baited it with all the unmolested thoughts

_That tyrannical heart can think? To one of your receiving._

_Enough is shown; a cyrus, not a bosom, Hides my poor heart: so let me hear you speak._

_Vio._ I pay you.

_Ol._ That's a degree to love,

_Vio._ No, not a grace; for 'tis a vulgar proof,

_That very oft we pity enemies._

_Ol._ Why, then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again,

_O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!

_If one should be a prey, how much the better
_T to fall before the lion than the wolf! [Clock strikes._

_Thy youth is strong, with the waste of time, Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:

_And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,

_Your wife is like to reap a proper man:

_The lies your way, the west._

_Vio._ Then westward-ho;

_Grace and good disposition lend your hydship! You it nothing, madam, to my lord by me!*


_Ol._ Stay:

_I pray you, tell me, what thou thinkst of me._

_Vio._ To do think you do 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. Olt. The world would have me as I would have you be! _Vio._ Would it be better, madam, than I am, I wish it might; for now I am your fool.

_Ol._ 'O what a deal of scorn looks beautiful In the face of one and danger of his heart! A mordant rush!_glows! not itself more

_Than love that would seen hid: love's night is noon.

_Cesario, by the roses of the spring._

_But, rather reason thus with reason fetter;

_Love sought is good, but given unsought is better._

_Vio._ By innocence I swear, and by my youth, I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth.

_And that no woman has; nor never none

_Shall mistress be of it, save I alone._

_Or rather, good madam; never more

_With I my master's tears to you deplore._

_Ol._ Yet once again: for thou, perhaps, mayst

_move That heart, which now abhors, to like his love._

[_Exeunt._

**SCENE II.—A Room in Olivia’s House.**

**Enter Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Ague-Creek, and Fabian.**

_Sir And._ No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

_Sir To._ Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

_Fab._ You must needs yield your reason, sir _Andrew._

_Sir And._ Marry, I saw your niece do more favors to the count's serving man, than ever she bestowed upon the melancholy, honest and loathsome or the orchard.

_Sir To._ Did she see thee the white, old hoy! tell me that.

_Sir And._ As plain as I see you now.

_Fab._ This was a great argument of love in her towards you.

_Sir And._ 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me? _Fab._ I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oath of heaven and reason.

_Sir And._ And they have been grand jury-men, since before Noah was a sailor.

_Fab._ I am much pleased to have favor to the youth in your sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormant valor, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver: You should then have accosted her; and given her some excellent jests, and made her laugh from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was baffled: the double gift of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now ended into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icle on a Dutchman's head, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valor, or policy.

_Sir And._ And't be any way, it must be with valor; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brown-nist, as I.

_Sir To._ Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valor. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shallkee he note of it; and assure thyself there is no love broker in the world can more prevail in man's commination with woman, than report of valor.

_Fab._ There is no way but this, sir _Andrew._

_Sir And._ Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

_Sir To._ Go, write it in a martial hand; be cursé and bline: it is no matter how witty so it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou hast'd him some thrice, it shall not be accursed; and as many lines as will stand in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down; go, about it. Let there be gaud enough in

*Separatists in Queen Elizabeth's reign.*

*Crabbed._ In Hertfordshire, which held forty persons.*
Scene III. OR, WHAT YOU WILL

thy ink: though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: About it.
Sir And. Where shall I find you?
Sir To. We'll call thee at the cubiculo: Go.
[Exit Sir Andrew.
Fab. This is a dear manikin to you, sir Toby.
Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so.
Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you will not deliver it?
Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wain roes cannot have them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver, will drag the foot of a lie, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.
Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.
Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches follow me; you shall Malvolio Sebastian, what might a very travel, or for there is no christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness, He's in yellow stockings.
Sir To. And cross-gartered!
Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school in the church,—I have dogged him, like his murderer: He does obey every point of the letter that spied him to betray him, He does smile his face into more lines, than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as this: I can hardly forbear hurrying things at this time, I, the lady will strike him; if she do, he'll smile, and take it for a great favor.
Sir To. Come, bring us where he is.

[Exeunt.

Scene IV. OR, Olivia's Garden.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Oli. If I have sent him after him? He says, he'll come: How shall I treat him? what bestow on him? For youth is bought more oft than begg'd, or borrow'd.
I speak too loud—

Where is Malvolio?—he is sad, and civil, And suits well for a servant with my fortunes;—
Where is Malvolio?
Mar. He's coming, madam;
Or in strange manner. He is sure possessed.'
Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave? 
Mar. No, madam,
He does nothing but smile; your ladyship
Were best have guard about you if he come;
For, sure, the man is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go call him hither. I'm as mad as he, If sad and merry madacies equal be—

Enter Malvolio.

How now, Malvolio!

Mar. Sweet lady, ho, ho. [Smiles fantastically Oli. Smile's thou?
I sent for thee upon a said occasion.
Mar. Sad, lady! I could be said; This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering: But what of that, if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: Please one, and please all.
Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?
Mar. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my looks: It did come to his limbs, and commands shall be executed. I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Will thou go to bed, Malvolio?
Mar. To bed? ay, sweet-heart: and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?
Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Oli. At your request! Yes; Nightingales answer dawn.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?
Mar. Be not afraid of greatness: 'Twas well writ;
Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?
Mar. Some are born great—
Oli. Ha!
Mar. Some achieve greatness;—
Oli. What say'st thou?
Mar. And some have greatness thrust upon them.
Oli. Heaven restore thee!
Mar. Remember who commend'd thy yellow stockings?
Mar. Thy yellow stockings?
Mar. And wished to see thee cross-gartered.
Oli. Cross-gartered!
Mar. Go to: thou art made, if thou dost not to be so:
Oli. Am I made?
Mar. If not, let me see thee a servant still.
Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness. 

Enter Servant.
Sere. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino's is returned; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.
Oli. I'll come to him. [Exit servant.

Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[Exeunt Olivia and Maria.

Mar. 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

*Chamber. *Caught.

Grave.
purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she invites me to that in the letter. Cast thy humane voice, says she; be opposite not a kinsman or with serjeants,—let thy tongue long with arguments of state,—put thyself into the track of singularly;—and, consequently, sets down the manner in which thou hast, as a ruin'd carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have him here; but it is Jose's doing, and Jove's reward; and, when she was away now, Let this fellow be looked to! Fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together; that no grum of the scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unwise circumstance,—What can be said! Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not 1, is the door 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 little, and Lezon himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him. Fab. Here he is, here he is;—How is't with you, sir? have you seen him, man? Mal. Go off! I discard you, let me enjoy my private; go off.

Mal. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him, not I tell you!—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go, go to; peace, peace, we must deal grave, I say, grave and grave; let me see, Malvolio! how is't with you? What, man! did the devil; consider he's an enemy to mankind. Mal. Do you know what you say? Sir To. You, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Fray god, he be not bewitched! Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mal. And it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I shall say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mal. 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 bawcock? how dost thou, cluck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan; Maria, thou fool collier! Mal. Get him to say his prayers;—Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Mal. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go bring yourselves all you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. [Exit.]

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an implicable figure.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mal. Nay, pursue him now; lest the device take air, and lose it, and so will the device.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mal. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and make him mad. My piece is already in the heat, but he is mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, presently to send him forth again: meanwhile we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, see, see.

Enter Sir Andrew Ague-Creek.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it; I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in it. [Reads.]—Jolly cock, bear and eag. Fab. Is't so saucy!

Sir And. Ay, is it, I warrant him; do but read. Sir To. Give me, [Reads.] Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art a hollow fellow. Fab. Good and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not many a morrow in thy mind, why do I call thee so, for I will show thee no reason forsooth.

Fab. A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. I come to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou best in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for. Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense-less.

Sir To. I will way-lay thee going home, where if I be thy chance to kill me,——

Fab. Good.

Sir To. Thou bittest me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: Good.

Sir To. Fare thee well: And God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon none; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest. [Reads.]—Andrew Ague-Creek.

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give him.

Mal. You may have very fit occasion for; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner; a cherry-pit, like a cherry-pit; so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft, that so, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [Exit.] Sir To. Now will I not deliver his letter: for the behavior of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between both lord, and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth; he will find it comes from a cholopel. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-Creek a notable report of valor; and drive the gentleman, (as, I know, this youth will aptly receive it,) into a most hideous opinion of his race, skill, turn, and impetuosity. This will so frighten them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter Olivia and Viola. Fab. Here he comes with your niece; give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid means for a child to be challenge.

[Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian and Maria.]

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone, and laid mine honor too uncharily out: There's something in me, that reproves my fault; but such a headstrong potent fault it is, That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same behavior that your passion bears.

Sir To. I will acquit you. [Exit.]

Oli. Well, come again to morrow: Fare thee well; A fiend, like thee, might bear my soul to hell.

[Exit.]
Scene IV. OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

I know not; but thy interceper, full of despight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end; dismount thy yoke, be yare in thy preparation: thy ascendant is quick, skilful, and deathly. 

Vio. You mistake, Sir: I am sure, no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man I know.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him wit, will, strength, skill, and wraft, to furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, double, unhawked, redcloath of high coat, and carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his imprisonment at this moment is not implaid by any body. You shall, therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked: for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is 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 see, Sir Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [Exit Sir Toby.]

Vio. I pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal abstinence; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by this form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valor. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will manage with your peace, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that was rather for my own private 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 vizard. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabard, and all, and he gives me the stroke in with such a mortal action, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet bit the ground they step on: They say he has been fencer to the Snag.

Sir And. Pox on 't, I'll not meddle with him.

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 dashed ere I had challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capulet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: Stand here, make a good show on't; this shall end without the peril of the souls. 

Sir And. Mariy, I'll ride your horse as I ride you. [Aside.

Re-enter Fabian and Viola.

I have his horse [To Fab.] to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him, the youth's prevision.

Fab. He is as horribly concotted 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. I think he is better he's so; he thought him of his quarell, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for

*Rapier.

*Ready.

Stoccatu, an Italian form in fencing.

thus the supputation of his vow: he protests, he will not hurt you.

Tob. Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack a man.

[Aside.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honor's sake, have one 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; tot.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath! [Draws.

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will; 
Dress, 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 forget, what are you? 
Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more Than you have heard him braze to you he will. 
Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. [Draws.

Enter Two Officers.

Fab. O good sir Toby, hold; here come the officers. 
Sir To. I'll be with you anon. [To Antonio. 

Vio. Pray, sir, put up your sword, if you please. 

Sir And. Marty, will I, sir, and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: He will bear you easily, and rens 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 make me, sir.

Off. No, sir, no jot; I know your favor well, Though now you have no sea-cap on your head. 

Take him away; he knows, I know him well. 

Ant. I must obey. This comes with seeking you, But there's no remedy; I shall answer it. 
What will you do? Now my necessity Makes me to ask you for my purse: it grieves me Much more for what I cannot do for you, Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed; But be of comfort. 

2 Off. Come, sir, away. 

Ant. I must entreat you of some of that money. 

Vio. What money's, sir? For the fair kindness you have show'd me here, And, part, being prompt'd by your present trouble, I'll lend you sometimes: my having is not much; I'll make division of my present with you: Hold, there is half my coat.

Ant. Will you deny me now? 

Is't possible that your deserts to you Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery, But that it make me so unsound a man, To improve myself: You stand amazed. 

Vio. I know of none; 

Nor know I you by voice, or any feature: 
I hate ingratitude more in a man, Than lynx, vainness, babbling, drunkenness, Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption Inhales our frail blood. 

Ant. O heavens themselves! 

2 Off. Come, sir, I pray you, go. 

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you 

Sir Toby. I snatched't one half out of the jaws of death; Reclaimed him with such sanctity of love, And to his image, which, methought, did promise Most venerable worth, did I devotion. 

What? What's that to us! The time goes by: 

Away. 

Ant. But, O, how vile an id felov this god!— 

Thou hast, Sebastian, done a good action here,— 

In nature there's no blemish, but the mind: 
None can be called deform'd, but the unkind: 
Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil. transparents, or deterred by the devil. 

1 Off. The man grows mad; away with him. 

Come, come, sir. 

Ant. Lead me on. [Exit Officers with Ant. 

Laws of duel.
SCENE I.—The Street before Olivia's House.

Enter Sebastian and Clown.

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow;
Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady. It think 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 pray thee, vent thy folly somewhere else;
Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great hubbub, the world, will prove a cockney.—I pray thee now, unmask thy straigness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady?

Seb. Shall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

Clo. I pray thee, foolish spear, depart from me;
There's money for thee; if thou tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment.

Seb. By my troth, thou hast an open hand;
These wise men that give fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby and Fabian.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's no room.

[Striking Sebastian.]

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there:
And here! [To Sir Andrew.] Sir Toby. Sir. Hold, sir, or I will throw thy dagger over the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your costs for two-pence.

[Exit Clown.]

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold. [To Sir Andrew.] Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well flushed; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou know?

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

[Draws.]

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an omece or two of this malapert blood from you.

[Draws.]

Enter Olivia.

Olb. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam!

Olb. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch, Fit for pyramids and those barbarous caves,
Where monsters ne'er were preach'd out of my sight.

Be not offended, dear Cesario;
Right happy days!—I pray thee, gentle friend,

[Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew and Fabian.]

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent.

**Rude fellow. Violence.**

Sir To. A very dishonest petty boy, and more a coward than one that have: this dishonest fellow appears in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slied, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not,—

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet.

[Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE II.—A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas, the master parson, do it quickly: I'll call Sir Toby the whilst.

[Exit Maria.]

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in it; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not fit enough to become the function well, nor learn 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.

Mar. Bonoe dies, sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a piece of king Gorboed, That, that is, to me, I am master parson, am master parson; for what is that, but that, and is, but is!

Sir To. To him, sir Topas.

Mar. What, how I say,—Peace in this prison! Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. (In an inner chamber.) Who calls there? Sir To. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the butler.

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas, good sir Topas, go to my lady.

Sir To. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this house? inpoxest thou nothing but the eyes of priests! Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was a man thus wronged: good sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with courtesy: Say st thou, that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, sir Topas.

Sir To. Why, it hath bay-windows transparent as bright cascades, and the clear stones towards the south, north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, sir Topas; I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness, but ignorance; in which thou art more pazzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

[Confederates.]
Act V. Scene I.

OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

Mat. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man this abused: I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras, concerning wild-fowl?

Mat. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkst thou of his opinion?

Mat. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: Remain thou still in darkness, and thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras: I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam.

Fare thee well.

Mat. Sir Topas, sir Topas,—

Sir To. My most exquisite sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightest have done this without thy beard and cap;—he was not so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber. [Exit Sir Topas and MARCH.

Clo. Hey Robin, Jolly Robin.

Tell me how thy lady does. [Singing.

Mat. Fool,—

Clo. My lady is unkink, perdy.

Mat. Fool.

Clo. Alas, why is she so?

Mat. Fool, I say;—

Clo. She loves another—Who calls, ha!

Mat. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for it.

Clo. Master Malvolio!

Mat. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you beside your five wits!—For thou didst never—there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my fools, as thou art.

Clo. But as well! then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mat. They have here propounded me; keep me in darkness, send messengers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here. Malvolio! Malvolio! thy weasen restore! endeavor thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain babble.

Mat. Sir Topas.—

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—

who, I, sir! not I, sir. God be' ye! you good sir Topas—Marry, amen—I will, sir, I will.

Mat. Fool, fool, fool, I say,—

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir! I am shent for speaking to you.

Mat. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper; I guess, I am as well in my wits, as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day—that you are, sir!

Mat. By this hand, I am: Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mat. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll be or believe a madman, till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mat. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I pray thee be gone.

Clo. I am gone, sir.

Mat. And now, sir,

I'll be with you again,

In a trice;

Like the old vices

Your need to sustain.

Who with dagger of faith,

In his rage and his wrath,

Cries, oh, ha! to the devil:

Like a mad lad,

Fare thee wels, adieu.

Adieu, good man drivell. [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 it and see it: And though 'tis wonder that enraps 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 his credit;

That he did range the town to seek me out.

His counsel now might do me golden service:

For though my soul did 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 distract mine eyes,

And wrangle with my reason, that permutes 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: ther's something in't,

That is deceivable. But here comes the lady.

Enter Olivia and a Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine; If you mean Now go with me, and with this holy man, Into the chantry by: there, before him, And underneath that conserved roof, I'll show thee the full assurance of my faith;

That my most jealous and too doubtful soul May live at peace; He shall conceal it, Unless you are willing it shall come to note;

What time we will our celebration keep According to my birth.—What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you; And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father;—And heaven so shine,

That they may fairly note this act of mine! [Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Street before Olivia's House.

Enter Clown and Fabian.

Fab. Now, as thou lov'st me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. That is, to give a dog, and, in recompense, desire my dog again.

* Regular conversation.

* Any other item as well as a Topaz.

* Sceult, reprimanded.

Enter Duke, Viola, and Attendants.

Duke. Well dost thou 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?

* A buffoon character in the old plays, and father of the modern Harlequin.

* Account.}

* Until,

[Exeunt.
Enter Antonio and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet when I saw it last, it was besmirch'd
As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war;
A bowling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught, and bulk unsparing;
With such scant hulls all grace might be
Make with the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tangle of loss,
Cry vainly and unheaven'd. What's the matter?

Ors. Nay, sir, this is that Antonio,
That took the Phenix, and her freight from Candy.
And this he is, that did the Tiger board,
When your young, nephew Titus lost his leg;
Here in the streets, desperate of shame, and state,
In private, blind'd we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side;
But he was, in a manner, put strange speech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Butl. Notable pirate! thou art-water-thief!
What doth this boldness bring thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so clear,
Hast made thine enemies?

Ors. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these manners given me;
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate;
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witcherath drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there, by your side.
From the rude seas a 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 brave,
Drew to defeat him, when he was best;
Where being apprehend, his false cunning,
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger,)
Taint not to face me out of his acquaintance,
And drew a twenty-years-removed thing,
While one would wink; dened 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.

(Duke. This comes the countess; now heaven walks on earth.)

Vio. But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness!
Three months this youth hath tend to my pen; But more of that anon.—Take him aside.

Ors. What would my lord, but that he may not
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam! Dull.

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Ors. What do you say, Cesario?—Good my lord.—

Vio. If the lord would speak, my duty hushes me.
Ors. He'll be aught to the old tune of my lord, It is as fat and lusome to mane ear,
As bowling after music.

Vio. Still more cruel.

Ors. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What! to perverseness! you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious favors
My soul the infulent odors hath breed't out,
That ever devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Ors. Even what it please my lord, that shall be come him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do,
Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,
Kill what I love; a savage jealousy,
That sometime savors nobly!—but hear me this: Since your ent'rance our endurance cast in mud,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screeches me from my true place in your favor,
As much as any ruffled garrulous tyrant,
But this, your munition, whom, I know you love,
And whom, by heaven, I swear, I tender dearly,
Wilt I bear out of that cruel eye,
Where the false crowns in his monarch's spite—
Come boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischeif;
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

[Going.]

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

[Following.]

Ors. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love,
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More by all means, than ever I shall love wife;
If I do behould, you witnesses above,
Punish my life, for tainting of my love!

Ors. Ah me, detested! how and I beguiled?

Vio. You shall beguile you! who does you wrong?

Ors. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?

Call forth the holy father. [Exit an Attendant.

Duke. Coze away, my lord.

Ors. Whither, my lord?—Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband!

Ors. Ay, husband; Can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah.

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Ors. Alas, it is the basiness of thy fear,
That makes thee strange thy gross proceedings.
Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know at thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fearst.—O, welcome father! [Re-enter Attendant and Priest.

Duke. Father, I charge thee, by my reverend,
Here to unfold though lately we intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Reveals before 'ts ripe; what dost thou know
Hath newly past between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirmed by mutual bond of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthened by interchange of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd m'by my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave,
I have the field but two hours.

Duke. O thou assembling cull! what wilt thou be,
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That this own time's ripeness shall be time overthrown?
Farwell, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest—

Ors. O, do not swear;
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, with his head broken.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon; send one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke his head across, and has given sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too; for the love of God, give your help: I had rather than forty pound, I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario; we took him up for a coward, but he's the very devil incarnate.

[Enter Toby Belch, drunk, led by the Clown.]

Here comes sir Toby halting, you shall hear more: but had you not been the drunkard, would you tickled you othercases than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? How is't with you? Sir To. That's all one; he has hurt me, and then the end on—to, did'st see Dick surgeon, so?

Clo. O he's drunk, sir Toby, an hour ago; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and he had a passy-measure, or a pavin; I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him: Who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

Sir To. Will you help an ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knife? a thing that I have done, a cut?

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[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 that I do perceive it hath offended you; Pardon me, sweet one, even for those vows We've done each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons.

A natural perspective, that is, and not.

Seb. Antonio, my dear Antonio! How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me, since I have lost thee?

Ant. Sebastian not thee?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio? Any how you have made division of yourself?—An apple, eaten in two, is not more twin

Than these two creatures, Which is Sebastian? Oli. Most wonderful! Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother; Nor can there be that deity in my nature, Oli. Tell me, where I, where I, I, where I, I, I, I have a sister, Whom the blind waves and surges have devourd:—Of charity, what kin are you to me? [To VIOLA. What countryman? what name? what parentage? To MESSALINE: Sebastian was my father; Such a Sebastian was my brother too, So went he suited to his watery tomb: If spirits can assume both form and suit, You come to fright us.

Seb. I am a spirit; I am indeed, But aim in that dimension grossly chad, Which from the womb I did partake.

Were you a woman, as the rest goes even, I should my tears let fall upon your cheek, And say—Three welcome, drowned Viola! Viola. Mother had a maid upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth

Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul! He finished indeed, his mortal act.

That day that made my sister thirteen years, Toby. If nothing lets to make us happy both, But this my masculine usurp'd attire, Do not eminc it, till each circumstance Of place, time, fortune, do conforme, and jump, That I am Viola: which to confirm, I'll bring you to a captain in this town, Where he lie in opulent weeds; by whose gentle garb 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. So comes it, lady; you have been mistook: [To OLIVIA.]

But nature to her bias drew in that way That you would have been allotted to a maid; Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived. 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: Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times, [To VIOLA. Than never shouldst love woman like to me. Toby. And all those sayings will I over-swear; And all those swearings keep as true in soul, As doth that orb continent, the lune, Then sever day from night.]

Duke. Give me thy hand; And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds. Toby. The captain, that did bring me first on shore, Hath my best garments: he, upon some action, Is now in discernance; at Malvolio's suit, A gentleman, and follower of my lady's. Oli. He shall enl Lture him;— Fetch Malvolio hitter.

And yet, alas, now I remember. They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter Clown, with a Letter.

A most extracting frenzy of my blood From my remembrance clearly banish'd his. How does he, sirrah? Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belclzebuth at the stage'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 you to-day morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much, when they are delivered.

Oli. Open it, and read it.

Clo. Look them to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman. — By the Lord, madam,— Oli. How now, art thine eyes? and? Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow rag.

Oli. Fry thee, read i' thy right wits. Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess and give ear. Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [To FABIAN. Fab. [Reads.] By the lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your 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 shall have more to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I have your duty a little unthink'd of, and speak out of my injury. The mostly used.

Malvolio. Oli. Bid he write this? Clo. Ay, madam. Duke. This savors not much of discretion. Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither. [Exit FABIAN. My lord, so please you, these things further thought on. To think me as well a sister as a wife, One day shall crown the alliance on, so please you, Here at my house, and at my proper cost. Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your grace's grace. Your master quits you; [To VIOLA] and, for your service done him, So much against the mettle* of your sex, * Voice. * Attend. * Frame and constitution.
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call’d me master for so long,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master’s mistress.

Oil. A sister! — you are she.

Re-enter Fabian with Malvolio.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oil. Ay, my lord, the same:

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oil. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have.

Pray you peruse that letter.

You must not now deny it is your hand,
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase;
Or say, 'Is not your seal, nor your invention:
You can say none of this: Well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honor,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favor;
Bade me come smiling, and cross-gartered to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon sir Toby, and the lighter people:
And, setting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer’d me to be imprison’d,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious gags, and gull,
That e’er invention play’d on? tell me why.

Oil. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though I confess much like the character:
But out of question, ’tis Maria’s hand.

And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me, thou wast mad; then came in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presuppos’d
Upon thee in the letter. Fythyce, be content;
This practice hath most shrewdly pass’d upon thee;
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder’d at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourtly parts
We had conceived against him: Maria writ
The letter, at sir Toby’s great importance;
In recompense whereof, he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow’d,
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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.
LUCCO, a Fantastic.
Two other like Gentlemen.
VARBUTIS, a Gentleman, Servant to the Duke.
PRUDENT.
THOMAS, } Two Friars.
PETER, }
A JUSTICE.
ELBOW, a simple Constable.

FROTH, a foolish gentleman.
CLOWN, Servant to Mrs. Overdone.
ARRHOBSON, an Executioner.
BARNARDINO, a absolute Prisoner.
ISABELLA, Sister to Claudio.
MARINA, betrothed to Angelo.
JULIET, beloved by Claudius.
FRANCISCA, a Nun.
MISTRESS OVERDONE, a maid.

Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE.—Vienna.

ACT I.


Enter Duke, Escalus, and Lords.

Duke. Escalus,—

Esc. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me t' affect speech and discourse,
Since I am put to know, that your own science
Exceeds in that the lists of all advice
My strength can give you: Then no more reminds
But that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, y' are as pregnant in
An art and practice hath curried any
That we remember: There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp. Call
I say, bid come before us, Angelo.—
What figure of us think you he will bear!
For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply;
Let him our terror, drest him with our love,
And given his depositions all the organs
Of our own power: What think you of it?
Esc. If any in Vienna be of worth
to undergo such ample grace and honor,
It is lord Angelo.

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Look, where he comes.

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:—Thy self, and thy belongings,
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.
Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, were all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues: nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thirsty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use: but I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise;
Hold, therefore, Angelo:
In our remove, be thou at full ourself;
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart: Old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary,
Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evasion;
We have with a leaven'd and prepar'd choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honors.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That if it prefers itself, and leaves inquisition'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall impurt'ne,
How it goes with us, and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
To th' hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honor, have to do
With any scruple: your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good:—Give me your hand:
I'll privily whiddle; I love the people,
But do not like to stare me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and open veneration;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes.
ECC. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness.
Bass. I thank you.—Pace you well.

Bass. Nay, sir, to give me leave to
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A power I have, but of what strength and nature,
I am not yet instructed.

Aug. 'Tis so with me—Let us withdraw to-gether.
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

ECC. I'll wait upon your honor. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter Lucio, and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come
to 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 the
king of Hungary's!

2 Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious
pirate, that went to sea with the ten commandments,
but scraped one out of the table.

2 Gent. Thou shalt not steal!

Lucio. Ay, that he raved.

2 Gent. Why? twas a commandment to com-
mand the captain and all the rest from their func-
tions; they put forth to steal: there's not a soldier
of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth
not agree well the that prays for peace.

2 Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for, I think, thou never
wast where grace was said.

2 Gent. No! I do count on times at least.

1 Gent. What! in metre?

Lucio. In my proportion; or in any language.

1 Gent. I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Why not! Grace is grace, despite of
all controversy; as, for example, thou thyself art a
wicked villain, despite of all grace.

2 Gent. Well, there went but a pair of sheers
between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists
and the velvet: thou art the list.

1 Gent. And thou the velvet: thou art good vel-
et: thou art a three-plit piece, I warrant thee: I
had as lief be a list of an English kersy, as he
plit, as thou art plit, for a French velvet.

2 Gent. I speak the French, thou know.

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,
while I live, I begin to drink after thine.

1 Gent. I think I have done myself wrong; have
I not?

2 Gent. Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art
taught or not.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation
comes! I have purchased as many diseases under
her roof, as comest in an election.

2 Gent. To what, I pray?

1 Gent. 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 crot; I am sound.

2 Gent. Nay, I wot not on what would say, healthy,
but so sound, as things that are hollow: thy bones are
hollow; impertinence has made a feast of thee.

Enter Bawd.

1 Gent. How now! Which of your hips has the
most profound scatia?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder, arrested,
and carried to prison, was worth five thousand
of you all.

1 Gent. Who's that, I pray thee?

Bawd. Marry sir, that's Claudio, Senior Claudio.

1 Gent. Claudio to prison! 'Tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know 'ts so: I saw him ar-
rested; saw him carried away; and, which is more,
within these three days his head's to be chopped off.

1 Messer.

2 Gent. That's on the loss of hair by the French disease.

1 Coro. Veneria.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not
have it so; art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I will send a messenger off, and it is for getting
Madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to
meet me two hours since; and he was ever precise in
providing time.

2 Gent. Besides, you know, it draws something
near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 Gent. But most of all, agreeing with the pro-
clamation.

Lucio. Away; let's go learn the truth of it.

[Exeunt Lucio and Gentlemen.]

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the
sweat; what with the yalloes, and what with pov-
erty, I am custom-shrunk. How now! what's the
news with you?

Enter Clown.

Clown. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Bawd. Well; what has he done?

Clown. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clown. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What, is there a maud with child by him?

Clown. Come, but there's a woman with child by
him: you have not heard of the proclamation, have
you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clown. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna
must be shut down.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the
city?

Clown. They shall stand for seed: they had gone
down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But, shall all our houses of resort in the
suburbs be pulled down?

Clown. O, the ground, mistress.

Bawd. Why, here's a chance indeed in the
commonwealth: what shall become of me?

Clown. Come, fair not you; good counsellors
lack no clients. Though you change your place,
you need not change your trade; I'll be your tap-
ster still. Courage; there will be pity taken on you:
you that have worn your eyes almost out in the
service, you will be considered.

Bawd. What's to do here! Thomas Tapster,
let's withdraw.

Clown. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the
provost to prison: and there's madam Julietta.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The same.

Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet, and Officers.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus
to the world. Bear me to prison, where I am
committed.

Pror. Do it not in evil disposition,
But from lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight—
The words of heaven; on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes
this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, lib-
erty!

As surfeit is the father of much fast,

So every scope by the improper use

Turns to restraint: our natures do pursue

(Like rats that ravin down their proper hole)

A thing too evii, and when we drink, we lose.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest,
I would send for certain of my creditors; And yet,
I would say the truth, I had as lief have the liberty
of freedom, as the mockery of imprisonment.—What's
thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What, but to speak of would offend us.

Lucio. What, is it? murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Leechery!

Claud. Call it so.

Pror. Away, sir; you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend:—Lucio, a word
with you. 

[Takes him aside.]

*The swirling sickness.
Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.

Islethery so look'd after!

Claud. This stands it with me:—Upon a true contract

I got possession of Julietta's bed;

You know the lady; she is fast my wife,

So you and that do we the devil damn us all.

Of outward order: this we came not to,

Only for propigation of a dower

Remaining in the coiler of her friends;

For the time when we theathe do see our love,

Till time had made them for us. But it chances,

The stealth of our most unmeet intercourse,

With character too gross, is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps!

Claud. Unhappily, even so.

And the new deputy now for the duke,—

Whether it be the hunt and glimpse of newness;

Or whether that the body public be

A horse whereon the governor doth ride,

Who newly in the seat, that it may know

He can command, let's it straightly ice, the spur;

Whether the tyranny be in his place,

Or in his eminence that fills it up,

I stagger in:—But this new governor

Awakes me all the unrolled penalties,

Which have like massacred armor, hung by the wall

So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,

And none of them been worn; and for a name,

Now puts the drowsy and neglected act

Freshly on me:—'tis, sorely, for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it; and the head stands so

Tickle on thy shoulders, that an athlete, if she be

in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke, and

appeal to him.

Lucio. I have done so, but he's not to be found.

I pray thee, Lucio, do me this kind service:

This day my sister should the cluster enter,

And there receive her approbation;

Acquaint her with the danger of my state;

Implore her in my voice, that may make friends

To the stricr deputy: but herself assay him;

I have great hope in that: for in her youth

There is a prone and speechless dialtoss,

Sells moves men: bessee, she hath prospectors art

When she will play with reason and discourse,

And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray, she may: as well for the encourage-

ment of the like, which else would stand under

gnarous imposition; as for the enjoying of thy life,

who I would be sorry should be thus loathly lost

at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours.—

Claud. Come, officer, away.

SCENE IV.—A Monastery.

Enter Duke and Friar Thomas.

Duke. Not, holy father; throw away that thought;

Believe not that the dribbling dart of love

Can pierce a complete bosom: why I desire thee

To give me secret harb, hath a purpose

More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends

Of burning youth.

Fri. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you

How I have ever loved the life removed;

And in my idle price to haunt a somberies,

Where youth and cost, and wistless bravery keeps,

I have deliver'd to lord Angelo

(A man of stricture and firm abstinence)

My absolute power and place in Vienna,

And he supposes me travel'd to Poland;

For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,

And so it is receiv'd: Now, ponders sir,

You will demand of me why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes, and most biting laws,

(The needful bits and curbs for headstrong steeds,)

Which for these fourteen years we have let sleep;

Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cage,

That does not out to prey: Now, as fond fathers

Having bound up the thorny wings of birds,

Only to stick it in their children's sight,

For terror, not to use; in time the rod

Becomes more mock'd than fear'd: so our decrees,

Dead to inflection, to themselves are dead;

And liberty pleads justice by the nose;

The baby beats the horse, and quite aethwan

Go'st all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your grace

To unboast this tied-up justice when you pleas'd;

And it is you more dreadfull would have seem'd,

Than in lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:

Sith, twas my fault, to press the pestilence.

Touched my tyranny to strike, and guilt them

For what I let them do: For we but thus be done,

When evil deeds have their permissive pass,

And not th'ir punishment. Therefore, indeed, my

father.

I have on Angelo imposed the office;

Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,

And yet my nature never in the sight,

To do it slander: And to behold his away,

I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,

Visit both prince and people: therefore, I pray thee,

Supply me with the habit, and instruct me

How I may formally in person bear me

Like a true friar. More reasons for this action,

At our more leisure shall I render you;

Only this one:—Lucio is lord Angelo;

Stands at a guard with envy: scarce connoiss

That his blood flows, or that his appetite

Is more to bread than stone: Hence shall we see,

If power change purpose, what our scenarios be.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—A Nursery.

Enter Isabella and Francisca.

Isab. And have you nuns no further privileges!

Friar. Are not these large enough?

Isab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more;

But rather wishing a more strict restraint

Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of saint Clare.

Lucio. Ho! Peace be in this place!—Within

Isab. Who's that which calls?

Friar. It is a monk's voice:—gente Isabella.

Turn you the key, and know his business of him;

You may, I may not; you are yet unswoon;

When you have vowed, you must not speak with

me.

But in the presence of the priestess:

Then, if you speak, you must not show your face;

Or if you show your face, you must not speak.

He calls again; I pray you answer him.

[Exit FRANCISCA.

Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be; as those cheek-roses

Proclaim you are no less! Can you so steady me,

As bring me to the sight of Isabella,

A novice of this place, and the fair sister

To her unhappy brother Claudia?

Isab. Why her unhappy brother! let me ask;

The rather, for I now must make you know

I am that Isabella, and her sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you,

Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isab. Woe me! For what?

Lucio. For that which if myself might be his

judge.

He should have been punished in thanks:

He had got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your story.

Lucio. Sir, take it true.

I would not—though 'tis my familiar sin,

With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,

Tongue far from heart,—play with all virgins so,

Hold you as a thing ensky'd, and saints;

By your desire demand an immoral spirit;

And to be talked with in sincerity,

As with a saint.

Isab. You do blushing the good in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Foweness and truth,

'tis thus: Your brother and his lover have embraced;

As those that feel grow full; as blossoming time,

That from the swaddles the bare fllow brings

* Do not make a jest of me.

[In few and true words.

* In few and true words.

* In few and true words.
To the gentle audience, even to her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tithe, and industrious
Lucio. Some one with child by him! — My cousin
Jest! Lucio. Issue your cousin! Lab. Adoptedly: as school-maids change their names,
By vane though apt affection.
Lucio. She is it.
Lab. 0, let him marry her!
Lucio. This is the point.
The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Here many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand, and hope of action; but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His blood is current proof of an infinite distance.
From true-meaning design. Upon his place,
And with full livery 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 leave, for long, run by the hideous law,
As mice by holes! hath pick'd out an act,
Under whose heavy yoke doth break your life
Falls inferor! he arrests him on it;
And follows close the rigor of the statute,
To make him an example: all hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To solen Angles. And that's my path
Of business twist you and your poor brother.
Lab. Both he so seek's his life!
Lucio. Has censor'd him
Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.
Lab. Alas! what poor ability's in me
To do him good?
Lucio. Assay the power you have.
Lab. My power! Alas! I doubt,—
Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win;
By fearing to attempt, to lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.
Lab. I'll see what I can do.
Lucio. But speedily.
Lab. I will about it straight:
No longer staying but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Command me to my brother: soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.
Lucio. I take my leave of you.
Lab. Good sir, adieu.
[Exeunt.]
as he spit in his face, so she defied him.

Clo. Sir, if he please your honor, this is not so.

[Exit it before, these varlets here; thou honorable man, prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces?

Clo. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing

(saving your honors reverence) for stew'd prunes; sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood as it were, in a front-dish with six and some three-pence: your honors have seen such dishes; they are not china dishes, but very good dishes.

Escal. Go to, go to! no matter for the dish, sir.

Clo. Go to, indeed, sir, not a pin of you; there are some in the right; but, to the point: as I say, this mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great belly'd, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; — for, as you know, master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Clo. Very well: you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes.

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Clo. Why, very well; I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clo. Why, very well then.

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose.— What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Clo. Sir, your honor cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Clo. Sir, but you shall come to it by your honor's leave: you can, you, look into master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pounds a year; whose father died at Hallowmas: — Was't not at Hallowmas, master Froth?

Froth. All-hollow'd, etc.

Clo. Why, very well: I hope here be truths: be, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower'd chair, sir: —twas in the Bunch of Grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit: have you not?

Froth. I have so: because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clo. Why, very well then: — I hope here be truths.

Aug. 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 their cause; How Froth will find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less: good marrow to your lordship. [Exit Augio.

Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more.

Clo. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Clo. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife?

Clo. I beseech your honor, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir: what did this gentleman to her?

Clo. Sir, look in this gentleman's face: — Good master Froth, look upon his honor; 'tis for a good purpose: doth your honor mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clo. Dost your honor see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clo. I'll be supposed: upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him: good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master Froth do the housewife any harm? I would know that of your honor.

Escal. He's in the right: constable, what say you to it?

Clo. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Clo. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Clo. It be not worse; thou honest, wicked varlet: the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Clo. Mistress Elbow was respected with him before he married her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? justice or iniquity?

Clo. This true.

Escal. Is this true?

Clo. Troth, I'll swear it! 0 thou varlet! 0 thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was married to her! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the worse of it: — I prove this to his, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' the ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Clo. No, no, Troth, when I take your worship's good warrant for it: what's your worship's pleasure I should do with this wicked caitiff?

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 know'st what they are.

Clo. Marry, I thank your worship for it: — 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, and I please you, sir.

Escal. So—What trade are you at, sir?

[To the Clown.


Escal. Your mistress's name?


Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clo. Nine: sirs, over-done by the last.

Escal. Nine: — Come hither to me, master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters: they will draw you, master Froth, and you will hang them: get you gone, and let me bear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship: for mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well; no more of it, master Froth: farewell. [Exit Eelr.] — Come hither to me master tapster: what's your name, master tapster?

Clo. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Clo. Bum, sir.

Escal. Troth, and your hum is the greatest thing that has been spoken in this place. But the beastliness that is Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd. Pompey, howsoever you color 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; how do you intend to live? You are in Vienna.

Clo. Does your worship mean to geld and spill all the youth in the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Clo. Then, sir, in my poor opinion, they will do to then: if your worship will take orders for those drabs and the knives, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Clo. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten years together, you'll never live to give out, for more heads yet. If this law hold in Vienna ten years, I'll rent the fairest house in it, after three-pence a day: if you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

Escal. You think your worship good Pompey: and, in re- quital of your prophecy, bark you. — I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any con-

4 Constable or Clown. For cantinal.

5 Measure.
Ang. Stay a little while,—[To Isab.] You are welcome. What's your will? Isab. I am a woful enquirer to your honor: Please but your honor hear me.

Ang. Well! what's your suit? Isab. There is a vice that most I abhor, and most desire should meet the blow of justice; for which I would not plead, but that I must; For which I must not plead, but that I am at war, twixt will, and will.

Ang. Well; the matter? Isab. I have a brother is condemned to die. I do beseech you, let it be his, and not my brother.

Pros. Heaven give thee moving graces. Ang. Condemn the fault and not the actor of it! Why, every fault's condemned, cret it be done: More were the better refuge of a wrong, To find the faults, whose fine stands in record, And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just, but severe law! I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honor.

Retire. Lucio. [To Is. e. n.] Give it not o'er so: to him again, interreat him.

Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown; You are too cold; if you should need a pen You could not write more tame a tongue desire it: You him, his, must needs die! Isab. Must he need die! Lucio. Maid, no remedy.

Isab. Test: Do I think that you might pardon him, And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy. Ang. I will not do. Isab. But you can, if you would! Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do. Isab. But might you do it, and do the world no wrong?

If so, your heart were touch'd with that remorse As mine is to him. Ang. He's sentenced: 'tis too late. Lucio. You are too cold.

Isab. Too late! why, as I, that do speak a word, May call it back again? I will believe this, No ceremony that to great ones 'longs. Not the king's crown, nor the deed sword, The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe, Become them with one half so good a grace, As mercy does. If he had been as you, And you as he, you would have slipt like him; But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, begone.

Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency, and you were Isabella! should it then be thus? No; I would tell what I were to be a judge, And what a prisoner.

Lucio. Ay, touch him: there's the vein. [Aside.] Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law, And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas! alas! Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once: And he that might the vantage best have took, Found out the remedy: How would he be, If He, which is the top of judgment, should But judge you as you are? 0, think on that; And mercy then will breathe within your lips, Like man new made. 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 done with him:—he must die to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow! O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him.

Pros. He's not prepar'd for death! Even for our kitchens We kill the fowl of season; shall we serve heaven With less respect than we do minister To our gross selves! Good, good my lord, bethink you: Who is it that hath died for this offence? There's many have committed it.

Pros. Ay, well said. Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept: Those many had not dur'd to do that evil, If the first man that dur'd did the edict infringe, Had answer'd for his deed: now, 'tis awake; Takes note of what is done: and, like a prophet, Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils (Either now, or by remissness now-conceived,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born)
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, where they live, to end.

Let show some pity,
I show it most of all, when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a disputed office would affect;
And do him right, that answering one foul wrong,
Lives best to act another that is said.
Your brother dies to-morrow: be content.
Isab. so you must be the first that gives this sentence;
And he, those others: O, it is excellent
To have a great'st strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.
Lucio. That's well said.
Isab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would never be quiet,
For every pedling, petty officer,
Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing but thunder—
Merciful heaven!
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Split in the unmerciful and knarled oak,
Than the soft, mildy:
—O, but, man, proud man!
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
Hast not a name—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven.
As make the angels weep: who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves burn mock martial.
Lucio, O, to him, to himself: he will relent;
He's coming, I perceive it.

Prox. Pray heaven, she win him!
Isab. We cannot weep our brother with ourselves:
Great men may jest with such a subtle: its wit in them;
But, in the less, foul profanation.
Lucio. Thou'rt in the right, girl: more o' that,
Isab. That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is that base blasphemy.
Lucio. Art advis'd o' that! more o' that.
Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?
Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Has a kind of medicinence in itself,
That skinns the vice o' the top: Go to your bosom;
Knock there: and ask your heart, what it doth know,
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. She speaks, and tis
Such sense, that my sense breaxs with it. — Fare
you well.
Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.
Ang. I will bethim: me: — Come again to-morrow.
Isab. Hark, how I'll briege you: Good my lord, turn back.
Ang. How, briege me!
Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that heaven shall share
with you.
Lucio. You had mar'd all else.
Isab. Not with loud speeches or the testold gold
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor,
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there.
From impure: prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maid's, whose maid's are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well; come to me.

To-morrow.
Lucio. Go to: it is well; away. | Aside to Isab.
Isab. Heaven keep your honorable soul!
Ang. Amen for you.

Aside.

Where prayers cross.
Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time, forenoon.

Isab. Save your honor!

[Exeunt Lucio, Isabella, and Proxest.
Ang. From thee: even from thy virtue:
What's this? what's this? Is this her fault or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most! ha!
Not she: nor doth she tempt: But it is I,
That lying by the violet, in the sun,
Do, as the carnion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season: Can it be,
  • Patry.  • Knotted.  • Stamped.
  • Preserved from the corruption of the world.

That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness! Having waste ground enough.

Shall we to desire to raise the sanctuary,
And parents, evin: \(\text{I}'s\) Eve, Eve, Eve!\)
What doth thou \(\text{I}'\) or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her fairely, for those things
That make her good? \(\text{I}'\), let her brother live:
Cheekless for their nobility to have satisfied.
When judges steel themselves. What! do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again.
And least upon her eyes! What is it! dream on!\(\text{O}\) common enemy, that to catch a saint.
With samis dusts but thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth lead us on
To sin in loving virtue; never could the strumpet
With all the doubt with art, and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subtles me quite; — Ever, till now,
When men were fond, I should, and wonder'd how.

SCENE III. — A Room in a Prison.

Enter Duke, habiting like a Friar, and Provost.
Duke. Hail to you, provost: so think I you are.
Prox. In the provost: What's your will, good friar?
Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bless'd order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: do you the common right
To let me see them; and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.
Prox. I would do more than that, if it were needful.

Enter Juliet.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who, falling, in the flames of her own youth,
Hath bluster'd her report: she is with child;
And he that get it sentenced: a young man
More fit to put another such offence,
Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?
Prox. As I do think, to-morrow. —
I have provided for you: stay awhile. | To Juliet.
And you shall be conducted.
Duke. Repent you fair, one of the sin you carry! Juliet. I do: and bear the shame most patiently.
Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on. | Juliet.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.
Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?
Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.
Duke. So then, it seems, your most officious act
Was mutually committed. —
Mutually.
Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.
Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.
Duke. To seek so, daughter: But lest you do repent,
As that the sin brought you to this shame,—
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not ours.
Showing, we'd not spare heaven, as we love it,
But as we stand in fear.
Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil;
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.—
Grace go with you! Benvenuto! | Exit.
Juliet. Must die to-morrow! O, injurious love,
That repines me a lieu, whose very comfort

SCENE IV. — A Room in Angelo's House.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray.
To several subjects: heaven hath my empty words:
Whist my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isbel: Heaven in my mouth, .—
As if I did but only know his name;
And in my heart, the strong and swarming evil
Of my conception: The state, wherein I studied,
Is like a good thing: being often read,
Grown wearied and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein let no man bear me; I take pride,
Could I, with boot, change on an idle plumage,
Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form!
How often dost thou, in thy exact habit,
With all the awe from fools, and the wiser souls
To thy false seeming? Blood, thou still art blood!
Let's write good angels 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. [Exeunt Serv.

How now, fair maid? 
Isab. And come to know your pleasure.
Ang. That you might know it, would much better please me,
Than to demand what 'is. Your brother cannot live.
Isab. Even so!—Heaven keep your honor! 
[Retiring.

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and it may be
As long as you or I: Yet he must die.
Isab. I order your sentence!
Ang. Yes.
Isab. Whence? I beseech you! that in his reproof,
Lesser, or shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his soul sicken not.
Ang. Ha! lye, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweeteness, that do coin heaven's image,
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis as easy
For man to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in restrained means,
To make a false one.
Isab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth,
As long as we are soft as our people shall 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 meekness,
And slave that he hath staid upon.
Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.
Ang. I talk not of your soul; our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than acquaint.
Isab. How say you?
Ang. Nay I'll warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:—
1. Now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin,
That this brother's life? 

Isab. Please you to do 't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Please you to do 't at peril of your soul,
We are equal poise of sin and charity.
Isab. That I do be his life, if it be sin,
Isab. I grant it to be much made to 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.

Nay, but hear me:
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are igno-
 rant, or seem so, craftily; and that's not good.
Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But gracioulsy to know I am no better.
Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself: as these black marks
Proclaim an enthusiasm beauty ten times lovelier
Than beauty which could decay—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 person is with the pose, or even 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 supposed, or else let him suffer;
What would you do?
Isab. As much for my poor brother as myself;
That is, were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whirls I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing I have been sick for; ere I'd yield
My body to shame.
Isab. Then must your brother die. 
Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were, a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.
Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have shiver'd so?
Isab. Imony in ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two honours: lawful mercy is
Nothing akin to soul redemption.
Ang. You seem'd of hate to make the law a ty-
rant;
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A memento than a vice.
Isab. I pardon me, my lord: it oft falls out,
To have what we'd have, we speak not what we mean:
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.
Isab. Else let my brother die,
It is not a fodder, but only be,
Owes and succeed by weakness.
Ang. Nay, women are frail too.
Ang. Ay, as the glasses where they view them.

Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women!—Help heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;
We are so dear as our people shall you quickly,
And erudite to false prints.

Ang. I think it well;
And from this testimony of your own, your
(Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames,) let me be bold;
I do arrest your words; be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;
If you be one, (as you are well express'd)
By all external warrants) show it now,
By putting on the destined livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you, speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly coveyce, I love you.
Isab. My brother did love Juliet; and you tell me
That he had die for her.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.
Isab. I know your virtue hath a licence in 't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pick on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honor,
My words express my purpose.

Isab. Little hear me, it is much believed,
And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming, seeming,
I will proclaim thee, Angelo: look for it:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or, with an outstretched threat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsal'd name, the wretchedness of my life,
My soul against you, and my place if the state,
Will so your accusation outweigh.
That you shall stile in your own report,
* Covered. * Associate. * Own. * Impressions.
Act III. Scene I. — A Room in the Prison.

Enter Duke, Claudio, and Provost.

Duke: So, then you hope of pardon from lord Angelo?

Claudio: The miserable have no other medicine, but only hope: I have hope to live, and am prepared to die.

Duke: Be absolute for death: either death, or life, shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:—If it do lose thee, I do lose a thing that none but fools would keep: a breath thou art; (Serve to all the skies influences.) That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st, hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's foot; For he that knows not, by thy right hand, and yet runn'st toward him still: Thou art not noble; For all the accompaniments that thou bear'st, Are nurs'd by baseness: Thou art by no means valiant:

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork Of a poor worm: Thy best of rest is sleep, And that thou oilt provok'st; Yet grossly fear'st Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself: For thou exist'st on many thousands graces That issue out of dust: Happy thou art not; For what thou hast not, still thou strive'st to get; And when thou hast that, nor art certain; For thy complexion shin'd to strange effects; After the moon: If thou art rich, thou art poor; For thou canst ask, whose back is to the sun. Thou hast 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 loves, Do curse the gout, scurvy, and the rheum. For ending thee so sooner: Thou hast not 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 beauty, To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in thy, That bears the name of life! Yet in this life Lac hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear. That makes these odds all even.

Claudio: I humbly thank you.

To sue to live, I find, I seek to die; And seeking death, find life: Let it come on.

Enter Isabella.

Isabella: What, ha! Peace here; grace and good company! Pray, who's there? come in: the wish desires a welcome. Duke: Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again. 

Claudio: Most holy sir, I thank you.

Isabella: My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Provo: And very welcome. Look, signior, here's your sister.

Duke: Provost, a word with you.

Provo: As many as you please.

Duke: Bring them to speak, where I may be concealed.

* Reluctant. 9 Afflicts, affections. 10 Leperous eruptions.

Yet hear them.

Enter Duke and Provost.

Claudio: Now, sister, what's the comfort? Isabella: Why, as all comfort are; most good indeed: Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven, Detains you for his swift ambassador to their will; Hoinking both right and wrong to the apprize, To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother; Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood, Yet hath he not to murder, nor to die. That had he twenty heads to tender down On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up, Before his sister should her body stoop To such abhor'd pollution. But, then Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die: More than our brother is our chastity. I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request, And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [Exit.
Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes.—Has he affected him, this that this can make him bite the law by the nose?

Isab. Why would you fear it? Sure it is no sin;

Of the dead body seven it is the least.

Claud. Which is the least?

Isab. Half was damnable, he, being so wise, Which would be here for the momentary trick
Be perjur'd find it—(O Isabel!)

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and we know not where;

To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot:

The sensible warm of motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delightful spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick ribbed ice;

To topple down in the seaward winds
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that hopeless and uncertain things
Imagin' how!—(Is it too horrible?)

The weakest and most boasted worldly life,

That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment,
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
That we fear of death.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live:

What sin you do to have a brother's death,
Nature dispenses with the deed so fair,

That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O, you beast!

O, dishonorable coward! O, dishonorable youth! Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?

Isab. Is not a kind of incest, to take life

From thine own sister's name? What should I think?

Heaven shield, my mother play'd my father fair!

For such a warped slip of wilderness
Never issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance:

Did he part with that bright beam but my bending bow?

Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:

I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death

No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O, fye, fye, fye!

Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade;

Mercy to thee would prove a bawd;

The best that thou dost nightly.

[Going

Claud. O hear me, Isabella.

Re-enter Duke.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you avably.

Duke. [To Claudio, aside.] Son, I have overheard what has passed between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he had made an essay of her virtue, to practice his judgment with the disposition of nature; she, hurring in the moment of her honor in him, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive: I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death:

Isab. الوزن, and you may not satisfy

Yourself the more with hopes that are fallible; because, now you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there! Farewell.

[Exit Claudio.

Re-enter Provost.

Provost, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. If now you are come you will be gone.

Leave me awhile with the maid; my mind promises with my habit, no less shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time.

[Exit Provost.

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good: the goodness that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodness: but grace, being the soul of your complexion, should keep the body of your countenance in a sort; and never let me be made to you, fortune hath convey'd to me your understanding; and, that that truth hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How would you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be made a saint. But O, how meanly thou dost, Duke; and I like the duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he returns, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or dispose of my government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss: Yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only.—Therefore, fasten thy heart on thy good lieutenant: to the lessens in doing good, a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe, that you may most unprincipally do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother, by thy arts; I have no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. I have no heart to speak further: I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. But you not hear speak of Mariana the sister of Frederick, the great soldier, who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady; and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her should this Angelo have married; was appurtenant to her by oath, and the mutual appointed: 'twixt the contract and the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of her sister. But mark, how heavily this befall'd the poor girl: thenceforward, there she lost all: she became an orphan, brother in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him, the portion and Hew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with him, her companion, her confidant, her all-whole. Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dry'd not one of them with his comfort; swallowed her grief, and whole,

Pretending in her discoveries of dishonor; in few, bestow'd her on her own lamentation, which she yet vears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, was wash'd with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death, to take this poor maiden from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—but how out of the world she came?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal:

And the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from disfavor in doing it.

Isab. That is a thing of good heart, my lord.

Duke. This face-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quench'd the flame of the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requirings with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point: only refer it 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 as well; secondly, that in this being gone, you can now follow. We shall advise this wronged maid to stand up in your appointment, go to your place; if the enquiring acknowledge itself heirless, it may compell her to his marriage, and dispose of the name. But, you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproach. What think you of it?

Isab. It gives me content already; and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up: I taste you something of the flavor of it: if for this shall be esteem'd to your bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke's; there, at the mounted grange, resides this deceased Mariana: At that

[Petrel. Overreached.

[Exit.
Scene II. Measure for Measure.

Enter Duke, as a friar; to him Elbow, Clown, and officers.

ELB. Nay, if there be no remedy of it, but that you will needs buy an ill-sold man and women like beasts, as we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

DUKE. Art, heavens! what stuff is here?

ELB. It has never merry world, since, of two usuries, the worst case was put down, and the worse allowed by order of law a tur'd gown to keep him warm; and tur'd with fox and lamb skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency stands for the lane.

ELB. Come your way, sir;—Bless you, good father.

DUKE. And you, good brother father: What offence hath this man made you, sir?

ELB. Martyr, sir, he hath offended the law; and, sir, we take him to be a thief too; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the deputy.

DUKE. Fye, sirrah; a bawd, a wicked bawd!

The evil that thou causest to be done,
Thy meaner means to live: do, thou wilt think
What 'tis to cram a mat, or clothe a bache,
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,—
From such an abominable and deadly touches
I think, I can array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go, mend, go, mend.

CLONE. Indeed it doth sink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove—

DUKE. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,
Then why should he prove it. Take him to prison officer; Correction and instruction must both work;

ERE this base will profit.

ELB. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him sureties that the deputy cannot abuse a bawd's master: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good a go a mile on his errand.

DUKE. That we were all, as some would seem to be,
Free from our faults, as faults from seeming free.

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? What, at the heels of Caesar! Art thou fell in triumph? What, is not some of your Pyramids in Robin Hood as heavy a woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracting it clutch! What reply! Ha! What say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method! Isn't dost drool 'tis the last run! Ha! What say'st thou, too! Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way! Is it sad, and few words! Or how! The trick of it!

Duke. Still this, and thus; still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress?

Procures she still? Ha!

PROCTOR. Truth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is half full in the tubs.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so; ever your fresh where, and your powder bad: an unseem'd consequence; it must be: art you going to prison, Pompey?

CLEO. Yes, father, sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss; Pompey: Farewell! Go, say I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? Or how!

ELB. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him: if imprisoned man is dead, why this his right bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey: commend me to the prison, Pompey: you will turn go! I husband now, Pompey, will keep the house.

CLEO. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not


the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bonds; if you lose it not gratuitously, why your mettle is the more: Adieu, trusty Pompey,—Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does any fret paint still, Pompey? Ha!

ELB. Censure your ways, sir; come.

CLEO. You will not had me, then, sir!

Lucio. Then, Pompey! nor now—What news abroad, friar! What news.

ELB. Come your way, sir;—come.

Lucio. Go,—to kennel, Pompey, co;

[Exeunt Elbow, Clown, and Officers.

What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none, sir; I tell you tell me of any!

Lucio. Some say, he is with the emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, I think you know.

Duke. I know not where: But whereverse, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal from the treasurers and spurge the legation he was never born to. Lord Aquila! if he do well, in his absence; he puts transgression to it.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A base mortification to lechery would do no harm in him: something, too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well all'd: but it is impossible to expurgate it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They that are not made by man and woman, after the downright way of creation; is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a sea-monstrous spawn'd him:

Some, that he was beat between two-stock-dishes; but it is certain, that when he makes water, his time is concluded, he is conceiv'd; that I know to be true: and he is a mortal ungenius, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir; and speak apart.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless things is this, for the rebellion of a concubine, to take away the life of a man? Would the duke, that is about, have done this! Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the murder a thousand; he had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected for women; he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who! not the duke? yes, your bazaar of ladies; and—how usual it is, to put a dish in her chamber: the duke had enticed him: He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You have him, sir.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his: a shy fellow was the duke: and I believe I now the cause of his withdrawal.

Duke. What, I pray thee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No,—paris/on:—tis a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips; but this I can let you understand,—The greater fire of the subject held the duke to be wise.

Dike. Wise! why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unwielding fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaken: the very stream of his life, and the business he hath most; must upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testi monial in his own, by his mediocrity, and by the shall appear to the curious, a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier: Therefore, you speak unskillfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your marvel.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with better love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

* Pottage.

* Goulash: The legates, two or three centuries ago, used to present their want by a wooden dish with a movable cover, which they clacked, to show that their vessel was empty.

* Guided.
Duke. I hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, (as our prayers are busy,) let me desire you to make your answer before him. If he be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it; I am bound to call upon you: and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio, well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to return a second time: this ungentlemanly action will unpeopie the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have in his ear beards darkly answer'd; he would never bring them to light: would he were return'd! Marry, this Chando is condemned for untruths. Farewell, good fear: I pray thee, go, and say to the duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's now past it; and, yet, I say to thee, he would mouth with a beecar, though she smell brown bread and garlic: say, that I said so. Farewell.

Duke. No may nor greatness in mortality Can censure scape; back-wounding calumny The whitest virtue strikes: What kin so strong, Can tie the sall in the slanderous tongue? But who comes here!

Enter Escalus, Provost, Bawd, and Officers.

Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your honor is accounted a meteal man: good my lord.

Duke. Double and treble admonition, and still forsworn in the same kind! This would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant.

Prov. A Bawd of eleven years continuance, may it please your honor.

Bawd. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me: mistress Kate Keep-down was with child, having in the duke's time, he promised her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old; come Phillip and I, and I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me.

Duke. Is a fellow of much license:—let him be calle before us.—Away with her to prison: Go to; no more words. [Exit Bawd and Officers.] Provost my brother Angelo will not be at home to die to-morrow; his house he furnishes with divers, and have all charitable proportion: if my brother wroght by my pity, it should not be with him. Provost, so please you, this friar hath been with him, and advis'd him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bless and good ness 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' the world?

Duke. All bad, but that there is so great a fever on goodness that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aed, in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertakings. There is scarce truth enough alive, to make societies secure; but security enough, to make fellowship accord: much upon this riddle runs the misfortune 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 of this. Duke. What pleasure was given to? Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which professed to make you rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous: and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice; yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discerned to him, and now is he resolved.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labor'd for the poor gentleman, to the extremest my strength, and to the length of my patience: 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; whereas, 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! [Exit Escalus and Provost.]

He, who the sword of heaven would 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 we watch. Shame to him, whose cruel striking Kills for faults of his own making! Twice treble shame on Angelo, To gain a wife and let his grow! O, what may man within him hide! Though angel on the outward side! How in my likeness, made in crimes, May these practice on his times. Draw with idle spiders strips Most past ras and substantial things! Craft against vice I must apply. With Angelo to-night shall lie His old betrothed, but despis'd; So desirous shall, by the desirous, Pay with falsehood false excusing. And perform an old contracting. [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Room in Mariana's House.

MARIANA discreetly calling; a Boy singing.

SONG.

Take on those lips away,
That so swiftly were won;
And those ears, the break of day,
Light's that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again:
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, seal'd in vain. [Exit Boy.

MARIANA. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away; Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice Hath often still'd my burning 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 my, and believe me so; My mirth it much displeased, but pleas'd my woe. Duke. 'Tis good: though music oft hath such a charm, To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you tell me, hath any body enquired for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promised here to meet. If you have not been inquired after: I have sat here all day.

**Enter Isabella.**

_Duke._ I do constantly believe you:—The time is come even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little: may be, I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself. 

_Mari._ I am always bound to you. [Exit.

_Duke._ Very well met, and welcome. 

What is the news from this good deputy? 

Enter, he hath a garden circumscribed with brick, whose western side is with a vineyard back'd; And to that vineyard is a plank'd gate, That makes his opening with this bigger key: This other doth command a little walk, Which from the vineyard to the garden leads; There have I made my promise to call on him, Upon the heavy middle of the night. 

_Duke._ But shall you on your knowledge find this way? 

_Isab._ Have I taken a due and wary note upon't; With whispering and most guilty diligence, In a motion all of precept, he did show me The way twice o'er. 

_Duke._ Are there no other tokens Between you and her, concerning her observance! 

_Isab._ No, none, but only a repair if the dark: And that I have possess'd him, my most stay Can be but brief: for I have made him know, I have a servant comes with the message; That stays upon me; whose persuasion is, I come about my brother. 

_Duke._ 'Tis well born up. 

_Isab._ I have not yet made known to Mariana A word of this:—What ho! within! come forth! 

**Re-enter Mariana.**

_Ipray you, be acquainted with this maid; She comes to do you good._ 

_Duke._ Do you persuade yourself that I respect you? 

_Mari._ Good friar, I know you do; and have found it. 

_Duke._ Take then this your companion by the hand, 

_Who hath a story ready for your ear: I shall attend your leisure; but make haste; 

The vaporous night approaches._ 

**Re-enter Mariana and Isabella.**

_Duke._ Place and greatness, millions of false eyes Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report Run with these false and most conspicuous guests: Upon thy dooms! thousand 'scapes of wit Make thee the father of their idle dream. And rack them in their fancies!—Welcome! How agreed? 

**Re-enter Mariana and Isabella.**

_Thy'shall take the enterprize upon her, father, If you advise it._ 

_Duke._ It is not my consent, 

But my intrey too. 

Little have you to say, When you depart from him, but soft and low, 

Remember now my brother._ 

_Mari._ Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all: He is your husband on a pre-contract; 

To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin; 

But that the justice of your title to him 

Both having 'silest,"'tis the death, come, let us go; 

Our corns to reap, for yet our titles to sow._

**Scene II.—A Room in the Prison.**

**Enter Provost and Clown.**

_Prov._ Come hither, sirrah: Can you eat off a man's head? 

_Clo._ If the man be a batchelor, sir, I can: but if 

i. Walet round. 

ii. Plank'd, wooden. 

iii. Inquisitions, inquiries. 

iv. God, or varnish over. 

v. Titch, hand prepared for sowing. 

he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head! 

_Prov._ Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow noon, to die Claudio and Bardolph: here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your vices;* if not you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unplied whipping; for you have been a notorious wad. 

_Clo._ Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow-prisoner. 

_Prov._ What ho, Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, there! 

**Enter Abhorson.**

_Abhor._ Do you call, sir? 

_Prov._ Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution: If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abate here with you if I will, use him for the present, and dismiss him: he cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd. 

_Abhor._ A bad, sir! Fye upon him, he will discredite our mystery. 

_Prov._ Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale._

_Clo._ Pray, sir, by your good favor, (for, surely, sir, a good favor you have, but that you have a hanging look,) do you call sir, your occupation a mystery. 

_Abhor._ Ay, sir; a mystery. 

_Clo._ Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine. 

_Abhor._ Sir, it is a mystery. 

_Clo._ Proof. 

_Abhor._ Every true man's apparel fits his thief: if it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits his thief. 

**Re-enter Provost.**

_Prov._ Are you agreed? 

_Clo._ Sir, I will serve him: for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftener ask forgiveness. 

_Prov._ Sirrah, you, beside your block and your axe, to-morrow, four o'clock. 

_Abhor._ Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow. 

_Clo._ I do desire to learn, sir; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare: 2 for truly, sir, for your kindness, I owe you a good turn._

_Prov._ Call forth Bardinard and Claudio: 

_Exit Clown and Abhorson._

One has my pity; not a jot the other, 

Being a minor, though he were my brother._

**Enter Claudio.**

_Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death: 'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow Thou must be made immortal. Where's Bardinard? 

_Claud._ As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labor 

When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones: 

_He will not wake._ 

_Prov._ Who can do good on him? 

Well, go, prepare yourself. But hark, what noise! 

**Kneeling within.** 

Heaven give your spirits comfort! [Exit Claudio.]

_and by by:— 

I hope it is some pardon or reprieve, 

For the most gentle Claudio.—Welcome, father._

**Enter Duke.**

_Duke._ The best and wholesomest spirits of the night. 

Envelope you, good provost! Who call'd here of late? 

_Clo._ None, since the curfew rang. 

_Prov._ Be it so. 

_Trade._ Ready.
Duke. Not Israel!  
Proc. No.  
Duke. They will then, ere 't be long.  
Proc. What comfort is for Claudio?  
Duke. There's some in hope,  
Proc. It is a bitter duty.  
Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd  
Even with the stroke and lute of his great justice;  
He doth with holy abstemious subdue  
That in himself, which he saw in his power  
To qualify in others: were he meant!  
With that which he corrects, then were tyrannous;  
But this being so, he's just.  
—Now are they come.  
[Exited within.—Provost goes out.  
This is a gentle provost: Seldom, when  
The steeled gaoler is the friend of men.  
How now! what noise! That spirit's possess'd with  
That wounds the unsparing poison with these strokes.  
Provost returns, speaking to one at the door.  
Proc. There he must stay until the officer  
Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.  
Duke. Have you no correspondent for Claudio yet,  
But he must die to-morrow?  
None sir, none.  
Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,  
You shall hear more ere morning.  
Happily.  
Proc. You something know; yet, I believe, there comes  
No correspondent: no such example have we;  
But very secret of justice.  
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear  
Profess'd the contrary.  
Enter a Messenger.  
Duke. This is his lordship's man.  
Proc. And here comes Claudio's pardon.  
Mess. My lord hath sent you this morrow and by  
me his further charge, that you swear not from the  
smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or  
other circumstance.  
Good morrow; for, as I take it,  
Hath his lordship sent you a guard.  
Duke. You may; you may;  
Shaft do so;  
This pardon, and you have it.  
Proc. I shall obey him.  
[Exit Messenger.  
Duke. This is his pardon; purchased by such sin.  
For which the pardoner himself is in.  
[Aside.  
Hence hath o'ertaken his quick celerity,  
When it is borne in high authority;  
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended.  
That for the fault's love, is the offended friend.  
Now, sir, news!  
Proc. I told you: Lord Angelo, belike, thinking  
me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this un-  
worthing put upon me; melancholy, strangely; for he hath  
not a word above.  
Duke. Pray, you hear.  
Proc. [Reads.] Whatsoever you may hear to the  
contrary, let Claudio be executed for order of  
the afternoon. Barnardine: for my  
better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent  
me by eve.  
Let this be duly performed: with a  
thought, that more depends on it than we must yet  
deliver.  
Thus fail not to do your office, as you will  
answer it at your peril.  
What say you to this, sir?  
Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be  
executed in the afternoon?  
Proc. A Bohemian born, but here nursed up and  
bred: one that is a prisoner nine years old.  
Duke. He came to that the absent duke had  
ot ever delivered him to his liberty, or executed him?  
I have heard, it was ever his manner to do so.  
But this I do still prolong; in remembrance of him.  
And, indeed, his fact, till now in the government  
of lord Angelo, came not to an undoubted proof.  
Duke. Is it now apparent?  
Proc. It is.  
Duke. He is in jail, and not denied by himself.  
Pard. Hath he borne himself penitent in prison?  
How seems he to be touch'd?  
Proc. A man that apprehends death no more  
darkly: he is not drunk, nor is new in the world,  
reckless and fear'd of what's past, present, or to come;  
insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.  
Duke. He wants advice.  
Proc. He'll not hear none: he hath evermore had  
the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape  
hence, he would not; drunk many times a day, if  
* Defied.  
* Perhaps.  
* Seated.  
Nine years in prison.  
not many days entirely drunk. We have very often  
awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and  
showed him a warrant for it; it hath not moved him at all.  
Duke. More of him anon. There is written in  
you, however, that honesty and constancy,  
I read it not truly, my ancient skill betrays me; but  
in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in  
hazard. Claudio, whom here you have a warrant  
to execute, is no express look: I know how the  
gentleman who hath sentenced him: To make you under-  
stand this in a manifest effect, I crave but four day's  
respite: for which you are to do me both  
a request, and a courtesy.  
Prov. Pray, sir, in what!  
Duke. In the delaying death.  
Prov. Alack! how may I do it—having the hour  
limited to execute, and express command, to  
deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may  
make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the  
same.  
Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you,  
if my instructions may be your guide. Let this  
Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head  
borne to Angelo.  
Proc. Angelo hath seen them both, and will dis-  
cover the favor.  
Duke. O, death's great dissuader: and you may  
add, that he is drunk, and in a head fit to say  
that, it was the desire of the penitent to be so hared  
before his death; you know, the course is common.  
If any thing fail to you upon this, more than thinks  
to the mind of this business, by the saint whom I profess  
I will plead against it with my life.  
Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my  
order.  
Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the  
deputy?  
Proc. To him, and to his substitutes.  
Duke. You will think you have made no offence,  
if the duke awaketh the justice of your dealing?  
Proc. But what likelihood is in that?  
Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty.  
Yet since you desire it, I will consult, that neither  
integrity, nor my persuasion, can with case attempt  
you, I will go further than I meant, to pacify all  
ears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand  
and seal of the duke. You know the character,  
I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.  
Proc. I know them both.  
Duke. The contents of this is the return of the  
duke.  
[Reads what news? The duke doth now over-read it at your pleasure:  
where you shall find, within these two days he will  
be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not;  
for he this very day receiv'd letters of a strange tenant  
persuading you, my lord Angelo, is about to  
enter into some monastery: but, by chance, nothing  
of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the  
listed here, peradventure, the persons of the  
these things should be; all difficulties are but easy  
when they are known. Call your executioner, and  
off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a pres-  
cent shelf, and advise him for a better place.  
Yet you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve  
you. Come away, it is almost clear dawn.  
Duke. [Exit.  
[Scene III.—Another Room in the same.  
Enter Claudio.  
Cla. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in  
our house of profession: one would think it were  
mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many  
of her old customers. First, here's young master  
Barnardine, Raedal, and old master Capell, the suit  
of which he made marks, ready money: marry,  
then, kinsman, were not much in request, for the  
old woman was not a young man. I think, then,  
and master Capell, the suit and brave master  
Shoe-bee the great traveler,  
and wild Half-calf that stabb'd Pots, and, I think,  
forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are  
now for the lords.  
Cla. [Exit.  
[Exeunt.]
Enter Barnardine.

Abhor. Sire, bring Barnardine hither.
Clo. Master Barnardine! You must rise and be hand'd, master Barnardine!
Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!
Barnard. With him! A posse of your throats!
Who makes that noise there? What are you? Clo. Your friends, sir; the hangmen: you must be so good, sir, to rise and he put to death.
Barnard. With him! Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy.
Abhor. Tell him, he must awake, and that quick- ly too.
Clo. Fray, master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.
Barnard. Go in to him, and fetch him out.
Clo. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Enter Barnardine.

Barnard. How now, Abhorsen? what's the news with you?
Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers: for, look you, the wretched come forth.
Barnard. You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for it.
Clo 0, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father. Do we jest now, thank you?
Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, and to speak with you.
Barnard. 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. 0, sir, you must: and therefore I beseech you, Look forward on your journey you shall go.
Barnard. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.
Duke. But hear you —
Barnard. Not a word; if you have anything to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day.

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: 0, gravel heart! —
After him, fellows; bring him to the block.
[Exit Abhorsen and Barnardine.
Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?
Duke. A creature unprepared, unmeet for death; And, to transport him in the mind he is, Were damnable.
Prov. Duke, 0, 'tis an accident that heaven provides! Despatch it presently; the hour draws on 'Preced'd by Angelo: See this be done, And sent according: to-morrow night at least; Persuade this rude wretchen willingly to die. Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently. But Barnardine must die this afternoon: At such a time we must continue Claudio, To save me from the danger that might come If he were known alive!
Duke. Let this be done: put them in secret holds, But make them appear: ere twice: The sun hath made his journal greeting To the under generation, you shall find Your safety manifester. Prov. Duke, I am your tree dependant.
Duke. Quick, despatch, And send the head to Angelo. [Exit Provost.
Now will I write letters to Angelo,—

* The antepole's.

The Provost, he shall hear them, whose contents Shall witness to him, I am assured at home; And that by great injunctious I am bound To enter publicly: him I'll desire To meet me at the consecrated font. A league below the city, and from thence, By cold gradation and well-balanced form, We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.
Duke. Convenient is it: Make a swift return, For I would commune with you of such things, That want no ears in company.
Prov. I'll make all speed. [Exit. Iab. [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 heavenly comforts of despair, When it is last expected.

Enter Isabella.

Iab. Ho, by your leave.
Duke. Go, go: and coming to you, fair and gracious dame.
Iab. The better, given me by so holy a man. Hath yet the deputy sent my brothers pardon?
Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world:
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.
Iab. Nay, but it is not so.
Duke. It is no other: Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience, Iab. 0, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.
Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight. Iab. 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: when you shall find By every syllable, a faithful verity, The duke comes home to-morrow: — nay, dry your eyes;
One of our confessors, 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, Scare of the duke, revenges to your heart, And general honor.
Iab. I am directed by you. Duke. This letter then to friar Peter give; 'Tis that he send me to the duke: — Return, Say, by this token, I desire his company At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause, and yours, I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you Before the duke: and to the head of Angelo Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self, I am combined by a sacred vow, And shall be absent. Wendi you with this letter: Command those fretting waters from your eyes, With a light heart; trust not my holy order, If I pervert your course. — Who's here?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even! Friar, where is the provost?
Duke. Not within, sir.
Lucio. 0, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart, to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient: I am fain to dine and sup with water and bread; I dare not for my head till my belly: one fruitful meal would set me to 't: But they say the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I lov'd thy brother; if the old fantastical duke, dark corners had been at home, he had liv'd. [Exit Isabella.
Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholden to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.
Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman than thou takest him for.
Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.
* Your heart's desire.
* Go.
Lucio, Nay, marry; I'll go along with thee; I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir; if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio, I was once before him for getting a wenches with child.

Duke, Did you such a thing?

Lucio, Yes, marry, did I; but was fain to forswear it; they would else have married me to the rotten median.

Duke, Sir, your company is fairer than honest; Rest you well.

Lucio, By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end; If hasty talk offend thee, we'll have very little of it: Nay, fear, I am a kind of burr, I shall stick.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—A Room in Angelo's House.

Enter Angelo and Escalus.

Escalus. Every letter he writ hath thine dishonour'd other.

Angelo. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray heaven, his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver our libraries there?

Escalus. I guess not.

Angelo. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that, if any grave redress of injuries, they should exhibit their petitions in the street!

Escalus. He shows his reason for that: to have a despatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Angelo. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed: Retire the more, I'll call you at your house: Give notice to such men of sort and suit; As to meet him.

Escalus. I shall, sir; fare you well. [Exeunt.]

Angelo. Good night.

This deed unshades me quite, makes me unpregnant, And dute to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid! And by an enameled body, that enforced The law against it! — but that her tender shame Will not proclaim against her maiden loss, How might she tongue me? Yet reason darts her— no; For my authority bears a credent bulk, That no particular scandal once can touch, But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd, Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense, Might in the times to come, have taken revenge, By so receiving a dishonour'd life.

With reason of such shame. 'Would yet he had lived!

Alack, when once our grace we have forgot, Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not. [Exit.]

SCENE V.—Fields without the town.

Enter Duke in his own habit and Friar Peter.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me.

[Giving letters.]

The provost knows our purpose, and our plot. The matter being about, keep your instruction, And hold you ever to our special drift; Though sometimes you do blench from this to that, As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavins' house, And tell him where I stand: give the like notice To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Grassus, And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate; But send me Flavins first.

F. Peter. It shall be speeded well.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Vaillius.

Duke. I thank thee, Vaillius; thou hast made good haste:

Come, we will walk: There's other of our friends Will greet us here anon, my gentle Vaillius. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—Street near the city gate.

Enter Isabella and MARIANA.

Isab. To speak so indirectly, I am loath; I would say the truth; but to accuse him so, That is your part: yet I'm advised to do it;

He says, to veil full purpose.

MARIANA. Be ruled by him.

Isab. Besides he tells me, that if peradventure He speak against me on the adverse side, I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physic

That's better to sweet end.

MARIANA. I would, friar Peter —

Isab. 0, peace; the friar is come. [Exit Friar.]

Enter Friar Peter.

F. Peter. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,

Where you may have such advantage on the duke, He shall not pass you; Twice have the trumpets sounded;

The generous and grave citizens

Have had the gates, and very near upon

The duke is erecting; therefore hence, away. [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A public place near the City Gate.

MARIANA [within], ISABELLA and Peter at a distance. Enter at opposite doors, Duke, Vaillius, Lords; 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.

Angelo and Escalus. Happy return be to your royal grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both, We have made inquiry of you; and we hear Such goodness of your justice, that our soul Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks, Forerunning more requited.

Angelo. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. 0, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong To lock it in the wards of covert bosom, When it deserves with characters of brass A forced residence, against the breath of too And rage of oblivion: Give me your hand, And let the subject see, to make them know That outward courtesy would fain proclaim Favors that keep within.—Come, Escalus:

* Figure and rank.

You must walk by us on our other hand,— And good supporters are you.

Peter and Isabella come forward.

F. Peter. Now is your time; speak loud, and kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal Duke! Vail your regard Upon a wrong'd, I'd gain have said, a mad! O worthy prince, dishonor not your eye By throwing it on any other object,

Till you have heard me in my true complaint, And give me justice, justice, justice, justice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs: In what? By whom? Be brief: Here is lord Angelo shall give you justice; Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O, worthy duke, You bid me seek redempion of the devil: Hear me yourselves: for that which I must speak Must either punish me, not being believed, Or wring revenge from your hand, I hear me, here.

Angelo. My lord, her wits, I fear, me are not firm: She hath been a sorcerer to me for her brother Cut off by course of justice.

Scene I. Measure for Measure.

Isab. By course of justice! Air. And she will speak most bitterly and strangely.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly will I speak:
That Angelo's forsworn, is it not strange?
That he, a murderer, is it not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator;
Is it not strange, and strange?

Isab. It is not true he is Angelo;
This is all as true as it is strange;
Nay, it is ten times true: for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.
Duke. Away with her: Poor soul, She speaks this in the infirmity of sense, Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believest The truth of my discourse, let me say:
That thou neglect me not with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness: make not impossible
That which but seems unlike; 'tis not impossible,
But one, the wickedest cast off on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As Angelo: even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characters, acts, forms,
Be an arch-villain: believe it, royal prince,
If he be les, he's nothing; but he's more,
He, as the name for madness.
Duke. By mine honesty, If she be mad, (as I believe no other,) Her madness hath the oldest frame of sense,
Such a dependence on being things,
As e'er in mankind.
Isab. O, gracious duke, Harp not on that, nor do not banish reason
For me or any one but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear, where it seems hid;
And hide the false, seems true.
Duke. Many that are not mad,
Have more lack of reason: What would you say?
Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemned, upon the law of formation,
To lose his head; condemned by Angelo!
I am in probation, as my brother
Was sent to by my brother: one Lucio
Was then the messenger:
Lucio, That's it, an't please your grace: I came to her from Claudio, and desire her
To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.
Isab. Duke. You were not bid to speak.
Lucio. No, my good lord,
Nor wish'd to hold my peace,
Duke. I wish you now then;
Pray you, take note of 't; and when you have
A business for yourself, pray heaven, you then
Be perfect.
Lucio. I warrant your honor.
Duke. The warrant's for yourself; take heed to it.
Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.
Lucio. Right.
Duke. It may be true; but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time. — Proceed.
Isab. To this pernicious caitiff deputy—
Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.
Isab. Pardon it; The phrase is to the matter.
Duke. Meant against the matter! — Proceed.
Isab. The needless process by,
How I persuaded how I pray'd and kneel'd,
How he releas'd me, and how I reply'd;
(For this was of much length; the) the vile conclusion
I now bare with grace and shame to utter;
He would not but by gift of my chaste body
To his conceivable intemperate lust,
Bestow on my brother; and after much debatement
My sister's moreover with her honor,
And I did yield to him: but the next morrow betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.
Duke. This is most likely.
Isab. O, that it were as like, as it is true!
Duke. By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st
What thou speakest is not what thou speak'st;
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honor,
In hateful practice: First, his integrity
Habits and characters of office.
Refuted.
Folly.
Foolish.

Isab. But, no, sir, for what I would have said
Stands without blemish? Next, it imports no reason,
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so ojended,
He would have warch'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him short: some one hath set upon
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'rt here to complain. Isab. And this is all! Then, oh, you blessed ministers of God,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time,
I hold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance!— Heaven since thy grace from
A-1, thus worn'd, 'd hence unbelieved go.
Duke. I know you d fain be gone—An officer!
To prison with her. — Shall we thus peremptorily
A blasting wind and a cruel cold wind fall
On him so near us? this his need must be a practice.
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?
Isab. In that time that I would have been, sord Lordock.
Duke. A ghastly father, behke. — Who knows
That Lordock!
Lucio. My lord, I know him: 'tis a meddling friar; I do not like the man: bad he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement. I had sware him soundly.
Duke. Words against me! This a good friar, holie! And to set on this wicked woman
And against our substitute!— Let this friar be found.
Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar
I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar;
Very scurvy fellow.
F. Peter. Blessed be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord; and I have heard
Your royal car abused: First, hath this woman
Most wronged you, and your word too,
Who is as free from touch or soil with her
As she from one angot.
Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that friar Lordock, that she speaks of?
F. Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy:
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never fret.
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.
Lucio. My lord, most villainously! believe it.
F. Peter. Well, he in time may come to clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick, my lord.
Of a strange fever: Upon his mere request,
Being come to knowledge that there was a complaint
Intended against lord Angelo, came himself;
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false: and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear.
Whencesoever he's convinced. First, for this woman,
To justify this worthy noblemem.
So vulgarly and personally accused.
Her shall you hear desirous to prove her eyes,
Tell her herself confess it.
Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.
{Isabella is carried off, guarded; and
Do you not smile at this, lord Angelo!—
0 heaven! the vanity of wretched fools!
Give us some seats,—Come, consine Angelo,
In this I'll be impartial; by your judgment
Of your own cause,—Is this the witness, friar?
First, let her show her face: and, after, speak.
Mar. Pardon, my lord; I will not show my face,
Until my husband bid me.
Duke. What, are you married?
Mar. My lord, No, my lord.
Duke. Mar. Are you a maid?
Mar. No, my lord.
Duke. A widow then?
Mar. Neither, my lord.
Duke. Why, you are nothing then.—Neither maid, widow, nor wife.
Lucio. My lord, she may be a pun; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.
Duke. Silence that fellow: I would, he had some cause
To prattle for himself.
Lucio. Well, my lord.
Mar. My lord, I do confess I never was married;
And, I confess, besides, I am no maid;
I have known my husband; yet my husband knows not
{Contended.
{Publicly.
Metal. I had Act As you since. Way Upon. Partly, As But Now. A Tlion To But Whom Po Will. Duke. Mar. My lord; bids me, now I unmask. This is that face, thou cruel Angelo. Which once thou sawst was worth the looking on: This is the hand, which, in a vow'd contract, Was first betock'd in thine; this is the body That took away the match from Isabel, And did supply thee in thy garden-house, In her imagined person. Duke. Know you this woman! Luc. Carnally, she says. Duke. Sire, no more. Luc. Enough, my lord. Aug. My lord, I must confess I know this woman: And, five years since, there was some speech of marriage Between myself and her; which was broke off, Partly, for that her promised proportions Come short of composition; but in chief, For that her reputation was disavowed In levity: since which time, of five years, I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her, Upon my faith and honor. Mar. Noble prince, As there comes light from heaven, and words from breath, As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue, I am alienced this man's wife, as strongly As words could make up vows; and, my good lord, But Tuesday night last gone, in his garden-house, He knew me as a wife: As this is true Let me in safety raise me from my knees, Or else forever be confin'd here, A marble monument! Aug. I did but smile till now: Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice; My patience here is touch'd: I do perceive, These poor inform'd women are no more But instruments of some more undetermed beings, 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 ease? Though they would swear down each particular saint, Were testimonies against his worth and credit, That's seal'd in admission!— You, lord Escalus, Sit with my consent; lend him your kind pains To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd— There is another fad that set them on; Let him be sent for. F. Peter. Would he were here, my lord; for he, indeed, Hath set the woman on to this complaint: Your provost knows the place where he abides, And he may fetch him. Duke. Go do it instantly.— [Exit Provost. Aug. A goodly man and well-warranted cousin, Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth, Do with your injures as seems you best, In your discretion: I, for a while, Will bear no witness, till you, if you have well Determined upon these slanderers. Escal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.— [Exit Duke.] Sir, for Lucio, did not you say, you knew that friar Lodovick to be a dishonest person?

Luce. O, Capullus et facti monnichum: honest in nothing, us'd to wear my 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. Luc. As any in Vienna, on my word. Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again; [To an Willabret.] I would speak with her; Pray you, my lord, have me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle her. Luc. Not better than he, by her own report. Escal. I will. Luc. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess; perchance publicly she'll be ashamed. Re-enter Officers, with Isabella; the Duke, in the Friar's habit, and Provost. Escal. I will go darkly to work with her. Luc. That's the way; for women are light at midnight. Escal. Come on, mistress; [To Isabella.] here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said. Luc. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the provost. Escal. Give you good time— speak not you to him, till we call upon you. Luc. Mum. Escal. Come, sir; Did you set these women on to slander lord Angelo? they have confess'd you did. Duke. 'Tis false. Escal. Had you know you where you are? Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil Be some time honored for his burning throne: Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak. Escal. The duke's in us; and we will hear you speak: Look, you speak justly. Duke. Boldly, at last;— But, O, poor souls, Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox! Goodnight to your redress. Is the duke gone! Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust, Thus must you to your manifest appeal. Escal. And put your trial in the villain's mouth, Which here you come to accuse. Luc. This is the rascal; this is I spoke of. Escal. Why, thou unrevenged and unshallow'd friar! 'Tis not enough, that thou hast subtorn these women, To accuse this worthy man; but in foul mouth, And in the witness of his proper ear, To call him villain! And then, glance from him to the duke himself; To tax him with injustice!— Take him hence! To the rack with him:— We'll torque you joint by joint, But we will know this purpose.— What! unjust? Duke. Be not so hot; the duke Dare no more stretch thisfinger of mine, than he Dare rack his own: his subject am I not, Nor here provincial; My business in this state Made a looker-on here in Vienna, Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble, Till it o'er-run the stew: laws for all faults; But faults so counterenam'd, that the strong statues Stand like the base in a barber's shop, As much in mock as mark. Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to prison. Luc. What can you vouch against him, signior Lucio? Is this the man that you did tell us of? Duke. Be not so hot; the duke Dare no more stretch thisfinger of mine, than he Dare rack his own: his subject am I not, Nor here provincial; My business in this state Made a looker-on here in Vienna, Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble, Till it o'er-run the stew: laws for all faults; But faults so counterenam'd, that the strong statutes Stand like the base in a barber's shop, As much in mock as mark. Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to prison.
Lucio. O thou dainty fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?
Duke. I protest I love the dace as I love myself.
Ang. Har! how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses.
Lucio. Such a fellow is not to be talked withal:—
Away with him to prison. Where is the provost?—
Away with him to prison; say bolts enough upon him; let him speak no more to thee. Away with these guilds;—

The provost takes hands on the Duke.
Duke. Stay, sir; stay awhile.
Lucio. Come, come; come, come; let, sir, let, sir;
Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must be hooded, must you! Show your knife's visage! why, you whining scoundrel! show your face, and be hang'd an hour! Will 't not off?

[Pulls off the Friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.
Duke. Thou art the first knife that e'er made a duke.—
First, provost, let me bail these gentle three:—
Sneak not away, sir; [To Lucio.] for the friar and you,
Must have a word anon:— Lay hold on him.
Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.
Duke. What have you spoke, I pardon; sit you down.
[To Escalus.
We'll borrow place of him:— Sir, by your leave:
[To Angelo.
Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,
Reely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.
O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive your grace, like power divine.
Happy look'd upon my passages. Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confessions;
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
In all the grace I beg.
Duke. Come hither, Mariana:—
Say, was't thou e'er contracted to this woman?
Ang. I was, my lord.
Duke. Go, take her hence, and marry her instantly:—
Do you the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again:— Go with him, provost.
[Exeunt Duke, Mariana, Peter, and Provost.
Escalus. My lord, I am more amazed at his dis-honor,
Than at the strangeness of it.
Duke. Come hither, Isabel:—
Your friar is now your prince: As I was then
Advertising, and holy to your business,
Not at the changing heart I am, yet I am still
Attorney at your service.
Isabel. O give me pardon,
That I, your vessel, have employ'd in pain
Your unknown sovereignty.
Duke. You are pardon'd Isabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits in your heart;
And you may marvel why I obscure myself.
Laboring to save his life; and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,
That my guest be so 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 lost, past bearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

Re-enter Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provost.
Isabel. I do, my lord.
Duke. For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whose said imagination yet hath wrong'd
your well-defended honor, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake: but as he adjudged your brother,
(Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-break, 
Theeron dependant for your brother's life,) 

Wanton, Devices, and Attentive,
The very mercy of the law cries out Most amiable, even from his proper tone,
"An Angelo for Claudio, death for death,"
Haste still plays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like death quit like, and "Measure still for Measure!"
Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested;
Which though thou woul'st deny, deems thee van¬
solent,
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stood to death, and with like haste:—

Away with him.
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 honor,
You thought my marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And cloe your good to come; for this his possessions,
Although by confession they are ours,
We do institute and widow you willful,
To buy you a b-tier husband.
Mari. O, my dear lord,
I crave no other nor no better man.
Duke. Never erase him; we are definitive.
Mari. Gentle my heart, Sir; [To Angelo.]
Duke. You do but lose your labor;
Away with him to death.— Now, sir, [To Lucio.]
to you.
Mari. O, my good lord!— Sweet Isabel, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you all my life to do you service.
Duke. Against all sense do you prevent her— She should kneel down in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.
Mari. Isabel, Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands; say nothing: I'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much the better.
For being a little bad: so may my husband.
O, Isabel! will you not lend a knee!
Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.
Isabel. Most bounteous sir,
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,
A little sincerity govern'd his deeds.
Tell him I 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'er take his bad intent,
And must be burned but as an intent,
That perished by the way: thoughts are no subjects;
Intents but merely thoughts.
Mari. Merely, my lord.
Duke. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say:
I have bethusbath me of another fault:
For 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 mes¬sages.
Duke. Of which I'll discharging you of your office.
Give up your keys.
Prov. Pardon me, noble lord:
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me after more advice.
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserve alive.
Duke. What's he?
Prov. His name is Barnardine.
Duke. 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,

Consideration.
That I crave death more willingly than mercy; 
'tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter Provol, Barnardine, Claudio, and
Juliet.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prop. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a 'fair told me of this man.
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar' 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.—Fray, advise him;
I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow's
that?

Prop. This is another prisoner, that I say'd.
That should have died when Claudio lost his head;
As like almost to Claudio as himself.

UngetStatus Claudio.

Duke. If he be like your brother, [To Isabella] for his sake
Is he pardon'd; and for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that
By this lord Angelo perceives he's safe;
Methinks I see a quick'ning in his eye:
Well, Angelo, your evil quitted you well;
Look that you love your wife; her worth, worth
Yours.—

I find an apt remission in myself:
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon:
You, sirrah. [To Lucio] that knew me for a fool, a
coward,
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman:
Wherein have I so deserved of you, 
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according

to the trick: If you will hang me for it, you may
but I had rather it would please you, I might be
whipp'd.

Duke. Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after.—
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city;
If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him swear himself, there's one
Whom he begot with child,) let her appear,
And he shall marry her; the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me
to a whore. Your highness said even now, I made
you a duke; good my lord, do not recompense me,
in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honor, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive; and wherewithal
Remit thy other forfeits:—Take him to prison:
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to
death, whipping, and hang'n.

Duke. Bending a prince deserves it.—
Sir, Claudio, that you wrong'd look you restore.
Joy to you, Mariana!—love her, Angelo;
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.—
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:
There's more behind, that is more gratulate.
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place:—
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's;
The offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Where to it you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine;
So bring us to our palace; where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.

Thoughtless practice.

[Exeunt.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Don Pedro, Prince of Aragon.
Don John, his bastard brother.
Claudio, a young Lord of Florence, Favorite to Don Pedro.
Benedick, a young lord of Padua, Favorite likewise of Don Pedro.
Leonato, Governor of Messina.
Antonio, his brother.
Balthazar, Servant to Don Pedro.
Borachio, Followers of Don John.

Dogberry, two foolish officers.
Verges, A Sexton.
A Friar.
A Boy.

Hero, Daughter to Leonato.
Beatrice, niece to Leonato.
Margaret, Gentlewomen attending on Hero.
Ursula, Messengers, Watch, and Attendants.

SCENE, Messina.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Before Leonato’s House.

Enter Leonato, Hero, Beatrice, and others, with a Messenger.

Leonato. I learn in this letter, that Don Pedro of Aragon comes this night to Messina.
Hero. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off, when I left him.
Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?
Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.
Leon. A victory is twice itself, when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honor on a young Florentine, called Claudio.
Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro: He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better bettered expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how.
Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.
Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough, without a badge of lattiness.
Leon. Did he break out into tears?
Mess. In great measure.
Leon. A kind overflow of kindness: There are no eyes truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping!
Beat. I pray you, is signior Montanto returned from the wars, or no?
Mess. I know none of that name, lady; there was none such in the army of any sort.
Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?
Hero. My cousin means signior 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-belt— 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 meet with you, I doubt it not.
Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.
Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath help to eat it: he is a very valuable trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomach.
Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.
Beat. And a good soldier to a lady:—But what is he to a lord?
Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honorable 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 between signior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there is a skirmish of wit between them.
Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse: for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature.—Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.
Mess. Is it possible?
Beat. Very easily possible; he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.
Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.
Beat. No: an he were, I would burn my study, but I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil.

*A cuckold. 
*Quarrelsome fellow. 

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MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Act I.

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O lord! he will hang upon him like a disconsolate shadow, and so brush him by, if he take the rakers 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 never run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter Don Pedro attended by Balthazar and others, Don John, Claudio, and Benedick.

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 into my house in the likeness of your grace; for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but, when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly— I think, this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Beat. You were quite in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may cure you of this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself: Be happy, lady! for you are like an honorable father.

Bente. If signior Leonato be her father, she would not have him on her shoulders, for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Bene. I wonder that you will still be taking signior Benedick; no body marks you.

Clau. What my dear lady Disdain are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible, disdain should die, while she hath such means to feed it, as signior Benedick? Cowards must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bente. Then is courtesy a turncoat:— But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humor for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Bente. Keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall scarce a precipitate scratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an precipe face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Bente. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Beat. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue; and so good a companion: But keep your way o' God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

D. Pedro. This is the sun of all: Don John, signior Claudio, and signior Benedick,— my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him, we shall be in the house but a month; and he heartily prays, some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forbid: I much desire so kind a welcome, my lord; being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you; I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace lead on?

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato: we will go together but Balthazar and Claudio.

Claud. Benedick, dost thou note the daughter of signior Leonato?

Bente. I noted her not; but I looked on her.

Claud. Is not a nobler young lady?

Beat. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Bene. No, I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

D. Pedro. Why, faith, methinks she is too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise; only this commendation I can afford her that she is another than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as I, I do not like her.

Claud. This is a fault I am in sport; I pray thee, tell me true how thouliest her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you with this a sad brow? or do you play the floating Jack; to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Valentine a master carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

Claud. In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

Bene. I am yet not without suspicions, and I see no such matter: there's her cozen, as she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband; have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero were my wife.

Bene. You were so to this, Faith: Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of three-score again? Go to, Faith! an then will it be a vast neck to pay the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look, don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would your grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee, on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you talk so; but on my allegiance I have this, on my allegiance:

—He is in love. With who?— now that is your grace's part. —Mark, how short his answer is:

With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. As I have done, and I have done,

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: it is not so, nor twas not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. Will you speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I never feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Then was ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Bene. Faith, I must needs conclude to myself, that I do not love her; for by the Heaven that ever blessed me, if I love her, I love another woman, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

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Re-enter Don Pedro.
Bette. 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 the grave, lie there and hear the yoke.
Bette. 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 vide printed.  
D. Pedro. If you do the same to me, be assured, you shall rue it as I rue mine.  
Here is good horse to hire, let them signify under my sign.
—Here you may see Benedick, the married man.
Claudio. If this should ever happen, then would be the want.
D. Pedro. Nay, if Cipolloni have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.
Bette. I look for an earthenquake 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.
Bette. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassy; and so I commit you—  
Claudio. To the nation of God: From my house, (if I had it)—  
D. Pedro. The sixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.
Bette. Nay, mock not, mock not: The body of your discourse is sometimes garbled with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither; ere you shoot old ends any further, examine your consequence; and so let this discourse.
Claudio. My hege, your highness now may do me good.
D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach; teach it to me when you please.
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.
Claudio. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?
D. Pedro. None but Hero, she’s his only heir;
Dost thou affect her, Claudio?
Claudio. O my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I went upon her sight under the sun;
That lik’d, but, had a rougher task in hand
Than drive to like with the name of love:
But now I am return’d, and that war-thoughts
Have left ere their place vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I’d like her ere I went to wars,
D. Pedro. Ten child, this is Hero, she’s his only present;
And tire the hearer with a book of words;
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it;
And I will break with her, and see her father,
And all things that may be, both cannot.
Wilt thou not to this end
That thou becast’st to twist so fine a story?
Claudio. How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love’s grief by his complexion;
But my liking is too sudden.
I would have sav’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: tis once, thou lov’st;
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know, we shall have reveling tonight;
I will assume they part in some discourse,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;
And in her bosom I’ll unclasp my heart.
And take her hearing prisoner with so much grace
And her strong encounter of my amorous tale,
Then, after, to her father will I break;
And the conclusion, she shall be thine;
In practice let us put it presently.

 excit.

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 music?  
Ant. He is very busy about it, brother; you can string your news that you yet dreamed not.
Leon. Are they good?
Ant. At the event stamps them; but they have a good cover, they show well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached  
* The name of a famous armer.

* Once for all.

* Thickly interwoven.

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him any way, I bless myself every way: You are both sure, and will assist me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great supper; their cheer is the greater, that I am subserv'd; Would the cook were of my mind!—shall we go where what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Hall in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice and others.

Leon. Was not count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tardy that gentleman looks! I never can see him, but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Leon. Then half signior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in signior Benedick's face.

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. Troth, she is too curt.

Beat. Too curt is more than curt: I shall lessen God's sending that way; for it is said, God sends a curst cow short horns; but to a cow too curt he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curt, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which baseness, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening; Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face; I had rather he in the wooden.

Leon. You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentleman? He that hath a beard, is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard, is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him. Therefore, I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-hed, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, go you into hell.

Beat. No; but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you nor me: 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. Well, niece. [To Hero.] Trust you will be better please by your father.

Beat. Yes, it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, Father, as it pleases you;—but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else mad another, courtesy, and say, Father, and 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 overmaster'd with a piece of vulgar dust to make an account of her life too cold of outward mail! No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and truly, I hold a sin to match in my kindred. Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you if the prince do decline it in that kind, you know your answers.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wodd in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him, there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero; Wooning, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastick. The wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure full of state and ancestor; and then comes repentance, unt, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly. Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by day-light.

Leon. The revelers are entering; brother, make good room.

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 will I please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favor; for God defend, the lute should be like the case!

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house there is love.

Hero. Why, then your visor should be thatch'd.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

(Bows.)

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Marz. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Marz. I say not prayers aloud.

Bene. I love the better; the hearers may cry Amen.

Marz. God match me with a good dancer!

Bene. Amen.

Marz. And God keep him out of my sight, when the dance is done?—Answer, clerk.

Beat. No more words: the clerk is answered. 

Urs. I know you well enough; you are signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Know you the waggling of your head, Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill unless, you were the very man: Here's his dry hand up and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come; do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go to, 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 disguis'd,—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. No, I believe not.

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; and his gift is devising impossible slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy; for he both pleaseth men, and angers them, and then they love him, and beat him: I am sure, he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.
Scene I. Much Ado About Nothing.

Benedick. He'd, he'd! but he'll break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not marked, or not valued, into his words, and then there's a patriote, being savag'd, for the soul will eat no supper that night. [Music within.] We must follow the leaders.

Beatrice. Very early dinner.

Benedick. Nay, if they feed to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[Enter JOHN, BORIS, DONJOHN, and CLAUDIUS.

John. Sure, my brother is anonymous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with her about it. The ladies forewarned her; and I, as I do believe, I am he.

Don John. Signor, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamoured on Hero; I pray you disuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth; you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claudius. How know you she loves him?

Don John. I heard him swear his affection.

Boris. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her in a day.

Don John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[Exit Don John, and BORIS.

Claudius. This answer I name in Benedick. But hear these news. All news with the ears of Claudius.—'Tis certain so:—the prince woods for himself.

Friendship is constant in all other things, Save in the olive and affections of men. Therefore, all hearts have in love their own tongues; Let every eye negotiate for itself, and Trust no agent: for beauty is a witch, A widow whose charms faint upon the sight in blood. This is an accident of hourly proof.

Which I mistrusted not: Farewell therefore, Hero! 

[Re-enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Ay, he same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the garland? About your neck, like a usurer's chain, or under your arm, like a lieutenants' scarlet? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover: so they sell bullocks. But did you think, the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. That I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man; 'twas the bay that stole your meat, and you'll beat the poet.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [Exit. Bene. Alas, poor hurt foul! Now will be creep into sedges. But, that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—It, it may be, I go under that tittle, because I am merry. Yea; but so; I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed: it is the base, the better disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

[Re-enter DON PEDRO.

Pedro. Now, signor, where's the count? Did you see him?

Bene. Truth, my lord. I have played the part of lady Fame. I found him here as master-school to a lodge in a warren; I told him, and I think, I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a conference whether to make him her garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

Pedro. To be whipped! What's his fault?

Bene. This: the flat transgression of a school-boy; who, being overjoyed with finding a birds nest, shows it to his companion, and he steals it.

Pedro. Will thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealers.

Bene. Yet it had not been assiduous the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself: and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his fish from his nest.

Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, I doubt it.

Pedro. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman that danced with her, told her, she is much wronged by you.

Bene. I, in the name of God, with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit; yea, and have cut his club to make meat. Come, talk not of her: you shall find her the internal Ate in good apparel. I would to God, some scholar would conjure her; for certainly, while she is here, a most unhappy life as quiet as hell, in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all discquet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

[Re-enter CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, LEONATO, and HERO.}

Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devise to send me on: I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the farthest inch of Asia: bring you the length of Preser John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Chaim's beard; do you wish anything more? I'll go to the Thames, rather than hold three words conference with this harpy: You have no employment for me.

Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love hot; I cannot endure my lady Tongue.

[Exit. Bene. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of signor Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he leant it me a while; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, once before, he won it of me with false darts, therefore your grace may well say I have lost it.

Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So had 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.

Pedro. Why, how now, count, wherefore are you so sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

Pedro. How then? Sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. This count is neither sad, nor sick nor merry, nor well: but evil, count; evil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

Pedro. I faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though it be said he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio. I have wonced 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 you joy immortal. 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, take your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I was before happy, if I could say how much.—Lady, as you that flat, am you not! I give away myself for you, and dye upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, count: or if you cannot, stop your mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak, neither.

Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord; I think it, poor fool, it keeps

on the windside side of care — My cousin tells him
in his letter, that I have a letter from
 Claus. And so she doth, cousin.

oyal. Good lord, for alliance! — Thus goes every
one to the word but I, and I am sun-burned; I
must sit in a corner and cry help-ho! for a hus-
band.

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your gentleman.
Have you grace upon you in a beaker like your-
our father got excellent husbands, it 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
ey every day; — But, believe your grace, pardon me: I
I have never spoken all this in nothing.

D. Pedro. Your silence mostoffends me, and to be
mercy best becomes you; for out of question,
you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. My true love, my lord, my mother cried; but
then there was a star danced, an under that I was
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 Beatrice.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.
How can I bear the burden of the old lady's evil
done in her, my lord? she is never sad, but when
she sleeps:and not ever sad then; for I have heard
my daughter say, she hath often dreamt of unhap-
some day; and that her marriage with her dead
husband.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a
husband.

Leon. O, by no means; she mocks all her wooers
out of the way.

D. Pedro. She was an excellent wife for Bene-
dick.

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 til Monday, my dear son, which is
hence a just-seven-night; and a time too brief too,
for 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 daily by us: I will, in the interim,
uniform one of Hercules' lusty tenors, which is to
bring signor Benedick and the lady Beatrice into
a mountain of affection, the one with the other. I
would may as hasten as I may, and I do not
ought to have said to thee three words, unless a
minister should see, or see what security s
assurance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me
ten nights watching.

Claudio. And my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to
have my cousin to a birthday, my lord.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhappiest
husband that I know: thus far can I praise him;
he is of a noble strain: of approved valor, and
confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to honor
your cousin, that she shall in love with Benedick;
and I, with your two helps, will so practice
on Benedick, that in spite of his quick wit, and
his world's jests, he shall fall in love with Be-
trice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an
archer; his arrow shall be ours, for we are the only
love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my
drife. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. — Another Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Don John and Borachio.

Don John. It is so; the count Claudio shall marry
the daughter of Leonato.

Borachio. Yen, my lord; but I can cross it.

Don John. Any cross, any impediment will be
medieval to me; I am sick in displeasure to
him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection,
ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross
that borrachio?

Borachio. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly,
that no dishonor shall appear in me.

Don John. Show me bravely how.

* Linoge.  
* Paschious.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Claud. Yes, my good lord:—How still the evening is.

As hush'd as purpose to enrage harmony!

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O, very well, my lord: the music ended,
We'll fit the stage for this my-worth.

Enter BALTHAZAR with music.

D. Pedro. Come Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

BALTH. O good my lord, tax not so bad a voice
To slander music any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency,
To put a strange face on his own perfection:
I pray thee, sing, and let me won no more.

BALTH. Remember, sir, when you talk of what I sing:
Since many a wo'er doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy: yet he woos;
Yet will he swear, he loves.

Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

BALTH. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why these are very crotchets that he speaks:

Note, notes, forsooth, and nothing! [Music.

Bene. [Aside.] Divine air! now is his soul ravish'd!
—Is it not strange, that sheep's guts should hide souls out of men's bodies?—Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

BALTHAZAR sings.

Exeunt.

Claud. Halt the hook well: this fish will bite.

[Aside.

Leon. What effects, my lord! She will sit you—
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 that for the spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Claud. I mean this think this a gull, but
That the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery
Cannot, sure, hide itself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath taken the infection: hold it up,

D. Pedro. Hath she made her allusion 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, but have so oft encounter'd 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 write a sheet of paper,—my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. Oh! When she had written it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet!

Claud. That.

Leon. Of! she tore the letter into a thousand half-pence; rated at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would not read her: I ensure him, says she, be my own spirit; for I should not wish him, if he well wrote to me; yet, 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 jests hath so much overborne her, that my daughter would not sometimes affect she would 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, an excellent lady.

Leon. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In every thing, but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a notch, I have ten times in the course of the day, this 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 would discover this defance on me, I would have double all other respects, and made her half myself: I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

Leon. Well, I thank you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely, she will die: for she says, she will die if he love her not; and she will die ere she make her love known: and she will die ere she know her love; and she will hate one breath of her distressed crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for no man, as you know all, hath a contemplative spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

D. Pedro. He hath indeed a good outward happiness.

Leon. I, Fore God, and in my mind, very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And to be him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a just Christian and Christian fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

1. More.

Thrown off.
D. Pedro. And so will he do: for the man doth fear God, however it seems not in him, by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your piece: I will go see Benedick, and tell him of her love.

Claud. Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counsel.

Hero. Nay, that’s impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we'll hear further of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; moor could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

D. Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another’s dotage, and no such matter; that’s the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[Aside Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato.]

Benedick advances from the Arbor.

Claud. This can be no trick: The conference was sadly borne. —They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady; it seems, her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must do: I hear how I am censured; they say, I will hear myself prouder, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. —I did never think I must be so prou’d: Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say, the lady is fair; ’tis a truth I can bear them witness; and virtuous; —tis so, I cannot reprove it; and wise but for loving me. —By my troth, it is no addition to her wit; —nor any great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. —I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have long so against marriage; —But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age: Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his honor? No: The world must be peopled. When I said, I would die a bachelor. I did not think I should live till I were married. —Here comes Beatrice: By this day, she’s a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Beat. Fair Beatrice. I thank you for your pains. Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Beat. You take pleasure in the message! Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knave’s head that does a good day with you: —you have no stomach, signior; fare you well. [Exit.

Beat. Ha! Against my will, I am sent to bid you come to dinner. —there’s a double meaning in the whole: I have no pains for those thanks, than you look pains to thank me —that’s as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy. as thanks: —If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain. If I do not love her, I am a Jew: I will get her picture. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Leonato’s Garden.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thou into the parlor: There shall thou find my cousin Beatrice preparing with the prince and Claudio. Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse is all of her; say, that thou overheard’st us; And bid her steal into the pleasant bower, Where honey-suckles, rippled by the sun, Forbid the sun to enter; —like favorites, Made proud by princes, that advance their pride Against that power that bred it: —there will she hide her.

To listen our purpose: This is thy office, Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I’ll make her come, I warrant you presently. [Exit.

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come, As we do trace this alley up and down, our talk must only be of Benedick: When I do name him, let it be thy part To praise him more than ever man did merit; My talk to thee must be, how Benedick Is sick in love with Beatrice: Of this matter Is little Cupid’s crafty arrow made, That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin;

Enter Beatrice behind.

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. The pleasantest angling is to see the fish Cut with her golden ears the silver stream, And go edly devour the treacherous bait: So ancle we for Beatrice; who even now Is couched in the woodland covert;

Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing; —seriously carried on. —Discourting.

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 rocks. [Exit.

Urs. But are you sure, That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely! Hero. So says the prince, and my new-trothed lord.

Urs. And then they bid you tell her of it, madam! Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it: But I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick, To wish him wrestle with affection, And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you so? Ioth not the gentleman Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed, As ever Beatrice shall couche upon! Hero. O God of love! I know, he doth deserve As much as may be yielded to a man: But nature never fram’d a woman’s heart Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice; Dishast and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes, Misparing what they look on; and her wit Values itself so highly, that to her All matter else seems weak: she cannot love, Nor take go shape nor project of affection, She is so self-endearing.

Urs. Sure, I think so; And therefore, certainly, it was not —she knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth: I never yet saw man, How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur’d, But she would spill him backward: if fair-fled, she bear, the gentleman should be her sister; If black, why, nature, drawing of an antick, Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill-headed; If low, an agate very wily cut: If speaking, why, a vine blown with all wind; If sly, why, a block moved with none. So turns she every man the wrong side out; —A species of hawks.
SCENE II.  MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

And never gives to truth and virtue, that,
Which simplicity and merit purchaseth.

 Urs.  She's curst, and her prating is not commendable.

 Hero.  Nor: not to be so odd and from all fashions.

 As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
She's such a madwoman, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.

Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Come away in sighs, waste inwardly:
It were a better death, to die with mucks;
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

 Urs.  Yet tell her of it: hear what she will say.

 Hero.  Not; rather I will go to Benedick
And counsel him to course to this passion:
And, truly, I'll devise some honest standers
To stain my counsel with: One doth not know,
How much an ill word may en蛟ison like.

 Urs.  Do, not to do me wrong.

 She cannot be so much without true judgment,
(Having so swift and excellent a wit,
As is priz'd to have,) at least to suffer
So rare a gentleman as singer Benedick.

 Hero.  He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

 Urs.  Do you, by no means, be angry with me, madam,
Speaking of my fancy; signor Benedick.

 For shape, for bearing, argument, and valor,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

 Hero.  Indeed he hath an excellent good name.

 Urs.  His excellence did earn it, ere he had it—
When are you married, madam?

 Hero.  Why, every day; — to-morrow: Come:
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
many a Benedict.

 Hero.  If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[Exit Hero, and Ursula.]

BEATRICE advances.

Beatrice advances.

 Bf.  What fire is in mine ears! Can this be true?
Stand I condemned for pride and sworn so much?
Contempt, falseCVV., and maiden pride, adieu!
No longer lives behind the back of such.

 And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee;
Turning 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 desire; and I
Believe it better than reporting.

[Exit.

SCENE II. — A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, and Leonato.

 Don Pedro.  I do but stay till your marriage be consummated, and then I go to laugh Aragon.

 Claud.  I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchesafe me.

 Don Pedro.  Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new glass of your marriage, as to show a child its new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him: he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his conscience speaks.

 B.  Gallants, I am not as I have been.

 Leon.  Say so I; methinks you are sadder.

 Claud.  I hope, he be in love,

 B.  Forthening him, threatning: there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love: if he be sad, he wants money.

 Leon.  I have the tooth-sache.

 Claud.  I have it.

 B.  Hang it.

 Claud.  You must hang it first, and draw it after.

 Don Pedro.  What! sigh for the tooth-sache?
 Leon.  Where is but a humor, or a worm!

 B.  Well, every one can master a grief, but he

 Claud.  Yet say I, he is in love.

 Leon.  I have no appearance of fancy in

 him, unless it be a fairy that he hath to strange disguises: as to be a Dutchman to-day; a Frenchman to-morrow; or in the shape of two countries at once, as a German from the west downward, all slop; and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doubt: unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is as fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

 Claud.  If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: he brushes his hat on his eyebrows, What should that baste?

 Don Pedro.  Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

 Claud.  No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him: and the old ornament of his cheek hath a sadly studded beard for his passion.

 Leon.  Indeed, he looks younger than he did by the loss of a beard.

 Don Pedro.  Nay he rubs himself with ehit: Can you small him out by that?

 Claud.  That's as much as to say, The sweet youth's in love.

 Don Pedro.  The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

 Claud.  And when was he wont to wash his face?

 Don Pedro.  Yes, or to paint himself! for the which, I hear what they say of him.

 Claud.  Nay, he is but a rough spring, which is now crept into a lustre, and now governed by steps.

 Don Pedro.  Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him.

 Claud.  Not a word, I know who loves him.

 Don Pedro.  That would I know, too; I warrant, one that knows him not.

 Claud.  Yes, and his ill conditions: and, in despite of all, dies for him.

 Don Pedro.  She shall be buried with her face upward.

 Leon.  Yet is this no charm for the tooth-sache—

 Old signor, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

 [Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.]

 Don Pedro.  For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

 Claud.  Tis even so: Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice: and then the two bears will not bite one another, when they meet.

 Enter Don John.

 Don John.  My lord and brother, God save you.

 Don Pedro.  God bless your brother.

 Don John.  If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

 Don Pedro.  In private?

 Don John.  If it please you; — yet count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of, concerns him.

 Don Pedro.  What's the matter?

 Don John.  Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

 Don Pedro.  You know he does.

 Don John.  I know not that, when he knows what I know.

 Claud.  If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

 Don John.  You may think I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest: For my brother, I think he holds you well; and in dearness of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage: surely, suit ill spent, and labor ill-begotten.

 Don Pedro.  Why, what's the matter?

 Don John.  I came hither to tell you: and, circumstances shortened, (for she hath been too long a talking of) the lady is diasabled.

 Claud.  Who! Hero?

 Don John.  Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

 Claud.  Divulge it!

 Don John.  The word is too gross to paint out her wickedness; I could say, she were worse; think you of a worse curse, and I will fit her it to. Wonder not till further word, I go but with me tonight, you shall see her chamber-window entered; even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow weel her; but it would better fit your honor to chance your mind.

 Claud.  May this be so!

 1 Largo loose breeches.
D. Pedro. I will not think it.

D. John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess yourself: if you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see anything too-night why I should not hear to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should see, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And as I vowed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

D. John. I will not disgrace her no farther, till you are my witnesses: hear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned! Claud. This device strangely thwarts me! 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. You, or else you were put but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, because they lose the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbor Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most dishartless man to be constable?

1 Watch. Hugh Outake, sir, or George Seaead; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbor Seaead. God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favored 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 favor, 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 hear you the lantern: This is your charge. You shall comprehend all vagram men; you are to bid any man stand in the prince's name.

2 Watch. How, if he will not stand?

Dogb. 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 no friend of 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, that is 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 sleeping should offend: only have a care that your bills be not stolen—Well, you are to call at all the alehouses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

2 Watch. How, if they will not.

Dogb. Why then, let them alone till they are sober: if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

2 Watch. Well, sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, the more is for your honesty.

2 Watch. If he be a thief, we shall not lay hands on him.

Dogb. Truly, by your office, you may; but, I think, they that touch bitich will be defiled: the most certain way, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a mercifull man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him. [Weapons of the watchmen.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

Borb. Well, how, if the nurse be asleepe, and will not hear it?

Dogb. Why, then depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the eue that will not hear when it is broken, will never answer a call when he beats.

Verg. 'Tis ever true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You, constables, discharge the prince's people, as well as you can. If you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by' lady, that, I think, he cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings; to one o'er, with any man that may stay him, marry, not without the prince he will; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is audence to stay a man against his will.

Borb. I think it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weighty chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsel and your own, and good night.—Come, neighbor.

2 Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. More word, more honest neighbors: I pray you, watch about signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to morrow, there is a great coil to-night: Adieu, be vigilant, I beseech you.

[Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.

Enter Borachio and Conrad.


Con. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow tiched; I thought there should be a rack to follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close then under this penthouse; there is no villain there; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [Aside.] Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villainy should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I am afraid of both.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirmed? Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. I dare not be a knave.

Bora. I mean the fashion.

Con. Yes the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say the fool the fool.

But see'st thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is? I know that Deformed; he has been a vile thief this seven year: he goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No; 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. Thou liest not, I say, which a deformed thief this fashion is! how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty! sometime, fashioning them, like Phaon's soldiers; sometime, like a painting; sometime, like god Bel's priests in the old church window; sometime, like the shaven Hercules in the smirched* worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod-piece seems as massy as his head.

Con. All this I see; and see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man; but art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou dost shift out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so neither: but know, that I have tonight wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentle-woman,

* Unpretentious in the ways of the world.

† Smoked.

‡ Soldi.
times good night—I tell this tale vilely— I should first tell thee, how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted, and placed, and possessed by my master don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable gentleman.

Cort. And thought they, Margaret was Hero.

Bona. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed that morning at the temple, and that before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw over-night, and sent her home again without a husband.

1 Watch. We change you in the prince's name, stand.

2 Watch. Call up the right master constable: We have recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

1 Watch. And one Deformed is one of them; I know him, he wears a lock.

Cont. Masters, masters.

1 Watch. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Cont. Masters.—

1 Watch. Never speak; we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Barta. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, by this means to take off of these men's bills.

Cont. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [Exeunt]

SCENE IV.—A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise. 

Urs. I will, lady. 

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well. 

[Exit Ursula.]

Marg. Troth, I think, your other rabato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I will wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it's not so good; and I warrant your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another; I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I'll be the new attire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the duchess of Milan's gown, that they praise so.

Hero. O that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth, it's but a night-crown in respect of yours: Cloth of gold, and cuts, and faced with gold; set with pearls, down sleeves, side-sleeves, and skirts round, underborne with a bluest tinsel; but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten in one.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy.

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon, by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honorably? I am not marriage honorable in a beggar! Is not your lord honorable without marriage! I think you would have me say, saving your reverence,—a hamburg; and thinking do not rest true speaking. I'll offend nobody: Is there any harm in—the heavier for a husband? None, I think, an if it be the right husband, and the right wife; otherwise, 'tis light and not heavy: Ask my lady Beatrice else, she comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, now how! do you speak in the sick tone?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks, Margaret. Clap us into—Light o' love; that goes without a burden; do you an' it, and I'll dance it. Beat. Yea, Light o' love, with your heels!—then if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.

A kind of ruff.

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heart and tongue.

Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin: 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill:—hey ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a lorse, or a husband! 

Beat. For the letter that becometh them all, H. 

Marg. Well, you an' be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What's that means the fool, trow? 

Marg. Nothing! but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gives the count sent me, they are an excellent morphine.

Beat. I am studied, cousin, I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and studied! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you professed apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you let it: doth not my wit become me rarely!

Beat. It is not yet seen enough, you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distilled Cardims Benedict, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a cold.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedict? why Benedict? you have some moral in this Benedictus.

Marg. No, by my troth, I have not a moral meaning: I meant, plain holy thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love; nay, by' faith, I am not such a fool to think what I list, nor I list me such nonsense; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love; yet Benedict was such an emperor, and now a he become a man; he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted. I know not; but, methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps? 

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, withdraw; the prince, the count, signior Benedick, don John, and all the gallants of the town are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Another Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, with Dogberry and VerGES.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbor?

Dog. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that deverts you nearly.

Leon. Briefly, I pray you, for, you see, 'tis a busy time with me.

Dog. Marry, this it is, sir.

Ver. Ye mean, it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dog. Goodman Verge, sir, speaks a little off the matter; an old man, sir, and his wife are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest, as the skin between his brows.

Ver. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest an any man living, that is an old man, and no honest wench.

Dog. Comparisons are odorous: palpabrum, neighbor Verges.

Leon. Neighbors, you are tedious.

Dog. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but truly, for many own part if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all your worship.

Leon. All these things you are exceeding a pleasure to hear them.

Ver. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say. Ver. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have on a couple of as ardent knownes as any in Messina.

1 o'clock for an ace or pain.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Inside of a Church.

Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Leonato, Friar, Claudio, Benedict, Hero, Beatrice, &c.

Leonato. Come, friar Frances, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady.

Claudio. No.

Leonato. To be married to her, friar; you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count.

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment, you should show me it, and I will give you leave to return.

Claudio. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leonato. I dare make his answer, none.

Claudio. O, what men dare do! what men may do!

What men daily do! not knowing what they do.

Bear now no similitude of looks; Why then, some be laughing, as ha! ha! ha!

Claudio. Stand thee by, friar—Father, by thy leave.

May we have no unconstraining soul.

Give me this maid, your daughter.

Leonato. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claudio. And what have I to give you back, whose worth May counterplease this rich and precious gift?

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claudio. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.

There, Leonato, take her back again;

Give not this rotten orange to your friend;

She's but the sign and semblance of her honor—

Behold, how like a maid she blushes here;—

O, what authority and show of truth!

Can cunning sin cover itself with that?

Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,

To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,

All you that see her, that she were a maid,

By these exterior shows? But she is none;

She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;

Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leonato. What do you mean, my lord?

Claudio. Not to be married,

Not knit my soul to an approved wanton.

Leonato. Dear my lord, if you in your own proof

Have vanquished the resistance of her youth,

And made her subject to your virtue.——

Claudio. I know what you would say; if I have known her,

You'll say, she did embrace me as a husband,

And so terminate the Faithful sin.

No, Leonato.

I never tempted her with word too large;

i. e. It is wonderful to see. — Leucippeus.

But, as a brother to his sister show'd

Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

Hero. And seemed I ever otherwise to you?

Claudio. Out on thy seeing! I will write against it.

You seem to me as Dinn in her orb:

As chase as in the hull ere it be blown:

But you are more interreggare in your blood

Than Venville, or those panoplist'ed animals

That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

Leonato. Sweet prince, why speak not you?

D. Pedro. What should I speak?

I stand discomfòrt'd, that have gone about

To link my dear friend to a common stake.

Leonato. Are these things spoken for this dream!

D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Leonato. True? O God!

Claudio. Leonato, stand I here!

Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?

Is this fair Hero? Are our eyes our own?

Leonato. All this is true. But what of this, my lord?

Claudio. Let me but move one question to your daughter:

And, by that fatherly and kindly power

That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leonato. I charge thee do, as then art my child.

Hero. O God defend me! how am I best?

Claudio. That cannot call thee by this name

To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name

With any just reproach?

Claudio. Marry, that can Hero;

Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight

Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?—

Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Her. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden.—Leonato.

I am sorry you must hear: Upon mine honor,

Myself, my brother, and this grievéd count

Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night;

Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;

Who hath, indeed, must like a liberalf'vilian,

Confess'd the vile encounters they have had

A thousand times in secret.

D. Pedro. Fye, fye, they are

Not to be name'd, my lord, not to be spoke of;

There is not chaste lady in the land;

Without offence to utter them: Thus pretty lady,

With her own solitary harmless ornament.

Claudio. O Hero! what a Hero hast thou been,

If half thy outward graces had been placed

About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart!

But, fare thee well, most well, most fair!—But well,

Thou pure impiloty, and impious purity!

For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,

Licentious. — Wildly. — Too free of tongue.
And on my eyelids shall conjure hag,
Taking all beauty, all beauty's harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.
Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?
What way, now, cousin! wherefore sink you down?
D. John. Come, let us go; these things, come thus to light,
Another hour, she sleeps; [Exit Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio.
Leon. How doth the lady?
Bart. Dead. I think,—help, uncle,—
Hero! why, Hero!—Uncle!—Signior Benedick? Friar!
Leon. O fate, take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the farthest ever for her shame,
That may be wish'd for.
Bart. How now, cousin Hero?
Friar. Have comfort, lady.
Leon. Dost thou look up?
Friar. Yes; wherefore should she not?
Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes;
For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Then thou speakest. If thy spirits were strong, as thine,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life; Grip'd I, had I but one
One for that at frail nature's frame! Is
O, one so much by beauty's hand! Why had she one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes!
Why had I not, with chartless hand,
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;
Why makest thou thine and mine so much,
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her; why, she,—I, is fallen
Into a pot of ink! that the wise and sedent,
Harlots, that used to wash her clean again;
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh!
Bart. Sir, sir, be patient:
For my part, I am so aff't in wonder,
I know not what to say.
Bart. O, on my soul my cousin is belief'd,
That Lady, were you her body be dead?—
Bart. No, truly, not: although until last night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.
Leon. Confirmed, confirmed! O, that is stronger made,
Which was before hark'd up with ribs of iron!
Would the two princes lie! and Claudio lie—
Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of his fainess,
Would it with extraience from her; let her die.
Friar. Hear me a little:
For I have only been silent so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By nothing of the lady: I have mark'd,
A thousand blushing apparitions start
Into her face; a thousand immences shames
In angel whiteness hear away those blushes;
And aura all her eye; not that but true,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth:—Call me a fool,
Trust not my reasoning, nor my observations,
With what I have experience, to seal that 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 denies nothing,
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?
Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?
Hero. They know, that do accuse me; I know none:
If I know more of any man alive,
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy!—O my father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
Disposition of things,
Snail'd.
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Did lend the chance of words with any creature,
Refuse me, then, hence to that authority.
Friar. There is some strange misprision in the princes.
Bart. Two of them have the very heart of honor;
And if their wisdoms be mislaid in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.
Leon. I know not. I'll they speak the truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honor,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it,
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention.
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life rost me so much of friends,
But they shall find, asked of such a kind,
Both strength of limb and fluid policy of soul,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.
Friar. Pause a while,
And let my counsel sway you in this case,
Your daughter here the princes left for dead;
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead indeed:
Maintain a mourning observation:
And on your family's old monument
Hang mourner epistles, and do all rites
That appear at once a burial.
Leon. What shall become of this? What will this do?
Friar. Marty, this, well-carried, shall on her behalf
Change slander drop to charity; that is some good:
But not for that, dream I on this strait course,
But on this trall'd look for greater birth.
She dyeing, as it must be so maintained,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excus'd,
Of every hearer: For it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth;
While, whiles we enjoy it; being backed and lost,
Why, then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue, that possession would not show us,
Whiles it was ours:—So will it fare with Claudio
When he shall hear her so disposed by his words
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imitation;
And every lovely organ of her life,
Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed,—then shall he mour'n
If ever love had interlaced in his liver,
And wish he had not so accus'd her;
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not success
Will fashion the even of a better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood,
But if all arm but this be level'd false,
Then in the suppression of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infancy:
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her
(As best he fits her wounded reputation)
In some reclusive and religious life.
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.
Bart. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you.
And though, you know, my inwardness and love
Is very much in it; but being backed and lost,
Yet, by mine honor, I will deal in this
As secretly, and justly, as your soul
Should with your body.
Bart. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.
Friar. 'Tis well consented; presently away;
For to strange sore straights they strain the cure.
Come, lady, to live: this wedding day,
Perhaps, is but prolong'd; have patience, and endure.
Leon. I beg your excus'd.
Friar. Hero, and Leonato.
Bart. Lady Beatrice, have you kept all this while?
Bart. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.
Bart. I will despise you then:
Bart. You have no reason, I do it freely.
Bart. Surely, I do believe you fair cousin is wrong'd.
Bart. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me,
that would right her!
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. 

Act IV.

Beat. Is there any way to show such friendship?
Bened. A very even way, but no such friend.
Beat. May a man do it?
Bened. It is a man's office, but not yours.
Beat. I do love nothing in the world so well as you. I hope there's that same friend.
Bened. As strange as the thing I know not: It was as possible for me to say, I love nothing so well as you; but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor do I deny nothing: I am sorry for my cousin.
Bened. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lov'st me.
Beat. I do not swear by it, and eat it.
Bened. I will swear by it, that you love me; and I will make him eat it, that says I love not you.
Beat. Will you not eat your word?
Bened. A peace of grace that can be devised to it: I protest, I love thee.
Beat. Why then, God forgive me!
Bened. What offence, sweet Beatrice!
Beat. O, heaven! I have slain me in a happy hour; I was about to protest, I loved you.
Bened. And do it with all thy heart.
Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.
Bened. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.
Beat. Kill Claudio.
Bened. I hate 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 such love:—Nay, I pray you, let me go.
Bened. Beatrice.
Beat. In faith, I will go.
Bened. We'll be friends first.
Beat. You darefu'l be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.
Bened. Is Claudio thine enemy?
Beat. He is not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonored my kind woman!—O, that I were a man!—What! What! hear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmuzzled rancor,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.
Bened. Hear me, Beatrice;—
Bened. Yare with a man out at a window! A proper saying.
Bened. Nay, but, Beatrice;—
Beat. Sweet Hero!—she is wronged, she is slander'd, she is undone.
Bened. Beat.
Beat. Princes and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count-confess a sweet galant! If I were a man for his sake!—that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is muddled into courtesies, valor into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and bated men are thus, as I am now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and swears it:—I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.
Bened. Sweet, good Beatrice: By this hand, I love thee.
Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.
Bened. Think you in your soul the count Claudio hath wronged Hero?
Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soul.
Bened. 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.

SCENE II.—A Prison.

Enter CHAPPY, Verges, and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch, with Conrad and Borachio.

Dogb. Is our whole assembly appeared?

Verg. No, a stool and a cushion for the sexton!
Sexton. Which be the malefactors?
Dogb. Marrv, that am I and my partner.

*Noblemam. A nobleman made out of sugar.

Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to the last.

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!—What is that same friend?
Bora. Borachio. 

Dogb. Pray write down—Borachio—Yours, sirrah!

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrad.

Dogb. Write down—master gentleman Conrad—am I.—Let them be examined for this.

Con. Bora. Yea, sir, we hope.

Dogb. Write down—that they hope they serve God;—and write God first; for God defend but God at last!—Cover false villains; Masters, it is proved already that you are better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so short- ly. How answer you for yourselves! 

Bora. Thoughtfully, we say we are none.

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go with about him. Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear, sir; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dogb. Well, stand aside.—For God, they are both in a tale: Here you write down—that they are not enemies.

Sexton. Master constable, you go not the way to examine; you must call forth the watch that are the true accusers.

Dogb. Yea, marry, that's the effect way:—Let the watch come forth.—Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

1 Dogb. What heard you him say else?

2 Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of don John, for accusing the holy Hero.

Bora. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 Dogb. 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 other than such.

Sexton. What else?

2 Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny!—Or is him 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. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting other than such.

Verg. Let them be in bond.

Con. Off, coxcomb! 

Dogb. God's my life! where's the sexton? let him write down— the prince's officer, coxcomb.

Verg. I come, let them be in bond.

Con. Off, coxcomb!

Dogb. God's my life! where's the sexton? let him write down— the prince's officer, coxcomb.—

Verg. Let them be in bond.

Con. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

Dogb. Dowth thou not suspect my place? Dowth 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 act full of piety, as shall be proved upon my body, and goodwill 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 man as any is 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 every thing handsome about him. Away, O, thou villain! thou hast been written down—an ass.

[Exeunt]
ACT V.

SCENE I.—Before Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato and Antonio.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 'tis not wisdom, thus to second grief
Against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsels,
Which falls into mine ears as proceeded
As water in a sewer: give not me counsel;
Nor let the comforter delight mine ear.
But such a one whose woes do sit with mine.
Bring me a father, that so lov'd his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And let him speak of patience,
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain;
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard:
Cry,—sorrow, woe, and hein, when he should groan;
Pitc'h grief with provokes, make misfortune drink
With candy-waters; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience,
But there is no such man: For, brother, men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptual medicine to receive,
Favored, wrong madness in a sufferer,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words:
No, no: 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that writ under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself: therefore give me no counsel;
My griefs cry louder than advertisements.
Ant. There is no man from children nothing differ.
Leon. I pray thee, peace; I will be flesh and blood;
For there was never yet philosopher,
That could endure the toothache patiently;
However they have wise the style of gods,
And made a pitch at change and sufficiency.
Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;
Make those, that do offend you, suffer too.
Leon. There thou speak'st right, nay, I will do so:
My soul doth tell me, Hero is belied;
And that shall Claudio know, so shall the prince,
And all of them, that thus dis honor her.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio.

Ant. Here comes the prince, and Claudio, hastily.
D. Pedro. Good den, good den.
Claudio. Good day to both of you.
Ant. Leon, here you, my lord.
D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.
Leon. Some haste, my lord!—well, fare you well,
my lord:
Are you so hasty now!—well, all is one.
D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.
Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would be how.

Whose wrongs him?

Leon. Marry,
Thou, thou dost wrong me; thou desemblest, thou;
Nor lay thy hand upon thy sword,
I fear thee not.

Claudio. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear:
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.
Leon. Tush, tush, man, never leer and jest at me;
I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool;
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done, or you, or what would do.
Were I not old: Know Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd; mine innocent child and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by;
And with great hair, bruise one and many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child;
Thy slander hath gone through and through her
And she lies buried with her ancestors;
Of in a tomb where never scandal slept,

Admonition.
Claus. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.
Beau. Shall I speak a word in your ear?
Claus. God bless me from a challenge!
Beau. You are a villain!—I jest not:—I will make you confess. How do you dare, with what you dare:—Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you! Let me hear the reason of all this!
Claus. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.
D. Pedro. What a feast a feast! A feast!
I, faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's head and a capon; the which if I do not curse most curiously, say, my knight's naught.
—Shall I not find a weedcock too?
Beau. To weigh with us, it goseth easily.
D. Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day: I said, thou hadst a fine wit: True, said she, a fine little one.
Claus. I, a good wit; Just, said she, it hurts nobody.
Beau. Nay said I, the general is wise: Certain, said she, a wise gentleman:
Beau. Nay said I, he hath the tongues; That I believe, said she for she swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forewore on Tuesday morning; there's a double tongue; there's two tongues, in one head, did she, in one mouth, trans-shape thy particular virtues; yet at last, she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.
D. Pedro. For which she wept heartily, and said she cared not.
D. Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly; that old man's daughter, and us all.
Claus. All, and; and moreover, God saw him when he was hit in the garden.
D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull to the sensible benefactor?
Claus. Yea, and text underneath, Here dwells Benedick the married man?
Beau. Fare you well, boy; you know my mind; I will give you now two to your gossip-like humor: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courtesies, I must discourse of your company; your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina: you have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady: For my lord back-board, here, and he shall meet; and till then, peace be with him.
—[Exeunt BEATRICE, LEONATO, and BORACHIO.
Claus. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape to doctor such a man.
D. Pedro. But, sooth you, let be; pluck up, my heart, and be sad! Did he not say, my brother was tliee?
Dogb. Come, you, sir; if justice cannot tame you, she shall never weigh more reasons in her balance: nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be a cursing hypocrite always.
D. Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound! Borachio, one!
D. Pedro. Heaken after their offence, my lord!
D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?
Dogb. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; se- condly, that you are slander'd, saith, and all the clad, have believ'd a lady; thrice, they have verified un-just things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.
D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; then, I ask thee what's in their Benedick's head and, lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge.
D. Pedro. Officers, what is borachio, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.
D. Pedro. Whom have you offended, masters; that are you thus bound to your answer? this
learned, constable is too cunning to be understood.
What's your offence!
Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no further to answer; do you hear me, and let this count kill me.
D. Pedro. I have decreed even your very eyes; what your wishions could not discover, the seer of seers have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how den John your bride; now, I suppose, to sully the lady Hero: how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her!
Bora. Yeu, and paid me richly for the practice of it.
D. Pedro. He is composed and framed of treachery—
And did he is upon this villainy.
Claus. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I loved it first.
Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiff; by this time out of his fiery current, and shall reform the matter.
And, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.
Verge. Here comes master signior Leonato, and the sexton too.
Re-enter LEONATIO and ANTONIO, with the Sexton.
Leon. Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes That when I note another man like him, I may avoid him: Which of these is he!
Bora. If you would know your wronser, look
Leon. Art thou the slave, that with thy breath hast kill'd Mine innocent child?
Bora. Yea, even I alone.
Leon. No, not so, villain; thou bely'st thyself.
Here stand a pair of honorable men,
A first I pricked, thank thee the hand in it—
I thank your princes, for my daughter's death; Record it with your high and worthy deeds;
Twas bravely done, if thou bereft you of it.
Claus. I know not how to pray your patience, Yet I must speak: Choose your revenge yourself; Impose me to what pittance your invention Can lay upon my sin: yet sinnd I not, But how to bring.
D. Pedro. By my soul, nor 1;
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he might run on me.
Leon. I cannot bid you my daughter live,
That were impossible; but, I pray you both, Possess the people in Messina here
How innocent is she, if your love Can labor aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing to her bones; sing it to-night—
To-morrow morning, come you to my house:
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child's that's dead,
And she is his heir to both of them.
Give her the right you should have given her cousin,
And so do's my revenge.
Claus. Bene. O, noble sir,
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.
Leon. Upon what condition, I will expect your coming To-might I take my leave.—This naughty man Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was pack'dd in all this wrong, Her to it by his brother.
Bora. No, by my soul, she was not;
Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me; But always hath been just and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.
Dogb. Moreover, sir, (which, indeed, is not under white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender did call me aw affeece you, let it be remembered
—Serious.
—Insolent.
—Acquaint.
—Combined.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

in his punishment: And also the watch heard them talk together; and they say, he bears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name; the which he hath used so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-headed, and will lend nothing for God's sake:
Pray you, examine him upon that point.
Lout. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.
Dob. Thy worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend gentleman, and I praise God for you.
Lout. There's for thy pains.
Dob. God save the foundation!
Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.
[Exit Leon.]
Dob. I leave an astray knave with thy worship which, I beseech thy worship, to correct yourself, for the more use may be made of it. And keep your worship well: I wish with your worship well; God restore you to health: I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it:—Come, neighbour.

[Exeunt DOBERY, VERGES, and Watch.
Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.
And, Farewell, my lords; we look for you to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.
Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

[Exeunt DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO.
Leon. Bring these three fellows on; we'll talk with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lowly fellow.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Leonato's Garden.

Enter Benedick and Margaret, meeting.
Bene. Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.
Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?
Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for in must comedy truth, thou deservest it.
Marg. To have no man come over me! why, shall I always keep below stairs?
Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.
Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.
Bene. A most mean wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a woman; and so I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.
Marg. Give us the sword, we have bucklers of our own.
Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the play with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons formaids.
Marg. well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I think, hath legs.

[Exit MARGARET.
Bene. And therefore will come.

The god of love,
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me.
How pifull I describe—

I mean, in singing; but in loving,—Leander the good swimmerTroilus the first employer of pandars, and a whole book full of these quondam carb-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of the vulgar verse, why, then, I say, true love 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 bat bat bat, an innocent rhyme; for seventeen, horn, a bastard rhyme; for school, foot, a babbling rhyme; very ominous endines: No, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival ways.

[Exit BEATRICE.
Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bide me.
Bene. O, stay out 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 in knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.
Bene. Only fowl words; and thereupon I will kiss thee. —Wicked.

Beat. Foul words are but foul breath, and foul breath is passable; therefore I will depart un kissed.

Bene. Thou hast stricken the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit: But I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and therefore let either sign any other, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts dost thou first fall in love with me? For them all together; when 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 didst thou first fall in love for me? Bene. Some few. For a good epithet! I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will. Beat. In spite of thy heart, I think; alas! poor heart! If you spit it for yours; for I will never love that which any friend hates. Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably. Beat. It appears not in this confession: there is not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbors; 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 who are you that is this, think you?
Bene. Question!—Why, an hour in damler, and a quarter in rhenum: Therefore it is most expedient for the wise, (if don Worn his conscience find no ramp, and-{the contrary!} to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself: So much for praising myself, (who, I myself will hearken witness is praise-worthily,) and now tell me, How doth thy cousin?

Beat. Very ill.
Bene. And how do you?
Beat. Very ill too.
Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend; there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

[Enter Ursula.
Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle;—your lord's old coil at home: it is proved, my lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudia mightly abused: and don John is the author of all, who is dead and gone: will you come presently?
Beat. Will you tell me this news, signior?
Bene. I, I, I, I will live in thy heart, die in thy lip, and be buried in thy eyes, and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Inside of a Church.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and Attendants, with music and lutes.
Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?
Alfio. It is, my lord.
Claud. [Reads from a scroll.]

Do me to death by slanderous tongues,
Was the hero that here lies:

Death in guardiant of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies:
So the life, that died with shame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb, [Affixing it.

Praying her when I am dead.—

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slay thy virgin knight,
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, aid our noon;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Hearty, hearty.
Graves own, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Hearty, hearty.

Claud. Yes unto thy bones good night! Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters; put your torches out:
The work is done; prey; and look, the gentle day,

Stir. Reward.
Before the wheels of Phoebus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey:
Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.  

Claud. Good morrow, masters; each his several way.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
And then to Leonato’s we will go.

Claud. And, Friar, now with luckier issue speeds,
Than this, for whom we render’d up this woé!  
[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A Room in Leonato’s House.

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, URSULA, Friar, and HERO.

Friar. Do not tell me she was innocent?  
Leon. No, and I will make her an example to all such.

And then to Leonato’s we will go.

Claud. And, Friar, now with luckier issue speeds,
Than this, for whom we render’d up this woé!  
[Exeunt.

Enter Don Pedro and CLAUDIO, with Attendants.

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

 Leon. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio.

Friar. We here address you; are you yet determined?

To-day to marry with your brother’s daughter?

Claud. I’ll hold my mind, were she an Ethiope.

Leon. Call her forth, brother, here’s the friar ready.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick: Why, what’s the matter,
That you have such a February face.

So full of frost, of storm, and snow?

Claud. I think, he thinks upon the savage bull:—
Tush, fear not, man, we’ll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europe shall rejoice at thee;
As once Farnace did at last, at love.
When he would play the noble beast in love.
Beat. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable love;
And some such strange bull kept your father’s cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have just his beard.

Re-enter ANTONIO, with the Ladies masked.

Claud. For this I owe you; here come other reckonings,
Which is the lady I must seize upon?

Ant. As good as she, and I do give you her.

Claud. Why, then she don’t: Sweet, let me see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand.

Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar;

I am your husband, if you like of me.

Hero. And when I lived I was your other wife:

Umasking.

And when you loved, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another Hero!

Hero. Nothing certain:
One Hero died defil’d; but I do live,
And, surely as I live, I am a maid.

D. Pedro. The Fugitive Hero! Hero that is dead!

Leon. She dies, my lord, but whiles she slander lived.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify;
When, after that the holy rites are ended,
I’ll tell you largely of fair Hero’s death:
Mean time let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. What is it, Friar?—Which is Beatrice!

Beat. I answer to that name;  
[Unmasking.

What is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. No, no more than reason.

Bene. Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio,
Have been deceived: for they swore you did.

Beat. Do you not love me?

Bene. No, no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then my cousin, Margaret and Ursula, Are much deceived: for they did swear,
Bene. They swore that you were almost sick
for me.

Beat. They swore that you were well-looked for me.

Bene. ’Tis no such matter:—Then you do not love me!

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

Leon. Cousin, aunt, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I’ll be sworn upon’t, that he loves me;

For here’s a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure balm,
Fashion’d to Beatrice.

Hero. And here’s another.

Write 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 pitt.

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 wedding-crackers cannot douse out of my humors:
Just think, I mean a cake for a-sake, or an epigram:
No: If a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing handsomely about him; in brief, since I do propose that to marry, I will think nothing to my purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never doute 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 hope thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cud,clelled thee out of thine own: But after my lady there is a double deal: which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Beat. I once, come, we are friends:—let’s have a dance, ere we are married, that we might lighten our own hearts and our wives’ heels.

Leon. We’ll have dancing afterwards.

Beat. Mine, my lord, there’s what; therefore, play, music—Prime, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no such more reverend than one tipped with horn.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is in the hall.

And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Beat. Think not on him till to-morrow; I’ll devise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up, papers.  

Dance.—Exeunt.
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Theseus, Duke of Athens.
Egeus, Father to Hermia.
Lysander, in love with Hermia.
Demetrius, in love with Hermia.

Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.
Hermia, Daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.

Helena, in love with Demetrius.

Oberon, King of the Fairies.
Titania, Queen of the Fairies.
Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, a Fairy.

Peas-blossom, Cornflower, Mustard-seed.

Characters in the Interlude, performed by the Clowns.

Lion.

SCENE, Athens; and a Wood not far from it.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Athens. A Room in the Palace of Theseus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, and Attendants.

Thee. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hipp. Four days will quickly steep themselves in nighs;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

Thee. Go, Philostrate,


[Exit Philostrate.

Hippolyta. I wooed thee with my sword,
And won thy love, I due thee injuries; But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lysander, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke! Thee. Thanks, good Egeus! What's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of occasion come I, with complaint Against my child, my daughter Hermia.— Stan'd forth, Demetrius—My noble lord, This man hath my consent to marry her— Stan'd forth, Lysander—And, my gracious duke, This hath bewitched the bosom of my child: Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can enjoy of such a world as you desire.
For aye to be in shady cloister now'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chant at full moon hymns to the cold truant moon.
Then, to that nurse, and to that maidservant,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:
But cutthell happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that which withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows with its single and unsullied blood.
Herm. If I will grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Upon my lordship, and true unwon with yoke
My soul consents not to be sovereignly.
The. Take the time to pause; and, by the next new moon,
(The second day-between my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship.)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will;
Or else, to well Demetrius, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.
Din. Relent, sweet Hermia;—And, Lysander, yield.
Thy crazed title to my certain right.
Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius:
Let me have Lysander's; do you me him?
Enr. May Lysander! true, he hath my love;
And what is mine my love shall render him;
And she is mine; and all my right of her
I do assign unto Demetrius.
Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
I not with vantage, as Demetrius.
And, which is more than all these boists can be,
I am below'd of beauteous Hermia:
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius? I know, I know, to his head I made
Love to Neld's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, does
Upon this sportive and inconsistent man.
The. I must confess, that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being over-ful of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come,
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me:
I have some private schooling for you both.—
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To check your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.—
Comant. Hippolyta. What, what shall, my love?
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial; and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.
Exit. With duty and desire, we follow you.
Lys. How now, my love! Why is your cheek
So blithe? I never saw your eyes so bright.
If you make these roses do so far fast?
Herm. Believe, for want of rain; which I could well
Betray them from the tempest of mine eyes.
Thou canst not love, but better love, that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth:
But acts of might, and actions different in blood.
Her. O cross! too high to be endur'd by love!
Lys. Or else mislaid, in respect of years;
Her. O, spere! too old to be enam'd by you;
Lys. O, what is mine, upon the choice of friends;
Her. O love, to choose love by another's eye?
Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;
May, it may be, for want of as a source.
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the coldeight night;
That in a splint, unboil'd both heaven and earth,
And dry our mouth and tongue. No further let's hold;
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.
Herm. Trifles true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our true patient, Because it is a customary cross;
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sights,
Wishes and heart's delight. Let us health:
Lys. A good permission; therefore, hear me,
Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child;
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place Philo Atticus
cannot pursue us: if thou lovest me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to morrow night;
And in the morning I shall meet thee, where
Where I did meet thee once with Helen,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.
Her. My good Lysander!
Lys. 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 lovers;
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 numbers more than ever woman spake:
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
Hel. God speed fair Helena! Whither away!
Lys. Call you me fair? that fair again musy,
Demetrius loves you fair: O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's sweet
More tuneful than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching; 0, were favor so!
Yours is the fairest, and it is your Helena.
Lys. My car should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being hated,
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.
Lys. O, that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!
Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.
Lys. O, that my prayers could such affection move.
Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.
Lys. The more I love, the more he hateth me.
Her. The faults of Helen, is no fault of mine.
Lys. None, but your beauty; would that fault were mine!
Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face,
Lysander and myself will fly this place.—
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 death hath turn'd it heaven unto hell!
Lys. Helena, to you our minds we will unfold,
To-morrow night when Phæbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,
Deck'd with the velvet and the sable grass,
(A time that lovers' lights do still conceal)
Through Athens: gates have we devised to seal.
Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon saint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosome of their counsel sweet;
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;
And there, the Athenians, turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewell, sweet play-fellow; pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius.
Keep well thy visage, and we must shut our sight
From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight.

Enter Hermia
Lys. I will, my lord.—Hermia, adieu:
As you do Fortune's dots to the table, love O, Lys.
Hel. How happy some, or other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as far as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
Scene II. MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

He will not know what all but he do know.

And as he errs, doing on Hermia's eyes,

So I, admiring of his qualities.

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,

Love can transpose to form and dignity.

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;

And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.

Nor hath Love's look so sweet influence o'er

Wings, and no eyes, heere unheedly haste.

And therefore is Love said to be a child,

Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.

As waggish boys, in mirth themselves forewarre,

So the boy Love is perqurd every where:

For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eye,

Haply could down eft all, that he was only mad:

And when this had some heat from Hermia felt,

So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt

I will go tell him of thy Hermia's flight;

Then to the wood will lie, to-morrow night,

Pursue her; and for this intelligence

If I have thanks, it is a dear expence:

But herein mean I to surch my pain,

To have his sight thither, and back again. [Exit.

Scene II. The same. A Room in a Cottage.

Enter Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, Quince, and Starveling.

Quin. Is all our company here!

Snug. We are, and all seven of us;

The men in the main, according to the set

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name,

Which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in

Our players, before the duke and duchess, on

This wedding-day at night.

Bol. First, good Peter Quincke, say what the

play treats on; then read the names of the actors

And so grow to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is—The most lamentable

comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bol. A very good piece of work, I assure you,

And a merry. Now, good Peter Quincke, call forth

Your actors by the scroll: Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bol. Ready: Name what part I am for, and

Proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bol. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant.

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly

for love.

Bol. That will ask some tears in the true performing

of it: If I do it, let the audience look to

their eyes; I will move storms, I will coddle in some

measure. To the rest.—Yet my chief humor

is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a

part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

The raving rocks,

With sivating shocks,

Shall break the locks

Of prison gates:

And Phibbus' car

Shall shine from far,

And make and mar

The foolish fates.

This was lost. Now name the rest of the players.

—This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein: a lover is

more condoleing.

—Flute. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flut. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisby on you.

Flut. What is Thisby? a wandering knell?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flut. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I

have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one; you shall play it in a mask,

And you may speak as small as you will.

Bol. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby
too: I'll speak in a monstrous little voice—Thisnes.

Thisnes.—Al, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thisby

Love, and loves thee: I will prostrate

Quin. No, no: you must play Pyramus, and,

Flute you Thisby.

Bol. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robon Starveling, you must play Thisby's

mother; then, the tinker.

Starv. Here, Peter Quincke.

Quin. You, Pyramus's father; myself Thisby's

father.—Snug, the joiner, you, the man's part:

And I, hope here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? I pray

you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing

but roaring.

Bol. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that

I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will

roar, that I will make the duke say 'Let him roar

again, Let him roar again.'

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you

would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they

would shriek: and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's son.

Bol. I grant you, friends, if that you should

fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have

no more discretion but to hang us: but I will

agree to any more, so that I will roar you as

sweetly as any sucking dove; I will roar you as

twelve any midnightale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus; for

Pyramus is the 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.

Bol. Well, I will undertake it. What beard

were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bol. I will discharge it in either your straw-colored beard,

your orange-lavyn beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-color 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

treat you, request you, and desire you to, e'en

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 dog'd with company, and

our devices know. In the mean time, I will draw

a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I

pray you, tarry me not.

Bol. We will neglect; and there we may rehearse

more decently, and courageously. I take pains;

be perfect; adore.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bol. Enough: Hold, or cut bow-string.

[Exeunt.

Act II.

Scene I.—A Wood near Athens.

Enter a Fairy at one door, and Puck at another.

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Puck. Over hill, over dale,

Through thorn bush, thosorugh briar,

Over park, over pile,

Thosorugh flood, thosorugh fire,

I do wander every where,

* Spirit.

* Eyes.

Flit. Swifter than the moon's sphere;

And I serve the fairy queen;

To dew her orbs upon the green:

The cows shall kneel to see her; and

In their gold coats spots you see;

Those be ribbes, fayre favors;

In those freckles like their savors;

I must go seek some dewdrops here,

And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

* As if.

* Articles required in performing a play.

* At all events.

* Circles.
Scene II.

Enter Oberon, at one door, with his train, and Titania, of another, with hers. Oberon. Ill meet by moonlight, proud Titania. Titania. What, jealous Oberon! Fair, skirp, hide: I am not so hard bedewed and crowned with the stars as thou, with thy birch and courtier's grace; When I slip from her balm, down topples she, and tailor crease, and falls into a wound; And then the whole quire hold their hips, and thole; And old news, in their集成, and me to swear, and a merrier hour was never wasted there. — But room, fairy, here comes Oberon. Oberon. And here my mistress: Would that he were gone!

SCENE III.

Tell me, thou lye 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 set up in fell and wrath, Because that she, as her attendant, hath A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king; She never had so sweet a changeling: And just now, they say, should have the child Knight of his train, to trace the forest wild: But she, perfervice, withholds the loved boy. Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy: And meet they never in grove, or green, By fountains clear, or spangled star-light sheen, But they do square: that all their elves, for fear, Creep from the fresh lap, and hide in the crumhorn case. Fair. Either I must show your shape and making quite, Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite; Call’d Keeling-tail: are you not he, That rich the maidens of the villagery; Skin milk; and sometimes labor in the quern, And boodles the breathless housewife churn; And sometimes make the drink to bear no burned! Misled night-wanderers, laughing at their harm! Those that Hobomak call you, and sweet Puck, You do their work, and they shall have good luck: And you be he? Puck. I am that merry wanderer of the night, I jest to Oberon, and make him laugh. When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile, Neighing in likeness of a silly foal; And sometime lurk in a gossip how, I was quizzed on the wisp of a child. And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob, And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale. The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale, Sometimes for three-foots stool mistake me: Then slip I from her balm, down topples she, And tailor crease, and falls into a wound; And then the whole quire hold their hips, and thole; And old news, in their集成, and me to swear, and a merrier hour was never wasted there. — But room, fairy, here comes Oberon. Oberon. And here my mistress: Would that he were gone!

The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain, The ploughman lost his sweet; and the green corn Hath rotted ere he youth attain'd a beard: The fold stands empty in the drowned field, And e'en the worms are pleased with the marian flocks; The ninth men's morris is fill'd up with mud; And the quaint mazes in the wandan green, For lack of tread, are indistinguishable: The handmaids were to use their weft and here; Now night is how with hymn or carol blest: — Therefore the moon, the government of floods, Pale in her anger, washes all the air. That rheumatic diseases do abound: And through this temperature, we see The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts Fall in the bosom of the crumhorn case; And on old Hyems' chin, and icy crown. An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds Is, as in mocket, set: The spring, the summa The coast is检and, angry winter, change Their wonted lvries; and the mazed world, By their increase, now know not which is which: And this same procecy of evils comes From our debate, from our discussion; We are their parents and original. Oberon. Do you amend it then; it lies in you: Why should Titania cross her Oberon? Do not be a little meddling boy, To be his buckman. Titania. Set your heart at rest, The fairy land buys not the chill of night: His mother was a votress of my order; And, in the spiced Indian air, by night Full often hath she gossip'd by my side; And say with me on Neptune's yellow sails, Marking the embarked traders on the flood; When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive, And grow big-belched, with the wanton wind: Which, with, with wind and with swimming gait (Following her own, with rich young squirm,) Would imitate; and sail upon the land, To fetch me treasures, and return again, As from a voyage, rich with merchandise. But she, being mortal, of that day did die; And, for her sake, I do now rear up her bones. And, for her sake, I will not part with him. Oberon. How long within this wood intend you stay? Titania. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day. If you will patiently dance in our round, And see our moonlight revels, go with us; If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts. Oberon. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee. This Oberon, and thy kindred. — Farewell, away: We shall chide downright, if I longer stay. Exeunt Titania, and her train. Oberon. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this TILL I torment thee for this injury.— My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'st Since once I sat upon a promontory, And heard a merman, on a dolphin's back, Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath, That the rude sea gasp'd at hearing it; And certain star-shot madly from their spheres, To hear the sea-nymph's music. Puck. I remember. Oberon. 'Tis that very time I saw, but thou couldst not, Flying between the cloud and the earth, Cupid all arm'd: A certain sin he took At a fair vestal, chambered by the vest; And left his love-shaft quiver'd from his bow. As it did quiver there a thousand youthful hearts: But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watyr moon; And the imperial votress pass'd on it, In maiden meditation, fancy-free. Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell: It fell upon a little western flower, Before milk-white, now marish purlple with love's wound— And wilt not have that call it love-in-idleness. Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee once: The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid, Will make or woman or man mad: On the next live creature that it sees Fetch me this herb: and be thou here again, Ere the Levantian can swing a league.
Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not. Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia? The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me. Thou toldst me they were stolen into this wood, And thou and I, and wood, and wood, because I cannot meet with Hermia. Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more. Hel. If you draw me, you hard-hearted ladman; But yet you draw not true, for my heart Is true as steel: Leave you your power to draw, And I shall have no power to follow you. Do, do, do I entice you? Will you speak you fair? Or rather, do I not in plainest truth Tell you — I do not, nor can I love you! Hel. And even for that do I love you the more. I am your companion: and, Demetrius, The more you beat me, I will fawn on you: Use me as your spaniel, strike me, strike me, Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave, Unworthy as I am, to follow you. What worse place can I be in your love, And yet a place of such respect with me? Than to be used as you use your dog!

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit; For I am sick, when I do look on thee. Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you. Do you suppose your love can be too much, To leave the city, and commit yourself Into the hands of one that loves you not? To trust the opportunity of night, And the ill counsel of a desert place, With the rich worship 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 midst: Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company; For you, in my respect, are all the world: Then how can it be so? I am a dunce; 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 beast not such a heart as you. Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd; Apollos flies, and Daphne holds the clothe; This wilder pursues the griffin; that sex Makes speed to catch the tiger: fleshoodless speed! When cowards pursue, and e'er flies.

Dem. I will not stay the questions: let me go: Or, if thou follow me, do not believe But I shall do thee in chief in the wood. Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field, You do me mischief, Fye, Demetrius! You gentlemen do set a scandal on a man! We cannot fight for love, as men may do; We should be woo'd, and I were not made to woo, I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell, To die upon the hand I love so well.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Ope. Fare the well, nymphs: ere he do leave this grove, Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.—

Re-enter Peck.

Hast thou the flower there! Welcome, wanderer. Peck. Ay, there it is.

Ote. Well, then, I almost prays thee, give it me.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows, Where ox-eye and the golden violet grows; Quite over-come with larkspur and tobin; With sweet musk-rose, and with cistamine: A bower may I, Or bring in one or two. By. The greater cowslip, the greater cowslip.

There sleeps Titania, some time of the night. Lys. Laid in these flowers with delight and delight, And there the snake throws her enamelled skin, Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in: And with the joy of this I'll streak her eyes And make her father laugh: But I take thou some of it, and seek through this grove: A sweet Athenian lady is in love With a disdainful wood-nymph, fair and fair: But do it, when the next thing he esposes May be the lady: Thou shalt know the man By the Athenian garments he hath on. Effect it with some care that he may prove More fond on her, than she upon his love: And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow; Peck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.

SCENE III.—Another part of the Wood.

Enter Titania with her train.

Tit. Come, now a roundelay and a fairy song; Then, for the third part of a minute, hence; Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds; Some, with war-reems for their feather wings, To make my small elvish coats; and, some, keep back The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders Of our quaint sounds: Sun, moon, and stars, That to our eyes by night are made asleep; Then to your offices, and let me rest.

SONG.

1 Fai. You sweet sprites, with double tongue, Thorin delir-i-ous, be not so n't; News, a blin-lin-bornings, do not wrong; Come not near our fairy queen.

Chorus. Philomel, with melody, Sing in our sweet lullaby; Latin, lull, lullaby, lull, lull, lullaby; Never harm, nor spell, nor charm, Come our lucky lullaby; So good night, with lullaby.

II.

2 Fai. Venerating sprites come not here; Hence, you long-legged spaniels, hence; Butter black, approach not near; Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

Chorus. Philomel, with melody, &c.

1 Fai. Hence, away; now all is well; One, about, stand sentinel.

[Exeunt Fairies. TITANIA sleeps.

Enter Oberon.

Obe. What thou seest, when thou dost wake, [Squeezes the flower on TITANIA'S eye-brows. Do it for thy true love sake; Love andausandish for his sake: Be it cresses, or cat, or bear, Pard, or bear with bristled hair, In thy eye that shrivels it: When thou wak'st, it is thy dear; Wake, when some vile thing is near. [Exit.

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood; And to speak truth, I have forgot our way; We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good, And tarry for the comfort of the day. Her. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed, For upon this bank will rest my head. Lys. One, one heart, two bosoms, and one truth. Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear, Lie further on yet, do not lie near. Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence, Love takes the meaning, in love's conference. I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit, So that but one heart we can make of it: two bosoms interchanged with one name, So then, two bosoms, and a single truth. Then, by your side, no bed-room me deny; For, lying so, Hermia, I love you, I. Her. Lysander reddles very pretty:— Now much beshrew my manners and my pride, If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied. But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy:

4 A Kind of damns.  
5 Hates.  
6 Sports.  
7 Mists.  
8 Slow-worms.  
9 The small tiger.
Lie farther off; in human modesty.
Such separation, as, may well be said,
Become a virtuous bachelor and a maid:
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friends!
This lovely night, call all the sweet by name;
Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed; sleep give thee all his rest!
Her. With half that wish the watchers eyes be press'd!
[They sleep.]

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This dower's force in stirring love,
Night and silence! who is here! Wreaths of Athens be thine wearer:
This is he my master said,
Deepsest the Athenian maid:
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dark and gritty ground,
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw,
All the power this charm clothe o'er?
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep'seat on thy eye-brow.
So awake, when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon.
[Exit.

Enter Demetrius and Helen, running.

Helen. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius,
Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Helen. O, wilt thou darke! leave me! do so not.
Dem. Stay, on thy pelf! I alone will go.
[Exit. Demetrius.
Helen. O, I am out of breath in this fond chace!
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, whereas'er she lies;
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes,
How came her eyes so bright! Not with salt tears;
If so, my eyes are often wash'd thers.
No, no, I am as silly as a bear;
For beasts that meet me, run away for fear:
Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, by my presence thus:
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Helen's sphery eye—
but who is here!—Lysander! on the ground!
Dead! or asleep! I see no blood, no wound;
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.
Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer;
Stay! and run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake,
[Exit. Waking.

ACT III.

SCENE I. — The same. The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Lord. Are we all met?
Quain. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal! This green plot shall be our stage, this hathorn brake, our prying-house and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Lord, Peter Quince—
Quain. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?
Bot. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisbe, that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot do. How can I answer you? I know not.
Snout. By taking, a parlous fear.
Snug. 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 prose; and let the prose seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that Pyramus is not killed indeed: and for the more better assurance, tell them, that I, Pyramus, am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: This will put them out of fear.
Quain. Well, we will have such a prose; and it shall be written in eight and six.
Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and ten.

Scene II. — The same. The Lion and the Ass. Will the ladies be afraid of the lion?

Sfrau. I fear it, I promise you.
Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God forbid! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing: for there is not a more fearful wild-beast than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.
Sfrau. Therefore, another prose 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 mouth and be made to look and be 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 trouble: 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

From all that is dear.
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 moon-light into a chamber: you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moon-light.

Snug. Both the moon shine, that night we play our play.

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Play it then you may have a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of rough cast, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moon shine.

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 cracks of a wall.

Snug. You never can bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some loan, or some tough cast about him, to scentily wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and though that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. I hope it may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake, and so every one according to his part.

Enter Puck behind.

Puck. What hempen house-skins have we swag
gering here?

So near the chalice of the fairy queen?

What, a play toward! I'll be an auditor;

An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus.—The scene, stand forth.

Py. Thisby, the flowers of odious suors sweet—

Quin. Odors, odors.

Py. Odors, odors sweet.

So both may stand, to that deceased Thisby dear.

Bot. Hark, a voice! stay thou but here awhile;

And by and by I will to thee appear. [Exit. Puck. A stranger Pyramus that's ever played here! [Aside. Exit.]

This. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you? for you must understand, he does but to see a noise that he heard, and to come again.

This. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,

Of color like the rose on triumphant brier.

Most blushing juvenes and most lovely Jew.

As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,

I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Nym's tomb. [Exit. Quin. Now, young man: Why you must not speak that yet; and you answer to Pyramus; you speak all your part at once, curse and all—Pyramus, enter; your cue is past; it is, never tire.

Re-enter Puck and Bottom with an Ass's head.

This. O. As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

Py. If you were fair, Thisby, I were only then—

Quin. 0 monstrous! 0 strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters! fly, masters! help! [Execut Clowns.

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,

Through box, through bush, through brake, through bower;

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A boar, a headless bear, sometime a fire,

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,

Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [Exit.

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them, to make me afraid.

Re-enter Clown.

Snug. O, Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass's head of your own; Do you?

Thicket. Young man.

* The last words of the preceding speech, which serve as a hint to him who is to speak next.

Re-enter Quince.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. [Exit.

Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to prove if I can understand. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afool. [Sings. The sweet oak, so black of hue,

With orange-yellow bough,

The throst with his note so true,

The corn with little quail.

Tity. What angel wakes me from my dovery bed?

[Exit. Waking.

Bot. The flinch, the sparrow, and the lark,

The pie-a-song cuckoo grey.

Whose foot may make a mark with his toot mark,

And darts his answer, say—

or, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though it cry, cuckoo, never so?

Tity. I pray thee, gentle mortals, sing again;

Mine ear is much enamored of thy note.

So is mine eye enchant'd to thy shape;

And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,

On the first view of thee; and I will hear thee.

Bot. Mirth, mirth, mirth, mistress, you have little reason for that:

And yet to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days: the more they are the more they will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleeck upon occasion.

Tity. 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.

Tity. Out of this wood do not desire to go;

Thou shalt remain here, whether thou will or no.

I am a sport of no common rate:

The summer still doth tend upon my state,

And I do love thee; therefore, go with me;

I will 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 purr thy mortal greatness so,

That thou shalt like an airy spirit go—

Peas-blossom! Cowslip! Motil! and Mustard-seed!—

Enter four Fairies.

1 Fair. Ready.

2 Fair. And I.

3 Fair. And I.

4 Fair. Where shall we go?

Tity. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;

Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;

Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,

With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;

The honey bees steal from the humble-bees,

And, for night-tapers, crop their waxen thugs,

And light them at the fairy glow-worms' eyes,

To have my love to bed, and to arise;

And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,

To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes;

Not to him, elves, and do him courteous.

1 Fair. Hail mortal!

2 Fair. Hail!

3 Fair. Hail!

4 Fair. Hail! [Exit. Bot. I cry your worship's mercy, heartily.—I beseech your worship's name!

Col. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman? Peas-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash, your mother, and to master Peashead, your father.

Good master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance. To your name, I beseech you, sir! Missus-Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like oxen that hath devoured so, are not below your house: I promise you, your kindred hath made no eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaint

ance, good master Mustard-seed.

Tity. Come wait upon him; lead him to my lower.
The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;  
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,  
Lamenting some enforced chastity.  
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.

SCENE II.—Another part of the Wood.

Enter Orson.

Ose. I wonder, if Titania be awak'd;  
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,  
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit?  
What night-mare now about this haunted grove?  

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.  
Now go seek close and concealed.  
While she was in her dell 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 thickskin of that barren sort,  
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport  
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a barge:  
When I did him at this advantage take,  
An ass's nayl I fix'd on his head;  
Anon, his Thasie must be answered,  
And for a play some comedy.  
When they him spy,  
As wild glee that the creeping fowler eye,  
Or russet-pated thoroughs, many in sort,  
Rising and coming at the gum's report  
Sever themselves, and unlade the sky;  
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly;  
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;  
His murder cries, and help from Athens calls.  
Their sense thus was lost, with their fears thus strong,  
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong:  
For brutes and thorns at their apparel snatch;  
Some, sleeper, some, lists: from yielders all things catch.

I led them on in this distracted fear,  
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:  
When in that moment, (so it came to pass,)  
Titania wake d, and straightway lov'd an ass.  
O'er. This falls out better than I could devise.  
But hast thou get'thAbed the Athenian's eyes  
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?  

Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—  
And the Athenian woman by his side;  
That, when he wake'd, of force his wife must be ey'd.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

O'er. Stand close; this is the same Athenian.  
Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.  

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?  
Lav breath so bitter on your bitter foe.  
Hr. Now I but chide; but I should use thee worse;  
For these mortals, in their own truth appear 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 sto'd away  
From sleeping Hermia! I'll believe as soon.  
This whole earth may be forlorn and lost,  
Miss the moon and miss the centre crease,  
No displease o'er her brother's moonshine with the antipodes:  
It cannot be he but thou hast murder'd him:  
So should a murderer lose his soul, to do grim.  
Dem. So should the murder'd book; and so should I,  
Pier'd through the heart with your stern cruelty:  
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright as clear,  
As your sweet Venus in her shimmering sphere.  

Herm. What's this to my Lysander! where is he?  
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?  

Dem. I had rather give his espree to my hounds.  
Herm. Do; go, out, our! thou driv'st me past the bounds  
Of maiden patience.  Hast thou slain him then?  
Herm. What? be never number'd among men!  
O, what a train of active contumelies!  

Dem. Oh; I have thus: I have seen that face;  
Durst thou have look'd on 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 doubter tongue  
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder sung.

简单 follows.  

Instruct.

Dearn. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood;  
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;  
Nor is he dead, for anath that I can tell.  
Hr. Nay, thou hast led me then, that he is well.  

Durn. And if I could, what should I get therefore!  
Hr. A privilege, never to see me more.  
And from thy hate I preserue part I so  
See me no more; whether he be dead or no.  

Exit.  

Dearn. There is no following her in this fierce vein:  
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.  
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow  
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;  
Which now, in some slight measure, it will pay,  
If for his tender here I make some stay.  

Durn. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken  
And laid the love-juice on some true love's sight:  
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue.  
Some one will say 'tis not, and not a fair turn'd true.  

Puck. Then fate o'er-curles; that, one man holding troth,  
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.  
O'er. About the wood I go swifter than the wind,  
And Helena of Athens look they find:  
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer;  
With sights of love, that eves the fresh blood dear:  

Hel. Why, what's the matter? What's the matter?  
Is he there?  
O'er. He is there.  
Hel. If he be there, I know the way to sing  
I'll charm his eyes, against she do appear.  

Puck. I go, I go; look how I go;  
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.  

Exit.  

O'er. Flower of this violet die,  
With Cupid's arrow's,  
Sink in apple of his eye!  
When his love he doth close,  
Let her shine so gloriously  
As the Venus of the sky.  
When thou wak'st, if she be by,  
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,  
Hermia is here at hand;  
And the young Pyramus by me,  
Pleading for a lover's see;  
Shall we their fond pacient see?  
O, what fools these mortals be!  

O'er. Stand aside: the noise they make,  
Will cause Demetrius to awake.  

Puck. Then will two at once, woe one;  
That must needs be sport alone;  
And those things do best please me,  
That beal preposterously.

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. Why should you think, that I should woe  
In scorn?  
Scorn and derision never come in tears;  
Look, when I woe, I weep; and vows so born,  
Faint in my duty, had all truth appeared to curse.  
How can these things in men seem scorn to you,  
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?  

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.  
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!  
These vows are Hermia's: Will you give her o'er?  
Wretch oath with oath, and you will nothing  
Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,  
Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.  

Lys. I had no judge but thee, to whom I swore.  
Hel. O, my mind, now you give her o'er.  

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.  

Dern. I love her in my way,  
Oh, Helen, goddess, nymph,  
perfect divine!  
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eye?  
Crystal is maddy. O, how ripe in show  
These kissing cherries, tempting sweet grow!  

Dearn. Do, me?  
This pure, dear white, this sense of bliss!  

Hel. O spirits! O hell! I see you all are bent  
To set against me, for your merriment.  
If you were civil, and knew courtesy,  
You would not do me thus a false turnd injury.  
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,  

Mistaken.  

Lovestruck.  

Countenance.
But if you were men, as men you are in show, 
You would not use a gentle lady so; 
To lock, and swear, and make your parts, 
When I am sure, you hate me with your hearts, 
You both are rapiers, and love Hermia; 
And now both rapiers, to mock Helen: 
And now I see, the sword is out of play, 
To compare tears up in a poor maid's eyes, 
With your derision! none, of noble sort, 
Would so offend a virgin, and extort. 
A poor man's pathetics, all to make you sport. 
Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius: be not so: 
For you love Hermia; this, you know, I know: 
And here, with all good will, with all my heart, 
In Hermia's love, I sport in vain; and 
And yours of Helen to me bequeath, 
Whom I do love, and will do to my death. 
Hel. Never did slickers waste more idle breath. 
We had best, Lysander, to thy Hermia. I will none: 
If ever I loved her, all that love is gone. 
My heart with her, but as guest-wise, soujourn'd; 
And now to Helen it is home returned, 
There to remain. 
Lys. Helen, it is not so. 
Dem. Disparate not the faith thou dost not know, 
Lest, to thy profit, I will make too bold. 
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear. 
Enter Hermia. 
Lys. Thy dark night, that from the eye his function takes. 
The car more quick of apprehension makes, 
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense, 
It pays my hearing doubts, my looking sense. 
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found; 
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound. 
But why unkindly dost thou leave me so? 
Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go? 
Hel. What love could press Lysander from my side? 
Lysander's love, that would not let him hide. 
Fair Helen: who more raptudst the night 
Than all you fiery eyes and eyes of light. 
Why seek'st thou leave? could not this make thee know, 
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so? 
Helen. You speak not as you think it cannot be. 
Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy! 
Now I perceive they vanity, all three, 
To fashion this false sport in spite of me. 
Inferious Hermia; most ungrateful maid! 
Have you conjured, have you with these contriv'd, 
To part me thus this fair self desde! 
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd! 
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent, 
What we have chiefly in each other found. 
For parting us—0, and is all forgot! 
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence! 
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods, 
Have with our needles creat'd both a flower, 
Both on one sapphire, sitting on one cushion, 
Both warbling of one song, both in one key; 
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds, 
Had been one proper piece. 
Lysander, if I may, 
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted: 
But yet a union in partition, 
Two lovely berries moulder on one stem: 
So was her heart, and mine two seeming one heart; 
Two of the first, like coals in heraldry, 
Doubt but to one, and crowned with one crest: 
And will you rent our ancient love asunder, 
To part you with men in scorn of your poor friend! 
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly: 
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it; 
Though alone I do feel the injury. 
I am amazed at your great passionate words: 
I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me. 
Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn, 
That I may see your eyes and face 
And made you other love, Demetrius? 
(Who even but now did spur me with his foot,) 
To call me goddess, nymph, divinest, and rare, 
Perciess celestial! When they more press on thee 
To her he hates! and wherefore doth Lysander 
Deny your love, so rich wthin his soul, 
And tender me, forsoth, affection; 

* Heartily. 
* Pay dearly for it. 
* Cleark. 
* Ingenious. 
* Needles. 

But by your setting on, by your consent! 
What though I be not so in grace as you, 
So huned upon love, so fortunate; 
And unnumbered pleasures and graces, 
This you should pay, rather than despise. 
Hel. I understand not what you mean by this. 
Lys. Ay, do, persee, counterfeit sad looks, 
Make in my face, when I turn my book; 
Wink at each other; hold the sweet jest up! 
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled. 
If you have any pity, grace, or manner, 
You would not make such an unpleasantment. 
But fare ye well: 'tis partly none own fault; 
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy. 
Lys. Stay, gentle Hermia; hear my excuse; 
Lysander, my love, my soul, fair Helen! 
Hel. O excellent! 

Lys. Madam, is your mind not set out, 
To prove him false, that says I love thee not. 
Dem. I say, I love thee, since he can do. 
Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too. 
Dem. Quick, come— 
Lys. Away, you Elizabeth! 

No, no, sir!—he will seem to break loose: take on, as you would follow: 
But yet come not; you are a tone man, go! 
Lys. Hang it, thou cat, thou bair: vile thing, 
Lys. What should I hurt her, strike her, kill 
her dead! 

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so. 
Lys. What, can you do me greater harm, than hate? 
Hate me! wherefore! O me! what news, my love, 
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander? 
Lys. And marvel now, as was so, 
Since night, you lov'd me, yet, since night you lov'd me; 

Lys. Thy love? out, haughty Tartar, out! 
Hel. Do you not join? 

If, Yes, sooth; and so do you. 
Dem. Yes. 

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee. 
Lys. I would, I had your bond: for, I perceive, 
A week broken words; and I'll not trust your word. 
Lys. What should I hurt her, strike her, kill 
her dead! 

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so. 
Lys. What, can you do me greater harm, than hate? 
Hate me! wherefore! O me! what news, my love, 
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander? 
Dem. And marvel now, as was so, 
Since night, you lov'd me, yet, since night you lov'd me; 

Lys. Thy love? out, haughty Tartar, out! 
Hel. Ay, by my life; 
And never did desire to see thee more. 
Therefore, be out of hope, of question, doubt, 
Be certain, nothing true; be no jest, 
That I do hate thee, and love Helen. 

Lys. O me! you juddler! you canker blossom! 
You thief of love! what have you come by night 
And sol in my love's heart from him! 

Fine, fine! 
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame, 
No touch of bashfulness! What, will you tear 
Tentative answers from my bashful tongue? 
Fie, fie! you counterfei't me, you puppet you! 

Lys. Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the game. 

Now I perceive that she hath made compared 
Between our estates, she hath urg'd her height 
And with her personage, her tall personage; 
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him:— 
And you are grown so high in his esteem, 
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low! 
How low am I, thou paiz'd maypole! speak; 
How low am I? I am not yet so low, 
But that his nails can reach unto thine eyes. 
Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentle- 
men. 

Let her not move me: I was never cursed; 
I have no gift at all in shrewishness; 
I am a right maid for my cowardice; 
Let her not strike me: you, perhaps, may think, 

* Wry faces. 
* A worm that prey's on buds of flowers 

Shrewish or mischievous.
MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.  

Act III.

Because she's something lower than myself;  
That I can match her.  

Her.  

Lower! barb, again.  

Her.  

Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.  
I evermore did love you, Hermia.  
Do your best keep your counsel; I never wrong'd you;  
Save, that, in love unto Demetrius,  
I told him of your stealth unto this wood:  
He followed you; for love, I follow'd him:  
But he hath chid me loves, and threatned me  
To strike me, spurn me, may, to kill me too;  
And now, so you will let me quit go,  
To Athens will I bear my lolly back.  
And follow you no further: let me go:  
You see how simple and how fond I am.  

Her.  

Why, you go: who is that hinder's  

Hab.  

A foolish heart that I leave here behind.  

Her.  

What, with Lysander?  

Hab.  

With Demetrius.  

Lys.  

Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Hermia.  

Dem.  

No, sir; she shall not, though you take her part.  

Hel.  

Oh, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd:  
She was a vixen, when she went to school;  
And, though she be but little, she is fierce.  
Her.  

Little aye! nothing but low and little!—  
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?  
Let me come to her.  

Lys.  

Get you gone, you dwarf!  

You minions, of hindering knot-grass made;  
You head, you acorn.  

Dem.  

You are too officious  
In her behalf that scorn your services.  
Let her alone; speak not of Hermia.  
Take not her part: for if thou dost meddle,  
Never so little show of love to her,  
Thou shalt aby it.  

Lys.  

Now, now, she holds me not;  
Now follow, if thou darest, to try whose right,  
Or thine, or mine, is most in Hermia.  

Dem.  

Follow! nay, I'll go with thee chick by  
Your counsel, Lysander, and Demetrius.  

Her.  

You, mistress, all this coil is long of you!  

Nay, go not back.  

Hel.  

I will not trust you;  
Nor longer stay in your combustency.  
Your hands, and mine, are quicker for a fray;  
My legs are longer, though, to run away.  
[Exeunt Lys., Dem., and Her.  

Obe.  

This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,  
Or else commit'st thy knowledges wilfully.  
Puck.  

Believe me, king of shadows, thou mistook,  
Dost not to tell me, I should know the man  
By the Athenian hegar he gird on;  
And so far blameless proves my enterprize,  
That I have pointed an Athenian's eyes:  
And so far am I glad it so did sort,  
As this their jumbling I esteem a sport.  

Obe.  

Thou seest these lovers seek a place to fight:  
Here, therefore, Reuben, overcast the night;  
The stary welkin cover thou amain  
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;  
And lead these tussles rival so astray,  
As come not within another's way:  
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,  
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;  
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;  
And do in such each other look but hate;  
Till over their brows death counterfeiting sleep  
With leaden legs and sweaty 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 wond'ring sight.  
When they next wake all this derelict;  
She shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;  
And back to Athens shall the lovers tend,  
With league, whose date till death shall never end.  
Whiles I in this I do to thy counsels stand,  
I'll age my sovereign, and beg her Indian boy;  
And then I will her charmed eye release  
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.  

Puck.  

My fairy lore this must be done with haste,  
Foolish.  

---Anciently, knot-grass was believed to prevent the growth of children.  

Pretend.  

Go.  

---called.]  
For night's swift dragon outs the clouds full fast,  
And yon clear suns Aurora's diurner;  
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,  
Tramp home to church-yards: dammed spirits all,  
That in mischiefs, and sorrows have skirmish'd,  
Already to their wormy beds are gone;  
For fear lest day should take their shames upon,  
They willfully themselves exil from light,  
And make their eye consort with black-head's night.  
Oh.  But we are spirits of another sort;  
I with the Morning's Love have oft made sport;  
And, like a forester, the crows may treat,  
Even till the eastern birds all fly red,  
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,  
Turns into yellow cold his salt-green streams.  
But, mothers breastes, be sure, make no delay;  
We may effect this business yet ere day.  
[Exeunt.  

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.  

Enter Lysander.  

Lys.  

Where art thou, proud Demetrius? Speak thou now.  

Puck.  

Come, within; drawn and ready. Where art thou?  

Lys.  

I will be with thee straight.  

Puck.  

Follow me then  
To fairester ground.  

[Exeunt Lysander, as following the voice.  

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 brazening 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'd,  
That draws a sword on thee.  

Dem.  

Yes; art thou there?  

Puck.  

Follow my voice; we'll try no manhood here.  

[Exeunt.  

Re-enter Lysander.  

Lys.  

He goes before me, and still dares me on;  
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.  
The villain is much lighter hec'd than I:  
I followed fast, but Dian she did fly;  
That fallen am I in dark unseen way,  
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day!  

For if but once thou show me thy grey light,  
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite.  

[Exeunt.  

Re-enter Puck and Demetrius.  

Puck.  

Ho, ho! ho, ho! Coward, why com'st thou about me,  

Dem.  

Abide me, if thou darest; for well I wot,  
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place;  
And dast not stand, nor look me in the face.  

Where art thou?  

Puck.  

Come hither; I am here.  

Dem.  

Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt hang by this dear.  

If ever I thy face by daylight see;  
Now, go thy way. Fainthness constraineth me  
To measure out my length on this cold bed.—  
By day's approach look to be vestured.  

[Exeunt.  

[Exeunt down and sleeps.  

Enter Helena.  

Hel.  

O weary night, O long and tedious night,  
Abate thy hours; shine, comfort, from the cast;  
That I may lack to Athens, by day-light,  
From these that my poor company detest,  
And, shall that sometime shoots up my 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, erewild and sad:  
Cupid is a knavish lad,  
Thus to make poor females mad.  

Ophæus, the paramour of Aurora.
ACT IV.

SCENE 1. —The same.

Enter Titania and Bottom. Fairies attending; ORBERON behind scene.

Tit. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed, While thy amiabledores do thy. And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head, And kiss thy i' th' face, my gentle joy. But where's your Peas-blossom? Pet. Ready.


Bot. Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped hum-bled bee on your right elbow, and, good monsieur, have the honey-bay. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bay break not: I would be loth to have you overthrown with a honey-bay, signior. — Where's the monsieur Mustard-seed? Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your niche; monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray, you leave your courtesy, good monsieur. Must. What's your will? Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalero Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face: and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tit. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love? Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music: let us have the songs and the bones. Tit. Or, say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat. Bot. Trudge, my lord: I could munch thy dry good oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of bay; good bay, sweet bay hath no fellow. Tit. I have a venorous fairy that shall seek The squirrel's board, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a hundred, or two, of dried peas. But I pray you, let none of your people straggle; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me. I will sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.

Fairies, begone, and be all ways away. [Exit Fairies.]

Bot. So both the woodland, the sweet honey-suckle, Gentle entwined, the feeble joy so Eniting the barky fingers of the elm, O, how I love thee! how I do thee. [They sleep.

[Enter Oberon and Puck.]

Oyb. Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight? Her dotage now I do begin to pity. For meeting her of late, behind the wood, Seeking sweet sleep, in this hateful fool, I did upbraid her, and fall out with her: For she her hairy temples then had rounded With cotelet and fringed flowers; And that same dew, which sometime on the buds Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls, Stood now within the pretty flowers' eyes, Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail. When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her, And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience, Stroke. Fist.

[Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and train.]

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester; — For now our observation is perform'd; And since we have the rewards of the day, My love shall bear the music of our hounds, — Unfood in the upper western valley: go — Despatch, I say, and find the forester. — We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top, To mark the marks the musical confusion Of hounds and echo in conjunction. Hye. I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once, When in a wood of Crete they had the bear With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves, The shades, the fountains, every region near, Seem'd all one natural cry: nor did I hear So musical a discord, such sweet thunder. Thb. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So fled He so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep a way the morning dew,
Crook-kneed, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
Now in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable,
Was, that he hold's a flower clipp'd by the horn,
In Crete, in Spara, not in Thessaly;
Judge when you hear,—But, soft; what nymphus
are these?
Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
And this, Lyndsey; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena.
I wonder of their being here together.
Thus in the night:
No doubt they rose up early, to observe
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.—
But, speak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?
Ege. It is, my lord.
The. Go, but the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

Helena and snouts within. Demetrius, Lysander, Hermia, and Helena, wake and start up.

The. Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past.
Be in these wood-birds but to couple now?
Ege. Pardon, my lord.
[He and the rest kneel to Theseus.

The. I pray you all, stand up.
I know you are two rival enemies;
How comes this genteel 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 only say how I came here:
But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,—
And now I do bekethink me, so it is—)
I came with Hermia hither; our intent
Was, to discourse for news from Athens, where we might be
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,
Thence to have redeemed 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 house;
And I am thus hither follow'd them.

Helena in fancy: following me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
(But my good power, as it is,) my love to Hermia,
Melting as doth the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle caved,
Which in my childhood I did dose upon:
And, as the death, 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 loath this food;
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.
The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.—
Egeus, I will overawe your will;
For in the temple by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morrow; when is something worn,
Our purpose'd 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 undistinguishable.
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.
Egeus. Methinks, I see these things with parted eye.
When every thing seems double.

The. 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—Is not it so, you think?
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?
H. Yes; and my father.
H. And Hippolyta.
Lys. Nor And he bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake: let's follow him;
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [Exeunt.

As they go out, Bottom awakes.

Bot. When my eye comes, call me, and I will answer:—my next is, Most fair Pyramus.—Hey ho!—Peter Quince!-Flute, the fellows-mender; Snout, the tinker! Starting! Gods my life! Stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a mass rare vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit of man to say what dream it was: Man is but an ass: I know not what I said in my dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of the play, before the duke. Perverse, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death. [Exeunt.


Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Flute. Have you sent to Bottom's house?—Is he come home yet?

Quince. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

Flute. If he come not, then the play is marred; it goes not forward, doth it?

Quince. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens, able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

Flute. Yet that which is best may the best of any handcraft man in Athens. Quince. Yea, and the best person too: and he is a very paramour, for a sweet voice.

Flute. You must say a paragon: a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of nought.

Enter Snug.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, an there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flute. Sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost six-pence a day during his life: he could not have 'scape sixpence a-day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be bound, he would have deserved it: sixpence a-day, in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Flute. Where are these lads? where are these hearts? Quine. Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for, if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quince. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you, is, that the duke hath dined: Got your apparel together; good stairs to your boards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look out his part; for, the short and long of it, you shall all play in: it may come to this: let us have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no pancakes to-night; eat no rose-ear garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and, I do not doubt, but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words; away! go away! [Exeunt.

* The flies are the large chaps of a hawk.  
² Love.
ACT V.

Which makes it tedious: for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitter.
And tragi-cal, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth fill himself.
Which, when I saw rehearsed, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.
What are they, that do play it?
Philost. Har-fand-ered men, that work in Athens
here,
Which never lab'd in their minds till now;
And now have told their unbread memories
With this same play, against your nuptial.
The. And we will hear it.
Philost. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you: I have heard it ever.
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents.
Extremely stretch'd and comm'd with cruel pain,
To do you service,
The. I will hear that play:
For never anything can amuse,
When simplicity and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in;—and take your places, ladies.

Enter Philostrate.
This I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perish.
The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.
This. 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 can do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great works have purposed
To greet me with promis'ded welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their tears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome: 'Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence, yet, I piec'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.
Philost. Do 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 despair.
We do not come as sounding to content you.
Our true intent is, All for your delight,
We are not here. That you should here repent you.
The actors are at hand; and by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.
The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.
This. 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.
His subject is a child, and played on this prologue, like
a child on a recorder: a sound, but not in government.
The. His speech was like a tangled chain: nothing
impress'd but all disorderd. Who is next?

Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshee, and Lion, as in dumb show.

Pro. "Gentiles, perchance, you wonder at this show;

| *Ready.* | *A musical instrument.*
"But wonder on, till truth make all things plain."

"This man is Pyramus, if you would know;"

"This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain."

This man is true, and touchest, both present;"

"Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers
sunder;"

"And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are
content."

"To whisper; at which let no man wonder."

"This man with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,"

"Presenteth moonshine: if, as I will know,"

"By moonshine did these lovers think no sorn."

"To meet at Nuns' tomb, there, there to wow."

"This grisly beast, which name lion hight;"

"The trusty Thisby, coming last by night,"

"And, Theseus haring in mulberry shade,"

"And, as she did, her mantle she did fall;"

"When monk 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 blamable blade,
He bravely branched'd his boisting bloody breast;"

"This by Pyramus and Thiseby,"

"Did whisper often secretly."

"This loan, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth
shew him to his lady;"

"That I was that same wall: the truth is so:
And this the cranious, right and signifer,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper."

"Thou canst desire, and speak in better words!"

"This is the widest partition that ever I heard
discourse, my lord."

"The Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!"

**Enter Pyramus.**

Pyr. "O grim look! 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, O, how sweet, O, how sweet, O, how
waist!"

"That standst between her father's ground and
mine!"

"Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
Show me thy chink, to break through with mine
cyne."

"Thanks, courteous wall: dost thou 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!"

"Thee wall, methinks, being sensible, should
curse again."

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. *Deceiving
me,* is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to
set out, O wall; O wall, O softly wall. Yea shall see, it will
fall apart as I told you:—Yonder she comes.

**Enter Thiseby.**

This. "O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me:"

"My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones;"

"Thy stones with lime and hair knott up in thee;"

"Pyr. "I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
To spy, I can hear my Thisby's face."

Thisby. "My love, thou art my love, I think."

Pyr. "Think what thou will, I am thy lover's grace;"

"And like Linnander am I trusty still."

This. "And I like Helen, till the fates kill me."

Pyr. "Not Sthenelus to Procrus so true.
This. "As Sthenelus to Procrus, I to you;"

Pyr. "O, kiss me through the hole of this vile
wall."

This. "I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all."

**Called.**

Pyr. "Wilt thou at Nunny's tomb meet me
straightway?"

This. "This life, this death, I come without delay."

"Wilt thou at Nunny's tomb meet me, my part discharged?
And, being done, thus wall away doth go."

**Enter Wall, Pyramus, and Thisby.**

This. The wall now is the mural down between the two
neighbors.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so
willing to hear without warning.

Hips. This is the silliest stunt that ever I heard.
This. The best in this dream are still but shadowy;
and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.
Hips. It must be your imagination then, and not thine.

This. If I imagine no worse of them, than they
of themselves, they may pass for excellent men.
Here come two noble beasts in, a moon, and a lion.

**Enter Lion and Moonshine.**

Lion. "Yon, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do
fare;"

"This noblest monstrous mouse that creeps on
floor,"

"May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,"

"When moon in wildest race doth roar."

This. "Thus kill I, one stroke the joker, am
A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam:
For if I should as lion come in stride
Into this place, 'tis very pity on my life."

Thee. A very gentle heart, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that ever
I saw.

Lys. "This lion is a very fox for his valor."

Thee. Is, and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. But no, my lord: for his valor cannot
carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.
This. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his
valor; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave to
this discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

Moon. "This lantern doth the horned moon
present:—"

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.
This. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible
within the circumference,

Moon. "This lantern doth the horned moon
present:"

"Myself the man I the moon do seem to be."

This. This is the greatest error of all the rest: the
man should be put into the lantern: How is it else the
man the moon?"

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle:
for man's eye is greater, in my soul."

Hips. I am aweary of this moon: Would, he
would change.

This. By means, 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: 1, 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
they are not in the moon. But, sleep; here comes Thisbe.

**Enter Thisbe.**

This. "This is old Nunny's tomb: Where is my
love?"

Lion."Oh—"* [The Lion roars. — Thisbe runs off.]

Dem. Well run, lion.

This. Well run, Thisbe.

Hips. Well shine, moon.—Truly, the moon
shines with a good grace.

This. Well mouthed, lion.

[Lion roars. — Thisbe's mantle and exit.]

This. And so comes Pyramus.

Lys. And so the lion vanished.

**Enter Pyramus.**

Pyr. "Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny
beams;"

"I trust thy moon, for shining now so bright;"

"For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams
I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sigh."

"But stay,—O spit!"

"But mark,—Poor knight,"

*In anger; r quible.*
Scene I.  
Midsummer-Night's Dream.  

"What dreadful dole is here! —
Eyes, do you see!

"O fainty duck! I dare!
"Thy mantle good,
"What, stand with blood!

"Approach, tis light!  
"O lute! come, come!
"Cut thread and trimm!

"Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!"

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, 
great would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Besirew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyg. "O, wherefore, nature, dost thou hose down thy frame?"

"Since lion vile hath here dolo'd my dear:
"Which is — no, no — which was the fairest dame,
"That lived, that liv'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer:
"Come, tears, confound;
"Out, sword, and wound

"The pap of Pyramus:
"Ay, that left pap,

"Where heart both hop:
"Thus die I, thus, thus, thus,
"Now am I dead,

"My soul is in the sky:
"Tongue, lose thy light!

"Moon, take thy light:

"Now die, die, die, die, die."

[Dies.—End Moonshine.

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one. 
Lyre. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing. 

Thee. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an ass. 

Hip. How chance moonshine is gone, before 
Thisbe comes back and finds her lover! 

Thee. She will find him by star-light — Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

Enter Thisbe.

Hip. Metheinks, she should not use a long one, for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

Lyre. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she must, sibylly,—

"This, " Asleep, my love!

"What, dead? my love!

"O Pyramus, arise,
"Speak, speak. Quite dumb!

"Dead, dead! A tomb

"Must cover thy sight eyes,

"These lily brows,

"This cherry nose,

"Those yellow cowslip cheeks,

"Are gone, are gone;

"Lovers, make mean!

"His eyes were green as leeks,

"(i) sisters three,

"Come, come, to me,

"With hands as pale as milk;

"Lay them gore,

"Since you have sliore

"With shears, his thread of silk.

"Tongue, not a word:—

"Come, trusty sword;

"Come, blade, my breast imbure,

"And farewel, friends;—

"Thus Thisbe ends:

"Adieu, adieu, adieu."

[Dies.

Thee. The Moonshine and lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and wall too.

But. 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?

Thee. 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.

Mar. By that writ it, had play'd Pyramus and hanged himself in Thisbe's garner, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is truly; and very notably dischased: But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone.
LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Ferdinand, King of Navarre.  
Biron.  
Longaville.  
Dumain.  
Boyet.  
Mercadé.  
Don Adriano de Armado, a fantastical Spaniard.  
Sir Nathaniel, a Curate.  
Holiman, a Schoolmaster.  
Dull, a Constable.  
Costard, a Clown.  

| Mote, Page in Armado  
| A Forester.  
| Princess of France.  
| Rosaline.  
| Maria.  
| Katherine.  
| Jaquenetta, a Country Wench.  
| Officers and others, attendants on the King and Princess.  

SCENE, Navarre.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Navarre.  A Park with a Palace in it.  
Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain.  

King.  Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,  
Like register'd upon our brazen tombs,  
And then grace us in the disgrace of death  
When, spite of coromant devouring time,  
The endeavor of this present breath may buy  
That honor, which shall hate his scythe's keen edge,  
And make us heirs of all eternity.  
Therefore, brave conquerors:—for so you are,  
That war against your own affections,  
And the huge army of the world's desires,—  
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force;  
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;  
Our court shall be a little Academe,  
Still and contemplative in living art.  
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,  
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,  
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes,  
That are recorded in this schedule here:  
Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names;  
That his own hand may strike his honor down,  
Which violates the smallest branch herein;  
If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do.  
Subscribe to your deep oath and keep it too.  
Long.  I am resolve'd: 'ts but a three years' fast;  
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:  
Pat paunches have lean putes; and dainty bits  
Make rich the ribs, but bank not quite the wits.  
Dumain.  My loving lord, Dumain is mortified;  
The grosser manner of these world's delects  
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 to be seen to wink of all the day;  
(When I was wont to wink no harm at night,  
And make a dark night too of half the day;)  
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:  
O, these are baren tasks, too hard to keep;  
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.  
King.  Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.  
Biron.  Let me say no, my liege, if you please!  
I only swore, to study with your grace;  
And stay here in your court for three years' space.  
Long.  You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.  
Biron.  By yea and may sir, then I swore in jest.—  
What is the end of study? let me know.  
King.  Why, that to know, which else we should not know.  
Biron.  Things hid and bar'd, you mean, from common sense?  
King.  Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.  
Biron.  Come on then, I will swear to study so,  
To know the thing I am forbid to know:  
As thus—To study where I well may dine,  
When I to feast expressly am forbid;  
Or study where to meet some mistress fine,  
When mistresses from common sense are hid:  
Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,  
Study to break it, and not break my troth.  
If study's gain be thus, and this be so,  
Study knows that, which yet it doth not know:  
Swear me to this, and I will never say, no.  
King.  These be the steps that hinder study quite,  
And train our intellects to vain delight.  
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.  
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while  
Both falsely blind the eyesight of his look:  
Light, seek'ning light, both light of light beguile  
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,  
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.  
Study me how to please the eye indeed,  
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;  
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,  
And give him light that was it blinded by.  
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,  
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks,
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Scene I.

Small hill cemmetary, a haere e wean, and there, ane thinc Troilus and Cressida. These earthy garlands of heaven's lights, that give a name to ever fixed star, have in upon proit of their shining nights, though these be weak, and not wot what they are. Too much to know, is, to know that but little; and every godfather can give a name. King. How well he's read, to reason against Love. Diurn. Proceeded well, to stop all god-proceeding! Long. He weeds the corn, and still let's grow worse. Biron. The spring is near, when green geese are a breeding. Diurn. Well, say I am; why should summer boast, before the birds have any cause to sing? Why should I joy in an abortive birth? At Christmas I no more desire a rose Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shaws; But like of each thing, that in season grows. So you to study now, is too late. Climb o'er the house' t' unlock the little gate. Ksaz. Well, set you o' home, Biron; adeu! Biron. No, my god-father, I have sworn to stay with you: And, though I have for hirsham spoke more, Than for that angel knowledge you can say, Yet confident I'll keep what I have swore. To him the pleasure of each three years' day. Give me the paper, let me read the same; And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name. King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame! Biron. [Reads] Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court.— May this been proclam'd! Long. Four days ago. Biron. Let's see the penalty. [Reads.]—On pain of losing her tongue. Who devidt this? Long. Marry, that till. Biron. Sweet lord, and why? Long. To fright them hence with that dread pel. Biron. A damagous law against gentry. [Reads.] Item, If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall be attainted, as one of the rest of the court can possibly deserve.— This article, my liege, yourself must break; For, well you know, here comes a messenger The French king's daughter, with yourself to speak,— A maid of grace, and complete majesty,— About some garrison of Tilbury. To her decretip, sick, and bedridden father; Therefore this article is made in vain, Or vainly comes the admired princess hither. King. What say you, lords; why, this was quite forgot. Biron. So study evermore is overshot; While it doth study to have what it would, it doth forget to do the thing it should. And when it hath the thing it hunteth most, 'Tis won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost. King. We must of force dispense with this decree; She must and here, upon necessity. Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn Three thousand times within this three years' space. And for every man with his affects is born; Not by might mastered, but by special grace: If I break faith, this word shall speak for me, I am forsworn on more necessary.— So by the law that I have made my name: I subscribe. And he, that breaks them in the least degree, Stands in attainder of eternal shame: All resistance are to other, and me; But, I believe, although I seem so forth, Am the last that will keep his oath. But is there no quick recreation granted! No Nipping. Beadle. Temptations. King. Ay, that there is: our court, you know, is large With a refined traveller of Spain; A man in all the world's new fashion planted, That hath a mouth of prudent things in his brain: One, who sent the muse of his own vain tongue Both rhish, like enchanting harmony; A man of compliments, whom right and wrong Have else commended to their mutual shame: This child of fancy, that Armado bights; For interim to our studies, shall relate, In high-born words, the worth of many a knight For a twelvemonth lost in the world's debate. How you delight, my lords, I know not; But, I protest, I have to hear him be, And I will use him for my medis: 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. Enters Dull, with a letter, and Costard. Dull. Which is the duke's own person? Biron. This fellow, What wouldst thou? Dull. I myself reprehend that person, for I am his grave's thorough; but I would see his own person in flesh and blood. Long. He hath it here. Dull. Signor Aran—Aras—comments you. There's villainy abroad; this letter will tell you more. Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me. King. A letter from the magnificent Armado. Biron. Have you so sever the matter, I hope in God for high words. Long. A high hope for a low having: God grant us patience. Biron. To hear? or forbear hearing? Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear bath. Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to choose the manner. Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaqueminda. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner. Biron. In what manner? Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all these three: I was seen with her in the minor house, sitting with her upon the form, and then following her, and he, she which, put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman; for the form,—same form. Biron. Is the following, sir? Cost. As it shall follow in my correction; and God defend the right! King. Will you hear this letter with attention? Biron. As we would hear an oracle. Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh. King. [Aside] Great deputy, the wealke's viceroy, and sole dominator of Navarre, our souls earth's Gid, and baby's fostering patron,— Cost. Not a word of Costard yet. King. Sir. Cost. It may he say; but if he say it so, he is, in telling true, but so, so. King. Peace. Cost. Peace be to me, and every man that darest not fight! King. No words. Cost. If of other men's secrets, I beseech you. King. So this behead with subtle-colored menachly, I do commend the black-suppressing humor to the most wholesome physick of the blood-giving air; and as I am a gentleman, look up to me, the true one. About the sixth hour when heads and grace, birds bed and peck, men sit down to that nourishment which is called dinner. Shall we have a chace for the time when. Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walk upon; it is walled the park. Twixt the place where, where, I mean, I did encounter that abbess, and most properly at the park. But that she from my, snow-white pen the sublimely ink, which here than view'd, beheld, beheld, or seek'd, but to * Called. i.e. Third-Borough, a peace officer. * In the fact.
LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

Act I.

Scene I. Armado's House.

Enter Armado and Moth.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it when a man of great spirit crowns melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. My sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenile?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my touchy gentleman.

Arm. Why touchy senior? why touchy senior?

Moth. Why tender juvenile? why tender juvenile?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenile, as a concurrent epipheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Young man.

Moth. And I, touchy senior, as an appointive title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. And so hath my and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or, I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. I how pretty, because little.

Moth. Which pretty, because little? Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy confin'd praises.

Moth. I will praise an eccl with the same praise.

Arm. What! that an eccl is ingenuous!

Moth. That an eccl is quick.

Arm. Why, thou art quick in answer: Thou heast my blood.

Moth. I am answered, sir.

Arm. I love not to be crossed.

Moth. He speaks the more contrary, crosses love not him.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning, I fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman, and a gameser, sir.

Arm. I confess both; they are both the varnish of a company.

Moth. Then, I am sure you know how much the gross sum of dence-are amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. I will go through the base vulgar do call thee three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is three studied, ere you'll three wark; and love may to thee years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Arm. To see a fine figure?

Moth. To prove you a cipher.

Arm. I will hereupon confess, I am in love: and as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a dancing horse. If drawing my sword against the humor of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devised courtesy. I think scorn to such; me thinks, I should outwear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: What great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. No, Samson Hercules! — More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Samson, master: he was as one of good carriage, for he carried the town gates on his back, like a porter: and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Samson! stout-jointed Samson! I know how he in manly fashion a man dost me in carrying gates. I am in love too.—Who was Samson's love, my dear moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or two; or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion.

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the color of lovers: but to have a love of that color, methinks, Samson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

Arm. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

Moth. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Arm. Most maculated, master, are masked with such colors.

Moth. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Arm. My father's wit and my mother's tongue assist me.

Moth. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty and pathetic!

Arm. Meth it be made of white and red, I fear faults will he never be known.

Moth. For blushing cheeks by faults are bred, and fears by pale white shown: Then, if she fear, or he to blame, by this you shall not know;

The name of a coin once current.
Scene I.—A Pavilion and Tents at a distance.

Enter the Princess of France, Rosaline, Maria, Katherine, Boyet, Lords, and other Attendants.

Boyet. Now, damosel, summon up your dearest spirits.

Consider who the king your father sends;
To whom he sends; and what his embassy
Yourself, held precocious in the world's esteem,
To parity, with the sole inferior.

Of all perfections that a man may own,
Matchless Navarre; the peer of no less weight
Than Aquitain; a dowry for a queen.

Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making grace dear;
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prio. 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 usher'd by base sale of chamberlains tongues:
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker.—Good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame.

Dolce noise abroad Navarre hath made a row,
Till painful study shall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court;
Therefore to us semeth 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,

Act II.

Scene I. Love's Labor's Lost.

Love. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you than your fellows,
For they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave; away.

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir; I will fast, be
In loose.

Moth. No, sir, that were fast and loose: thou shalt
Shalt to prison.

Cost. Why, sir, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation
That I have seen, some shall see—

Moth. What shall some see!

Cost. Nay, nothing, nothing 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.

Enter Done and Jaucenetta.

Arm. I do affect the very ground which is base
Where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot,
Which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn,
Whose motto in love, is a chaplet of false good,
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 Solomon was so corrupted; and he had an excellent strength: yet was Solomon so seduced; and he had a very good wit. Cupid's uplift shanks is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's taper. The first and second cause will not serve my turn; the passado he resists not, the duello he regards not: his discourse is to be called boy; but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valor! rest, 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 sometreece. Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio.

ACT II.

On serious business, craving quick dispatch,
Importunate personal conference with his grace.
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
Like humble lavished suitors, his high will.
Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go.

Prio. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so—
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are very fellows with this virtuous duke?

1 Lord. Longaville is one.

Prio. Know you the man?

Mar. I know him, madam; at a marriage feast,
Between lord Perceval and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falcouche solemnized,
In Normandy saw I this Longaville:
A man of all foreign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms.
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only thing he lacks, (if 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 stills
It should not dare to come within his power.

Prio. Some merry mocking lord, belike; it is so!

Mar. They say so most, that most his honors know.

Prio. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?

Kath. The young Duman, a well-accomplish'd youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd;
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill.
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the duke Alencon's once
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report to his great worthiness.

Love. Arrows to shoot at butte with.
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 verse begets no laughter for his sake.
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Believ'd in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearing are quite ravished;
So sweet and volatile is his discourse.
Biron, God bless my lady! and all you in love,
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedizening ornaments of praise?
Mar. Here comes Biron.

Re-enter BOYET.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord?
Boyet. Navarre hath notice of your fair approach;
And he, and his competitors, in oath,
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady.
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes Navarre. (The ladies mask.)

Enter King, Longville, Dumain, Biron, and Attendants.

King. Fair Princess, welcome to the court of
Navarre.
Prin. Fair, I give you back again; and, welcome
have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to
be yours; and welcome to the wide fields too base
to be mine.

Prin. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

King. You shall be welcome; then: conduct me
hither.

Prin. Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath.
Prin. Our lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn,
King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will he break it; will, and nothing
else.

Prin. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.
Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear, your grace hath sworn-out house-keeping;
'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it; but pardon me, I am too sudden-bold;
To teach a teacher ill beseech me.
Vendible to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

[Gives a paper.

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away;
For I have prov'd perjur'd, if you make me stay.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Prin. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Biron. I know you did.

Prin. How needless was it then
To ask the question?
Biron. You must not be so quick.
Ros. 'Tis long of you that spur me with such
questions.
Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill
burn.
Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mirage.
Biron. What time of day?
Ros. The hour that fools shall ask.
Biron. Now fair heaven will your mask! In
Dox. Fair fill the face it covers!
Biron. And send you many lovers!
Ros. Amen, so be none.
Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.
King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Beating the one half of an entire sum,
Divided by my father in his will:
But say, that he, or we, (as neither have,)
Receive'd that sum; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more: in surely of the which,
One part of Aquitain is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
Then the king your father will restore

[Confederate.

[Prepared.

But that one half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our rights in Aquitain,
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth.
For here he doth demand to have repaid
A hundred thousand crowns: and those thousands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitain;
Which we much rather had depart'd withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitain so gilded as it is.

Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yieldings; your fair self should make
A yielding to his reasons in your breast,
And so well satisfied to France again.
Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name.
In so unseeming to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.
King. I do protest, I never heard of it;
And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitain.

Prin. We arrest your word:--
Boyet, you can produce acquittances,
For which, 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 specialities are bound;
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.
King. It shall suffer no more: at which interview,
All liberal reason I will yield unto.
Mean time, receive such welcome at my hand,
As honor, without breach of honor, may
Make tender of 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,
Then, if so deni'd fair harbor in my house,
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell;
To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your
person.

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!

[Exeunt King and his Train.

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own
heart.

Ros. 'Pray you, do my commendations; I would
be glad to see it.

Biron. Would you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick?
Biron. Sick at heart.

Ros. Alack, let it bled.

Biron. Would't that do good that it?
Ros. My physic says, 'tis.

Biron. Will you prick twt with your eye?
Ros. No punct: with any 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 Alaung, Rosaline her name.

Dum. A gallant lady! Monsieur, face you well.

[Exit.

Long. I beseech you a word; What is she in
the white?

Boyet. A Roman sometimes, an you saw her in
We with light:
Perchance, light in the light; I desire her
name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to desire
that were a shame.

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?
Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your heart!
Biron. Good sir, be not offended:
She is an heir of Falconbridge.

Long. Nay, my cloister 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. Katherine, my good hap.

Biron. Is she wedded or no?
Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.

Biron. You are welcome, sir; a dieu!

Part 1, Ay, yes. A French particle of negation.
ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Park, near the Palace.

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. Consolamet.—[Singing.] Arm. Sweet air!—Go, tenderness of years; take this key, give entanglement to the swarm, bring him feebly—hither! I must employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French bray?

Arm. How mean'st thou? brailing in French?

Moth. No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary? to it with your feet, humor it with turning up your eyes—such a nose; and as a note; sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love; sometime through the nose, as if you swallowed up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like, over 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 humors; these betray nice wenchings—that would be betrayed without these; and make the men of note (do you note, men?) that are most affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Moth. By my penny of observation.

Arm. But, o!—But, o!

Moth.—the hobby-horse is forgot.

Arm. Callest thou my love, hobby-horse?

Moth. No ma'ter; the hobby-horse is but a colt; and your love, perhaps a luckey. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. Learn her, and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

Arm. What will that prove?

Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: By heart you love her,

* A quibble, several significant unenclosed lands.

† Boddly.

* Canary was the name of a sprightly dance.

His heart, like an auge, with your print-impressed, proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed;

His tongue all impatient to speak and not see,

Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be;

All signs to that sense did make their repair,

To feel only looking on fairest of fair:

Me thought, all his senses were locked in his eye,

As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;

Who, tendering their own worth, from where they were glad.

Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd.

His face's own margin did quote such anizes,

That all eyes saw his eyes enchant'd with gazes;

I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,

An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Pris. Come, to our pavilion: Boyet is disposed.

Moth. But I can speak the 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.

Roes. Thou all this art an old love-monger, and speak'st skilfully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.

Roes. Then was Venus like her mother; for her father is but arm.

Moth. Do you hear, my mad wenches!

Mar. No.

Roes. What then, do you see?

Moth. Ay, our way to be gone.

Moth. You are too hard for me.

[Exeunt.]
Scene I.—A Pasture in the Park.

Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Boyet, Lords, Attendants, and a Forerunner.

Boyet. Was that the king, that spurred his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?

Kath. I know not; but I think it was nothe.

Boy. When he was he, he show'd a bounding mind.

Kath. Delightful.

Enter Ioviu.

Iovi. O, my good knife, Costard! excessively well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Iovi. What is that remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, half-penny farthing.

Iovi. O, why then, three-farthings-worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship: God be with you! Iovi. O, stay, stay; I must employ thee: As thou wilt win my favor, good my knife, Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Iovi. This afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir: Fare you well.

Iovi. O, thou knowest what it is.

Cost. I will know, sir, when I have done it.

Iovi. Why, will you, that must wait till first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Iovi. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this:

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When they do talk sweetly, then they name her name,
And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This scald up counsel. There's thy Grenadan.

[Give's him money.

Cost. Grenadan,—O sweet gendron! better than remuneration: eleven pence farthing better: Most sweet gendron, this argument in:

That's my money.

Iovi. And, I, forsooth, in love I, that have been love's whip, a very beadle to a humorous sigh;
A crust; nay, a night-watch constable;
A damnable pedant o'er the boy,
That when no mortal so much beguilest,
This whimpered, whimsical, wayward boy;
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;
Regent of love-rymes, lord of jocund arms.

The mounted sovereign of sights and grooms,
Liese of all loiterers and malcontents,

Dread prince of packets, king of.coedipuses,
Sole imperator, and great general
Of treading pedants,—O my little heart!
And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colors like a tumber's hoop:
What a! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!

Cost. True, true, true, now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

Iovi. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from duration: and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: bear this significant to the country mad, Jaquenetta: there is remuneration; [Giving him money.] for the best ward of mine honor, is to reward thy dependants. Morth, follow. [Exit. Iovi. Like the mention;—Sir, Sir! Sir—Sir]

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my mirth;

[Exit Iovi. Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings; three farthings—remuneration—What's the price of this table? a penny.—No, I'll give you a remuneration: why, it carries it.—Remuneratio!—

ACT IV.

Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch; On Saturday we will return to France,
Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush, That we must stand and play the murderer in.

Fors. Here, by, upon the edge of the hollow copse: A stand, where you may make the fairest shoot.

Iovi. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot, And therefore I shall speak it, the fairest shoot.

[Reward. Petitions.

With the utmost exactness.

The officers of the spiritual courts who arrive at...
Love's Labor's Lost.

Scene I.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what! first praise me, and again
say, no!

O short-lived praise! Not fair! Not back for woe!

For. Yes, madam, for.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now;

Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.

Here, good my glass, take this for telling true;

[Give her a bottle of wine

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you impute.

Prin. See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by merit.

O holy mask, lest 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 shaft;

Not wounding, pity would not let me do;

If wounding, then it was to show my skill,

That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.

And then, I saw, in thine, so thine was,

Glory grows guilty of detested crimes;

When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,

We bent to that the working of the heart;

But, for praise alone, now seek to spoil

The poor dear's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-sowner

Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be

Lords over their lords!

Prin. Only for praise: and praise we may afford

To any lady that subdues a lord.

Enter Costard.

Prin. Here comes a member of the common

Cost. God dig-you-den' all! Pray you, which

is the head lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest

that have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest, and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest, and the tallest! it is so; truth

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit.

One of these mad's girdles for your waist should

be fit.

Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest

here.

Prin. What's your will, sir? what's your will?

Cost. I have a letter from monsieur Biron, to one

Ladell Roseiine.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter; he's a good friend of

mine:

Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve;

Break up this capon.

Boyet. I am bound to serve—

This letter is mistook, it importemeth none here;

It is writ to Jaguetta.

Prin. We shall read it, I swear;

Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet. [Reads.] By heaven, that thou art fair, is
more true, that thou art beautious; truth itself, that thou art lovely: more faire than faire, beautiful than beautious, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on your honored vassal;

The magnanimous and most illustrious king to
picture set eye upon the prodigious and indiscrinate beggar Zenclopin; and he it was that might rigidly saw, vein, vidi, ventici, which to anachronize to the vulgar, (O base and obscene vulgar!) vili-

licet, he came, came, and overcame: he came, one, saw, two, overcome, three. Who came? the king? Why did he come to see? why did he see? to good house: To whom come he? to the beggar: What saw he? the beggar: Who overcame he? the

beggar: the conclusion is victory: On whose side? the king's. The capture is certain; On whose side? the beggar's: The catastrophe is a mute: On whose side? the king's?—no, on both in one or one in both. I am the king: for so standeth the comparison; he the beggar, for to withstand his behawes. Shall I command thee blue? I may: shall I enproof thy love? I could: Shall I enproof thy love? I will. What shall thou exchange for ruthless relish? For little, little: For myself, no. Thus, expecting thy reply, I prepare my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

* God give you good even.
LOVE's LABOR'S LOST.

ACT IV.

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscurely, as it was, so fit.

Arthimo of the one side,—0, a most dainty man! This makes seven lovers, and (to be bear her fault.

To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly

a will swallow!—

And his page of other side, that handful of wit! Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetic mix!

[Exit Costard, running,

SCENE II.—The same.

Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull. Nath. Very reverent spurt, truly; and done in the best sense of a good conscience.

Hot. The deer was, as you know, in song—blood; ripe as a pomewater. Who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of corn, the sky, the wakin, the heaven; and again falleth like a crab, on the face of terrae—the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: But, sir, I assure thee, it was a buck of the first head.

Dull. Sir Nathaniel, had crevo. Twas not a buck crevo, 'twas a pricket. Hot. Most barbarous imagination! yet a kind of incommunicable were, in the way of explanation: facer, as it were, repetition, or, rather ostent, to show, as it were, his inclination,—after his undertaking, unreclaimable, unpractised, unuttered, or rather unuttered, or rather, unreferred fashion,—to insert again my had crevo for a deer.

Dull. I said, the deer was not a buck crevo; 'twas a pricket.

Hot. Twice sod simplicity, his coxius!—0 thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look! Nay, the soul never felt of the daunties 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 outward parts; And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankfully

(Which I must, grace and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool.

so, were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school,

but, oneone bene, say I; being of an old father's mind.

Many can break the weather, that love not the wood.

Dull. You are too bookmen: Can you tell by your wit,

What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hot. Dyctyna. Dyctyna, good man Dull; Dyctyna, good man Dull. Dull. What is Dyctyna?

Nath. He was to Plutarcho, to Luna, to the moon.

Hot. The moon was a month old, when Adam was no more:

and taught not five weeks, when he came to five score.

The allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true indeed; the collision holds in the exchange.

Hot. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say the pollution holds in the exchange; for the moon is never a month old; and I say besides, this was a patch that the princess kill'd.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemoral epitaph for the death of the old box, and to humor the ignorant? I have call'd the deer the princess kill'd a pricket.

Nath. Perser, good master Holofernes, perser; so shall please me to abbreviate toability.

Hot. I will somewhat affect the letter; for it argues facility.

'Tis a species of apple.

The praiseful princess po'd and pricked a pretty pleasing pricket.

Some say a sore; but and a sore, till now made

The dogs did yell; put i to sore, then soret jumps from thickel.

Or pricket, sore, or else sorely the people full a having.

If sore, be sore, then I to sore makes fifty sores; O sore I!

Of one a hundred make, by adding but one more I.

Nath. A rare talent! Dull. If a talent be a claw, look haw be claws him with. Dull. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple, a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions; these are bred in the wond of pinn niter; and deliver'd upon the mellowing of occasion: But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute; and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you; and so may all my parishioners; for their souls are well tutor'd by you, and their bodies, and all their functions very greatly under you: you are a good member of the common wealth.

Hol. Mecere, if their sons be insensuous, they shall have no instruction; if their daughters he culpable, let there be no mercy; no mercy;

Jov. I wish it might be so, as read me this letter; it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Arthimo: I beseech you, read it.

Hol. Nay, without gelida quando pocus ome sub umbra, Ruminal,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantua! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice!—Pomfret, Pomfret.

Choi non leo. et. non leo prixia. Old Mantua! old Mantuan! Whom understandeth thee not?—Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.—Under pardon, sir, what are the contents?—Is it rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses? Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. I sent me a hear a stall, a stanza, a verse; Lege, domine.

Nath. [Reads.] If love make me forsaken, how shall I swear to love? Ah, Heaven! what shall I do? if to beauty reverch! Though to myself forsaken, to thee I'll faithful prove; Those thoughts to me were oakes, to thee the oares bowed.

Study his brows leaves, and make his book thimmes; Where all those pleasures live, that art would comprehend. If knowledge be the mark, to know the shall suffice; Well learned is that tongue, that well can I esteem comments. All ignorance that soul, that sees thee without wonder; (Which is to me some praisel that I thy parts admire) Thy eye's forst glowing bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder, Which not to anger bent, is music, and sweet fire. Celestial, as thou art, oh pardon, low, this wrong, That sweet parent's praise with such an earthly force.

Hol. You find not the apostrophe, and so miss the accent; therefore you surpass the cansion. Here are only numbers ratified; but for the elegance facility, and golden cadence of verse, care. Oxidin Nasso was the man: and why, indeed, Nasso; but not for some such figures, for some such poem, for some of fancy; the spark of invention! Infuri, is nothing to do both the bound his master, the ape his keeper, the tied horses his rider. But damascus virgin, was this directed to you?— Attire, caparisoned.
Scene III.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Jeq. Ay, sir, from one monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's kins.

Hot. I will over-thrust the superstit. To the snow-white hand of the most beautiful Lady Rosaline. I will amak amon the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto.

Your ladyship's in all desired employment,

Biron.

Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the valets with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by way of progression, hath miscarried.—To am, and am, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much; say not thy compliment: I forgive thy duty; adieu.

Joy. Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life.

Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

[Exeunt Cost. and Jerv.

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religionously; and, as a certain father saith—

Hot. Sir, tell me not of the father, I do fear colorable effects. Int. to return to the verses; did they please you, sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvelous well for the pen.

Hot. I do am use to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my promise, forego with the parents of that child or pupil, undertaken your ben venuto; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech you, son, learn them.

Nath. And thank you too; for society, (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

[Exeunt Biron, Costard, and Jerv.

Enter Biron, with a paper.

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am about to call; they have pitch'd a toil; I am tolling in a pitch; pitch the delfies; defile! a foul word. Well, set thee down, sorrow! for so, they say, the fool shall and so say I, and I the fool.—Well proved, wit! by the lord, this verse is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep. Well proved again on my side! I will not live; if I do, hang me; I faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my threat. By heaven, I do love; and it had taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy, and here is the game; in my threats, and here is my melancholy. Well, she saith one of my sons already; the clown here it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it, sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a toil if the other three were in: Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan!—

[Exeunt Biron.

Scene III.—Another part of the Park.

Enter Biron, with a paper.

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am about to call; they have pitch'd a toil; I am tolling in a pitch; pitch the delfies; defile! a foul word. Well, set thee down, sorrow! for so, they say, the fool shall and so say I, and I the fool.—Well proved, wit! by the lord, this verse is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep. Well proved again on my side! I will not live; if I do, hang me; I faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my threat. By heaven, I do love; and it had taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy, and here is the game; in my threats, and here is my melancholy. Well, she saith one of my sons already; the clown here it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it, sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a toil if the other three were in: Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan!—

[Exeunt Biron.

King. Ah me!

Biron. [Aside.] Shot, by heaven! Proceeded, sweet Cupid; then hast thou pup'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left p'pp.—I faith secrets,—

King. [Reads.] So sweet a kiss the golden sun shall never

To those fresh morning drops upon the rose

As thy eyes-beam, when their fresh rays have smote

The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:

No kisses, O, no kisses, my lips are so benumbed;

Through the transparent bower of the dews,

As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;

That shad'st in every tear that I do weep,

And as my tears are in my eye so dry,

So robb'st thou triumphing in my vow,

Do but behold the tears that swell in me,

And they thy glory through my griefs still show.

But am, am, my sweet; how may I ever care?

My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.

O queen of queens, how far doth that exact?

No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal art.

In truth.

How shall she know my grace! I'll drop the paper

Sweet leaves, shade only. Who is he comes here!

[Aside.]

Enter Longaville, with a paper.

What Longaville! and reading! listen, car.

Biron. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool, appear!

[Aside.]

Long. Ah me! I am forsworn.

Biron. Why, he comes in like a purgier, wearing papers.

King. In love, I hope; sweet fellowship in shame.

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name.

Long. Am I the first that have been purgier so?

Biron. [Aside.] I could put thee in compassion; not by two, that I know:

Thou mak'st the trumpery, the corner-cap of society.

The shape of love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear, these stubborn lines back power to move:

O sweet Mirth, empress of my love!

These numbers will but tire, and write in wanton

Cupid's bace; disfigure not his hap.

Long. This same shall go.—

[He reads the sonnet.]

Didst not the heavenly rhetoric of those eyes


galst whom the world renowned and argument

Persuade my heart to this false pecuniary

Poesy for thee broke, deserve ye punishment.

A woman I forswear, out, I will prove,

That being a goddess, I forswear not thee:

My love was early, that a heavenly love;

Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.

Your are but breath, and breath a vapor is;

As then their vain, which on my earth doth

Exhale this vapor woe; in thee it is:

If broke, then, if to my fault of mine:

If by me broken, what fool is so wise.

To lose an oath to win a paradise?

Biron. [Aside.] This is the liver vein, which

Makes fiesh a deity.

A green goddess a pure, pure idolatry.

God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the way.

[Exeunt Biron, with a paper.

Long. By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay.

[Stepping aside.]

Biron. [Aside.] All hid, all hid, an old infant

Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,

And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.

More sakes to the null! O heavens, I have my wish.

Dumain transform'd: four woodcocks in a dish!

Dum. O most divine Kate!

Biron. O most profane Coxcomb!

[Aside.]

Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye! Biron. By earth, she is but corporal; there you lie.

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amel-coted.

Biron. An amber-color'd raven was well noted.

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. As so fair as day; but then no sun must shine.

Dum. 0 that I had my wish!

Long. And I had none!

King. And I mine too, good lord!

Biron. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word?

Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she

Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

Biron. A fever in your blood, why then motion

Would let her out in souces; sweet misprision

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

9 Outstripped, surpassed.
When shall we see you write a thing in rhyme?
Biron. If you or groan for Joan or spend a wintry time.
In trimming me? When shall you hear that?
I will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb?—
King. Sow! Whither away so fast?
Biron. A true man, or a thief, that gai-laps so!
Intrimming myself.

Ester Jacquesetta and Costard.

Dum. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.
Biron. Ah, you whom the distant breezes have engaged,
'Tis you that should be sweet lovers, not us embracers.
As true we are, as flesh and blood can be:
The sea shall ebb and flow, heaven show his face;
What looks good shall willfully obey and be obeyed.
We cannot cross the cause why we were born;
Therefore, of all hands must we be forsown.

Dum. The number of hairs.

Biron. True, true, we are four:
Biron. Why? I have three fools lack'd me fool to make up the mess:
He, he, and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deceive to die.

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.

Biron. Your eyes are not hid in love or in love;
Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears
There is no certain prince that appears:
You're never seen without your jacket;
Tush, none but minstrels like of someting.
But are you not asham'd? you are not,
All three of you, to be thus much a-crotch;
Your words and your wit, the king you did ride to;
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O what a scene of folly I have seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of love!
O me, how strong, how straight, but for my love, day would turn to night!
Of all complexion the cruel!—
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 gentles tongues—
Fye, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not;
To things of sale a seller's prize belongs;
When I praise too short a dot doth
A witter'd hermit, five-score winters worn,
Might shock off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty don't ashamed then to this new-born;
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.
O, 'tis the sun, that maketh all things shine!
King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.
Biron. Ah, is honey like her? I too wood divine!
A wife of such wood were felicity.
Scene III.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

O, who can give an oath! where is a book?
That I may swear, beauty doth beauty lack;
If she that learn not of her eye to look;
No face is fair, that is not full so black.

King. O parsley! black is the badge of hell.
The line of dunces, and the scowl of night;
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

Biron. Would it so soonest tempt, resembling spirits
Of light.
O, if in black my lady's brows be decked,
it mourns, that painting, and usurping hair,
Should rivash coers with a base aspect;
And therefore she is born to make black fair.

Her favor turns the fashion of the days;
For native blood is count'd 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 collors count'd bright.

King. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain.

For fear their colors should be wash'd away.

King. 'Twere good, yours did: for, sir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a farer face wash'd today.

Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till dooms-day here.

King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

Dum. Never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

Long. Looks, here's thy love: my foot and her face see.

Biron. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her foot were much too dainty for such tread!

Dum. O vale! then as she goes, what upward hay.

The street should see as she walk'd over head.

King. But what of this? Are we not all in love?

Biron. Nothing so sure; and thereby allforsworn.

King. Then leave this chatter: and, good Biron,
how prove
Our loving lawfull, and our faith not torn.

Dum. Ay, marry, there,—some flattery for this devil.

Long. O, some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quietts, 4 how to cheat the devil.

Dum. Some salve for perjury.

Biron. 4 It, to be more than need—
Have at you then, allocution men at arms:
Consider, what you first did swear unto:
To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman:
Flat to the earth, grind the kernel out of oath:
Say, can you fast! your stomachs are too young.
And abstinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow’d to study, lords,
In each at you hath forsworn his book:
Can you still dream, and pore, and theoreon book?
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 academies,
From whence doth spring the true Pythian fire.
Why, universal plooding princes up
The nimble spirits in the arteries;
As motion, and long-drawing action,
The spirit of the body’s life.
Now, for not looking on a woman’s face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes;
And study too the cause of your vow:
For where is any author in the world,

Teaches such beauty as a woman’s eye?
Learning is but an adjutant to your own.
And where we are, our learning likewise is.
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies eyes,
For then we do not in our learning there.
O, we have made a vow to study, lords;
And in that vow we have forsworn our books;
For when we study, we have, or you, or you,
In vain contemnation, have we found out
Such petty numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauteous tutors have enrich’d you with?
Some other shows entirely keep the brain;
And therefore finding barren practises,
Searce show a harvest of their heavy toil.

But love, first learned in a lady’s eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power;
And gives to every power a double power.
Above their functions and their others,
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
A lover’s eyes will gaze an eagle blind.
A lover’s ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of thief is stopp’d;
Love’s feeling is more soft, and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cocked stags;
Love’s touch, too, the dainty bacchus’s taste in:
For valor, is not love a Hercules;
Still climbing trees in the hesperides.
Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet, and musical,
As Apollo’s lute, strong with his string.
And, when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never burn poset touch a pen to write;
Until his lines were temper’d with Love’s sigh;
Or, then his lines would ravish savage cars,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.

From women’s eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Pythian fire.
They are the books, the arts, the academies,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world;
Else none at all in aught proves excellent.
Then hope you were these women to forswear;
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom’s sake, a word that all men love;
Or for love’s sake, a word that loves all men;
Or for men’s sake, the authors of these women;
Or women’s sake, by whom we men are men;
Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths:
It is religion to be thus forsworn:
For charity itself fulfills the law;
And who can seav love from charity?

King. Nay! Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them,
Hear;
Fell-mell, down with them! but be first advis’d,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing; lay these crosses 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
We will have some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shew;
For receipts, dances, masks, and merry hours,
Fore-run fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. Alons! Alons!—now’d cocke rep’d
no corn;
And justice always whirs in equal measure:
Light wenchers may prove plagues to men forsworn;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure.

Exeunt.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Act V.

SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull.

Hol. Salus sitis sufficient.

Nath. I praise God for you, sir, your reasons at dinner were been sharp and scolding; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation,

audacious without impudence, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this quattuor days with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adrian de Armado.

Nath. Nori hominem langum te: His humor is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue fixed, his eye ambitious, his fate majestic, and his general behavior vain, ridiculous, and tirassomical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peremptive, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epitaph.

[Toes out his labor-book.]

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I allow such fantastical phantasies, such insensible and pointless companions; such rackets of orthography, as to speak, doubt, fine, when he should say, doubt, det., when he should pronounce, debt; d, e, b, t.; not, d, c, t.: he electeth a call, cauf; half, haut; neighbor, nantir; nebior, neigh abbreviated, i.e.:

This horrid scoundrel (which he would call adorable), it mismatches of my insinse; Nteligentia domus to make frantic, lunatic.

Enter Lampado, born intelligo.

Hol. Born?—er, for bear: Prisca a little scratched; 'twill serve.

Enter Armado, Moth, and Costard.

Nath. Videane quis vocat?

Hol. Vido, el guadeo.

Arm. Chira!

[Nath. Chira! Chira, not sirrah?]

Arm. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation. Moth. They have been at a great feast oflanguages, and stolen the scraps. [To Costard aside.

Conf. o, they have lived long in the alms-basket of words! I marvel, thy master hath not catchen thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as honoredintellectualitatis that art easier swollen than a clap-dragon.

Moth. Peace; the peal begins.

Arm. Most worthy sir, Hol. are you not letter'd? Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book:

What is a, b, speck backward with a horn on his head?

Hol. Ba pertica, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn:—You hear his learning.

Hol. Quies, quis, thou commodat?

Moth. The thing is, the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, u.

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, i, u.

Moth. The sheep; the other two concludes it; o, u.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterraneum, a sweet torch, a quick venem of wit: snip, snap, quick and home; it repented my intellect: true.

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is wise-old.

Arm. What is the figure? what is the figure.

Moth. Horse.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

Arm. Lead me thy horn to make one, and I will whip about thy mummy circum cervix; A gig of a cuckold's horn!

Conf. Of I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have to buy; but tinder horn, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-

[Discourse.

Arm. Arts-man, præambule! we shall be singled from their baptism, so you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain! Hol. Or, mons. the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Nath. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion, in the posteriors of this day; which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is hable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well cur'd, chose; sweet and subtle.

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 some other stock of courtesie;—I beseech thee, apparatus tiny head; and among other important and most serious designs,—and of great importance too—but let that pass—for I must tell thee, it will please grace by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder; and with his royal finger, thus, daily with my excrement, with my most guilty, but sweet heart, let that pass by the world, I recount no idle; some certain special honors it pleaseth his greatnesse 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 choice, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or act, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curious and your sweet self, are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of youth, 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,—the king's command, and the most gallant, illustrious, and learned gentleman,—before the princess; I say, home some to present the nine worthies.

Nath. Wherefore will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Armado Mussemanus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompy the great; the page, Hercules.

Arm. Fardon, sir, either: he is not quantity enough for that Augustus's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? be shall present Hercules in minority: his enter and exit shall be strangely, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience less, you may cry. Well done, Hercules! Note this! crushed the stuke? thus is the way to make an olive graceious; though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. I have the rest of the worthies!

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Three-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We tread.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an act. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. Viva, Goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word at all, and let me have three lines.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Arm. Allons! we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will
Scene II.  Love's Labor's Lost.

Play on the tabor to the words, and let them dance the lute.

Hot. Most dull, honest Dull to our sport, away.

(Scene entered.)

The Princess's Pavilion.

Enter the Princess, Katharine, Rosaline, and Maria.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart, if laurels come thus plentifully in.

And lack withal about with dim Simons.

Look you, what I have from the loving king.

Rosaline, come, let us have none this way along with that.

Prin. Nothing but this! Yes, as much love in rhyme.

As would be crammed up in a sheet of paper,

Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all;

Then let us as fast as we can set down Cupid's name.

That was the way that he made his godhead wax.

For he had been five thousand years a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Rosaline, you'll never be friends with him; he kill'd your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;

Merry men! but she's light, like you,

Of such a merry, nimble, shining spirit,

She might have been a grandam ere she died:

And so may you: for a light heart lives long.

Rosaline, thy dark meaning, mouse? of this light word!

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.

Rosaline, we need more light to find your meaning out.

Kath. You'll make us laugh, by taking it in snuff.

Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

Prin. Look what you do, you do it still i' the dark.

Kath. Do not you; for you are a light wench.

Prin. Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore, light.

Kath. You weigh me not—o, that's care for me not.

Rosaline, great reason; for, past cure is still past care.

Prin. Well banded both; a set of wit well play'd.

Rosaline, you have a favor too;

Who sent it? and what is it?

Rosaline. I would you knew,

An if my face were but as fair as yours,

My favor were as great; be witness this.

Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron:

The numbers true: and, were the numbering too,

I were the fairest goddess on the ground:

I am compared to twenty thousand fairies.

You hath drawn my picture in his letter!

Prin. Any thing like?

Rosaline. Much, in the letters: nothing, in the praise.

Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

Kath. And if the text B in a certain poem,

Rosaline. Ware pencils! How I let me not die your debtor.

My red dominick, my golden letter.

O that your face were not so full of O's!

Kath. A pox of that jest! and beseech all shaws,

But what was sent to you from fair Dumain?

Kath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you a wall?

Kath. Yes, madam; and moreover,

Some thousand verses of a faithful lover:

A large translation of hypocrisies,

Woe to conjugal and simplicity.

Mar. Thus, and these pearls, to me sent Longaville;

The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prin. Think you not? Dost thou not wish in heart,

The chain were longer, and the letter short?

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

Prin. They are wise girls to mock our lovers so.

Rosaline, they are worse fools to purchase mocking so.

That same Biron I'll torture ere I go,

O, that I knew he were but in the wreck!

Drum! drum! what would make you box, and seek;

And wait the season, and observe the times;

And spend his prodigious words in bootless rhymes;

And shape his service wholly to his behoves; and

To prove him proud to make me proud that jests;

So portent-like would I o'ersway his state,

That he should be my foot, and I his lute.

Grow.  

In anger.

Formerly a term of endangerment.

Prin. None are so sorely caught, when they are catch'd.

As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,

Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school;

And wit's base course graces a learned fool.

Rosaline, the blood of your ears: not with such express.

As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Mar. For such fools deeds bear not so strong a note,

As looser in the wise, when wit doth dictate;

Since all the power thereof doth apply,

To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Boyet. O, I am staid b with laugher! Where is her grace?

Prin. Fly, fly news, Boyet! I

Boyet. I prepare, madam, prepare!—

Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mournful are

Against your peace: love hath approach'd disguise'd,

Armed in arguments: you'll be surpris'd.

Muster your wits; stand in your own defence; 

Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Dunstan to smite you! What are they,

That charge them with breaking against me? say, say, say.

Boyet. The greatest and most of ancient course:

I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour:

When, lo! to interrupt my purposed rest,

Toward that I sought I found beyond discredit.

The king and his companions: wary

I stole to a neighbor thicket by,

And overheard what you should overhear;

And that, by and by, you tell me what.

Then heraid was a pretty knavish page,

That well by heart hain conn'd his embroidery:

Action, and accent, did they teach them there;

Thus noted thou their speech, and thus thy sly bear;

And ever and anon they made a doubt,

Presence maugreful would put him out;

For, quoth the king, an angel shall thou see;

If fear me not, say so audaciously.

The boy reply'd, An orogen is not real;

I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil.

With that all hang'd, and capp'd him on the shoulder;

Making the bold way by their prais'd bolder,

One Richard's elbow, thus; and thee'd, and swore,

A better speech was never spoke before:

Another with his finger and his thumb,

Cry'd, That we will do, come what will come;

The third he capp'd, and cried. All goes well;

The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell

With that all turn'd on the ground,

With suchazalous laughter, so profound,

That in the spleen ridiculous appears,

To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Prin. But, let us come, to see them visit us.

Boyet. They do, they do, and are apparell'd thus.

Like Muscovites, or Russians: as I guess,

Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance;

And every one his love-seat will advance

Into his several mistress; which they'll know

By favors several, which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so? the galants shall be task'd:

For, ladies, we will have every one be mask'd;

But not a one of them shall have the grace,

Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.—

Hold, Rosaline, this favor thou shalt wear!

And then the king will court thee for his dear;

Hold, take this, my sweet, and me thine: so

Shall Biron take me for Rosaline.

And change your favors too; so shall your loves

Woo contrary, decoy'd by these removes.

Rosaline, come, then, and take the favor's post in sight.

Kath. But, in this changing, what is your intent?

Prin. The effect of my intent is, to cross them:

They do it but in mawrking merriment;

And mock for mock; my love is only,

Their several coupl'd they unlooked shall

To loves mistakes; and so be mock'd within.AI

I pon the next occasion that we meet, 

With visage display'd, to talk, and great prosecuting.

Boyet. But shall we dance, if they desire us so?

Prin. No: to the death, we will not move a foot, 

Nor to their pen'd speech render we no grace;

But, while in speech, each turn away her face.
Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Du-Main, in Russian habits, and masked; Moth, Musicians, and Attendants.

Moth. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth! Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffeta. Moth. A holy parley of the fair sex: [The Ladies turn their backs to him.]

That ever turn'd their backs — to mortal views! Biron. Their eyes, villain, their eyes. Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views! Out —

Biot. True; out, indeed.

Moth. Out of your favors, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe,

Not to behold—
Biron. Once to behold, rogue.

Moth. Once to behold, with your sun-beamed eyes,—with your sun-beamed eyes—

Biyet. 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 freedom? be gone, you rogue.

Ros. What would these strangers? I 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 visitation.
Ros. What would they, say they!

Boyet. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why, that they have you on our watch—

Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may begone.

King. Say to her, we have measured many miles
To tread a measure with her on this grass.

Boyet. They say that they have measured many a mile,

To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Ros. If not ask them how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measured many,
The measure then of one is easily told.

Boyet. If to come hither you have measured miles,
And the princess bids you tell,

How many inches do fill up one mile.

Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.
Ros. How many weary steps,

Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are numbered in the travel of one mile?

Biron. We number nothing that we spend for

Our duty so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without account.

Youthful to show the sunshine of your face,

That we, like savages, may worship it.

Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessed are clouds, to do such things do!

Vast shades, bright beams, and those dusky stars to shine

(Those clouds removed) on you out of my eye,

Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;

Then now request but moonshine in the water.

King. Then in our measure do but vouchsafe

one change;

Thou bidst me beg; this begging is not strange.

Ros. Play, muse, then: nay, you must do it

Muse's play.

Not yet;—no dance;—this change I like the moon.

King. Will you not dance? how come you thus extraneous?

Ros. You took the moon at full; but now she's changed.

King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.

The moon's the plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.

Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.
Scene II.  
LOVE'S LABORS LOST.  

King.  We came to visit you; and purpose now  
To lead you to our court; vouchsafe it then.  

Prin.  The good God hold me for, and so hold your  


Nor god, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.  

King.  Relate me not for that thou provokest;  
The virtue of your friend must live in my mouth.  

Prin.  You neck-name virtue: vice you should have  
spoken;  
For vice's office never breaks men's truth.  

Now by my maiden honor, yet as pure  
As the unsoiled lily, I protest,  
A world of forces thought I should endure,  
I would not yield to be your homely guest:  
So much I hate a breakingcause to be  
Of heavenly oaths, vow with false, rity.  

Kings.  O, you have liv'd in desolation here,  
I need, I need, much to your shame.  

Prin.  Nor so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;  
We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game  
A mess of Russians let us but of late.  

King.  How, madam! Russians!  

A/y, in truth, my lord  
Tran gallants, full of courtship, and of state.  

Ros.  Madam, speak true—for it is not so, my lord.  
My lord. (to the manner of the day,  
In courtesies, gives undervaluing grace.  
We pour, mured, confronted here with four  
In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,  
Until it was to get license from his lord,  
They did not bless us with one happy word.  
I dare not call them ions; but this I think,  
When they were thirsty, fools would inan have drink.  

Biron.  It was no way the properst way,  

Prin.  That is not my doctrine, nor is it sweet,  
Your wit makes wise things foolish, when we greet  
With eyes best seing heaven's fiery eye,  
By light we lose light, our capacity  
Is of that nature, that to your huge more  
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor  
Ros.  This proves ye wise and rich: for in my cye,  

Biron.  I am a fool, and full of poverty.  

But that you take what doth to you belong,  
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.  

Biron.  I am yours, and all that I possess.  

Ros.  All the rest mine  

Biron.  I cannot give you less.  

Ros.  Which of the visors was it that you wore?  

you this!  

Ros.  I here, then, that visor; that surplices case,  
That had the worse, and snow'd the better face.  

King.  Verily, we are deceived: they'll mock us now  

downward.  

Dum.  Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.  

Prin.  Amaz'd, my lord! Why looks yond noble  

Biron.  Help, hold his brows! I'll swoon! Why  

Seek-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.  

Biron. This pour the stars down plagues for perjury,  

Can any tree of brass hold longer out?  

Here stand I, lady, I dart thy shaft at me;  
Brave will she seem, confound me with a  

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;  
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;  
And I will blush twice, and think on my  
Not never more in Russian habit wait,  
O! never will I trust to stitches pein  
Not to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue;  
Never on air to you my friend,  
Nor weep in rhyme, like a band harper's song:  
Tell tales, that you thence summer's true  
Have blown me tumble of muggost ostentation:  
I do forsware then: and I here protest,  
By this white glove, (how white the hand,  

Henceforth my wooring mind shall be express'd  
In russet years, and honest kersy noise:  
And, to be brief, your friends I'll serve so well  
My love to thee is sound, saints scarce to know.  

Ros.  Suis sans, I pray you.  

Biron.  Yet I have a trick  

Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am sick;  

After the fashion of the times.
I'll leave it by degrees, soft, let us see:—

Write, Lord, have me say on us, on those three;
They are infected, in their hearts lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes;
Their lords are wasted; you are not true,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Prim. No, they are free, that gave these tokens to us.
Biron. Our states are forlorn, seek not to undo us.
Prim. They are not so; for how can this be true,
That you stand forlorn, being those that sue.
Biron. Peace; for I will not have to do with you.
Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.
Biron. Speak not, for yourselves, my lord is not amind.
King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression
Some fair excuse.

Prim. The fairest is confession.

What you have not here, but even now, disguis'd!

Ros. Madam, I was, and were you all advis'd!

King. I was, fair madam.

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.

Prime. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.

King. Upon mine honor, no.

Prim. Peace, peace, for hear; Your oath once broke, you force; not to forswear.

King. Despise me when I break through of mine, and take before keep it—Rosaline. What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear As precious e'yeglass; and did value it Above this word: adding thereto, moreover, That he would wed me or else die my lover.

Prim. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord Most honorably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, madam! by my life, my troth, I never swore this lady such an oath. 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 give;
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.
Prim. 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 is't.—There was a consent. (Knowing beforehand of our errment.)

To dash it like a Christmas comedy; Some carry talk, some please man, some slight fancy.

Some tumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,
That smiles in his cheek in years; and knows the trick To make my lady laugh, when she's disposed,— Told our intents before: which once disclosed, The ladies did change favors; and then we, Following the sign, and did the sign of she, Now, to our perjury to add more terror, We are again forsworn; in will, and error.

Much upon this it is; —And might not you.

To BOYET.

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, jesting merrily! You put our pace out; you, you are allow'd; These lemons you will, a semon shall be your shred. You leen upon me, do you? there's an eye

Wounds like a keen sword.

Boyet. Full merry

When the brave manage, this career, then run. Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace; I have done.

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, poor wit! thou partest a fair fray.
Cost. O, Lord, sir, they would know Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no. Biron. What, are there but thee? —

Cost. No, sir; but it is varie fine,
For every one parents three.

Biron. Bawdery. And three times thrice nine, is
1 Make no difficulty. 2 Conspiracy. 3 Bullock. 4 Square, rule.

Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope, it is not so;
You cannot be, sir, I can assure you, sir; we know what we know. I hope, three times thrice, sir,—
Biron. — Is not nine! —

Cost. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.
Biron. For God's sake, I always took three threes for nine.

Cost. O, Lord, sir, it were a pity you should get your living by reckoning. Biron. Upon much it of me.

Cost. O, Lord, for the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount: for my own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one man; I must be sure; for many Pompons, the great, sir. Biron. Art thou one of the worthies? —

Cost. It pleased them, to think me worthy of Pompons the great: for mine own part, I know not the grade of the worthy; but I am to stand for him.

Biron. God bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care.

[Exeunt Costard.]

King. Biron, they will shame us, let them not approach.

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord; and 'tis some policy
To have one show worse than the king's and his company. —

King. I say they shall not come.

Cost. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you.

Cost. That sport best pleases, that doth least know how: Where zeal strives to contend, and the contents Or the beauty of them for which it, presents.

Their form confounded makes most form in mirth; When great things laboring perish in their birth.

Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Anon, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

[Armado converses with the King, and delivers him a paper.]

Prim. Doth this man wear God?

Biron. Why ask you? —

Prim. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey nauseum: for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical; too, too vain; too, too vain: but we will put it, as they say, to forfutila della guerra. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couple, my lord.

King. Here is like-to be a good presence of worthies: He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the great; the parson carole, Alexander; Armado, a page, Horweces; the petit, Judas Maciaclaus; And if these four worthies in their first show thrive, These will change habits, and present the other five.

Biron. There is five in the first show. Arm. You are deceived; to so not.

Biron. The pedant, the bragard, the hedge-prast, the fool, and the boy: —

Abate a throw at novum; and the whole world again,
Cannot do out five snae, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes again.

[Seeds brought for the King, Princess, sir.]

Pagenot of the Nine Worthies.

Enter Costard and armado for Pompey.

Cost. I Pompey am. —

Byon. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. I Pompey am.

Boyet. With lieber's head on knee.

Biron. Well said, old mocher; I must needs be friends with thee.

Cost. I Pompey am. Pompey surround the great. —

Dum. The great.

Cost. I Pompey am. Pompey surround the great, That off in field, with large and shield, did make my foe to sweat:

And, travelling along this coast, here I come and here I am; And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet Ioss of France.

— A game with dice.
If your ladyship would say, Thanks, Pompey, I had done.

Print. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect; I made a little fault in great. Pompey. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best-worthy.

Enter Nathaniel armor'd, for Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander. By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might:

My soul's been put in declares, that I am Alexander. Pompey. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

Biron. Your nose smells so, in this, most tender smelling knight.

Print. The conqueror is dismay'd. Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander?

Bogel. Most true; 'tis right; you were so, Alexander.

Biron. Pompey the great.

Cost. Hallo! Ay, servant, and Costard.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Alexander.

Cost. O, sir. [To Nath.] you have overthrown Alexander the conqueror! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his paws sitting on a close-stool, will be given to A-jax, he will be the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and a most true; run away for shame, Alexander. [Nath. retires.]

Ther's, an't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd! He is a marvelous good neighbor, in earth, and a very good bowler; but, for Alexander, alas, you see, how 'tis;—a little over-parted:—but there are worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Print. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter Holofernes armor'd, and Morth armor'd, for Hercules.

Hol. Great Hercules is presented by this: Whose club kill'd Cerybirus but three head'd canus;

And when he was a bale, a child, a shrimp, Thirst he'd sparse spells in his manus; Quenian, be strench't in majesty,

Ergo, I come with this apology. Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish. [Exit Morth.

Hol. Judas I am—

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir—

Judes I am, getehip Jahuorbus.

Biron. Tudes Mashabrous clipt, is plain Judas.

Biron. A lesser traitor—how art thou prov'd Judas—

Hol. Judas I am—

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir?

Biron. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Biron, sir, you are my elder.

Biron. Well now'd: Judas was hang'd on an elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Biron! One of the last face on a dish.

Hol. What is this?

Biron. A eiterian head.

Dum. The head of a bockin.

Biron. A death's head in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Biron. The pummel of Cesar's fauchion.

Dum. There came both face on a dish.

Biron. St. George's half-check in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-brush.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Biron! Have we given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-paced them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Biron. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.

And so, adieu, sweet Judel! nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the use to the Jude; give it him;—

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Biron. For Monsieur Judas: it grows dark, he may stumble.

Print. Alas, poor Mashabrous, how hath he been bated?

[Exit HOLOFERNES.

Enter Armado armor'd, for Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achillies; here comes Hector in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. I am come, but a Trojan in respect of this.

Judas. But is this Hector?

Dum. I think, Hector was not so clean timber'd

Long. His leg is too big for Hector.

Dum. Lost, thou, certain.

Biron. No; he is best indued in the small.

Biron. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Arm. The armament of Mars, of lanes the almighty.

Gave Hector a gift—

Dum. A gift nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Hol. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace!

The armament More, of lanes the almighty, Gave Hector a gift, the hair of Lion; A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight, yes, From moro till night, out of his passion.

I am that flower—

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, rem thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it thee; for it runs against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet warman is dead and rotten: sweet charming wife, beat the bones of the hotter when he breasted, he was a man,—but I will forward with my device: sweet royalty, [To the Princess.] bestow on me the sense of hearing.

[BRION whispers COSTARD.

Print. Speak, brave Hector; we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Bogel. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. A man may yield a yard.

Arm. This Hector for surmounted Hamble—

Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What means the least?—

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan the poor wench is cast away: she's quick; the child brags in her belly already; 'tis yours.

Arm. That intimates me among potentates! thou shalt die. Cost. Then shall Hector be whip'd, for Jachnelecta that is quick by him; and hanged, for Pompey that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Bogel. Renowned Pompey!

Dum. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey to the living.

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is mov'd:—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 thee.

Dum. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man; I'll shed; I'll do it by the sword!—I pray you, let me borrow your arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed worthies.

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see, Pompey is uncoing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me: I will not combat in my shirt.

* Ate was the goddess of discord.
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 it?

Arm. The truth of it is, I have no shirt, I go Woodward for penance.

Bogey. Troth, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen: since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none. But if a donkey-cloth shall not do for Zosanna's sake, and that a ears next his heart for a favor.

Enter Mercadie.

Merc. God save you, madam!

Prin. We embrace, Mercadie; But that thou interrupt our friminent.

Merc. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring, is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

Prin. Dead, for my life! M. r. Even so; my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away; the scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath: I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of uncertainty, and I will right myself like a soldier.

Exeunt Worthies.

King. How fares your majesty?

Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say—I thank you, gracious lords.

For all your fair endeavors; and entreat, out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe In your rich wardrobe, to excuse a little, The liberal opposition of our spirits:

If over-boldly we have borne ourselves In the converse of breath, your gentleness With every word of—farewell, worthies! It a heavy heart bears not an humble tongue: Excuse me, so, coming short of thanks For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

Arm. The extreme parts of this extreme form All causes to the purpose of his speed; And often, at his very loose, doth these The long process could not arbitrate: And though the mourning love of procyon

Forbid the smiling courtesy of love,
The holy suit which fain it would convince;

Yet, in the love's argument was lost on lost;

Not the cloud of sorrow just it
From what it purport'd; since, to wall friends lost, Is not by much so wholesome, profligate, As their arrival at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not; my griefs are double.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief:

And by these badges understand the king. For your fairest sake have we neglected time, Play'd foul play with our natches; your beauty, ladies, Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our6 eyes Even to the opposed end of our intents: And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—As love is full of unheeding strains: All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;

Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye, Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms; Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll To every varied object in his glance.

Which partly-cou'd presence of loose love
Put on us, if, in your heavenly eyes, Have misbecom'd our clothes and gravities, These heavenly eyes, that look with 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, This purifies itself, and turns to grace. Dismay. We have receiv'd your deep groans, full of love; Your favors, the embassadors of love; And, in our maiden council, rated them At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy, As fair as you. But, as honest as we are, But more devout than this, in our respects, Have we not been; and therefore, let your loves In their own fashion, like a mourn watt.

Dism. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.

Long. So did our books.

Clothed in wool, without linen. * Free to excess.

Ros. We did not quote them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour, Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short To make a world-without-end last But no, nor my lord, your grace is perjuri'd much. Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this,— If for my love (as is there is no such cause) Have moni'd, but this shall you have: Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed To some forlorn and naked hermitage, Remote from all the pleasures of the world; There, until the twelve celestial signs Have brought about their annual reckoning; If this astere inscrutable the Change not your offer made in heat of blood; But within the circle of his least, hard lodging, and thin weeds, Nip not the ruddy blossoms of your love, But that it bear this trial, and last love; Then, at the expiration of the year, Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts, And, by this virgin path, new kissing time, I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut My woful self up in a mourning house; Raining the tear of lamentation, For the remembrance of my father's death If this thou do deny, let our hands part; 

Ros. O, I am in effect in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny, To flatten up these powers of mine with rest, The sudden hand of death close up mine eye! Hereafter then my heart is in the Biron. And what to me, my love! and what to me!

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rank

You are mispriz'd with shame and perjury,

Therefore, if you my favor mean to get, A twelvemonth you shall spend, and never rest, But seek the weary beds of people seek.

Dism. Good morrow, my love! what shall I do to me?

Kath. A wife!—A beard, fair health, and hon-esly;— With this false love I wish you all these three.

Dum. U, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife! Kath. Note, so my lord;—a twelvemonth and a day I'll mark no words that smooth-faced wrouers say

Counting the king's oath to my lady Biron, Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet swear not, lest you be foreign again.

Long. What says Maria?

Mur. At the twelvemonth's end, I'll change my black gown for a fashional eye,

Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time is long. Mur. My lord, your grace! few talier and less.

Biron. Studies my lady! mistress, look on me

Held the window of my heart, mine eye,

What humble suit attends thy answer there?

Impose service on me for thy ladyship.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,

Before I saw you: and the world's largc tongue Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks; Full of cuparions and wounding beats,

Which you on all estates will execute, That he within the mercy of your wit:
To forgo this wormwood from your fruitful brain; And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,

(Without the which I am not to be won.) You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day Visit the graceless scaffold, and still converses With grazing wretches; and your task shall be,

With all the fierce endeavor of your wit.

To enforce the paused impatient to smile.

Biron. To have wild laughter in the throat of death!

It cannot be; it is impossible:

Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Yea, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,

Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,

Which shallow laughing heavers give to fools;

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear

Of him that has not lost it in the tongue

Of him that makes it: if then weekly days,

Dead'd with the calumns of their own dear garoms

Will bear your idle scars, continue them,

And, in the end, you will have nothing and that fault within;

But, if they will, throw away that sport,

And I shall find you empty of that fault,

Right joyful of your reformation.

* Regard. 3 Clothing.
 Scene II. 

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST. 

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Biron. A twelvemonth? well, befall what will befall, 
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.
Froth. Ay, sweet my lord: and so I take my leave.
[To the King.
King. No, madam: we will bring you on your way.
Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play; 
Jack hath not Jill: these lutes' courtesy 
Might well have made our sport a comedy.
King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day.
And then 'twill end.
Biron. That's too long for a play.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—
Froth. Was not that Hector?
Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.
Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger and take leave: 
I am a votary; I have vowed to Jacquemeta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? It should have followed in the end of our show.
King. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.
Arm. Holla! approach.

Enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOOTH, COWARD, and others.

This side is Hecuba; winter; this Ver, the spring; 
the one maintain'd by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

SONG.

I.

Spring. When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady smocks all silver-white,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
"Cuckoo!
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!"

II.

When shepherds pipe on yoked straows,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rocks do dawn,
And maidens bleach their summer snocks
The cuckoo then, on ever tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

III.

Winter. When icicles hang by the wall,
And loke the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears bags into the hail,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To whom:

To-who, to-who, a merry note,
White greasy Joan doth keep the pot.

IV.

When all abroad the wind doth blow,
And roughing doth make the parents saw,
And birds all brawling in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When rattled crows kiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To whom:

To-who, to-who, a merry note,
White greasy Joan doth keep the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You that way; we, this way.

[Exeunt.}

* Scum.  
* Wild apples.
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LUCIO OF VENICE.
PRINCE OF MOROCCO. &c.,
PRINCE OF ARRAGON.
ANTONIO, the Merchant of Venice,
BASSANO, his Friend.

SALANIO.
SALANIO, {Friends to Antonio and Bassano.

GRATIANO.
LORENZO, in Love with Jessica.

SALANIO, &c., his Friend.

LAUNCELOT GOBBO, a Clown, Servant to Shylock.

SCENE, partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the Seat of Portia, on the Continent.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. A Street.

Enter Antonio, Salanio, and Salanio.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad; It wearies me; you say it wearies you; But, hark! I catch it, found it, or came by it, What staff's its made of, whereof it is born, I am to learn; And such a wond'rous sadness makes of me, That I have much ado to know myself.

Bass. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with partly soil,— Like signior and rich burghers of the flood, Or, as it were, the pages of the sea,—
To overpeer the petty traffickers, That court'sy to them, do them reverence; As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Salan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth, The better part of my alecctions would be with my hopes abroad. I should be still Plucking the grass to know where sits the wind; Peering in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads; And every object, that might make me fear Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt, Would make me sad.

Bass. My wing, cooling my brood, Would blow me to an eagle; when I thought What harm a wind too great might do at sea, I should not see the sandy hour-glass run, But I should think of shallows and of flats; And see my wealthy Andrewock'd in sand. Vailing her huck-top lower than her ribs, To kiss her burial. Should I go to church, And see the holy edifice of stones, And not behinck me straight of dangerous rocks? Which touching but my gentle vessel's side Would scatter all her spices on the stream; Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks; And, in a word, but even now worth this, And now worth nothing! Shall I have the thought To think on this; and shall I lack the thought, That such a thing, being hard, would make me sad? But, tell not me; I know, Antonio. Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

Ant. Believe me, no: I think my fortune for it, My ventures are not in one bottom trusted, Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore, my merchandise makes me not sad.

Salan. Why then you are in love.

Ant. Fye, fye! Salan. Not in love neither? Then let's say, you are sad.

| Ships of large burden. | Lowering. |

Because you are not merry; and 'twere as easy For you, to laugh, and leap, and say, you are merry, because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus, Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time: Some that will evermore peep through their eyes, And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper; And others of such vinegar aspect, That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile, Though Nestor swear the jest be laughter.

Enter Bassano, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Salan. Here comes Bassano, your most noble kinsman, Gratiano, and Lorenzo: Fare you well;
We leave you now with better company.

Bass. I would have stood 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.

Bass. Good morrow, my good lords.

Grat. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? Say, when?

You grow exceeding strange: Must it be so?

Bass. We'll make our pleasures to attend on yours.

Lor. My lord Bassano, since you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you; but, at dinner-time, I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

Bass. 1 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, Graiano; 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 feast with wine.
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his granum'ce cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice By being peevish? 1 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 dressed in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;

Obstructe silence.
As who should say, I am sir Oracle,
And, when I open my eyes, 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,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers, fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
That is not with this melancholy,
For this bad gudgeon, this opinion—
Come, good Lorenzo:—Fare ye well, a while;
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Ant. But shad a please you, thou third dinner-time:
I must be one of these damn'd wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company, but two years more,
That I am wiser, and know nothing of my tongue.

Ant. Farewell! I'll grow a talked for this year.
Gra. Thanks, sir, that, for silence is only commendable.

In a neat's tongue dined, and a maid not vendible.

[Enter Gratiano and Lorenzo.]

Ant. Is that any thing now?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing,
much less any man in all Venice:—His reasons
are as two grains of wheat hit in two bushels of chaff;
you shall seek all day ere you find them; and, when
you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Why, certainly, thou art not guilty of the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

Bass. I'm not unknown to you, Antonio,
But you have done more than you promised,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than what your faults would grant continuance:
Nor do I know what mean to be commended
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
If you please say: 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,
For what I have in hand, of love.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honor, be assured,
My purse, or my person, my extreme means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft
I shot his fellow of the self-same right.
Theirs was the measure, mine the watch,
To find the other forth; and by adventring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence,
In so much that person all, and all that,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I assured you, of the same shaft,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well, and herem spend but little time;
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making question of my utterance.
That all you had made me, or he 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 prais'd unto, therefore I speak.

Bass. In Belinn is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wonderous virtues; sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia: nothing unavailing
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia:
Nor is the wise world ignorant of her worth;
For many are come from the least Renowned suitors; and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont, Calecto's stand,
And makes her bower, in love, the envy of all.
O my Antonio, I had but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind possess me such fruitful,
That should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. I know not: that all my fortunes are at sea;—
Nor have I money, nor commodity
* Ready. | Formerly.

To raise a present sum: therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That shall be lack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, present all this to Calecto, and will wait
Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake.—Exeunt.

[Scene II. — Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.]

[Enter Portia and Nerissa.]

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body &
a-very of this great world.

Ner. You would have my heart, 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 too little.
They, that ha' made a fiery virtue of this passion to be seated in the head; superiority comes sooner by white hairs, than competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. It do to 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
device that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be
one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching.
The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper may tell the law to the decree. In a hare is
madness: the youth, to skip over the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in
the fashion to choose me a husband, nor do I choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living
daughter cur'd by the will of a dead father:—
Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Por. Your father was ever virtuous; and only
men, at their death, have good inspirations; there-
fore, he beat the laws which he hath devised in these three
chests of gold, silver, and lead; whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you, will, no doubt, never be
choosen by any rightly; but one who you shall right,
the will be Death's direction 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 coat, indeed, for he doth nothing
but talk, and talk, and talk, and think. An appro
cipation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself: I am much afraid, my lady, his mother, played false with a smith.

Ner. I hear it is there does country's natural.
Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say,
As if you could not have in a choose; he hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeps upon the gown; for you have been so long, and losing, so full of unmanly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God lend 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 sun to be
a mocker: But, he! why, he hath a horse better than the
Neapolitan's; a better had habit of flowing than the count Palatin's: then, his man in a
man; he is every man in an individual soul, he fails straight a capering; he will fence with his own shadow: If I should
marry him, I should marry twenty husbands: if he would despise my apprehensions, I would forgive him; for if he love me, and madness, I shall never require him.

Ner. What say you then to Faulconbridge, the
young baron of England?

Por. You know no place to hang on to him; for he under
stands me not, nor I him: he hath neither Lat
tian, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear, that I have a poor pennyworth in the English vacuum; wherefore he may perish man and horse; but, alas! what can converse with a dumb show! How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his goldcoat in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his hobby for every where.

Ner. What thank you of the Scottish lord, his
neighbor!

* Count.
Por. That he hath a neighborly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again, when he was capable of work; to which purpose he became his surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very well, in the morning when he is sober; and most vainly 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; and the worst fall that ever felt, I hope, I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. He should offer to choose, and choose the right project, 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 Rhine wine on the contrary case, and 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.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords, they have acquainted me with their determinations: which is indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit; unless you may be won by some other soft than your father's proposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibyls, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of your father's will: I am glad this parcel of a thousand ducats is so reasonable: for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, the Bassetto, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Monteferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassoano; as I think, so was he called.

Ner. True, madam; he of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.—How now! what news!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por. If he could but the while welcome with so good heart, as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition, or that a present to the caskets, he should have the crown of a devil, if he, rather he should shrieve me than receive me. Come, Nerissa,—Sirrah go before. Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door.

Exeunt.
Shy. Signor Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto you have rated
About my mares, and my usances;*
Shy. I'll have no barter with a vulgar brat; For suference is the badge of all our tribe: You call me — misbeliever, cut-throat dog, And spit upon my Jewish galardine: And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help: Go to; then you come to me, and you say,
Shy. I'll — I'll — I'll — I'll — I'll; what say you so?
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard, And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur Over your threshold; houses is your suit. What am I to say I shall not say, Hath a dog money? is it possible, A ear can't hear three thousand ducats? or Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key, With a sad breath, and whistling humbleness, Say this—
Fair air, you spied on me on Wednesday last; You spurred me such a dog; another time You called me dog; and if * these courtseyes I'll lend you they much moneys?
Ant. I am as like as I canARI thee so again,
To spied on thee again, to spurn thee too, If thou will lend thee the money, lend it not As to thy friends; for woe on did friendship take A breed for barren metal of his friend! But was it rather for thy conscience; Who if he break, thou may st with better face Exact the penalty.
Shy. Why, how, look, how you stamp!
I would be friends with you, and have your love, Forget the shame that you have stain'd me with, Supply your present wants, and take no dot Of absence for my moneys, and you'll not hear me.
Th is kind I outer. * Ant. This was kindness.
Shy. This kindness will I show:

Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your son's bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, with such a person, as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your true stock, 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
Shy. You shall not seal to such a bond for me,
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.
Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;
Within these two months, that's a month before This bond expires, I do expect return Of three times three times the value of this bond.
Shy. 0 father Abraham, what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teach them this respect
The thoughts and usages they are; you have a face; If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the execution of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man, Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As dust of sultims, becks, or goats, a say
To buy his favor, 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 negotary's;
Give him my commission for every penny
And I will go and pursue the duces straight;
See to my house, lest in the fearful guard Of an unknown knife, and presently
I will be with you. * [Exit]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Belmont. A room in Portia's House.

Furnish of Crowns. Enter the Prince of Morocco and his Train; Portia, Nerissa, and other of her Attendants.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To do thee service, and a killing, and,
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phoebus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make jeem'n? for your love,
To love whose blood is as red as mine,
or mine.
Tell me, Indy, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd thee, the valiant; by my love, I swear,
The best regarded virgin of our clime
Have love'd it too; I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.
Por. In terms of choice I am not so led
By hate direction of a madam eyes;
Resides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing;
But, if my father had not sauntered me,
And held me by his wit, to yield myself
His wife, who wins me by the means I told you,
Yourself, renounced prince, then stood as fair,
As any woman I have look'd on yet,
For collection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you;
Therefore, I pray you, lend me to the caskets,
To try my fancy. - By this seminar,
That son of the Soplic, and a Persian prince,
That won three fields of sultan Soliman,—
I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart most daring from the earth,
Pluck the most daring cub from the she she-bear,
Yes, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady: But, alas the while!
If Heracles, and Lichas, play at dice
Allusion to the Eastern custom for lovers to testify their passion by cutting themselves in their misstress' sight.

* Terrified.
to be rated by my conscience, I should stay with
the Jew my master, who God bless the mark! is
a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew,
I should be rated by the devil. Hence, I leave my
religion, and the devil himself: Certainly, the Jew
is the very devil incarnate; and, in my conscience,
my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to
offer to countenance me to stay with him. The more
I give the more friendly counsel: I will run, hend,
my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

Enter old Gower, with a Basket.

Gob. Master, young man, you, I pray you;
which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [Aside.] O heavens, this is my true-bottom,
the man who, being a poor sand-blind,
high-graved blind, knows me not: I will try con-
clusions 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
left, but at the next turning of all, on your left;
marry, at the very next turning, turn of no
black, the day, I know you not, your master.

Gob. By God's statutes, twill be a hard way to
hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that
dwells with him, doth dwell with the other?

Laun. Talk'd of young master Launcelot?—
Mark me now: [Aside.] Now will I raise the waters:
—Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. So, or Launcelot, but a young gentleman; his
father, if I may say it, is an honest exceeding
poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we
talk of master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worships friend and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But I pray you ergo, old man, ergo, I be-
seen you; Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, and please your mastership.

Laun. Ergo, master Launcelot; talk not of
master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman
(according to fancies and destinies, and such
sorceries, the master's trace, and such branches
of learning) is indeed deceased; or, as you would
say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God's will! I told you he was the very
starch of my age, and very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a endgel, or a booket-post,
or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

Gob. I have no more feeling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your
boy, but was your son that is, your child that
shall be.

Gob. I cannot thank you are my son.

Laun. But I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and, I am sure,
Marcy, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Marcory, indeed; I shall
be sworn, if I am Launcelot, thou art none other than
him. Lord worship! shall he be this? what a
hast thou gone! thou hast got more on thy chin,
than Dobbin, my Pnocleauw has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail
grows backward! I am sure he had more on his
tail, than I have on my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou changes! How dest
thou of thy master's care? I have brought him a
present: How care you now?

Laun. Well, well; but for mine own part, as I
have set my mind to run away, I will not rest
till I have some ground: my master's a very
Jew: Give him a present, give him a half; I am
familiar with his service; you may tell him every
finger I have, rack him! I am glad you are come:
give me your present to one master Bassa-
® Experiments.

ne, who indeed, gives rare new leases; 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 be the Jew any longer.

Enter Bassanio, with Leonato, and other
Followers.

Bass. You may do so;—but let it be so lasted,
that supper be ready at the farthest by five of
the clock: see these letters delivered; put the
livestock to making; and desire Gratiano to come
hence to us then. [Exit a Servant.

Laun. To him, father.

Bass. God bless your worship! Bass. Gramercy: Wouldst thou aught with me?

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's
man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify.

Bass. Hath he a great infection, sir, as one would
say, in his master's and he, (saving your worship's
reverence) are scarce caterers:

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew
having done thee well, hath carry'd off a son, as
my father, being hope an old man, shall truly unto
you.

Bass. I have here a dish of doses, that I would
bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,—

Laun. In very brief, the suit is pertinent to
myself, as your worship shall know by this honest
old man; and, though I say it, though an old man,
yet, press my suit, master. Bass. One speak for both:—What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Bass. This is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Laun. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy
suit:

Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,
And hath present'd this, as believing in the Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Bassanio and you, sir; you have the
grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speakst it well: Go, father, with thy
son.

Take leave of the old master and enquire.

My lodging out:—give him a liber.

More guard'd than his followers: see it done.

Laun. Father, I say:—I cannot act a service, no,
—I have no more a tongue in my head:—Well; [shak-
ing on his palate.] if any man in Italy have a fairer
table which doth offer to swallow upon a book, let
the man kill a lamb;—Go, here a simple line of
life! here's a small tribe of wives: Alas, fifteen
wives is nothing; eleven widows, and nine maids,
is a simple coming in for one man:—Let us, to
three, to have seven, and to be in part of my
life with the edge of a leather-bed;—here are simple
scapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good
wrench for this year.—Father, come; I'll take
my leave of thee, in the twinking of an eye.

[Exit LAUNCELOT and old GORBO.

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this.

Theseラン0 comes long nor catch, and order me bestow on,
Rialto, haste, for I do feast tonight.

My best estem'd acquaintance; he thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavors shall be done herein.

Enter Gratiano.

Grat. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks.

Grat. Signior Bassanio—

Bass. Gratiano! Grat. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Grat. You must not deny me; I must go with
you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must—but hear thee,
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;—

* Ornamented.  The pain of the hand extended.
MERCHANT OF VENICE

SCENE VI.

But where thou art not known, why, there they show Something too liberal;—pray thee, take pain To alay with some cold drops of modesty Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild be-

I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Signior Bassanio, hear me: If I do not put on a sober habit, Talk with respect, and swear but now and then, Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely; Nor must I have the air of a vantage and mine eyes 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 gage me 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 thee 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.—A Room in Shylock's House.

Enter Jessica and Launcelot.

Jes. I am sorry, thou wilt leave my father so; Our house is killeth, and thou, a merry devil, Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness: But fare thee well, we will not give thee leave. And Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest: Give him this letter; do it secretly, And to Shylock; I would not have my father See me talk with thee. Laun. Adieu!—t'ears exhibit my tongue,— Most beautiful pagan,—most sweet Jew! If a Christian any play and get thee, I much admire thee; but, adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit; adieu! [Exit.] Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot. Alack, what baneful sin it is in me To be ashamed to be my father's child! But though I am a daughter to his blood, I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo, If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife; Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—A Street.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salario, and Shylock.

Lor. Nay, we will sink away in supper-time; Disguise us at our lodging, and return All in an hour. Gra. We have not made good preparation. Solar. We have not spicc us yet of torch-bearers Shylock, 'tis use, unless it may bequarter'd; And, better in my mind, not undertaken. Lor. This now but four o'clock; we have two hours To furnish us:—Enter Launcelot, with a Letter.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news? Laun. And it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify. Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand; And whiter than the paper it writ on, Is this fair hand that writ. Gra. Love-news, in faith. Laun. By your leave, sir. Lor. Whether guest thou? Laun. Married, sir, to bid my old master the Jew To sup to-night with my new master the Christian. Lor. Hold here, take this;—tell gentle Jessica, I will not fail her;—speak it privately: go. Gentleman Launcelot. Will you prepare you for this masque to-night? I am provided of a torch-bearer. Shylock. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight. Salario. And so will I. Lor. Meet me, and Gratiano, At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence. Salario. This is good we do so. [Exit Salario, and Salario.]

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica? Lor. I have this seeds tell thee all: she hath directed, How I shall take her from her father's house. What gold, and jewels, she is furnish'd with; What cages she is to lay in readiness, Her Jew, how if the other, come to heaven, It will be for his gentle daughter's sake: And never dare mistake cross her foot, Unless she do it under this excuse,— That she's in issue to a betroth'd;— Come, go with me;—persue this, as thou goest. Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Before Shylock's House.

Enter Shylock and Launcelot.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge, The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:— What, Jessica!—thine eyes do not gastrulate, As thou hast done with me:—What, Jessica!— And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out Why, Jessica, I say! Laun. Why, Jessica! Shy. Who bids thee call! I do not bid thee call. Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me, I could do nothing without bidding. Enter Jessica.

Jes. Call you! What is your will? Shy. I am betroth'd to Jessica; there are my keys:—but wherefore should I go? I am not betroth'd for love; they flatter me: But yet I'll go in hate, by feet up-wind. The prodigal Christian—Jessica, my girl, Look to my house:—I am not loath to go; There is some ale 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 reproof. Shy. E'en so. 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 the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the afternoon. Shy. What! are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica: Lock up thy doors; and when you hear the drum, And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife, Clamber not you up to the casements then, Nor thrust your head into the public street, To gaze on Christian tools with varnish'd faces; But stop your house's ears, I mean your casements; Let not the sound of shallow toppor enter My sober house.—By thy father's will, I have no mind of leasing forth to-night; But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah: Say, I will come. Laun. I will go before, sir.—Mistress, look out at window, for all this: There will come a Christian by, Will not worth a Jewess' eye. [Exit Laun.] Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha? Jes. His words were, Farewell mistress; nothing else. Shy. The patch is kind enough; but a huge feeder, Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day More than the wild-cat; drones have not with me; Therefore I am afield with you; and if you go to One that I would have him help to waste His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go on; 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 crost, I have a father, you a daughter, but. [Exit.]

SCENE VI.—The same.

Enter Gratiano and Salario, masked.

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo Don'd us to make stand. Salario. His hour is almost past. Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour. For lovers ever run before the clock. [Invited.]
Salar. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont,
To keep the faith that matrimony entailed.
Gar. Thus the lover's joy.
Who with whom at a feast, With that keen appetite that he sits down! Where is the horse that doth untreach again? Wilt thou now see, if that same tale be true? That he did pace them first? All things that are, Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd. How like a youngo, or a prodigal, The scurvy bark puts from their native bay! Hugg'd and embraced by the stormy wind! How like the prodigal both she returns; With over-weather'd rib, and ragged sail,
Loin, rent, and beggar'd by the stormy wind!

Enter Lorenzo.

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo;—more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long above;
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—Hol! who's within?

Enter Jessica, in boy's clothes.

Jes. Who are you? I tell me, for more certainty,
Abate your anger, for I do know your tongue.
Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love. Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed;
But now who knows, but you, Lorenzo, whether I am not her.
Lor. Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witness that
thou art.
Jes. I shall not rashly catch this casket, it is worth the pains.
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 love puts them in:
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. I think I must: and if I would not shun
Their in themselves, good sooth, are too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;
And I should be absent'd.
Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once; for the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are stand for at Bassanio's feast.
Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

Exit, from Lorenzo.

Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair for she, if that men's eyes are true;
And true she is, as she hath proved herself:
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter Jessica, below.

What art thou come?—o, gentlemen, away;
Our masquing boats' by the same for us stay.

[Exit, with Jessica and Salario.

[Enter Antonio.

Ant. Who's there? Gra. Signor Antonio? Ant. Fye, fye, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
To time o'clock? Our friends all stay for you.—
Now come you, night;—then, the worse I am come, Bassanio presently will go abroad:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.
Gar. I am glad on't; I desire no more delight,
Than to be under sail, and gone to-night,

SCENE VII.— Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.

Of Rich of Cornets. Enter Portia, with the Prince of Morocco, and both his Trains.

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince:—
Now make your choice.
Mor. The first, according to his nature; or, which gold, which this inscription bears;—
Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire,
The second, silver, which this promise carres;—
The third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt;—
Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
Por. How now! must we do choose the right prince?
Por. The one of them contains my precious pearl;} if you choose that, then I am yours withall.
Por. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see,
I will survey the inscriptions back again:
What says this leaden casket?
Who chooseth me, shall gain as much as he desires.
As much as he desires!—Pause there, Morocco, And weigh thy value with an even hand; If thou best rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough May not extend so far as to the lady; And yet to be afraid of thy deserving,
Were but a weak disability of myself.
As much as I deserve!—Why, that's the lady; I do in birth desire her, and in fortunes, In graces, and in qualities of breeding.
But more than these, in love do I deserve.
If what I stray'd no further, but chose here! Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold:
Who chooseth me, shall gain that is most in desire.
Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her.
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.
The third, a precious desarts, and the vast fields
Of wide Arabia, are as thorough-fares now,
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits the face of heaven, is no far
To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see for Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't, like, that lead contain'd? Two more estimation
To think so base a thought: it were too gross
To rib her credence in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think, in silver she's unbur'd,
Being ten times undervalued to try gold?
O simul thinck! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold.
They have in England A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold; but that's meagrely upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within.—Deliver me the key;
Here I choose and thrive I! — I mean, you.
Por. There, take it, prince, and if my form be there,
Then I am yours. [He unlocks the golden casket.
Mor. O hell! that glitters is not gold, O hell! that looks we here! A carrion death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll? I'll read the writing,
And that that glitters is not gold,
Often you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold,
Gilded names do worse undo,
Had you been as wise as bold;
Young in time, in judgment old;
Your answer had not been inser'ted;
You may trust: your gold is with your other.
Cold; indeed; and labor lost.
Then farewell, heat: and welcome, frost,
Por. Adieu! I have too greatly a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. [Exit.
Por. A deadly and sad discord:—Draw the curtains; go.]—

Let all of his complexion choose me so. [Exit Portia.]

SCENE VIII.— Venice. A Street.

[Enter Salario and Salanio.

Salar. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail;
With him is Gratiano gone along:
And should his ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.
Sall. The silver, Jew with our jewels 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

* 6

Endeavor.
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:

**Besides, Antonio certitud the duke,**

They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

**Salar.** I never heard in passant his name...**laid**

So strange, outrageous, and so various,

As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:

**My daughter! O my daughter! my daughter!**

For no Christian daughter...justice! the law! my daughter and my daughter!

A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,

Of ducats ducats, still from me by my daughter!

As I lived, two stones, two rich and precious stones,

Stole by my daughter! justice! found the girl!

She went to court upon the ducats!

**Salar.** Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,

Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

**Salar.** Let good Antonio look he keep his day,

Or he shall pay for this.

Marry, well remember'd:

I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday;

Who told me in the narrow seas, that part

The French and English, there unscared.

A vessel of our country, really fraught;

I thought upon Antonio, when he told me;

And wish'd in silence, that it were not his.

Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

**Salar.** A kind gentleman treads not the earth.

I sent Bassanio and aversing you a schedule, I shall 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 desires.

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?

Is that my pride! are my deserts no better?

To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,

And of opposed natures.

**Ar.** What is here! the portrait of a blinking idiot,

Easing Bassanio and aversing you a schedule, I shall 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 desires.

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?

Is that my pride! are my deserts no better?

To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,

And of opposed natures.

**Ar.** What is here! the fire seven times tried this:

Seven times tried that judgment is,

That did never choose unwise.

Some there be that shadows kiss;

Such have but a shadow's bliss;

There he fouls state, I wish

Silver'd over, and so was this.

Take what wise you will to bed,

I will ever be your head:

So beware, sir, you are sped.

Still more fool shall I appear,

By the time I linger here:

With one fool's head I came to woo,

But I go away with two.

Sweet, then! I'll keep my oath,

Patiently to bear my wroth.

**Exeunt** Arragon, and Train.

**Por.** Thus hath the candle singular the moth.

O these delicate fools! when they do choose,

They have their wisdom by their wit to lose.

**Nec.** The ancient saying is no heresy;—

Hanging and wrying goes by destiny.

**Por.** Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

**Enter a Servant.**

**Serr.** Where is my lady?

**Por.** Here; what would my lord?

**Serr.** Madam, there is elighted at your gate

A young Venetian, one that comes before

To signify the approaching of his lord:

From whom he brings sensible regrets:

To wit, besends commends, and courteously breath,

Gifts of true value have I not seen

So likely an ambassador of love:

A day in April never came so sweet,

To show how cold my heart was ever hard,

As the fore-fourrier comes before his lord.

**Por.** No more, I pray thee; I am half afraid

Thou wilt say anon, I come kin to thee.

To meet at such high-day as thou dost wishing him.

Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see

Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly

**Nec.** Bassanio, lord love, if it will be

**Agree.** Know. **Salutations.**

**Scenes IX. MERCHANT OF VENICE.**

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ACT III.

SCENE I.—Venice. A Street.

Enter SALANIO and SALARINO

Salar., Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salarn. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that Antonio hath a ship of rich hauling wreck'd on the narrow seas; the Goodmans, I think they call the place. A merchant's life is often full of sorrow, where 'tis not the less imminent cases of many a tall ship he buries, as they say, if his gossips'ret an honest woman of her word.

Salar. I would she were as lying a gossip in that as she is true a hangman, or in her neighbours' belief she were kept for the death of a third husband; But it is true,—without any slips of propriety, or crossing the plain high-way of talk,—that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio, out of that I had a little good enough to keep his name company!—

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Salarn. Ha,—what say at thou!—Why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Salarn. Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.—

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock! what news among the merchants?

Shy. You know, none so well, none so well as you of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wigs she flew with.

Salar. Not, and Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fled: and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damned for it.

Salar. That's certain, if the devil may be his judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!—

Salarn. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years old!

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy cheeks and hers than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and Rhine:—But tell us, do you hear, whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto;—a beggar, that used to come so sang 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 call me usurer and 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 fill fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laugh'd at my losses, mock'd at my gains, scorned my nation, divvated my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason! I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? lend with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you prick 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 in that. A Jew hath a Christian, what is his humility? revenge; If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be? shall we not revenge? The example you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter TUBAL.

Tubal. Salarn. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew. Enter SALANIO, SALARINO, and a Servant.

Shy. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? last thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often come where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why, why, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I have never felt it till now; and here I am the last of that and other precious, precious jewels—I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were heard at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them!—Why, so:—and I know not what's spent in the search: Why, thou lose upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenue; nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.

Tubal. Thou hast 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 Tripoli.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God:—Is it true? is it true?

Tub. 'Twas 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. One and twenty ducats spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me:—I shall never see my gold again: Fourscore ducats at a setting, fourscore ducats.

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Upon her head! Thou tormentest me, Tubal: it was my torque:—I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilder-ness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay that's true, that's very true: Go, Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight's entertainment in Genoa: this is the heart of things. If he be forth, for were he out of Venice, I can make what mer- chandise I will; Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogy; go, good Tubal; at our synagoge, Tubal. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.

Enter BASSIANO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and Attendants. The caskets are set out.

Por. I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two, Before you hazard; for in choosing wrong, I lose my company: therefore, forebear 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 let 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 make a prize out of a prize that was not one; So will I never be: So may you miss me; But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin. That's the wish I wish you. That's the wish I wish you. They have o'er-booked me, and divided me; One half of me is yours; the other half yours;— Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours, As was within the bargain; and these staunch of yours: Put bars between the owners and their rights; And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so,

* A precious stone.
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:
Not none of thee, thou pale and poisonous drudge
'Tween me and thee, and therefore make me woe:
Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,
Thy plainness mov'd me more than eloquence,
And here ends 12 June, and the conclusion:

Por. How all the other passions flit to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraided despair,
And shuddring fear and green-eyed jealousy.
O love, be constant, by thy eyes confess:
In measure thy joy, scant this excess;
I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
For fear I surfeit.

Bass. What find I here?

Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes!
Or whether, riddling on the balls of sense,
Seem they in motion? Here are several lips,
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends? Here in her hairs
The painter plucks at; and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in clover; but her eyes,—
How could be seen to do them? Haveing made one,
Methinks, it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnished: Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In understanding, so far this is but shadow.
Both limb behind the substance.—Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.
You that choose not by the view,
Chances pass; and so shall we too.
Since this fortune fails you,
To be content and seek no new.
If you will be pleased with this,
And hold your fortune for your Clo'es,
Then you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.
A gentle scroll—Fair lady, by your leave.
Kissing her,
I come by note, to give and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal acclamation,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt
Whether those seals of praise be his or no:
So, three true lady, stand I, even so;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such am I: 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 on your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of something; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesser'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd;
Happy in this she is not yet so old
But she may learn and apply to others',
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her my lord,
Myself and what is mine, to you, and yours,
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Myself, myself, alone, unaided, and alone.
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 preserve the name of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bettered me of all words,
Only my hand and speech weeps in your veins.
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the many parts of that noble body
Where every thing, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy.
Express'd and not express'd: But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then these parts are from hence;
O, then he hold to say, Bassanio's dead.

N.r. My lord and lady, it is now our time,

Blended.
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,
To err, good joy; Good joy, my lord and lady! 

For 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 wish me what you mean to somebody
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

Gra. I thank your lordship; you have got me one,
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the mail;
When I looked, I loved; for internally
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there;
And so did mine too, as the matter fails:
For when thou didst go, I followed thee,
And swearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love; at last,—if promise last,—
I got a promise.

To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her mistress.

For. Is this true, Nerissa? Is this true?
Nor. Madam, it is, so you stand plein'd withal,
Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?
Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.
Bass. Our feast shall be much honord in your marriage.
Gra. We'll play with them, the first boy for a

Ner. What, and shake down?—
Nor. No; we shall never win at the sport, and shake down.

But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his maid
What, my old Venetian friend, Salerio?

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salerio.

Lorenz. Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither;
Nor. Meeting with Salerio by the way,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

For. So do I, my lord;
They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honor:—For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Nor. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [Gives Bassanio a letter]
Bass. Ere I open this letter,
I pray you, tell me how my goods concern you;
Sal. Not, sir, my lord; unless it be in mind; Not well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.
Nor. Miss Salerio, a stranger: bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salerio: What's the news from Venice?
Bass. How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
Nor. I know, he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jews, we have won the fleece.

Sale. Would you had won the fleece that he hath lost!
For. There are some shrewd contents in you
That steal the color from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead, else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the condition
Of constant man. What, worse and worse?
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet Portia, here are a few of the unpleasantst words,
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
What if I did first mix not my love to you,
I feely 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,
For I am told, to be yourself, you will see
How much I was a braggart: When I told you
My estate was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was born not nothing; for indeed,
I have craz'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, holy;
The paper as the body of my old friend,
And every word in it a gasping wound,
Issuing life-blood.—But is it true, Salerio?
Have you ventur'd so far? What shall I do?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India!
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of thousand-masting ships. Do not, one, my lord.

Sale. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it; he never did it before.
A creature, that did hear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man;
The duke devil he, and the magnificence
Of great Bassanio, have all persuas'd him to it;
But none can drive him from the diabolical plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Lor. When I was with him, I have heard him swear,
To Trebel, 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 I have authority, and power to do it,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.
For. Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble?
Bass. The noblest friend to me, the bravest man,
The most invulnerable and unscreened spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honor more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

For. What sum owes he the Jew?
Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

For. What more?
Bass. Pay 1000 ducats, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then trouble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through my Bassanio's fault.

First, go with me to church, and call me wife;
And then away to Venice for your friend:
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debts twenty times over;
When it is paid, bring your true friend along:
My maid Nerissa, and myself; mean time,
Will see the husbands and wives come away;
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer;* Since you are dear bought, I will love you dearly.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [Reads.] Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all
miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate
is very low, my bond to the Jew for't & a sister,
in justice, nothing. 1 should live, ещё debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but
see you at your death: notwithstanding, use your pleasure; if your love do not persuade you
to confedurate in my letter.

For. O love, despatch all business, and be gone,
Bass. Since you have good your leisure to go away,
I will make haste; but till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay.

No rest be interposer twist us twain.

SCENE III.—Venice. A Street.

Enter Shylock, Salario, Antonio, and Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him;—Tell not me of
This is the fool that lent out money gratis;
Gaoler, look to him.

And. [Exit]
Hear me yet, good Shylock.
Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my
bond;
I have sworn an oath, that I will have my bond;
Thou califi'd me dog, before thou hast a cause;
But I am the signior dog, that shall beware thy cause.
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,
Thou-naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

And. I wish thee, hear me speak.
Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak,
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll have my bond; and don't be for' th' law:
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking; I'll have my bond.

[Shylock.]

* The chief men.  — Face.  — Foolish.
Salot. It is the last unpeneetrable cur
That ever kept with me.

Ant. Let him alone;
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my death, I know;
I oft deliver'd from his strokes.
Many that have at times made man to me,
Therefore he hates me.

[Exit.]

Por. I am sure the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.
Ant. The duke cannot deny the course of law;
For the common course of justice have:
With me in Venice, if it be desired.
Will much impeach the justice of the state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consists with all of that, and trade, go;
These griefs and losses have so bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.

Well, goiter, on:—Pray God, Bassanio come
to see me pay his debt, and then I care not!

SCENE IV.—Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and Bassanio.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true content
Of God-like anxiety; which appears most strongly
In bearing this the assurance of your lord.
But if you know to whom you show this honor,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you,
Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose sons's do bear an equal joke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, manners, and of sport,
Which makes me think, that this fair man,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord: if it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestowed,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty!
This comes too near the praising of myself:
There's no man in the world I would a sworn vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
This is a most necessary of the course I keep,
And these 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 in all fair commands.
Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of lord Bassano and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.
Lor. Fair thoughts, and happy hours, attend on you.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased.

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.
Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased.

Jes. I wish to speak on you: face you well, Jessica.—

[Exit Jessica and Lorenzo.]

Por. Now, Bassanio,
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still: Take this same letter,
And use it all the endeavor of a man,
In speed to Padua; see thou render this
To my lord's hand, and he shall read it; and,
And, look what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with unreserved speed
Unto the count, to the count of Venice,
Which trades to Venice:—waste no time in words,
But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.

Bass. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

Por. Come on, Nerissa: I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands,
Before they think of us.

Por. They shall, Nerissa;—but in such a haste,
That they shall think we are accompanied.
With what we lack, I'll hold my thief, and sinner,
When we are both accosted like young men,
And wear our dagger with the braver grace;
And speak, between the house of the Duke of boy,
With a red voice; and turn two cunning steps
Into a manly strafe; and speak of trysts,
Like a fine thing, and do a courteous and touchy lines,
How honorable ladies sought my love.
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do with this,—then I'll repent.
And wish, for all that I had not kill'd them:
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell.
That man shall swear I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth—I have within my hand
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

Por. Why, shall we turn to men?
Por. Fie! what a question's that,
If thou went near a level 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 haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

SCENE V.—A garden.

Enter Launcelot and Jessica.

Lau. Yes, truly—for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children: therefore, I promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my exposition of the matter: Thou knowest, he be of good cheer: therefore, 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 more.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Lau. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got not you, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed; so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Lau. Truly. Then I fear you are damned both by father and mother thus when I slum Scilla, your father, I fall into Claribey, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian woman.

Lau. Truly, the more to blame he; we wore Christians enough before; even as many as could well live, one by another: This making of Christians will raise the price of monasteries; but all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jes. I shall tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say; here he comes.

Lau. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo; Launcelot and I are out; he tells me thus, 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, I frustrate the place of pork-eaters.

Lau. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Lau. He is, indeed, 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.

Lau. How every land can play upon the word! I think, the most grand word will well turn into silence; and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots.—Go in, errand; bid them prepare for dinner.

Lau. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs, Lau. Goody lord, what a wit-snapper are you then bid them prepare dinner,

Lau. That is done too, sir; only cover is the word.

Lau. Will you cover then, sir?

Lau. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lau. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole weight of thy wit in an in-
instant! I pray thee, understand a plain man in his own meaning; go then this fellow, and they shall cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be recovered; for your coming in, to dinner, sir, why, let it be as honors and conceits shall govern.

(Exit LAUNCELOT.)

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited! This fool hath planted in his memory An army of good words; and I do know A many fools, that stand in better place, Gainsaid'd like him, that for a trucfly word have lost their matter. How cheer'd thou, Jessica? And now, good sweet, say thy opinion, How dost thou like the lord Bassano's wife? Jen. Past all expressing: It is very meet, The lord Bassano shall have an upright For, having such a blessing in his lady,

He finds the joys of heaven here on earth; And, as the sun outh burns when the earth is reason he should never come to heaven.

Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match, And on the wager by two earthy women, And Portia one, there must be something else Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife. Jen. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that. Lor. I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.

Jen. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for talk; Then, howsoever thou speakest, 'mong other things I shall digest thee.

Jen. Well, I'll set thee forth. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Venice. A Court of Justice.

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes; ANTONIO, BAS- SANIO, GRATIANO, SARALINO, and others.


Duke. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer A storyy adversary, an inhuman wretch Unable of pity, void and empty From any drain of mercy.

Jen. I have heard, Your grace hath taken great pains to qualify His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate, And of so many fearful means can carry Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose My patience to his fury; and am arm'd To suffer, with a quietness of spirit, The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go on, and call the Jew into the court. Sar. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.

Shylo. I see, sir, what world thinks, and I think so too, That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought, Though shewn thy mercy, and renown'd, 'tis more strange Than thy strange crudity, and where? thou now exactly the penalty, (Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,) Thou wilt not lose the forfeiture, But dost thou with hundred and all love, Forgive a moiety of the principal; Glaring an eye of pity on his losses, That have of late so mulched on his back; Enough to press a royal merchant down, And pluck commissation of his state From brassy bosh of, and rough hearts of frit, From princes and their princes, never taught To offices of tender courtesy. We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possessed your grace of what I purpose; And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn, To have thee dote and forfeit of my bond: If you deny it, let the danger light Upon your charter, and your city's freedom. You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive Three thousand ducats; I will not answer that: But, say it is my humor; is it answer'd? What if my house be troubled with a rat, And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats To have it ban'd? What, are you answer'd yet? Some then there are, love not a dog's wag; Some that are mad, if they behold a cat— And others, when the bag-pipe sings to the noise, Cannot contain their urine; for affection.

My messengers, I have not an eye to what it likes, or loathes: Now, for your answer:

Shy. What judgment shall I dreed, doing no wrong? You have among you many a purchasing slave, Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules, You use in object and in shoddy 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 out of yours, and let their patches be seasoned 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, is 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. Let it be so, Shylo; I will not disguise this case, Unless Bellario, a learned doctor, Whom I have sent for to determine this Come here today.

Sar. My lord, here stays without A messenger with letters from the doctor, New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; Call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man! courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh. blood, bones, and all; Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood. This is a cursed bond, and you must go: Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me: You cannot better be employ'd d, Bassanio, Than live still and continue thus with me. ENTER NERISSA, dressed like a Lawyer's Clerk. Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario? Ner. From both my lord: Bellario greets your grace. [Prepares a biller. Bass. [Aside.] Most wonder what thy kind of study? Say, 'Ty cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there."

Great. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew. Thou canst not hurt me, I am Armido cut; Not the_hammer's nx, hear half the keeness Of that sharp easy. Can no prayers pierce thee? Say, none that thou hast wet enough to make. And for thy life let justice be accursed. Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith, To hold opinion with Pythagoras, That souls of animals infulse themselves Into the trunks of men: thy currying spirit Govern'd a wolf, who, fanced for human_slaughter, Even from the calves did his fell soul fleet, And whilst thou sat'st in thy house, how'd Infus'd itself in thee, for thy desires Are_woluffy, bloody, stady d, and ravenous. Say, till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond, Thou wilt not offend at thy dozen, and say: Repair thy wet, good youth, or it will fail To carecss run:-I stand here for law. Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend A young and learned doctor to our court; Where is he! Ner. He attendeth here hard by. To know your ances, whether you'll admit him. Duke. With all my heart:—some three or four of you, Go, give him courteous conduct to this place. Mean time, the count shall have our lawyer ready. [Exit Clerk.] Your grace shall understand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sICK: but in the instant that your messenger came, in being_vestigation the with ruch a young doctor of Rome, his name is Bathasar: I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant; we turned over many books together; I taught him to be a student, and, by my own learning, (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my absence. He is but young; but one appeal, if he be not, an impertinent to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so a head. I bear him to your gracious acceptance, I have a letter from the learned Bellario. 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 of Law. Give me your hand:—Came you from old Bellario? Por. I did, my lord. Duke. You are welcome; take your place. Are you acquainted with the difference? This is the present case in our court? Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause. Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew? Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth. Por. Is your name Shylock? Say. Shylock is my name. Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow; Yet in such a rule, that the Venetian law Cannot impose you, as you do impose. You stand within your danger, do you not? [To Antonio.]

Ant. Ay, so he says. Por. Do you confess the bond? Ant. I do. Por. Then must the Jew be merciful. Say, on what compulsion, or upon what ground. The quality of mercy is not strain'd; It dropth, as the gentle rain from heaven, Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd; If blessed with the giv'd, and him that takes: This mighty in the mightiest: it becomes

Oppose. — Reach or control.

The crowned monarch better than his crown; His sceptre shows the force of temporal power, The attribute to avouch the mighty man. Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings; But mercy is above his sceptred sway, It is enthroned in the hearts of men, An attribute to God himself. And earthly power doth then show like God's When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew, Though justice be thy plea Consider this, in the cause of mercy, none of us Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy; And that same prayer doth teach us all to render Thy deeds of mercy even so much, To mitigate the justice of thy plea; Which, if thou follow, this strict court of Venice Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant No, thou seest Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law, The penalty and forfeit of my bond. Por. Is he not able to discharge the money? Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court; Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice, I will be bound to pay it ten times over, On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart: If this will not suffice, it must appeal That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you, Wring once the law to your authority: To do a great right, do a little wrong. And curb all wrong, do what we deal it. Por. It must not lie: there is no power in Venice Can alter a decree established: Twill be recorded for a precedent; And many an example, in the same example, Will rush into the state: it cannot be. Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea a Daniel!— O wise young judge: how do I hold you in Venice? Por. I pray you, let me take upon the bond. Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is. Shylock, there's thighs thy money offer'd there. Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven: Shall I lay prayery upon my soul! No, not for Venice. Por. Why, this bond is forfeit. And lawfully by this the Jew may claim A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off Nearest the merchant's heart.—Be merciful! Take thrice thy money; bid me bear the bond. Shy. When it is paid according to the tenor— It doth appear, you are a worthy judge; You know the law, your exposition Hath been most search'd by me, you by the law. Where is a you, you are a well-deserving pillar. Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear, There is no power in the tongue of man To alter me: I stay the course of my bond. Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court To give the judgment. Why then, thus it is: You must prepare your bosom for his knife. Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man! Por. For the intent and purpose of the law Hath full relation to the penalty. Which have appeared due upon the bond. Shy. Tis very true: O wise and upright judge! How much more elder art thou than thy looks? Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom. Shy. Ay, his breast: So says the bond;—but it not noble judge!— Nearest his heart: those are the very words. Por. It is so. Are there balance here, to weigh The flesh. Shy. I have them ready. Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your body, 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! Were good you do you much for each other. 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 prap'rd. Give me your hand that I may take: fare thee well. Grive not that I am fallen to this for you: For hereon fortune shows herself more kind Than is her custom: it is still her use. To let the wretched man outlive his wealth, To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow, An age of poverty: from which lingering penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.
Commit one to your honorable care:—
Tell her the process of Antonio's end,
Say, how I loved you, speak me fair in death;
And when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether she who had not once a love
Repeat not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he regrets not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll play it instantly with all my heart.
Bass.  Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
And I my wife, with me esteem above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.
Por.  Your wife would give you many thanks for
That.
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.
Ces. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love;
I would therefore, were heaven, so well
Entreat some power to change this cursed Jew.
Ner. "Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unequal house.
Shy.  These be the Christian husbands: I have a daughter;
Would, any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian!
Aside
We trifle time; I pray thee, pursu’d sentence.
Por.  A pound of that same merchant’s flesh is
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shy.  Most rightful judge!—
Por.  And you must cut this flesh from off his
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
Shy.  Most learned judge!—A sentence; come, prepare.
Por.  Truly a little—there is something else.
his bond shall give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are a pound of flesh;
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
Bid it, if the cutting of it, shall defile
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.
Gru.  A upright judge!—Mark, Jew;—I learned judge!
Shy.  Is that the law?
Por.  As thou urg’st justice, be assur’d,
Thou shalt have justice more than thou desir’st.
Gru.  O learned judge!—Mark, Jew;—I learned judge
Shy.  I take this offer then;—pay the bond thence,
And let the Christian go.
Bass.  Here is the money.
Por.  For so.
Shy.  The Jew shall have all justice;—soft!—no haste;
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
Gru.  O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!
Por.  Therefore you see there is but to cut off the flesh.
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 mak’st it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor sculp; may, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair.
That thou dost, and all thy goods are confiscate.
Gru.  A second Daniel! a Daniel, Jew!
Now, indeed, I have thee on the hip.
Por.  I doth the Jew perilous, take the for
Shy.  Give me my principal, and let me go.
Bass.  I have it ready for thee; here it is.
Por.  I do it, I do it in the open court;
He shall have mere justice and his bond.
Gru.  A Daniel, still say I a second Daniel—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Say, Jew, will I not have bare my principal?
Por.  Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeit,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shy.  Why then the devil give him good of it! I’ll say no longer question.
Tarry, Jew;
Por.  The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice;—
If it be proved against an alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts,
He seek the life of your enemy,
The party, gazest the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy color of the state;
And the offender’s life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, against all other voice,
In which predicament, I say, thou stand’st;
For he appears by manifest proceeding,
That that secretly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv’d against the very life
Of the defendant: and thou hast incurred
The danger formerly by me rehearsed;
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.
Gru.  Beg, that thou mayst have leave to hang
Thyself;
And yet thy wealth being forlorn to the state
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore thou must be hang’d at the state’s charge.
Duke.  That thou shalt see the difference of our
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it;
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio’s;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which stool, may, sess draw into a fine.
Por.  Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.
Shy.  Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that
You mean to do, even when you do to the poor
That doth sustain my house: you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.
Por.  What mercy can you render him, Antonio!  Gru.  Gentleness!—nothing else jewels God’s sake.
Ant.  So please my lord the duke, and all the court;
To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use,—to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter;
Two things’s provided more,—That, for this favor,
He presently become a Christian; the other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess’d,
Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.
Duke.  He shall do that; or else do repent
The pardon, that I late pronounced here.
Por.  Art thou contented, Jew, what dost thou say?
Shy.  I am content.
Ces. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.
Shy.  I pray you give me leave to go from hence:
I cannot well; and the deed do I, and
I will sign it.
Duke.  Get thee gone, but do it.
Gru.  In christening thou shalt have two god
Had I been judge thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.
[Exeunt.Say.]
Duke.  Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.
Por.  I humbly do desire your grace of pardon;
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet, I presently set forth.
Duke.  To His heart, what poor leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.
Exeunt Duke, Maffinices, and Train.
Bass.  Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend,
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand dollars, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.
Ant.  And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.
Por.  We are well paid, that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied.
And therein do account myself well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercurial.
I proceed, know me; when we meet again;
I wish you well, and so take me leave.
Bass.  Dear sir, of force I must attempt you fur
Take some remembrance of us as a tribute,
Not as a fee; grant me two things I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
Por.  You proceed far, and therefore will I yield.
Gives me his lawyer, I’ll wear them for your sake;
And, for your love, I’ll take this ring from you:
Do not draw back your hand; I’ll take no more;
And if you say I shall not deny me this.
Bass.  This ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trite;
I will not shame myself to give you this.  
*Por.* I will have nothing else but only this;  
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.  
*Bass.* There's more depends on this, than on the value.  
The dearest ring in Venice will you give,  
And find it out by proclamation;  
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.  
*Por.* I see, sir, you are liberal in others;  
You taught me first to beg; and now, methinks,  
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.  
*Bass.* Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife:  
And, when she put it on, she made me vow,  
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.  
*Por.* This 'tis true; 'tis serves many men to save their gifts;  
An if your wife be not a mad woman,  
And know how well I have deserved this ring,  
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?  
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!  
[Exeunt Portia and Nerissa.]  
*Ant.* My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring;  
Let his deservings, and our love withal,  
Be valued against your wife's commandment.  
*Bass.* Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him,  
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canst,  
Unto Antonio's house;—away, my lord, haste,  
[Exeunt Gratiano.  
Come, you and I will thither presently;  
And in the morning early will we both

Fly toward Belmont: Come, Antonio. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Street.  
*Enter Portia and Nerissa.*  
*Por.* Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,  
And let him sign it: we'll away to-night.  
And be a day before our husbands' house:  
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.  
[Exeunt Gratiano.]  
*Gra.* Fair sir, you are well overtaken:  
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice  
Hath sent you here this ring; and doth entreat  
Your company at dinner. That cannot be:  
This ring I do accept most thankfully,  
And so, I pray you, tell him: Furthermore,  
I pray you, come to my old-schoolhouse.  
*Gra.* That will I do.  
*Ner.* Sir, I would speak with you:—  
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring; To Portia.  
Which I did make his present, and keep for ever.  
*Por.* Thou may'st, I warrant: We shall have old swearing,  
That they did give the rings away to men;  
But we'll outtake them, and outspeak them too.  
Away, make haste, thou knave! where I will tailor.  
*Ner.* Come, good sir, will you show me to this house!  
[Exeunt.*

ACT V.  

SCENE I.—Belmont. *Access to Portia's House.*  
*Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.*  
*Lor.* The moon shines bright:—In such a night as this,  
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,  
And they did make no sound in such a night,  
Trojans, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,  
And sign'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,  
Where Cressid lay that night.  
*Jes.* In such a night,  
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;  
And saw the horn's shadow ere himself,  
And ran dismay'd away.  
*Lor.* In such a night,  
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand  
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wov'd her love  
To come again to Carthage.  
*Jes.* In such a night,  
Medea gathered the enchanted herbs  
That did renew old Jason.  
*Lor.* In such a night,  
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew;  
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,  
As far as Belmont.  
*Jes.* And in such a night,  
Did young Lorenzo so far as he lov'd her well;  
swearing her soul with many vows of faith,  
And ne'er a true one.  
*Lor.* And in such a night,  
Did pretty Jessica, like a little swan,  
Shudder her love, and he forgive her at.  
*Jes.* I would out-night you, did no body come:  
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.  

[Enter Stephano.]  

*Lor.* Who comes so fast in silence of the night?  
*Steph.* A friend.  
*Lor.* A friend! what friend? your name, I pray you,  
Is Stephano. Stephano is my name; and I bring word,  
My mistress will before the break of day  
Be here at Belmont: she doth stay about  
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays  
For happy wedlock hours.  
*Steph.* Who comes with her?  
*Lor.* None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.  
*I pray you, is my master yet return'd?  
*Steph.* Ile is not, nor we have not heard from him—  
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,  
And ceremoniously let us prepare  
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.  

[Enter Launcelot.  

*Lau.* Sola, sola, woa, ha, lo, sola, sola!  
*Lor.* Who calls?  
*Lau.* Who calls? Did you see master Lorenzo, and  
mistress Lorenzo? sola, sola!  
*Lor.* Leave holiness, man; here.  
*Lau.* Sola! where! where!  
*Lor.* Here.  
*Lau.* Tell him, there's a post come from my master with his horn full of good news; my master  
will be here ere morning.  
[Exeunt.]  

*Lor.* Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming  
And yet no matter:—Why should we go in!  
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,  
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;  
And bring your music forth into the air—  
[Exeunt Stephano.  

How sweet the moonlight steepes upon this bank!  
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music  
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,  
Become the touches of sweet harmony.  
*Scri.* Look, how the bowl 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-eyd cherubins:  
Such harmony is in immortal souls;  
But, whilst this muddly vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.  

[Enter Musicians.  

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a horn;  
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,  
And draw her home with music.  
*Scri.* I am more merry when I hear sweet music.  

[Music.  

*Lor.* The reason is, your spirits are attentive:  
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,  
Or race of youthful and unbridled colts,  
Fetiching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,  
Which is the hot condition of their blood;  
If they but hear pureness 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 reign that lyr'd; he drew trees, stones, and floods;  
Since noth'th 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 for serious, serious, serious voices: 
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, of a distance.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How that the heart beat, I knew it as I was borne:
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.
Por. So much the greater glory dim the less: 
A substitute shinesbrightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main withof the sea, Music round.

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.
Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect; 
Metethinks, it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that your voice, madam.
Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many names by season season do
To the same mind and true pretension:
Peace, hear! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd? [Music ceases.

Por. Over much dreev'd, of Portia.
Por. He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.
Por. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
Which speed we hope, the better for our words:
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Go in, Nerissa,
Give order to my servants that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;
Nor you Lorenzo—Jessica hasten.

[Aside tunesounds.

Lor. Your husband is not hand, I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam, near you not.
Por. This night, methinks, is but the day-light sick,
It looks a little paler: 'tis day,
Such as the day is when the sun is bid.

Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and their Followers.

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the poesy, or not
Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me;
But God sort all!—You are welcome home, my lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam; give welcome to my friend,—
This is the man, this is Antonio.
To whom I am so infinitely bound.
Por. You should in all sense be much bound to
It from the man.
Por. As I hear was much bound for you.

Lor. No more than I am well acquitt'd of.
Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words:
Therefore, I sent this breathing courtesy.

[Gratiano and Nerissa seen to talk apart.

Grat. By yonder moon, I swear, you do me wrong!
In giving me to the judge's ear,
Would be wear such that had it for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.
Por. A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?
In giving it, I beg of you, the worth of the value
That she did give me; whose posy was
For all the world, like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, Love me, and leave me not.
Por. If by the posy, beg of me, the worth of the posy
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it until your hour of death;
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,

* A flourish on a trumpet. * Verbal, complimentary form.

You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Give it judge's clerk,—but well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face, that had it.

Gran. He will, and if he live to be a man.
Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.
Por. But now, by this hand, I gave to a youth,—
A kind of boy; a little scrubby boy,
No higher than myself, the judge's clerk;
A prattling youth, who did give it as I would have
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing so near to the wantonness of your finger,
And riveted so with faith upon your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands;
I dare not tell him for what, he would not have it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;
And 'tis to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it.

Por. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy's clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine:
And no man is but a master, would take aught but the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Bass. Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Por. Bass! if I could add to it, I lie unto a oath,
I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heavens, I will never come in your bed.
Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And her unwindingly left the ring;
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.
Por. A friend, who know'd in the virtuousness of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honor to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring;
What man is there so much unreasonnable,
If you had pleas'd, to have defended it
With any terms of real wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony
Nerissa teach's me what to believe:
I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by mine honor, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which was a man three thousand thousand times of me,
And begg'd the ring: the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away:
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend, that I say, sweet lady!
I was enforced to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy:
My honor would not let ingratitude,
So much besear it: Pardon me, good lady;
Por. For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy couple.

Por. Let not that doctor c'erne near our house:
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will not deny him any thing I have,
No, nor my body, nor my husband's bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it;
Let not you, as you can, watch me, like Argus,
If you do not, if I be left alone.
Now, by mine honor, which is yet my own,
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow;
Ner. If he c's, I'll c's; therefore be well advis'd,
How you do leve me to mine own protection.
Por. Well, do ye so: let me take him then;
For, if I do, 'twill mar the young couple.
And, to the unhappy subject of these quarrels.
Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
    [bergarful.
And in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—

**Por.** Mark you but that! In both mine 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: I am quite a cuckold; 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,

To Portia,

Hath quite miscarried: I dare be bound again, My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord Will never more break faith advisedly.

**Por.** Then you shall be his surety: Give him this; And bid him keep it better than the other.

**Ant.** Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring; Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor! Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio; For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

**Ner.** And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano; For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk, In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

**Gra.** Why, this is like the mending of highways In summer, where the ways are far enough: What I am we cuckolds, e'er we have deserved it? Por. Speak not so grossly:—You are all amaz'd; Here is a letter, read it at your leisure; It comes from Padua, from Bellario: There you shall find that Portia was the doctor; Nerissa there, her clerk; Lorenzo here Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you, And but even now return'd; I have not yet Enter'd my house. —Antonio, you are welcome; And I have better news in store for you,

* Advantage.

Than you expect: unseal this letter soon:
There you shall find, three of your argoses Are richly come to harbor suddenly: You shall not know by what strange accident I chanced on this letter.

**Ant.** I am dumb.

**Bass.** Were you the doctor, and I knew you not? **Gra.** Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold?

**Ner.** Ay; but the clerk that never means to do it, Unless he live until he be a man.

**Bass.** Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow; When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

**Ant.** Sweet lady, you have given me life, and living; For hear I read for certain that my ships Are safely come to road.

**Por.** How now, Lorenzo! My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

**Ner.** Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.— There do I give to you and Jessica. From the rich Jew a special deed of gift, After his death, of all he dies possess d of. * Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way Of starved people.*

**Por.** It is almost morning, And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied Of these events at full: Let us go in; And charge us there upon interrogatories, And we will answer all things faithfully.

**Gra.** Let it be so: The first interrogatory, That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is, Whether till the next night she had rather stay; Or go to bed now, being two hours to-day: But were the day come, I should wish it dark, That I were coulling with the doctor's clerk. Well, while I live, I'll fear no utter thing So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [Exeunt.
AS YOU LIKE IT.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE, living in exile.
FREDERICK, brother to the Duke, and Usurper of
his dominions.
AMCIIS, Lords attending upon the Duke in his
banishment.
LE BEAU, a Courtier, attending upon Frederick.
CHARLES, his Wrestler.
OLIVER.
JACQUES, Sons of Sir Rowland de Bois.
ORLANDO.
ADAM.
DENNIS, Servants to Oliver.

The SCENE lies, 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 a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou say' st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well; and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks solidly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me nakedly at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept: for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that dares not from the stalling of an ox! His horses are bred better: for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly bred: but I, his brother, can do nothing under him but grow; for in the which his animals on his dahoons 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 live with his hands, bars me the place of a brother, and as much as in him lies mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter Oliver.

Adm. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go up, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me try.'

Orl. Now, sir, what make you here?

Orl. Nothing; I am not taught to make any thing.

Orl. What has you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made: a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Orl. Marry, sir, be better employ'd, and be naught awhile.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat hucks with them? What prodigious portion have I spent, that I could come to such poverty?

Orl. Know you where you are sir?

Orl. O, so very well; here in your orchard.

Orl. 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:

What do you here?

The courtesy of nations allows you 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.

Orl. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Orl. Will you lay hands on me, villain!

Orl. 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 hand pulled out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast failed on thyself.

Adm. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Orl. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you to his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obsequious and hiding from me all gentleman-like sentences: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore, I will do such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor alimony my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Orl. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Orl. 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.

Enter OLIVERT and ADAM.

Orl. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me! I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Ho! Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

Orl. Calls your worship?

Orl. Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here, to speak with me?

2 Villain is used in a double sense; by Oliver, for a worthless fellow, and by Orlando, for a man of base extraction.
Scene II. — As You Like It.

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and
importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [Exit Dennis.]—Twill be a
good way; and let all appear, as if the wrestling is.

Enter Charles.

Chas. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good monsieur Charles!—what's the new
news at the new court?

Chas. There's no news at the court, sir; but the
old Duke of Arden, the old Duke of Arden, by his
younger brother the new Duke; and three or four
loving lords have put themselves into voluntary
exile with him, who-ands and revenues enrich
the new Duke; therefore he gives them good leave
to wander.

Oli. Can you tell, if Rosalind, the duke's daugh-
ter, be banished with his father?

Chas. Not, I believe, sir; for the duke's daughter, her cousin,
she loves her,—being ever from her cradles bred
together,—that she would have followed his exile,
or have died to stay behind her. She is at the con-
tact of the least beloved of her uncle than his
own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Chas. They say he is already in the forest of
Athyne, hunting many merry men with him; and
there they live in the old Robin Hood of Eng-
land: they say, many young gentlemen flock to
him every day; and I do think, and the time carelessly, as they did in the old Calabar world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the
new Duke?

Chas. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint
you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to un-
derstand, that your younger brother, Orlando, hath
a disposition to come in discreetly against me to try
a fall: To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit, and
he that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young, and
tender; and, for your love, I would be loth to
load him with my own honor, if he come in; therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither
to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay
him from his infraction, or brook such disgrace
well; so you will run into it, not only the interest of
his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me,
which thou saidst I will most kindly require. I had
myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and
have by understanding means to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles,—he is the sturdiest young fellow of France, the most industrious, and the strong
est force of every man's good parts, a secret and
villanous contriver against me his natural brother; therefor
use thy discretion; I had as he thou didst break
his neck to his finger, and thou best look to it;
or, if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he
doth not gracefully himself on thee, he will
practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some
treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath
taken thy life by some indirect means or other; for,
I assure thee, and with almost true I speak it I say,
there is not one so young and so villainous this day living.
I speak, but bitterly of him; but should I analyze
him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep,
and thou must look pale and wonder.

Oli. I am heartily glad, I came hither to you.
If I were to tell you, you'll give him his payment:
If ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for
prize more: And so, God keep your worship!

[Exit.

Oli. Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I stir
this gauntlet: I hope I shall see an end of it for
my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle, never scolded, and
full of notions: full of notions, that are by most
enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the
heart of the world, and especially of my own peo-
ple, who best know him, that I am altogether mis-
prized: if God will not be my judge, the rest shall
clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the
boy thither, which now I'll go about. [Exit.

Scene II.—A Lawn before the Duke's Palace.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Cle. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.
Roa. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am
* frolicsome fellow, of all ranks.

* Sir.}

mistrust oft; and would you yet I were merrier?

Unless you would teach me to forget a banished
father, you must not learn me how to remember
an exile existing.

Cel. Herein, I see, thou lovest me not with the
full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy ban-
ished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my
father, so I lost him, though I had with my uncle
had taught my love to take thy father for mine; so
wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were
so lightely tempt'd if mine is to thee.

Roa. Well, I will first cut the estate of my
repose, to reduce in your power.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I
nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies,
I should more than ever wish the good fortune
from thy father perish, I will render thee again
in affection; by mine honor, I will; and when I
break that oath, let me turn traitor: therefore, my
next rose, I will put the estate of my
repose, to reduce in your
power.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I
nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies,
I should more than ever wish the good fortune
from thy father perish, I will render thee again
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from thy father perish, I will render thee again
in affection; by mine honor, I will; and when I
break that oath, let me turn traitor: therefore, my
next rose, I will put the estate of my
repose, to reduce in your
power.
Enter Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-cram'd.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable. 

Ros. Your pittance, Monsieur Le Beau; What's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport! Of what color?

Le Beau. What color, madam! How shall I answer you?

Ros. As well and fortune will.

Tuch. Or as the diseases decree.

Cel. Well said; that was laid on with a trawl.

Tuch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,

Ros. Listen to the lowest of the 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 you are, they are sure to perform it.

Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his three sons.

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

Ros. With heels on their necks.—Be it known unto all men by these presents.

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke of Orléans; 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 boy, having made his father making such pitiful dol.

Ros. But listen to the lowest of the old smell.

Le Beau. That all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Absurd. Touch what is the sport, Monsieur, that the ladies have lost!

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Tuch. Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time that I ever heard, breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any other long to see this broken muscle in his sides? is there yet another dot upon ribs-breaking!—shall we see this wrestling, cousins?

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, Orland, 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 successively.

Duke F. How now, daughter, and cousin? are you apt 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 save him, but he will not be entreated: Speak to him, ladies, see if you can move him.

Cel. But the good Monsieur Le Beau,

Duke F. Do so: I will be by, [Duke goes out.]

Le Beau. Monseigneur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

Cel. I, to attend them, with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger.

Cel. It is more but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of your youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years; you have seen too much of this man's strength; if you say yourself with your eyes or know yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would cause you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this at tempt.

Ros. Duke Frederick, you are safe, your reputation shall not therefore be marred: we will make it suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thought; when I come in such guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies my thing. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wakles, go with me to my trial; wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shame that was never gracious: it sikled, but one dead that is willing to be so; I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world to which I stand, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were to you.

Cel. Any mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray heaven, I be deceived in you.

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you.

Orl. Come where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Oro. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Orl. No, I warrant your grace; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded me in the first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

Ros. Now, hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. His ship were invincible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [Charles and Orlando wrestle.]

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a tinderbolt in mine eye, I can tell tell why should down [Charles is thrown. Shout.]

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well subdued.


Duke F. Bear him away. [Charles is borne out.]

What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois.

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some gentleman else.

The world esteem'd thy father honorable, but I did find him still more enemy: Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed.

Hast thou descended from another house. But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth; I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[Exeunt Duke Frederick, Train, and Le Beau.]

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son, His youngest son;—and would not change that name.

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 mourning: Had I not known this young man was so, I should have given him tears unto cutrations, Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle cousin, Let us go thank him, and encourage him.

My father's rash and envious disposition Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserv'd: If you do keep your promises in love,

[Exeunt Duke, Train, and Le Beau.

Ros. Damen, a faithful lover.

[Giving him a chaplet from her neck.]

Wear this for me; one out of suits with fortune; That could give more, but that her hand lacks means,—

Shall we go, coz?

Orl. Ay—Fare you well fair gentleman. Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts Are all thrown down; and that which herestand up, is but a quantità of a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back. My pride fell with my fortunes:—

* The object to start at in martial exercises.
AS YOU LIKE IT.

Scene III.

I'll ask him what he would.—Did you call, sir?—Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown Much more than your enemies.

Cei. Will you go, coz?—Ros. Have with you.—Fare you well.

[Learnt Rosalind and Celia.

O! what passings hangs these weights upon my tongue! I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.

Re-enter Le Beau.

Le Beau. O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown! Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee, Le Beau. Good sir, do in friendship counsel you. To leave this place: Albeit you have deserv'd High commendation, true applause and love; Yet much is now the Duke's condition; That he misconstrues all that you have done. The Duke is humorous; what he is, indeed, More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of. Ros. I cannot, 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 shorter is his daughter: The other is daughter to the banish'd duke, And here detain'd by her usurping uncle, To keep her daughter company. Indeed, loves Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters: But I can tell you, that of late this duke Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece; Grounded upon no other argument, But that the people praise her for her virtues, And pity her for her good father's sake: And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady. Was suddenly, if not quite, by fate, spread, Hereafter, in a better world than this, I shall desire more love and knowledge of you. Ort. I rest much bounden to you; fare you well! [Exit Le Beau. Thus must I swim into the smoke toother; From tyrant duke, into a tyrant brother:— But heavenly Rosalind! [Exit.}

Scene III.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter Rosalind and Cecilia.

Cei. Why, cousin, why, Rosalind,—Cupid have mercy!—Not a word! Ros. No, not one to throw at a dog.

Cei. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon ears, throw some of them at me; come, tamer 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.

Cei. But is all this for your father? Ros. No, some of it for my father's child: O, how the world is one working-day world! Cei. They are but burs, cousins, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very Petticoats will catch them. Ros. I will shake them off my coat; these burs are in my heart.

Cei. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try; if I could cry hem, and have him,

Cei. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections. Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Cei. She is a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall.—But, turning these joints 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 dearly.

Cei. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of change, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No; hate him not, for my sake.

Cei. Why should I not? doth he not deserve so well?—Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him because I do.—Look, here comes the duke.

Cei. What is his eyes full of anger.

Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste, ¹Temper, disposition.

And get you from our court.

Ros. Duke F. You, cousin;—Within these ten days if that thou best found So near our public court as twenty miles, Thou diest for it.

Ros. 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 misgivings cannot make me a traitor: Tell me whereon the likelihood depends. Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

Ros. So was I, when your highness took his dukedom; So was I, when your highness banish'd him: Treason is not inherited, my lord; Or if we derive it from our bloods. What's that to me? my father was no traitor: Then, good my heze, mistake me not so much, To think my province is treacherous.

Cei. Dear brother, hear me speak. Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd here for your sake, Else had she with her father ranc'd along. Cei. I did not then entreat to have her stay, It was your pleasure, and her own consent: I was too young that time to value her. But now I know her: if she be traitor, Why so am I: we still have slept together, Rosalind! You, and I have shared a bed; And whereas we went, like Juno's swans, still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Duke F. F. My love is too sublime for thee; and her smoothness, Her very silence, and her patience, Speak to the people, and they pity her. Thou art a fool: thou art in love of thy name: And that wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous, When she is gone: then open not thy lips; Firm and irreproachable is my doom. Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

Cei. Pronounce that sentence then on my heze; I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool.—You, niece, provide yourself; If you out-stay the time, upon mine honor And in the greatness of my heart, I'll die. [Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.

Cei. O, my poor Rosalind! whether wilt thou go! Witt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine. I charged thee, be not thou more greedy than I am. Ros. I have more cause.

Cei. Thou hast not, cousin;—Pr’ythee, be cheerful: know’st thou not, the duke Hath banish’d me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cei. No! hath not? Rosalind facks then the love Which beareth thee that the duke and I are one: Shall we be sunder! 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 thy change upon you, To bear your grief yourself, and leave me out. For, by this heaven, now at our sorrow’s pale, Say what thou canst, I’ll go along with thee. Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cei. To seek my uncle.

Ros. Als, what danger will it be to us, Mundus as we go, to travel furth so far? Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than cold. Cei. I’ll put myself in poor and mean attire, And with a kind of unsmiléd mimic face, The like do you; so shall we pass along, And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better, Because that I am more common tall, That I did suit me all points like a man;

²Compassion. ³A ducky, yellow colored earth.
A gallant curle-axi up on my thirk.
A boor spear in my hark; and in my heart,
I feel a woman out of my danger's reach.
We'll have a swashbuck and a martial outside;
As many other manly coxcombs have,
That do out play and out-serve to us.
Cel. What shall we call thee when thou art a man?
Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page.
And therefore look you call me, Ganymede.
But what will ye be call'd if?
Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state;
No longer Celia, but Alcina.
Ros. But, cousin, what if we essay'd to steal
The clowing fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?
Cel. He'll go about in the wide world with me;
Leave me to take care of him: Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide out of pursuit, which that will be made
After my flight: how we do in content
To liberty and not to banishment.  [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter DUKE, SENIOR, AMIES, and other LORDS, in the dress of Forresters.

DUKE. Now, my comates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as, the icy fang,
And sharp Brent's hollow chiding of the winter wind;
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say, —
This is my越ary: these are our counsellors
The comfort and subduing of that which I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity:
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Findes tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing:
And. I would change it not: Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.
DUKE. Come, shall we go and visit our vassal
And yet it makes me, the poor dappled faun,—
Being native harbours of this desert city,
Should in their own outfits, with Jouked heads.
Have their round haunches gored.
1 LORD. Better.
The melancholy Jaques grievances at that; And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banished you.
Therefore, my lord of Amiens, and myself,
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that browses along this wood:
To him which place a poor sequester'd star,
That from the hunter's aim had taken a hurt,
Did come to lament: and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched mortal, many saw him in his groans,
To shed his discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
To pious clauses; and thus the hairy bold,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques.
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

DUKE. But what said Jaques?
1 LORD. Did he not moralize this spectacle?
1 LORD. O, yes, into a thousand similis.
First, for his weeping in the public brook:
Poacher, quoth he, thou makest a testament
As wrothlings do, giving this sum of more.
To that which had too much; Then, being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends,
'Twas right, quoth he, that misery doth part
The fates of company: Amon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him.
And never stays to graze, but, quoth Jaques,
'Neath tufted hat and grumy citizens,
'Tis just the fashion: Wherefore do you look
Upon your hat and brooked boorish square there?
Thus most invidious to pierce through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life: swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their assigned and native dwelling-place.

DUKE. And did you leave him in this contemplation?
2 LORD. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.
DUKE. Show me the place;
1 LORD. He doth not look fit for his slender sash,
For then he's full of matter.
2 LORD. I'll bring you to him straight.  [Exeunt.

ACT III.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, and Attendants.

DUKE. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of a certain persiflage and cunning;
1 LORD. I, cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untended of their mistress.
2 LORD. My lord, the roynish clown, whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hessgan, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses, that she secretly aheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately fill the snowy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.
DUKE. And send to his brother; fetch that gallant
Jaques.
If he be absent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find you; do this suddenly;
And let not search and inquisition pause
To bring again these banish'd hinds.  [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Before Clive's House.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.

Ori. Who's there?
Adam. What? my young master?—O, my gentle
O, my sweet master, O you memory!
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why should you be so fond to overcome
The bony prizer of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies.
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
Are baulk'd and baulk your master's tutors too.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!
Ori. 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; your 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 might he means
To burn the lodging where you use to be,
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 butcherly;
Ah but, it hear it, do not enter it.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Scene V.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter Rosalind in boy's clothes, Celia dressed like a Shepherdess, and Touchstone.

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits! 
Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.
Ros. I could find in my heart to discharge my man-scapery, and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to our coats into a thousand that I have forgotten. * blood turned from its natural course. 
* A piece of money stamped with a cross.

Sit. O, thou didst then never love so heartily: 
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly 
That ever love did make thee run into, 
Thou hast not love; or if thou hast not love, 
Or if thou hast not sat so I do now, 
Weary thy heart in thy mistress' praise, 
Thou hast not love; or if thou hast not broken from company, 
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me, 
Thou hast not love; o from, I heave, I heave!

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound, 
I have by hard adventure found my own.

Touch. And I nurse: I remember, when I was 
In love, I had no such consid'ring; and had 
He that took that for coming thought to Jane smile: 
And I remember, the kissing of her lips, and the cows' dug's that her pretty chop'd hands had milk'd, 
And I remember, the woodcock he. 
Instead of her: from whom I took two cobs, and giving them again, and saying with weeping tears. Wear these for my sake. We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortality in folly, 
Ros. Thou speak'st wiser than thou art aware of. 
Touch. Nay, I shall never be more wise of mine own wit, till I break my statutes against it.

Ros. Jove! Jove! this shepherd's passion 
Is much upon my fashion.

Touch could not mine; but it gows something stale 
With me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question man, 
If he for gold will give us any food; 
I will almost wish to see him starve.

Touch. Holla! you clown! 
Ros. Peace, fool, he's not thy kinsman. 
Cel. Who calls? 
Touch. Holla, sir.
Cor. Else are they very wretched. 
Ros. Peace, say:—
Good even to you, friend. 
Cel. 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 our-elves, and feed; 
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd, 
And laments for succor. 
Cel. Fair sir, I pity her, 
And wish for her sale, more than for mine own. 
My fortunes were more able to relieve her; 
But I am shepherd to another man, 
And do not clear the fleeces that I graze; 
My master is of church description, 
And little rocks to find the way to heaven 
By doing deeds of hospitality: 
Besides, his estate, his flocks, and bounds of feed, 
Are now sold; and we, your shepherd and I, 
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! 
Cel. That young swain that you saw here but 
crewelwise. 
That little cares for buying any thing. 
Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty, 
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock, 
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us. 
Cel. And we will make thy waxes, I like this place, 
And willingly could waste my time in it. 
Cel. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold; 
Go with me; if you like upon report. 
The sale of the gold, and this kind of life, 
I will your very faithful feeder be. 
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [Exit.]

Scene V.—The same.

Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others.

Song.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree, 
Who loves to be with me, 
And tune his merry note, 
Unto the sweet bird's throat, 
Come kithcr, come kithcr, come kithcr; 
Here shall he see 
No enemy, 
But winter and rough weather.

* In the night.

The instrument with which washers beat clothes. 
Cares.
**Act II.**

**Scene I.**—The same.

Enter Orlando and Auck.

Adam. For master, I can go no farther: 0, 1 die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orel. Why, how now, Adam? no greater heart in thee? I have a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little: If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy power, in 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'll give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come thou art a nooker of my labor. Well said! thou look'st cheerfully: and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou best in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter: and thou shalt not die, nor lack of a dinner, if there live anything in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [Exit.]

**Scene VII.**—The same.

A table set out. Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Lords, and others.

Duke. I think he be transform'd into a beast; For I can nowhere find him like a man.

Lords. My lord, his lie is betwixt enow gone hence; Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke. If he, compact of jars, 1 grow musical, 1 Ragged and ragged had formerly the same meaning. 

Imputations. * Made up of discords. 

We shall have shortly discord in the spheres:—

Go, seek him; tell him, I would speak with him.

**Enter Jaques.**

Duke. Why, now, how now, monsieur! What a life's discourse?

That your poor friends must woo your company, What! you look merrily.

Jaques. A fool, a fool! — I met a fool in the forest, A merry 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 on his lady Fortune in good waters. In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool Good morrow, fool, quoth I: No, sir, quoth me, Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune: And he drew a stroke from his disc, and so.

And looking on it with hack-lustre eye, Says, very wisely, It is ten o'clock; Thus may we se, quoth he, how the world songs.

And after on hour more, twill be eleven; And so, from hour to hour, we rip and rape, And then from hour to hour, we're all, and tell, to us the mask'd days and nights.

The motley fool thus moral on the time. My lorns began to crow like chautcheater, That, My Lord should be so deep contemplative; And I did laugh sans intermission.

An hour by his dial,—O noble fool! A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear. Duke. What fool is this?

Jaques. O worthy fool! — One that hath been a counsellor; And says, it ladies be but young and fair, They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,— Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit After a voyage,—he hath strange places cram'd With observation, the which he vending, In man's degrees:—0, that I were a fool! I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke. Thou shalt have one. Jaques. Provided, that ye weed your better judgments Of all opinion that grows rank in them, That I am wise. I must have liberty Without a charter as the wind. To blow on whom I please: for so fools have, And they that are most galled with my folly, They must most laugh: And why, sir, must they so? The mean is plain as to mundane church: He, that a fool doth very wisely sit, Doth very foolishly, although he be, Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not, The wise man's folly is anaimed; Even by the surrounding glances of the fool. Invest me in my motley; give me leave To speak my mind, and I will through and through Cleanse the foul blood of the infected world, If they will patiently receive my medicine. Duke. Eye on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaques. What, for a counter, would I do, but good Duke. Most mischievous fool, in chiding sin Thot thou thyself has been a libertine, As solemn as the brunt sing itself: And all the embossed sores, and healed evils That thou with license of free birth hast caught, Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world. Jaques. Why, who cares out em crime, That can there in any private party? Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea, Till that the very, very means of 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 who, he say, that I use to, When such a one as she, such is her neighbor! Or what is he of basest uncertain, That says, his bravery is not on my cost, (Thinking that I mean him,) but the others mean. Is it to the mele of my speech? there then? How, what then? Let me see wherein My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right, Then wrong'd himself, if he be free, Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies, Unavow'd of any man.—But who comes here?

The fool was suddenly dressed in a party-colored coat * Finary.
Scene II. As you like it.

Enter Orlando, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jug. W hy, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

Jug. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd man, by thy distress;

Or else a rude dispisser of good manners,

That in civility thou seem'st so empty!

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny point

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show

Of smooth civility; yet am I inland bred,

And know some nurture: But forbear, I say;

He dares, that touches any of this land,

Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jug. An you will not be answered with reason,

I must die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force

More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you.

I thought that all things had been savage here;

And therefore put I on the countenance

Of stern commandment: But whate'er you are,

That in this desert inaccessible,

Under the shade of melancholy boughs,

Lost and neglect the creeping hours of time;

If ever you have look'd on better days;

If ever been where bells had knoll'd to church;

If ever sat at any good man's feast;

If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear,

And know what fits to pity, and be pitted;

Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:

In which the 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 eat at good man's feast; and wiped our eyes

Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:

And therefore sit you down in gentleness,

And take upon command what help we have,

That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orl. Then, but forbear your food a little while,

Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,

And give it food. There is an old poor man,

Who after me hath many a weary step

Limp'd in pure love; till he be first sufficed,—

Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,

I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,

And we will nothing waste till your return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good comfort!

Duke S. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy.

This wide and universal theatre

Presents more woeful pageants than the scene

When we play in.

Jug. All the world's a stage,

And all the men and women merely players:

They have their exits, and their entrances;

And one man in his time plays many parts,

His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,

Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;

And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,

And shining morning face, creeping like snail

Unwillingly to school: And then, the lover;

Shining like furnace, with a woful ballad

Made to his mistress' eyebrow; Then, a soldier;

Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,

Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,

Seeking the bubble reputation

Even in the cannon's mouth: And then, the justice;

In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,

With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,

Full of wise saws and modern instances,

And so he plays his part: The sixth age 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 seen.

All That ends this strange eventful history,

Is second childhood, and mere oblivion;

Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Re-enter Orlando, with Adam.

Duke S. Welcome: set down your venerable burden,

And let him feed.

Orl. Adam. So had you need.

Duke S. I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke S. Welcome, fall to: I will not trouble

As yet, to question you about your fortunes:—

Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

Amiens sings.

Song. I.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,

Though art not so unkind

As men's ungratitude;

Thy tooth is not so keen,

Because thou art not seen,

If winter come, can spring be far behind?

Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! into the green hollow,

Most friendship is forgiving, most loving merrily:

Then, heigh, ho, the hollow! This life is most jolly.

II.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,

That dost not bite so nigh

As men forget;

Though thou the waters warst,

Thy sting is not so sharp

As friend canker's do.

Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho; &c.

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,—

As you have whisper'd faithfully, you were;

And as mine eye doth his effigies witness,

Most truly bount'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 the master is;

Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,

And let me all your fortunes understand.

[Exeunt.]
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above
Thy huntress' mantle, that my foul life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And their barks my thoughts; to them I'll call;
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witnessed everywhere.
Run, run, Orlando; carve, on every tree.
The fair, the chaste, and inexpres's 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 hateful. Being alive for life. Now in that respect it is in no field, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a sparing life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Is any philosopher 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 care of the manger is lack of the sun: That he, that hath learned nothing by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kind.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Was't ever in court, shepherd? Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damn'd! Cor. Yes, I do.--

Touch. Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawst good manners; and thou never sawst good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation: Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a white, Touchstone: those, that are good manners, at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the belles of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you satiate not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy was be uncivilly, if courtiers were simpler.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Wily, we are still handling our eyes; and their tells, you know, are grise.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton all wholesome as the sweat of a man? shallow, shallow: A better instance, I say; come.

Our Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner.--Shallow, again: A more sonnder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often bard'rd over with the surgery of our sheep; And would you have us kiss tar! Then the courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! Thou worms-inset, in yest is a good piece of flesh: Indeed!—Learn of the wise, and preprnd: Civet is of a baster birth than tar; the very unconlyly flat of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too coarly a wit for me: I'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man! God make decision in thee! thou art true

Cor. Sir, I am a true laborer; I earn that I eat, that I wear; ove no man hate, envy no man happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my own. A contest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs such.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you: to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get what you may; the population of cattle: to be bawd to a bell-wether; and to betray a shebdam of a twelvemonth, to a crookted-pedled, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou best not, as I did for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst scape.

Cor. Here comes young master Ganymade, my new mistresse's brother.

Enter Rosalind, reading a paper.

Ros. From the east to western land,
No jewel is like Rosalind;
Her worth, being crowned on the wind,
Through all the world beareth Rosalind;
All the pictures, fairest lines
Are but black to Rosalind,
Let no face be kept in mind,
The fairest lady is Rosalinda.

Touch. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together: dinners and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right better-woman's rank to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:—If a heart do lack a kind,
Let him seek out Rosalind,
The eat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.
Winter-garments must be lan'd,
So must slender Rosalinda,
They had spins must sheep and bawd;
Then to car with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind,
He that uses one will find,
Must find love's prick, and Rosalinda.

This is the very false gallop of verses; Why do you infect yourself with them!

Ros. Peace, you droll fool! I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.
Ros. I'll graft it with you, and then I shall graft it with a new root; and then it will be the better 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.
Cel. Why should this desert allay be? For if unprovided? No Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civilly saying show
Some, how brief the life of man!
Ruin his erring pilgrimage;
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age.
Some, of violated cooks
Tell the souls of friend and friend;
But upon the falsehoods
Or of every sentence end,
Will I Rosalind write;
Teaching all that read, to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show,
True beauty, and natural worth
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd;
Nature present distill'd
Heins's cheek, but not her heart;
Clozpatria's majesty;
Atlanta's better port;
Sad Lucerne's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly sinnot was devis'd;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have her face's clearest prize'd.
Rosalind would that she these sights should have
And to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter!—what tedium homely of love have you wearied your parishions withal, and never cry &. Have patience, good people! we have not yet heard the rest of the best. There is a digitation of the heavens from the earth; the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst scape.

Delincet. | Complexion, beauty.
Grave, solemn. | Features.

[Exit Corin and Touchstone.

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses? Ros. O yes, I heard them all, and more too; for so to the bestd, the devill himself have them more feet than the verses would bear.
Scene II.  AS YOU LIKE IT.

Col. That's no matter; the jest 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.

Col. But dost thou hear, without wondering how thou should be hand'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 pine-tree canopy: it was never so be-thymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Col. Try, then, what hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Col. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you color?

Ros. I prythee, why?

Col. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but why is it?

Col. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pray thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Col. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping!

Ros. God, my complexion! dost thou think I am possessed? I have a doublet and hose in my disposition! One inch of delay more is a South-sea-off discovery. I p'rythee, tell me, wilt thou send me a sign? I would thou could'st stammer, that thou mightest pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine out of narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. If thy p'rythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Col. 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?

Col. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be there. He may not be the greatest of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Col. It is young Orlando; that tripp'd 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,

Col. I  faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando!

Col. I cannot.

Ros. Alas the day, what shall I do with my doublet and hose!—What did he, when thou saw'st him? and what shall I do? How will he go? Where went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shall thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Col. You must borrow me Garagantua's mouth first; 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size: To say, ay, and no, to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

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?

Col. It is as easy to count atoms; as to resolve the propositions of a lover—but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with a good observation, I found him under a tree, like a sprigged worm; it may well be called Jove's bee, when it drops forth such fruit.

Ros. Give me audience, good madam.

Col. Proceed.

Col. There lay he, stretch'd along like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Col. Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee: it curvets very unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Ros. O ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Col. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

* Speak seriously and honestly. How was he dressed?

† The Giant of Ravelas.

‡ Atoms.

Enter Orlando and Jaques.

Col. You bring me out—soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he; sit by, and note him.

Jaqu. I thank you for your company: but, good faith, I had rather have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaqu. God be with you; he's meet as little as possible.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaqu. I pray you, marry no more trees with writing into-song'en words;—

Orl. I pray you, marry no more of my verses with reading them ill-favorely.

Jaqu. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Ye know, sir.

Jaqu. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christened.

Jaqu. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaqu. You are full of pretty answers: Have you not been acquainted with goldsmith's wives, and could them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloths from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaqu. You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of Atlantica's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rule against our mistress the world, and all our superiors.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world, but myself; against whom I know most faults.

Jaqu. The worst fault you have, is to be in love. Orlando! This a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Orl. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool, when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaqu. There shall I see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cipher.

Jaqu. I will tarry no longer with you: farewell, good servitor love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good musician melancholy.

[Exit Jaques. — Celia and Rosalind come forward.

Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him, to you, forester.

Orl. Very well; what would you?

Ros. I will buy, what 'tis o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me what time o' day; there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else such a watch, every minute, and grooving every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper.

Ros. By no means: sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons: I tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and gallops who stands still withal.

Orl. I p'rythee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contrary of her marriage, and the day he was cut off; it is solemnized: if the interim be as a night, time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orl. Who ambles 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, and the one being the burden of lean and wasted 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 a foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

* An allusion to the moral sentences issuing from the mouths of figures on old tapestry hangings.
I see the world in a bottomless pit; and to live in a nook merely monastic: And thus I cured him; and thus way will I take upon me to wash your river as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of dirt in it.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me as I have done thus far.

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, if you wish I say 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 with me to the players' encampment?—Excubt.

SCENE III.—The same.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey; Jaques at a distance, observing them.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey: I willfetch up your goats, Audrey: And how, Audrey! am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you? And, your features! Lord warrant us! what features! Touch. Am I here with thee and thy goats, as the most copious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths. Jaq. O knowledge ill-inhabited! worse than love in a thistle's bough!

Touch. Therein the man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconderd with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead to a man's horse's back, than in a little room:—Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is: In utmost deed, and word! Is it a true thing?

Touch. Truly, truly. And true poettry is the most luminous; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, do in poetry, And if 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 said, thou couldst do thee.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hand-in-hand: For honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar. Jaq. A material fool. [Aside. Aud. Well I am not fair, and therefore I pray the gods give me honesty! Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foolslout, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I can find one. Touch. Well praised be the gods for thy fainess! Shatiness 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 yeare of the next village; who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us. Touch. I would him see this meeting; [Aside. 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 treacle in the wood, no assembly but beasts. But what though! Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said,—Many a man knows end of his gods; right, many a man has heard any that he has known; and end of the gods, none knows. Well, that is the dowry of his wife: 'tis none of his own getting, Horns! Even so;—Poor men alone: —No, the noisiest deer hath them more than the mild. As the single man therefore blesses! No: As a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forefield of a married man more honorable than the barrenness of a bachelor; and by how much better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Martext.

Here comes Sir Oliver:—Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: Will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

[Aside. 1) Ill-bred. 2) A fool with matter in him. 3) Honesty. 4) Lean deer are called racal deer. The art of finding,
Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman? Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man. Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.  

Jug. [Discovering himself.] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.  

Touch. Good even, good master What ye call it? How do you, sir? I are very well met; God send you for your last company: I am very glad to see you — even a toy in hand here, sir — Nay; pray be covered.  

Jug. Will you be married, motley?  

Touch. As the ox hath his bow, & the horse his bridle, and when both are then in peace, and as pigeons bill, so wedlock doth not nibble.  

Jug. And will you be, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they you wassalot, then once of you will prove a strong panroller, and, like green tumber, warp, warp.  

Touch. I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not likely to be a well married, but it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.  

Aside. Jug. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.  

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey;  

We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.  

Farewell, good master Oliver!  

O brave Oliver,  

Leave me not behol thee;  

But — Wind away,  

I will not to wedding win thee.  

[Exit Jug, Touch, and Audrey.  

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter; 'tis a fantastical knave of them all shall put me out of my estate.  

[Exit.  

SCENE IV.—A bower in a cottage.  

Enter Rosaline and Celia.  

Ros. Never talk to me, I will weep.  

Cel. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.  

Ros. But have I not cause to weep? As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.  

Cel. His very hair is of the dissolving color.  

Ros. Something browner than the gladdest, he?  

Cel. A pretty hair is of a good color.  

Ros. An excellent color: your chesnut is ever the only color.  

Cel. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.  

Ros. He hath bought a pair of east lips of Diana: a man of winter's kisses gets more religiously; the very ice of chastity in them.  

Cel. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?  

Ros. Nay certainly, there is no truth in him.  

Cel. Do you think so?  

Ros. Yes: I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer; but for his vertity in love, I do think him as covecave as a cover'd goldie, or a worm-eaten nut.  

Ros. Not true in love?  

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but, I think, he is not in.  

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.  

Cel. Was is not: besides the oath of a lover is is stronger than the word of a tapster: they are both the confirmers of false reckoning: He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.  

Ros. I met the duke yesterday, and had much discourse with him; and of a thing that gave me great concern of him, I was told him, of as good as he; so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando!  

Cel. A woman of his heart, I think, would not have him: he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puny tilter that spurs his horse before another: such a one more side than his stuff like a noble goose; but all's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides: —Who comes here!  


 Enter Corin.  

Cor. Mistress, and master, you have oft enquired  

After the shepherd that comphand of love;    

And you saw sitting on the turf  

Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess  

That was his mistress.  

Cel. Well, and what of him?  

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd  

Between the pale complexion of true love  

And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,  

Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you  

If you will mark it.  

Ros. O, come, let us remove;  

The sight of lovers feedeth those in love;  

And if we use this sight, I shall say  

I'll prove a busy actor in their play.  

[Exeunt.  

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Forest.  

Enter Silvius and There.  

Sil. Sweet shebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe,  

Say, that you love me not; but say not so  

In bitterness: The common executioner,  

Whose heart the accustomed night of death makes hard,  

Fails not the axe upon the humble neck,  

But first it must be wet with blood and tears.  

[Enter Rosaline, Celia, and Corin, at a distance.  

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:    

This pretty colour, and this pretty print;  

That eyes, — that are the fraud and softest things,  

Who shut their coward gapes on atones,—  

Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers!  

Now I do own on all the being in mine eye;  

And, if mine eyes can wound, now I them kill thee.  

Now counterfeits to swoon: who now how fall down;  

Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,  

Lie not, to say mine eyes are murdered in thee.  

Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:  

Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains  

Some scar of it, lean but upon a rash,  

The chaste rose and capable impression.  

Thy pain 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,  

It ever, (as that ever may be near)  

You meet in some fresh check the power of fancy,  

Then shall you know the wounds invisible  

That love's keen arrows make.  

Phe. But, till that time,  

Come not thou near me; and, when that time comes,  

Afflict me with thy mock's, pity me not;  

As, till that time I shall not pity thee.  

Ros. And why, I pray you! [addressing.] Who is not bit by thy mother?  

That you insult, exult, and all at once,  

Over the wretched! What though you have more  

Beauty: (As, by my faith, I see no more in you  

Than without candle my go dark to bed.)  

Must be therefore proud and pitious?  

Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?  

As so many one in you, than in the ordinary  

Of nature's safe-work: — of my little life!  

I think she means to tame my eyes too: —  

No, faith, proud mistresses, hope not aday,  

'Tis not your wily brows, your black hair silk,  

Your double eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,  

That can cutane my spirits to your worship, —  

You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,  

Like foxy youth, pulling with wind and rain?  

You are a thousand times a proper man,  

Than she a woman: 'Tis such tools as you.  

What makes me love her?  By the world full of illbred children:  

'Tis not her glass, but that you flatter her:  

And out of you she sees herself more proper,  

Than any of her lineaments can show her.  

But, mistress, these are down those:  

Do, dear Corin, give them:  

A thousand times a proper man,  

And thank heaven, bestowing, for a good man's love:  

For I must tell you friendly in your ear,  

Sell when you can; you are not for all markets:  

Love, marry, fight the match more as you please:  

Foul is most foul, being soul to be a scoffer.  

So take her to thee, shepherd; fare you well.  

1 Loy.
ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—The Same.

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Jaques.

Jaq. I pray thee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either, are annoyable fellows; and betray themselves to every modern censure, with more than due words.

Jaq. Why, this is good to be said and say nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a past.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is a passion; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is scarce; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects; and, indeed, the smoky contemplation of my travels, in which my oftener ramification wraps me, is a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveler! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Enter Orlando.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a bed to make me merry, than experience to make me sad and to travel for it too.

Orl. God day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse.

Ros. Farewell, monsieur traveller: Look, you lisp, and wear strange suits; deserts all the benefits of your own country; be out of fashion with your maids.

That I shall think it most plenteouscrop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps; lose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Ros. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

Orl. Not so well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage, and the hounds,
That the old carle once was master of.

Ros. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a sight that doth bete well:—yet the same work,
But what care I for words! yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty young valiant; but, such as he is,
And yet his pride becomes him:
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion, and fader than his tongue.
And when he grapples, his eye did heat it up.
He is not tall; yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but so, and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip:
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mixed in his cheeks; 'twas just the difference.

Bewitk the constancy red, and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him in parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet I have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me:
He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
And, no, I am remember'd, scold at me:
I marvel, why I answer'd not again:
But that's all one: omittance is no quittance,
I'll write him a very languating letter,
And then shall he read it:—Wilt thou, Silvius?

Slt. Peace, with all my heart.

Orl. I'll write it straight;
The matter's in my head, and in my heart:
I had as lief be won of a snake.

Go with me, Silvius. [Exeunt.]
Scene II.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

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they are out, they will split; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!), matter, the chilliest sheet is to kiss.

Orl. How, if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then use that wiser, and try your 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 rannier than your wit.

Orl. What, of mine suit?

Ros. Not my women's 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 dooer world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, not, that I know, in a love-case. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet did he 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 Herò had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash in the Hellespont, and being taken with the cramp, was drowned; and the foolish chroniclers of that age took him to be there. Here you the most pathetical break-promise, and the most hollow love, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore, beware my words, and mend your purpose.

Orl. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind; so adieu.

Ros. Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try. Adieu.

Exit Orlando.

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your double and hose plucked over your head, and show you how the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coze, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But this is not to be said!—I'll tell thee, Alena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando; I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep.

[Exeunt.]
Enter Silvius.

Silv. My errand is to you, fair youth:—
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:
A letter.

I know not the contents; but, as I guess,
By the stern brow, and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenor: pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would struggle at this letter,
And pangs of sweareng never; bear this then all:
She says, I am not true, I that lack manners;
She calls me proud; and, that she could not love me
Were man as rare as phoenix; O my will's my will!
Her kind is not the bare that I do found:
Why writes she so to me!—Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Silv. No, I protest, I know not the contents;
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love;
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand.
A freestone-colored hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but twas her hands;
She has a husband's hand: but that's no matter:
I say, she never did invent this letter:
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Ros. Sure, it is here.

Silv. Why, 's a barometer and a cruel style,
A style of importunity; why does she defies
Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain
Could not forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethel's words, blacker in the select
Than in their countenance:—Will you hear the letter?

Silv. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebe's me: Mark how the tyrant writes,

[Reads.]

Art thou got? to shepherd home,
That a wrong'd heart hath burn'd?

Can a woman rant thus?

Silv. Call you this railing?

Ros. Why thy goatherd rail'd apart,
Wear'st thou with a woman's heart?
Did you ever hear such railing?

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.—

Meaning me a beast.—

If the scorn of your bright eye
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Attach me, and yet repel me strong:
Would they work in want aspect?
Whistles you chit, I did love;
How then might your fingers move?
He that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me:
And by his seat up thy mind
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer false
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to live.

Silv. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Aha, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity
—Wilt thou love such a woman?—What, that to make
this a name for instrument, and play false strains upon
thee? not to be endur'd!—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 kindle; if she will not, I will never have her,
unless thou entreat for her.—If you be such a true
lover, hence and not a word; for here comes a true
company. [Exit Silvius.]

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Good-morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you
know
Where, in the purview of this forest, stands
A sheep-cote, feigned about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place; down in the neighbor
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.

Nature.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then I should know you by description:
Such garments, and such years:—The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and besom'd his form:
Like the pale sister: Like the remonstrant
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.
Oli. I do both commend him to you both;
And to that youth, he calls Rosalind,
He sends this bloody napkin; Are you he?
Ros. I am: what must we understand by this?
Oli. You are the owner of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stand'd.

Cel. I pray you tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from
him,
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 betell! he threw his eye aside.
And, mark, what object did present itself:
Under a bush, noblest ever against revenge,
And high top laid with dry antiquity,
A wretched rugged man, o'eggrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back; about his neck
A green and sights'd silver had wreath'd itself.
Who with her head, rumble in threats; approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly
Seeing Orlando, made a spurn't kind itself:
And with incensed glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A homess, with under all drawn dry,
Lay sleeping, heat on the ground, with a cat-like watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast,
To pray on nothing that doth seem as dead!
This man did Orlando 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 rend his the most unnatural
That liv'd amongst me.

Oli. And well might he so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando:—But he leave him there,
Food to the sock'd and hungry homess!
Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so:
But no success; whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the homess,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hunting,
From herser, shepherd, I awak'd.  

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was it you he rescu'd?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft centre to kill
him?

Oli. 'Twa's I; but'tis not I; I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sov'dly tastes; being the thing I am.

Ros. But for the bloody napkin!—

Cel. By, and by.

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly hath'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,
Commingling me into my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The homess had summon'd some beasts away,
Which all this while had lidded; and now he fainting,
And cry'd in, turning, upon Rosalind.

Briet, I recover'd him; bound up his wound,
Which shall soon be cure; but in this space, being long at hear,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Of the green blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!
How now fair Ganymede?

Oli. Shall we swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it:— Cousin—Ganymede!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would, I were at home

Cel. We'll lead you thither:—
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

* Describe.  
Seville.
Act V.

SCENE I.—The same.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman’s saying.

Touch. But, sir, there goes a most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, in a most vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who ’tis; he hath no interest in me in the world; here comes the man you meant.

Enter WILLIAM.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown; I cannot see we that have good wits, have much to answer for; we shall be flattering; we cannot hold.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Touch. God, Goody even, sir. Good, goody, good fellow, cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr’ythee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age: Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name; Hast born in the forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. Thank God;—a good answer: Art rich?

Will. ‘Faith, sir, so so.

Touch. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so, so. Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou sayst at well. I do now remember a saying: The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool. The heathen philosophers, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand: Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me: To have, is to have: For it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one, doth empty the other: For all your writers do consent, that this is so; now you are not wise, for I am he.

Will. Sir, I am not wise.

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman: Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is, in the vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the hoobs is, company,—of this female,—which in the common is, woman,—which together is, abandon the society of this female; or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, distress: to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bendy with thee in faction; I will o’errun thee with policy; I will kill thee and gouge thee out, sir; therefore tremble and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you, merry sir. [Exeunt.]

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you; come, away, away.

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey; I attend. [Exeunt.]

Act V.

SCENE II.—The same.

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

Orl. Is’t possible, that on so little acquaintance, you should like her! that, but, seem, you should love her! I am wrong, woo; and, woos; sheshold grant! and will you persuade to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the goodness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, the sudden works, nor her sudden counterfeite; but say with me, I love Alienia; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good: for my father’s name, and, for the sake that was old Sir Rowland’s, I will estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter ROSALIND.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow; thither will I invite the duke, and all his court to see your handkerchief.

Ros. You will not find my lady, or your Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Orl. God save you, brother.

Aud. And you, fair sister.

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 daughter tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when she showed me your handkerchief?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonder than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are:—Nay, ’tis true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Caesar’s thievish beast of a cat came, saw, and overcame: For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a part of our marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, now, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man’s eyes! by so much the more shall I be wroth, sir, that the new marrier be at the height of heart-beaviness, 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 no longer then with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I speak to some purpose,) that I know you are; neither do I labor for a greater esteem than may in sores: Go, you assure, draw a belief from me, 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 proficient in this art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture crieth it out, when your brother marries Alienia, 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 discretion.

Orl. Speaketh thou in sober meanings!—
Ros. By my life, I do: which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician: Therefore, put me in thy best array, bid thy friends farewell, for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter Silvius and Phoebe.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Pho. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness, To show the letter that I wrote to you. —
Ros. I care not, if I have: it is my study To seem despicable and insignificant to you;
You are followed by a faithful shepherd; Look upon him, love him, he worships you.
Pho. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Silvius. It is to be made of sighs and tears; —
And so am I for Phoebe.

Pho. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.
Silvius. It is to be made of faith and service; —
And so am I for Phoebe.

Pho. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Pho. If this be so, why blame you me to love you? [To Rosalind.]

Silvius. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Pho. If this be so, why blame you me to love you? [To Phoebe.]

Pho. Who do you speak to, why blame you me to love you?

Silvius. To Phoebe.

Orl. To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear. Rosalind, you no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon— I will help you, [To Silvius.] if I can.—I would love you, [To Phoebe.]: if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you, [To Phoebe.]: if ever I marry woman, and I shall be married to-morrow: —I will satisfy you, [To Orlando.] if ever I marry woman, and you shall be married to-morrow: —I will content you, [To Silvius.] if what pleasures you content you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you [To Orlando.], I love Rosalind, more than you [To Silvius.], I love Phoebe; and as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So fare you well; I have left you commands. Silvius. I'll not fail, if I live.

Scene III.—The same.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day; Audrey; To-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart: and hope, it is a wished-for desire, to desire to be a woman of the world. Here comes two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter Two Pages.

Page 1. Well met, honest gentlewoman.

Touch. By my troth, well met: Come, sit, sit, and a song.

Page 2. We are for you: sit 'tis the middle.

Page 1. Shall we clap into' roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are ursines; which are the only prologues to a bad voice! [Song.]

Page 1. I hate a fad; and in both a time, like two gibes upon a horse.

Song 1. It was a lover and his lass,
With a key, and a ho, and a key nono,
A married woman.

In the spring time, the only pretty runk time,
That o'er the green corn-field doth pass,
When birds do sing, key ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

II.

Between the acres of the eye,
With a key, and a ho, and a key nono,
These pretty country folks would live,
In spring time, &c.

III.

This carol they began that hour,
When he sent forth a ho, and a key nono,
Hark that a lute was but a fower
In spring time, &c.

IV.

And therefore take the present time,
With a key, and a ho, and a key nono;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, &c.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no greater matter in the ditty, yet the note was very antinomian for what we were deceived, sir; we kept time, we lost not our time.
Touch. Ay, my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a Ro-fulish song, and to sing such a song; and God mend your voices.—Come, Audrey.

Scene IV.—Another part of the forest.

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, and Celia.

Duke S. Dowst thou believe, Orlando, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised? —
Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Rosalind, Silvius, and Phoebe.

Rosalind. Patience once more, whilst our compact is urg'd—
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here! —
Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And, you say, you will have her when I bring her! —
To Orlando.

Orlando. If you say, you'll have me, I'll be willing to marry me.

Phoebe. That will I, should I die the hour after.
Orlando. If you do refuse to marry me, I'll yield you yourself to this most faithful shepherd!
Phoebe. So is the bargain.

Rosalind. You say, that you'll have Phoebe, if she will? —
To Silvius.

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promised to make all this matter even.

Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter:
Keep your word, Phoebe, that you'll marry me; Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd: Keep your word, silvius, that you'll marry her, If she refuse me;—and hence I go, To make these doubts all even.

[Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd-boy Some lively touches of my daughter's lover.

Orlando, the first time that I ever saw him, Methought he was a brother to your daughter; But my good lord, this boy is forest-born; And hath been taught and in the rudiments Of many desperate studies by his uncle, Whom he reports to be a great magician Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Touch. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all! —
Jaques. Good my lord, bid him welcome: This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.
Scene IV.
AS YOU LIKE IT.

Duke. It any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have dethroned a king, have been poll'd with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jac. And how was that ta'en up?

Duke, Faith, we met and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jac. How seventh cause?— Good my lord, like this fellow,

Duke S. I like him very well.

Duke. God 'lied you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country espousatives, to swear, and to forswear; according as marriage bonds, and blood breaks:— A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor honour of mine, sir, to take that that none else will: Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl, in your soul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Duke. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jac. But, for the seventh cause: how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Duke. Upon a he seven times removed.—Bare 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 did not cut well, he was in the mind it was: This is called the Retort courteous. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut; he would send me word, he could 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 courteous. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spoke not true: This is called the Reproof vanishing. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie; This is called the Countercheck quarrelsome: and so to the Lie courteous, and the Lie direct.

Jac. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

Duke. I durst go no further than the Lie courteous; nor he durst not have me the Lie direct; and so we measured swords and parted.

Jac. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the Lie?

Duke S. We have in print, in the book: as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous; the second, the Quip modest; the third, the Reply courteous; the fourth, the Reproof vanishing; the fifth, the countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with circumstance; the seventh the Lie direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie direct; and you may know that too many and that seven justices could not take up a quarrel: but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an Is: If you said so, then I said so; and they shook hands, and were brothers. Your Is is the only peace maker; much virtue in Is.

Jac. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a strolling-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, leading Rosalind in woman's clothes; and Celia.

Hym. Music.

Hymn. Then is there midst in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Alone together.

Good duke, receive thy daughter,

Hymen from heaven brought her,

Yet, brought her hither.

That thou mightst join her hand with his

Whose heart within her bosom is.

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[To Duke S.]

Duke S. To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[To Orlando,]

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then,—my love, adieu!

* A stately solemn dance.

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he.

[To Duke S.]

I'll have no husband, if you be not he.

[To Orlando,]

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

[To Phebe.]

Hym. Peace, ho! A bar confusion;
'Tis 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,
You and you no cross shall part;

[To Orlando and Rosalind.]

You and you are heart in heart.

[To Oliver and Celia.]

You (To Phebe.) to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:

You and you are sure together.

[To Touchstone and Audrey.]

As the winter to foul weather,
Whiles a wedlock hymn we sung,
Feed yourselves with questioning.
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Weding is great Juno's crown:
O blessed bond of heart and bed!
'Tis Hymen's pious every hour;
High honor she then bestows
Honour, high honor and renown,
To Hymen, god of every brow!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art come;
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth confirm.

[To Silvius.]

Enter Jaques de Bois.

Jac. de B. Let me have audience for a word, or two:
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these thun'nes to this fair assembly:
Duke Frederick, hearing that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address da mighty power! which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword:
And the skirts of that wild wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some questions with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise, and from the world:
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restored to them again
That were with him exil'd: This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one, his lands withheld: and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun, and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number.
That have endured shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic poverty:
Play, music:—and you drudges and bridgerooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jac. Sir, by your patience; if I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jac. de B. He hath.

Jac. To him will I: out of these convites

There is much matter to be heard and learn'd:—

You to your former honor I bequeath;

[To Duke S.]

Your patience, and your virtue, well deserves it:—

You (To Touchstone.) to a love, that your true faith
doth merit:—

You (To Oliver.) to your land, and love, and great allies:—

You (To Silvius.) to a long and well deserved bed:—

And you (To Touchstone.) to wrangling, for thy loving voyage.

* Unless truth fall of versatily.
Is but for two months victual'd:—So to your pleasures;
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime, I:—what you would have

I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.

[Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
And we do trust they'll end in true delights.]

[A dance.

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue: but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue: Yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases them: and so I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hate them,) that between you and the woman, the play may please. If I were a women, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me: * and breaths that I desired not; and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind oilor when I make curts y, bid me farewell. 

* That I liked.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King of France.  
Duke of Florence.  
Bertram, Count of Rousillon.  
Lafay, an old Lord.  
Parolles, an officer of Bertram.  
Several young French Lords, that serve with Bertram in the Florentine War.  
Steward,  
Cown,  

SCENE,—partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.

ACT 1.

SCENE 1.—Rousillon. A room in the Countess' Palace.

Enter Bertram, the Countess of Rousillon, Helena, and Lafay, in mourning.

Countess. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward; evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam—you, sir, a father: He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you: whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that had! how sad a passage 'tis!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty: had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. 'Would for the king's sake, he were living! I think, it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How called you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately spoke of him, admiringly, and mourningly; he was skillful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would, it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my looking over. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises; her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there recommendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their simpleness: she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your recommendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best bane a maiden can season

Under his particular care, as my guardian.

her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena, 'go to, no more: lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy father

In manners, as in shape! thy blood, and virtue, Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few, Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy Rather in power, than use; and keep thy friend Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence, But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will, That bee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down, Fall on thy head! Farewell.—My lord.

Laf. Tis an unspeak'd courtesie: good my lord, Advise him.  

Laf. He cannot want the best

That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him!—Farewell, Bertram.

[Exit Countess.]

Ber. The best wishes that can be forg'd in your thoughts. [To Helena.] be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Left. Farewell, pretty lady: You must hold the credit of your father.

[Exit Bertram and Lafay.]

Hel. O, were that all!—I think not on my father; And these great tears grace his remembrance more Than those I shed for him. What was he like?

I have forgot him: my imagination Carries no favor in it, but Bertram's. I am undone; there is no living, none,

If Bertram be away. It were all one.

That I should love a bright particular star, And think to wed it, is so above me,

In his bright radiance and collateral light Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.

The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:

The hand that would be stained by the lion.

Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,

To see him every hour; to sit and draw

His arched brows, his hawkwing eye, his curls,

In our heart's table; heart, too capable.

Of every line and trick of his sweet favor:

But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?

* Peculiarity of feature.  

2 Consequence.
Enter Parolles.

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake: And yet I know him a notorious liar, The which is a great way foole, solely coward; Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him, That they take place, when virtue's steely bones Look break in the cold wind: within, full oft we see Coldness of wheat among the blustering folly.

Parl. Save you, fair queen.

Hel. And you, monarch.

Parl. No.

Hel. And no.

Parl. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some station of soldier in you; let me ask you a question: Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barriergo it against him?

Parl. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assail's; and our virginity, though valuable once lost, yet is weak: unfo'd to us some warlike resistance.

Parl. There is none; man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up. Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers, and blowers up!—is there no military policy, how virgin might blow up men?

Parl. Virginity, being blown down, will quickly blow up; in blowing him down again, with the break yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature, to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity makes a general increase; and there was never virgin cot, till virginity was first lost. That, you were made of, is useful to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be taken by: but being ever kept, it is ever lost; 'tis too cold a companion: away with it.

Hel. I will stand for a little, though therefore I dei's virgin.

Parl. There's little can be said in't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers: which is most high, and b'lesse disobedience. He that hangs himself, is a virgin: virginity murders itself; and should be buried in highways out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offence against nature. Virginity broods notes, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very purging, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is not only malitious sin in the eye of the creator. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by; out with it; within ten years it will make itself ten, which is a goodly increase: and the principle of such the worse with it.

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Parl. Let me see: Marry, ill, to like him that be a commodity we have the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with it, while 'tis vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courter, wears her castle base and antique, a real rust, a suitable, just like the brooch and toothpick, which wear not now: Your date is better in your pie and your porridge; than in your cheek: And your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears; it looks ill; it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet, 'tis a withered pear. Will you any thing with it?

Hel. All of my virginity yet.

There shall your master have a thousand loves, A mother, and a mistress, and a friend, A captain, a captain, and an enemy, A judge, a goddess, and a sovereign, A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear; His humble ambition, proud humility, His happy record, and his deservèd track, His faith, his sweet distress; with a world Of pity, fond, adoptant Christendoms.

That blanking Cupid's gospel. Now shall he be—

Parl. God send him well!—The court's a learning place; and he is one.

Hel. What one, faith?

Parl. —'Tis pity.

Hel. —'Tis pity.

Parl. —'Tis pity.

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't, Which might be felt: that we, the poorer born, Who are dependent, and confounded use,

And show what we alone must think; which never Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

Parl. Little Helen, farewell! If I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monseur Parolles, you were born under a charmed star.

Parl. Under Mars, 1.

Hel. I especially think under Mars.

Parl. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have as so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

Parl. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was reigned, I think, rather.

Parl. Why you think so?

Hel. You go so much backward, when you fight.

Parl. That's for advantage.

Parl. I am so full of business, I cannot answer you aceutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advantage shall thrust upon thee; else thou dost in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, say thy psalms; get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so farewell.

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie. What make we see, and cannot find mine eye? The fairest body, and the fairest face. Gave us free scope; only, doth backward pull. Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.

Parl. What power is it, which mounts my love so high, That makes me see, and cannot find mine eye? The mightiest space in fortune nature brings To join like likes, and has like native things, Impossible be strange attempts, to those That with their persons in sense; to suppose What hath been cannot be: Who ever strove To show her merit, that did miss her love? The king's disease—my project may deceive me, But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.

Exit.

SCENE II.—Paris. A Room in the King's Palace.

FLOURISH of Cornets. Enter the King of France and the Ladies and others attending.

King. The Florentines and Senays are by the cats; have fought with equal fortune, and continue A braving war.

1. Lord. So 'tis reported, sir.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible: we here receive it A certainty, touch'd from our cousin Austria, With caution, that the Florentine will move us For that which he has; which our nearest friend Prejudicates the business, and would seem To have us make denial.

1 Lord. His love and wisdom, Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead For surest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer, And therefore is denied before he comes: Yet for our gentlemen, that mean to see The Tuscan service, freely have they leave To stand on either part.

Parl. It may well serve A nursery to our gentry, who are sick For breathing and explicit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

Lord. It is the count Rosillon, my good lord, Your son Bertram.

King. Youth, thou hast 'till thy father's face; Every nature, rather curious than in haste, Hath made thee see, Thy father's mortal parts Mayst thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal sonness now As when thy father, and myself, in nuptialship Things formed by nature for each other. The citizens of the small republic of which Sienna is the capital.
Scene I.
All's well that ends well.

First try'd our soldier'ship! He did look far into the service of the time, and was disciples of the bravest: he tasted long; but on us both did hangage station. All we were out of heart. It much repairs me to talk of your good father: In his youth he had the wit, which I can well observe. To one of our country lords; but they may jest. Till our own scorn return to them unmoved, Else they can hide their leavy in honor. So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness Were the pride of his dress; if they were, His equal had awak'd them; and his honor, clock to itself, knew the true minute when exception bid him speak: and, at this time, Him not to be in his land: When were below him He need as creatures of another place; and how'd his eminent top to their low ranks, Making them proud of his humility, I'll shorten as he was such: A man Might be a copy to these younger times; Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now. But goes backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir, Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb; So in approach lives not his epitaph, As in your royal speech.

King. Would I were ever with him! He would always say, (Methinks, I hear him now: his plain words He scatter'd not in ears, but in actions) To go there, and to bear.—*Let me not live* Thus his good melancholy oft began. On the catastrophe and heat of passions. When it was out,—let me not live too much he, After my flames lick'd out, to be the stuff Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive All but new things disdain: whose judgments are Mere fancies of their surmises; whose constantures. Expire before their fashions:—This he wish'd: I, after him, do after him wish too, Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home, I was dissold from my love, To give some labors room.

2 Lord. You are lov'd, sir: They, that least lend it, shall lack you first. King. I fill a place, I know 't.—How long is, count, Since the physician at your father's death? He was much fam'd. Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet:— Lend me an arm;—the rest have worn me out With several applications: nature and sickness Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count; More's no nearer. Thank your majesty.

*Excit. Furlow.*

SCENE III.—Rouillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Enter COUNTESS, Steward, and Clown.

Count. I will now hear: what say you of this gentleman?

Stew. Madam, the rare I have to bad to even your content? I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavors; for then we wound our modesty, and make feel the clearness of our deserving when of ourselves we publish them. Count. What doth this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: The complaints, I have heard of you, I do not all believe: in my opinion, I do not: for I have a great love to you, and I esteem you, and have ability enough to make such knaves yours. Clos. Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor man.

Count. Well, sir.

Clos. No, madam, 'tis not so well, that I am poor; though many of the rich are dum'd: But, if I may have your ladyship's good will to do the world; label the woman and I will do as we may. Count. What will thon needs be a beggar? Clos. I do beg your good will in this case. Count. In what case?

Clos. In Isbel's case, and mine own. Service is no heritage: and, I think, I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue of my body; for, they say, 'twixt many are blessings.

*Approbation.

To act up to your desires.

To be married.

Children.

Count. Tell me the reason why thou wilt marry.

Clos. My poor body, madam; requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and as I must needs go, that the devil drive on.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clos. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are. Count. May your world know them!

Clos. I have been, madam, a wicked creature: as you all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clos. I am out of friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake. Count. Such fondness the same enemies, knife.

Clos. You are shallow, madam; e'en great friends; for the knives come to do that for me, which I am a-ways of. He, that cares my land, praises my team, and gives me love to win the crop: If he be his cuckold, he's my drudge: He, that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he, that cherishes my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood; he, that loves my flesh and blood, is my friend: ergo, he that kisses my wife, is my friend. If man could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young (Charon the Charon) woman, in the past year, howsoever their hearts are several in religion, their heads are both one, they may roll horns together, like I can: and there, so much the better, it is.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a fou-mouthed and calumnious knife?

Clos. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way.

*For the ballad will repent.*

West. Why the Greeks sucked Troy? Find done and done.

Clos. 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.

Clos. One good woman in ten, Madam; which is a purifying of the song: 'Would God serve the world so all the year? we'd find no fault with the tyto-woman, if I were the person; One in ten, a noble truth! an we might have a good woman born but every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'Twould mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart ere he pluck once.

Count. You'll be gone, sir, and do as I command you?

Clos. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done! Though honesty by no means will hurt, yet it will wear the surprize of humanity over the black gown of a big heart,—I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hitler.

*Exit Clown.*

Clos. What say you?

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Indeed I do; her father besought 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 done 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

*Proverbs.

Therefore, *The nearest way.* — Foolishly done.
touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two fathers: Love for God, that would not extend his might, or whose qualities were level: Diana, no queen of virtue, that would suffer her poor knight to be surprised, without rescue, in the first assault, of passion, in the least. This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er I heard exclaim in: which I held my duty, speedily to acquaint you withal: silence, in the loss that may happen: if concerns you: I forget not: Pray you, leave me; still this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon. 

[Exeunt Steward.

Enter Helen.

Count. Even so it was with me, when I was young; if we are nature's, these are ours: thus 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. What's that, strong impressions is impressed in youth: By our remembrances of days forgone, Such were our faults: or then we thought them none. Her eye still on t'ee: I observe her now. 

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam? 

Count. I am a mother to you. 

Helen, the honorable mistress. 

Nay a mother? Why not a mother? When I said, a mother, Methought I saw a serpent! What's in mother, That you start at it? I say, I am your mother; And put you in the catalogue of those That were enowmed mine: 'Tis often seen, Among the fears which nature's care breeds A native slip to us from foreign seeds: You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan Yet I express to you a mother's care: God's mercy, madam! does it cery thy blood, To say I am thy mother! What's the matter, That this distemper'd messenger of wet, The many color'd Iris, rounds thine eye? Why, - that you are my daughter! 

Hel. That I am not. 

Count. I say, I am your mother. 

Hel. The count Rousillon cannot be my brother: I am from humble, he from honest name; No note upon my parents, his all noble: My master, my dear bird he is; and 

Steward. His servant live, and will his vassal die: He must not be my brother. 

Count. Nor your mother! 

Hel. You are my mother, madam; 'Would you were 

(80) That so my lord, your son, were not my brother,) Indeed, my mother! or were you both our mothers, Than I do yourself. So I were not his sister: Can I no other. But I, your daughter, he must be my brother! 

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter, 

Steward. God shield, you mean it not! daughter, and mother So strive upon your pulse: That, pale again! My fear hath catch'd your fondness: Now I see The mystery of your loneliness, and find Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 'tis gross, You love my son; invention is asham'd, Against the proclamation of thy passion, To say thou dost not: therefore tell me true: But tell me then, 'tis so: - for, thy look thys Contests it, one to the other; and thine eyes 

Count. Thou dost grossly show thy being there: That in their kind they speak it; only sin And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue, That truth should be suspected: speak, is't so? If she so, you have wounded a god's heart: If he be not, forswear: how ever, I charge thee, 

Sire, i.e. I care as much for: I wish it equally. 

Contend. The source, the cause of your grief. 

As heaven shall work in me for thine avail, To tell me truly. 

Hel. Good madam, pardon me! 

Count. Do you love our son? 

Hel. Your pardon noble mistress! 

Count. Love, you my son! 

Hel. Do not you love him, madam? 

Count. Why, madam, - good. Go not about your love, father, Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose The state of your affection; for your passions Have to the follow approach'd. 

Hel. Then I confess, 

Here on my knee, before high heaven and you, That before you, and next unto high heaven, I love your son; 

Steward. My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love. Be not offended: for it hurts not him. That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not By any of presumptuous suit. 

Nor would I have him, till I do desire him, Yet never know how that desert should be I know I love in vain, strive against hope; Yet in this case for love and intemperate I still pour in the waters of my love, And lack not to base still: thus, Indian-like, Religious in mine error, I adore 

The son, that looks upon his worshiper, But knows of him no more. My dearest madam, Let not your late encounter: with my love, For loving where you do: but, if yourself, Whose aged honor entitles a virtuous youth, Did ever, in so true a flame of liking, Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian Was born herself and love: Great Hel- 

Steward. To her, whose state is such it cannot choose But tend and give, where she is sure to lose; That seeks not to find that her search implies, But, rather, lives sweetly where she is. 

Count. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly, To go to Paris! 

Hel. Madam, I had. 

Count. Wherefore? tell true. 

You know, my father left me some prescriptions Of rare and provident effects, such as his reading, And manifold experience, had collected For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me In heedsfullest reservation to bestow them, As not to the person, but in his estate or 

Count. More than they were in note: amongst the rest, There is a remedy, approvd, set down, To cure the desperate languishes, whereof The king is render'd lost. This was thy motive 

For Paris, was it? speak. 

Hel. My lord, your son, made me to think of 

Steward. Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king, Had, from the conversation of my thoughts, Happily, been absent then. 

Count. But think you, Helen, 

If you should tender your supposed aid, He would receive it? He and his physicians Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him: They, that they cannot help: How shall they credit A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools, Embowelled of their doctrine, have left all The danger to itself. 

Hel. There's something hints 

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 keenest stars in heaven: and, would your honor 

But give me leave to try success, I'd venture The well-laid life of mine on the grace's cure, By such a day and hour. 

Count. Dost thou believe it? 

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly. 

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave, and love, 

Steward. Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings To the poor mute in love, I'll stay that long, And pray God's blessing into thy attempt; Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this, What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss. 

[Exeunt.
SCENE I.—Paris, A room in the King's Palace.

FLOURISH. Enter King, with young Lords taking leave for the Frenshine war; BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and Attendants.

King. Farewell, young lord; these warlike principles
Do not throw from you: and you, my lord, farewell.

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.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confesse he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Freswhoen: let bifer Delaier
(Those list, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy) see, that you come
Not to too honor, but to wed it; when
The braveuest joint, its shrinks, and what you seek,
That fame may eray you loud: I say, farewell.

2 Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!

King. These girls of Italy, take heed of them;
They say, our French lack langauage to deny,
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you serve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell.—Come hither to me.

The King refires to a couch.

1 Lord. O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind

Par. 'Tis not his fault; the spark—

2 Lord. O, his brave wars.

Par. Most admirable: I have seen those wars.

Ber. I commanded here, and kept a coil, with

Too young, and the next year, and 'Tis too early.

Par. An thy mind stand to it, boy, steal away bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forenoon to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honor be bought up, and no sword worn,
But to dance with! By heaven, I shall steal away.

1 Lord. There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

2 Lord. I am your necessary; and so farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.

1 Lord. Farewell, captain.

2 Lord. Sweet massacre Parolles!

Par. Noble he's, my sword and yours are kin.
Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals:—
You shall find in the regiment of the Spinu, one
Captain Spino, with his excellence, an emblem of war
here on his sinister check: it was this very sword
entrenched it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me.

2 Lord. We shall, noble captain.

Par. Mars date on you for his novices! [Exeunt Lords.] What will you do?


Par. Be not more sanguine: ere this the noble lords;
you have restrained yourself within the list
of too cold an advice: be more expressive to them;
for they wear themselves in the cap of the time:
there, do most true guilt stand, speak, and move,
under the influence of the most received star; and
though the devil fed the measure, such are to be
followed: after them, and take a more dilated firew.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy sword-men.

Enter BERTRAM and PAROLLES.

1. i.e. The Roman empire.
2. Seeker, enquirer.
3. Do not capture before you are soldiers.
4. In a bustle.
5. They are the foremost in the fashion.
6. The dance.
7. A kind of dance.
8. I am like Pandarus.
9. Well informed.
10. A third eye.
Though, more to know, could not be more to trust;
From whence thou sayst so lightly tended.—But rest
I question'd it welcome, and undoubtèd blest—
Give it some believing so, he is our right
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[Flourish. Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Enter COUNTESS and Clown.

Count. Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the highest of your breeding.

Cleo. I will show myself highly fed and lowly taught. I know my way to business is to the court.

Count. To the court! why, what place make you special, when you put off with such contempt? But to the court!

Cleo. No, 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 a cap, kiss his hand, and say holiness, has neither leg, hands, hips, 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 occasions.

Cleo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin buttock, the quach-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will you press your answer fit to all questions?

Cleo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffata punk, as Tho's rush, as Jov's forefinger, as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the euckold to his horn, as a scolding queen to a wrangling knave, as the man's part to the fair's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Cleo. 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.

Cleo. But a little mettler, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it; and here it is, all that belongs to it: 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?

Cleo. 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.

Cleo. O Lord, sir,—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Cleo. O Lord, sir,—Nay, put me to't: I warrant you.

Count. You are senseless, I am sure; for, as I think.

Cleo. 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 frequent to your whipping; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to.

Cleo. I never 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 rub off with, and so properly with a fool.

Cleo. O Lord, sir,—Why, there's serves well again.

Count. An end, sir, to your business: Give Helen this.

And urge her to a present answer back:

Command me to your kinsmen, and my son;

This is not much.

Cleo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. I much employement for you: You understand me?

Cleo. Most truthfully; I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [Exeunt severally.]

[Scene III.—Paris. A Room in the king's Palace.

Enter BERTRAM, LAFAY, and PAROLLES.

Los. They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons to make modern

and ordinary.
Scene III.

All's well that ends well.

familiar things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors; encompassing ourselves into seeming knowledge when we should submit ourselves to an unspoken fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the greatest circle of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Par. To be refreshed by the pleasures of the arts.

Par. Thus did both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Par. Of all the learned and ancient authorities, --

Par. Right, so I say.

Par. That gave him out incurable.

Par. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

Par. Not to be helped,--

Par. Right: as 'twere a man assured of an

Par. In life, and more death.

Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

Par. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in — What do you call there? --

Par. A showing of a heavily elect in an earthly actor.

Par. That 'tis I would have said; the very same.

Par. Why, your dolphin is not hustler: for me, I speak in respect—

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most furious spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Par. Very hand of heaven.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Par. In a most weak—

Par. And debi minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king as to—

Par. Generally thankful.

Enter King, Helena, and Attendants.

Par. I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the king.

Par. Lusties, as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head: Who can be able to her a coranto.

Par. Mort du Vinagre! Is not this Helen?

Par. Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.—

Par. Enters an Attendant.

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side; and with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense

Thou hast repeated, a second time receive

This confirmation of my great estate, well, which but attains thy name.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel

Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing.

Our whom both sovereign power and father's voice

I have to use: thy frank election make;

Then hast power to choose, and they owe to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress

Fat, when love please!—marry, to each, but one!

Par. I'll give day Curtal5 and his furniture.

Maidens more to were broken than these boys;

And writ as little heard.

King. Peruse them well.

Not one of those but had a nobler father.

Gentlemen.

Heaven hath through me restored the king to health.

All. We understand it and thank heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest.

Den. Proved, I simply am a maid: please it your majesty, I have done already:

The blusses in my checks thus whisper me,

We blush, that thou shouldn't choose; but be resol'd,

Let the death of love by thy choice take; we'll come there again.

King. Make choice; and see,

Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

Now, Helen, from the altar do I fly: And to imperial Love, that god most high,

Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit? --

Lord, and grant it.

Hel. This is sir; all the rest is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw amces—^for my life.

Hel. The honest sir, that fancies in your eyes,

Before I speak, too threateningly replies:

Love make your fortunes twenty times above

Her that so wishes, and her humble love;

To Lord. No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive, Which great love grant; and so I take my leave.

L. f. Do you deny her? an they were sons of mine, I'd kill them then and after; and would send them to the Turk, to make enunciats of.

L. k. Be not afraid! [To a Lord.] that if your hand

should take,

I'll never say you were for your own sake; blossing upon your vows! and in your bed,

Find fairer fortune, if you ever well!

L. a. These boys are boys of thee, they'll none have her: sure, these are bad coats to the English; the French never got them.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,

To make yourself a son out of my blood.

L. d. Lord, fair one, I think not.

Hel. There's one grape yet,—I am sure, thy father drank wine:—but it thou best'st not an a. I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already. I shall say, I take you; [To Bertram] but I give

Me, and my service, ever whilst I live,

Into thy strong power.—This is the man.

King. Why then, young Bertram take her, she's thy

wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege! I shall beseech your

highness

In such a business give me leave to use

The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,

What she has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord;

But never hope to know why I should marry her. King. Thou know'st she has raised me from my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows, it my lord, to bring me down

Must answer for your raisin? I know her well;

She had her breeding at my father's charge:

A poor physician's daughter: by thy wife!—Disdain rather corrupt me ever!

Kings. This only title thou disclaimst in her, the

which

I can build up. Strange is it that our bloods,

Of color, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,

Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off

In differences so small:—if she be

All that is this—thou hadst will with thou diskist,

A poor physician's daughter, thou disdinst,

Of virtue for the name: but do not so:

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,

The place is sanctified by the decay of

Where great additions swell, and virtue none.

It is a dropped honor: good alone

Is good; without a name, vileness is so:

This property by what it is should go

Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;

In those to nature she's immediate heir;

And these bred honor: that is honor's scorn,

Which calls itself as I'm born, and

And is not like the sire: Honors but thrive,

When neither from our acts we derive

Than our fore-goes: the more a word a slave,

Delusions' every tomb; of every grave,

A lying trophy, and as oft is dunnish

Where dust, and cannaed oblivion is the tomb

Of honor'd bones indeed. What should be said?

If thou canst make this green, I care as a maid,

I can create the rest: virtue, and she

Is her own dower; honor and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Then let him dissemble thyself, if thou should'st

strive to choose

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I am

glad:

Let the rest.

King. My honor's at the stake: which to defeat,

I must produce my power: Here, take her hand,

Polin, score boy: and this: a truly good gift

That dost in vile misprision shake up

My love and her desert; that canst not dream,

We, poising us in her defective scale.

Shall reach thee to the beam: that will not know

It is in us to plant thine honor, where

i. e. The want of title.

6 Titles.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Act II.

We please to have it grow: Check thy contempt! Obey our will, which travels in thy good.

Believe not my disclaimers, but proceed.

Do thine own fortunes that obsequious right
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,
Into the cords, and that careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance; both my remedy and hate,
Loosing upon thee in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity: Speak; thou answer.

I would thou couldst recant, my gracious lord,
To a pure conscience; and thy present sin
My fancy to thy eyes: When I consider,
What great creation, and what dote of honor,
Lies where you but it, I find, that she, which late
As this matter, in a proper light most new
The praise of the king; who, so condemed,
Is, as twere, born so.

King. And to her, she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoise; if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.

Pur. I take my hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favor of the king,
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
And shall be formed to light: that is least
Shall more attend upon the coming spare,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious; else, dost crr.

[Enter KING, BERTRAM, HELENA, Lords, and Attendants.]

Luf. Do you hear, monsieur? I warn with you.
Par. Your pleasure, sir?

Luf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation!—my lord?—my master?
Luf. Ay: Is it not a language, I speak?
Par. A most harsh one; and not to be understood
Without bloody succeeding. My master!
Luf. Are you companion to the count Rousillon?
Par. To any count: all counts to what is man.
Luf. To what is count's man; count's master is of
what is man.
Par. You are two old, sir; let it satisfy you,
You are too old.

Luf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to
whom thee are not able to bring thee.
Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.
Luf. I did think thee for two ordinarie; to be
a pretty wise fellow: thou didst make tolerable vent
of thy travel: it could pass: yet the scars, and
the banerets, about thee, did manfully dissuade me
from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden.
I have known, and seen, where I list: I care not:
yet art thou good for nothing but taking up;
and that thou art scarce worth.

Luf.Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,
Par. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest
then hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy
on thee for a! so my good window of lattice,
fare thee weal; yet need not open, for
I look through thee. Give me thy hand.
Par. My lord, you give me most egregious
indecency.

Luf. Ay, with all my heart; and thon art worthy
of it.
Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Luf. Yet, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not late thee a scribble.
Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Luf. Even as soon as thou canst, for thou hast
to pull at a snare or the contrary. If ever thou be'st
bound in thy scarfs, and beaten, thou shalt find what
it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to
hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge:
that I may say, in the default he is
a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable
vexation.

Luf. If it would be heart-pains for thy sake,
and my poor doing eternal; for doing I aim at; as
I will by them, in what motion age will give me leave.
Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this
disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—
Well, I must be patient; there is no tutoring of
authority: I'll beat him by my life, if I can meet
him with any convenience, and he were double
and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age,
than I would have of—i'll beat him, as an if could
but meet him against it. I'm master.

Reciter LAFEU.

Luf. Sirrah, your lord and master's sold,
there's news for you; you have a new mistress.
Par. I most unequally beseech your lordship
to make some reservation of your wrongs: He is my
good lord: whom I serve above is my master.

Luf. Who? God!
Par. Ay, sir.

Luf. More than that, is it; that's thy master: Why dost thou
garter up thy arms o this fashion? dost make
hole of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou
wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands.
By my name! if I were but two hours younger,
I'll beat thee; methinks, thou art a general offence,
and every man should beat thee. I think, thou
wrist created for men to breathe; themselves upon thee.
Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.
Luf. Go to, sir: you were beaten in Italy for
picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a
vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more
sauce with lords, and honorable personages,
than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you
mission. Can you say: I have made any other word: I
call you knave. I leave you.

[Enter BERTRAM.]

Par. Good, very good; it is so then.—Good,
very good; let it be concealed a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!
Par. What is the matter, sweet-heart?—
Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have
sworn,
I will not be her.
Par. What? what, sweet-heart?
Ber. O, my Paroles, they have married me:
I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.
Par. She's a deep-hole, and more to merit
The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!
Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the
import is,
I know not yet.
Par. Ay, that would be known: To the wars,
my boy, to the wars!

Ber. He wears his honor in a box unopen,
That loses his kicky-wicky, here at home;—
Spending his mainy narrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bond and high current
Of house and name. O, Mars, what! is Monsieur
France is a stable; we dwell in ínades;—
Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It shall be so; I'll send her to my house;
Acquaint my mother with my hat to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak: His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where more fellows strike: War is no strife
To the dark house, and the detested wife.
Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art sure!
Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me,
I'll send her straight away: To-morrow,
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.
Par. Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it.

[Enter PAROLLES, DOBINE, and CLYSDENNE.
A young man, married, is a man that marr'd;
Therefore away, and leave her bravely: go;
The king has done you wrong; but, hush! 'tis so.

SCENE IV.—Another Room in the same.

Enter HELENA and CLAUDIA.

Hei. My mother greets me kindly: Is she well?
Cla. She is not well, but yet she has her health;
she is not past fifty, but yet she is not well: but
tha's be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i
the world: but yet she is not well!

Hei. If she be very well, what does she all, that
she's not well?

Cla. Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two
things.

Hei. What two things?

Cla. 1. a cent term for a wife.
2. The house made gloomy by discontent.
Scene V.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Co. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she's in earth, whence God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on: and to keep them on, you still.—O, my knife! How does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and her morn, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, then! it's a knife.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knife thou art a knife: that is, before me thou art a knife: this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasures, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knife, faith, and well fed.—Madam, my lord will so away tonight;

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 by a compell'd restraint;
Whose want, and whose delay, is stewed with savours,
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 he wills else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the king,

And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strength'nd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtained, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, sirrah.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Another Room in the same.

Enter LAFFEE and BERTRAM.

Laf. But I hope, your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approbation.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting.«

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience, and transgressed against his valor; and my state that way 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.

[Exit PAROLLES.

Par. These things shall be done, sir.«

[To BERTRAM.

Par. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

Ber. Sir?

Par. 0, I know him well: Ay, sir; he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. Is she gone to the king?«

[Aside to PAROLLES.

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?«

[Enter PAROLLES.

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have two more letters, casketed my treasure,

Given order for our horses; to-night.

When I should take possession of the bride,

And, ere I do begin,—

Laf. A young lady is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that loses three thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand wantings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.—

God save your captivation!

Ber. Is there anyunkindness 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, roots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer questions for your renouned innocence.

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 spoke better of you, than you have or will deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil.

[Exit PAROLLES.

Ber. Little lord, I swear.

Par. I think so.

Ber. Why, do you not know him?

Par. Yes, I do know him well; and common speech

Gives him a worthye pass. Here comes my cog.

[Enter HELena.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,

Spoke with the king, and have procured his leave

For present parting; only, he desires

Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.

You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,

Which holds not color with the time, nor does

The munition of the 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 pressure you be your way for home;

And rather muse, than ask, why I entreat you:

For my respects are better than they seem;

And my appointments have in them a need,

Greater than shows itself, at the time new,

To you that know them not. This to my mother.

[Giving a letter.

’Twill be two days ere I shall see you again; so

I leave you to your wisdom.

Sir, I can nothing say,

But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall

With true observance seek to eke out that,

Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd

To equal my great fortune.

Let that go:

My haste is very great: Farewell; lie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;

Nor dare I say, ’tis mine; and yet it is;

but, like a timorous thief, most fear would steal

What law does vouch name own.

What would you have!

Hel. Something; and scarce so much.—nothing, indeed,—

I would now ask you what I would: my lord—faith, yes:—

Strangers, and foes, do sounder, and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your building, good my lord.

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur?—

Farewell.

[Exit HELena.

Go thou toward home; where I will never come,

Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum,—

Away and for our flight.

[Par. Bravely, coraggio! [Exit.]

Wonder.

I possess.
ACT III.


Flourish. Enter: the Duke of Florence, attended; two French Lords, and others.

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war;
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.

1 Lord. Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part: black and fearful
On the opposite.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

2 Lord. Good my lord
The consuls of our state I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unseen motion; therefore dare not
Say what I think of it; since I have found
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I guessed.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

2 Lord. But I am sure, the younger of our nature,
That surfeit on their case, will, day by day,
Come here for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall they be;
And all the honors, that can fly from us,
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fall:
To-morrow to the field.

[Flourish. Exit Clowns.

SCENE II.—Rousillon. A room in the Count's Palace.

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had
it, save, that he comes not along with her.

Clown. by my troth, I take my young lord to be a
very melancholy man,

Count. by what observance, I pray you?

Clown. Alas, he will look upon his boat, and sing;
Mend the rift, and sing: ask questions, and sing;
Pick his teeth, and sing; I know a man that had
this trick of melancholy, sold a goodly manor for a
song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when
he means to come.

[Reads.]

[Exit Clown.

Open a letter.

Count. I was more mind to Isbel, since I was at
court: our old line and our Issue o' the country
are nothing like your old line and your Issue o' the
court; the brains of my Cupid's knocked out; and
I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with
no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clown. E'en that you have here.

[Exit Clown.

[Reads.] I have sent you a daughter-in-
law; she hath recovered the king, and undone me.
I have tricked her, not beheaded her; and sworn to
make the not eternal. You shall hear, I am run
away; know it, before the report come. If there be
been enough in the world, I will hold a long
dispose.

My duty to you. Your unfortunate son.

Bertram.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favors of so good a king;
To place his indignation on thy head,
By the misprizing of a mad too vicious
For the contempt of empire.

[Enter Clown.

Clown. O madam, wonder is heavy news within,
between two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clown. Nay, there is some comfort in the news,
some comfort; your son will not be killed so soon
as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be killed?

* The folding at the top of the book,

Clown. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear
he does: the danger is in standing to't; that's the
loss of men, though it be the getting of children.
Here they come, will you tell me more: for my part,
I only hear, your son was run away.

[Exit Clown.

Enter Helena and two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 Gent. I do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience.—Pray you, gentle-
men.—

I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can wear the mask.—Where is my son, I pray
you?

2 Gent. Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of
Florence.

We met him thitherward; from thence we came,
And after some dispatch in hand at court,
Thither we lend again.

Hel. Look on this letter, madam; here's my
passport.

[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
I call me husband: but in such a case I live a never.
This is a most lawful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 Gent. Ay, madam;

And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

2 Gent. Such is his noble purpose: and, believe't,
The duke will lay upon him all the honor,
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither!

1 Gent. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wings 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 Gent. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply
which
His heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
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 Gent. A servant only, and a gentleman,
Which I have some time known.

Count. Paroles, wasn't not?

1 Gent. Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wicked-
ness.

My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his indocility.

1 Gent. 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 treat you, when you see my son,
To tell him, that his sword can never win
The honor that he loses; more I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.

2 Gent. We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies
Will you do hear?—

[Exit Countess and Gentlemen.

Hel. Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.

Nothing in France, until he has no wife!

* Exchange.
Scene V.  All's Well That Ends Well.

Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France, Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! it is I, That chace thee from thy country, and expose Those tender limbs of thine to the event Of the non-sparing war; and bid thee take That dastardly course from the sportive court, where thou Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark Of snaky muskets! O you leaden messengers, That met the raven horn when he too roar'd, With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'were That all the aspersions, which nature owes, Were mine at once: No, come thou home, Rousillon, Whence honor 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 hence to die? no, no, although The air of paradise did fan the house, And angels offered all: I will be gone; That pitiful rumor may report my flight, To precipitate that ear. Come, bid her end, day! For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [Exit.]


Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram, Lords, Officers, Soldiers, and others.

Renaud. The general of our horse thou art; and we, Great as our hope, lay our best love and credence Upon thy promising fortune.

Bertram. Sir, it is A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet With much desire I bear it for thy worthy sake, To the extreme edge of hazard.

Renaud. Then go thou forth; And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm, As thy auspicious master! This very day, Great Mars, I put my self into thy tile; Make me but like my thoughts; and I shall prove A lover of thy thun, hater of his death. [Exeunt.]

Scene IV.—Rousillon. A room in the Countess's Palace.

Enter Countess and Steward.

Countess. Alas! and would you take the letter of her? Master count, thou know'st she would be done, By sending me a letter? Read it again.

Steward. I am sure saint Jacques' pilgrim, thither gone: Ambitious love hath so me offended,

That barefoot pilot I the cold ground upon,

With solemn vow my faults to have amended.

Write, write, that from the bloody course of war,

My dearest master, your dear son may die;

Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far,

In some amiableendoza feeling kindly;

His taken tears but him I forgive;

I, his dishonorable Jest, send forth

From courtly friends, with camping to live,

Held yet by dear and dying words of worth;

He's too good and far for death and me:

Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.

Countess. Ah, what sharp stings are in her midstest words?

Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much, As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her, I could have well divertid her intents, Which thus she hath prevented.

Steward. Pardon me, madam; If I had given you this at over night, She might have been o'ertein; and yet she writes, Her love to grant, reprieve him from the wrath Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo, * Ravnous. * Alluding to the story of Hercules. * Discretion or thought.

To this unworthy husband of his wife; Let every word weigh heavy on her worth, That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief, Though little he do feel it, set down sharply, Dispatch the most convenient means to that. When, haply, he sheld beer that she is gone, He will return; and hope I may, that she, Harming so much, will speed her lost again, And hinder her, where by her advice she was Here, she is nearest to me, I have no skill in sense To make distinction:—Provide this messenger:—My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak; Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

Scene VI.—Without the walls of Florence.

A Tucket afar off: Enter an old Widow of Florence, Diana, Violante, Marianna, and other citizens.

Widow. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

Diana. They say, the French count has done most honorable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander; and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. We have lost our labor: they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

Mari. Come let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French Earl; the honor of a maid is her name; and this legacy is so rich and agreeable.

Wid. I had told my neighbor, how you have been solicited by a gentleman, her companion.

Mari. I know that knife; hang him! one of those fellows is a spy; I have been told that they have such agents for the young earl.—Beware of them, Diana; their promises, entertainments, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under: * make your mind both be seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissipate succession, but that they are lined with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to advise you further; but I hope, my own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

Diana. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter Helena, in the dress of a Pilgrim.

Wid. I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim. I know she will lie at my house: thither they send one another: I'll question her:—

God save you, pilgrim! What are you bound? Hel. To Jacques' grand.

Wid. Where do the palmer's lodge, I do beseech you? Hel. At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

Wid. Is this the way?

Hel. Ay, marry, is it—Hark you! [A murch afar off.]

They come this way.—If you will carry, holy pil-

grim,

But till the troops come by,

I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd.

The rather, for, I think, I know your hostess

As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself? Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim. Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.


Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours, That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you?

Diana. The count Rousillon: know you such one? Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him: His face I know not.

Wid. Whatsoe'er he is,

He's bravely taken here. He stole from France, As 'ts reported, fort the king had marred him

Against his liking: Think you it is so? Hel. Ay, the rage that men have to the truth, makes the lady. Dian. There is a gentleman, that serves the count, Reports but cursorily of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Diana. Monsieur Paroles.

Temptations. * Not what their names express. * Pilgrims; so called from a staff or bough of palm they were wont to carry. * Because.
Act III.

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 biding, I hold me no more in your respect.

1 Lord. He is a bubble, a mere bubble.

Ber. Do you think, I am so far deceived in him? 

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 observation.

2 Lord. He were not so you knew him; lest repose too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at some great and trusty business, in a main danger, forsook it.

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. 1, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him; such I will have, whom, I am

Deals. 2 A pauly's fellow, a coward.

Sure, he knew not from the enemy: we will bind and head him so that, he shall suppose no other but that be carried into the least of his adversaries, when we bring him to our tents: be your lordship present at his examination; if he do not, as becoming a man of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfit of his soul upon oath, never less, let him be convicted in any thing.

2 Lord. O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says he has a stratagem for't: when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and that it is the common business of war, be not 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 humor of his design; let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. A poor Monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2 Lord. A pass on't, let it go: 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! 'is't but a drum! A drum so lost! I there was an excellent command! to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers.

2 Lord. That was not to be blamed in the command of such; there is a dice of war that Caesar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success; some major harm had in the loss of that drum: but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is recovered; but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or his coat.

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to't, Monsieur, if you think your mystery in stragelam can bring this instrument of honor again into its native quarter, be magnificent in the enterprise, and go on: I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit; if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. About it this evening; and I will presently, you do not listen, mine own discretion, swear myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. He is to obey his grace, you are gone about it?

Par. I knew not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou art valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee.

Farewell.

Par. I love not many words.

[Exit.

1 Lord. No more than a fish loves water—is not this a strange fellow, my lord! that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damn his himself to do, and dare bet in a venture more than to do.'

2 Lord. You do not know him, my lord, as we do; certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favor, and, for a week, escape a great deal of discovery; when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

1 Lord. None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lists; but we have almost enticed him: you shall see his face, sir, this night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

2 Lord. We'll make you some sport with the for, ere we caution him. He was first smothered by the old lord Latour: when his discourse and he is parted, tell me what, a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

* The lines encomememt in 

\[ t \] i An Epithlap.

To enlise a dog is to enlise him in a wood.

Before we strip him naked.
Scene I.—All's Well That Ends Well.

1 Lord. I must go look my twigs; he shall be caught.

B. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

1 Lord. As't please your lordship: I'll leave you. [Exit.

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you
the last I spoke of.

2 Lord. But, you say, she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once, and
found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her, by this same cocconbe that we have 't the wind,
tokens and letters which she did re-send; and this is all I have done: she's a fair creature;
Will you so see her?

2 Lord. With all my heart, my lord. [Exit.

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,
But shall lose the ground I would make upon you.
Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses;
And would not put my reputation now
In my staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you,
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband;
And what to your purpose I have spoken,
Is so, from word to word: and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

I should believe you;
For you have shov'd me that, which well approves
You are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help this far,
Which I will ever-pay, and pay again
When I have found it. The count he woos your
daughter,
Lays down an ample siege before her beauty,
Resolves to carry her; let her, in fine, consent,
As we'll direct her how'tis best to bear it.
Now, his important blood will not easily deny
That shall she demand; that downward hath succeeded
In his house, from son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it; this ring he holds
In most rich clasp; yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howard repenting after.

Wid. Now I see
The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then: It is no more.
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring: appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time
Herself most chastely absent: after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To that is past already.

Wid. I have yielded:
Instruct my daughter how she shall perserue.
That time and place, with this direct so lawful,
May prove as convenient. Every night comes
With musics of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness: it nothing steady's,
To chide him from our caves; for he persists,
As his life lay on.

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. [Exit.

Act IV.

Scene I.—Without the Florentine Camp.

Enter first Lord, with five or six soldiers in ambush.

1 Lord. He can come no other way but by this
hedge corner: When you softly upon him, speak
what terrible language you will: though you under-
stand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must
not seem to understand him; unless some one among
us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1 Sold. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1 Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows
he not thy voice?

1 Sold. No, sir, I warrant you.

1 Lord. But what lousy-wooley hast thou to speak
us again?

1 Sold. Even such as you speak to me.

1 Lord. He must think us some band of strangers
if the adversary's entertainment. 2 Now he hath a
smack of all neighboring languages; therefore we
must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to
know what we speak one to another; so we seem
to know; it's to know straight our purpose: chough's
language, gable enough, and good enough.
As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic.
But couch, hold here he comes; to beguile him
in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies
he forges.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours twill
be time enough to go home. What shall I say I
have done! It must be a very plausible invention
that carries it: They begin to smoke me; and
disguise is necessary. I am a late knocked-up door.
If I find, my tongue is too foolishly but my heart
the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not
daring the reports of my tongue.

1 Lord. This is the first truth that ever thine
own tongue was guilty of.

As'd.

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,

* 104. Foreign troops in the enemy's pay.
* 105. A bird like a Jack-daw.

I cot them in exploit: Yet slight ones will not carry it: They will say, Came you off with so little! and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore, what's the instance? 1 Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy another of Baja-
set's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

1 Lord. Is it possible, he should know what he is,
and be told in this wise? [Aside.

Par. Would the cutting of my garments would
serve the turn; or the breaking of my Spanish
sword might have a better effect.

1 Lord. We cannot afford you so. [Aside.

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say, it
was in stragazing.

1 Lord. You should not do. [Aside.

Par. O' to drown my clothes, and say, I was
stripped.

Lord. Hardly serve. [Aside

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window
of the citadel.

1 Lord. How deep? [Aside

Par. Thirty fathom.

1 Lord. Three great oaths would scarce make
that be believed. [Aside.

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's,
I would swear I recovered it.

Par. A drum now of the enemy's! [Eclare within

1 Lord. Thence men are coming, cargo, cargo, cargo.
All cargo, cargo, villianda par cargo, cargo.
Par. If ransom, ransom.—Do not hide mine
eyes. [They seize him, and blindfold him.

1 Sold. Baskos tromuldo baskos, 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 Floretine.

1 Sold. Baskos varrudo:—

Par. I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue:—

Kercipbouo —Sir:—

Let take thee to thy faith, for seventeen puniards
Are at thy bosom.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Par. Oh! 1. Sold. O, pray pray, pray.—
Manko verania duiche.

1. Lord. Oscorbi dulcios veloxerat.
1. Sold. The general is content to spare thee yet; And I'll have thee in, as thou wilt have thee on. To gather from thee: happily, 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: may, I'll speak that Which you will wonder at.
1. Sold. But will thou faithfully? 1. Par If I do not, damn me.
Come on, thou art granted space.

Enter his council, with PAROLLES guarded.

1. Lord. Go, tell the count Rosaline, and my brother.
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him uniled.
Till we do hear from them.

2. Sold. Captain, I will.
1. Lord. He will betray us all unto ourselves—
Inform them that.

2. Sold. So I will, sir.
1. Lord. Till then, I'll keep him dark, and safely lock'd. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.

Enter BERTRAND and DIANA.

Ber. They told me, that your name was Fontefell.
Diu. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. And worth it, with addition! But, forlorn,
In your live frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but it monument:
When you are dead, you should be known the one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
And now you should be as your mother was,
When your sweet self was got.
Diu. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be. No.

My mother did but duty: such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more of that! I pray thee, do not strive against my vows:
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee,
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.

Diu. Ay, so serve you; but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.

Ber. How have I sworn! 1. Diu. Tis not thy many oaths that make the truth:
But the plain simple vow, that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the highest to witness: then, pray you,
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill! this has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him: Therefore, your oath
Are words and poor conditions; but unseal'd;
At least, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it; Be not so holy-cruel; love is holy;
And my integrity n'er knew the crafts,
That you do charge men with! Stand no more off,
But give thyself into my sick desires.
Who then recover: say, thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, shall so persevere.

Diu. I see, that not my hopes, in such affairs,
That we'll formake ourselves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend thee it, my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.

Diu. Will you not, my lord? 1. Ber. It is an honor belonging to our house,
Bequested down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy the world
In me to lose.

Diu. Mine honor's such a ring:
My charity's the jewel of our house,
Bequested down from many ancestors;

Which were the greatest obloquy the world
In me to lose.

To whom the greatest obloquy the world
In me to lose.

Diu. Mine honor's such a ring:
My charity's the jewel of our house,
Bequested down from many ancestors;

Which were the greatest obloquy the world
In me to lose.
...and her. All's muffled! Sold. The third. I know, if I am this mean, half will be - Sold. the death; if I were to live, I have this moment to speak. He is, in all the world. the master, of a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Coriolanus so many; Gullion, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Grant, two hundred and fifty each; mine own company, Chichester, Vauaund, Benti, two hundred and fifty each: so that the master, in life, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand gold: half of which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks; lest they shake themselves to pieces. 

Ber. What can he believe to him? 

1 Lord. Nothing but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions, and what credit I have with the duke. 

1 Sold. Well, that's set down. You shall demand of him whether one Captain Daumain be the was but, what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and experience, is it or is it not, that he was amongst the lesser and between these two names scattered, equal to the weight of the minds of God, to corrupt him for ever. What say you to this? What do you know of it? 

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the interrogatories: Demand them singly. 

1 Sold. Do you know this chant Daumain? 

Par. I know him; he was a beadle's prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the sheriff's fool with child; a durnb innocent, that could not say him, nay. 

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your tongue; though I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls. 

1 Sold. Well, is this the captain in the duke of Florence's camp? 

Par. I pen my knowledge, he is, and haviourly. Lord, Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship, most modestly, and the patience to hear it. 

1 Sold. What is the reputation with the duke? 

Par. The duke knows him from no other but a poor officer of mine; and will to me the other day, to turn him out of the hand: I think I have his letter in my pocket. 

1 Sold. Marrs, we'll search. 

Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a slip, with the duke's other letters in my tent. 

1 Sold. Here's tis; here's a paper. Shall I read it to you? 

Par. I do not know if it be it or no. 

Ber. Our interpreter does it well. 

...


1 Lord. Excellently.
2 Sold. Dan. The count's a fool, and full of gold. Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an argument to a proper man and one, Diane, to take heed of the allurements of one count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very rutilish; I pray you, sir, put it up again.
3 Lord. Nor that, but by your favor.
Par. My meaning int', 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 whelp to virginity, and devours up all the try it finds.
Ber. Damnable, both sides rogue!
1 Sold. When he sweats oaths, bet him drop gold, and take it: After he scores he never pays the score; Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it. We're past pages after deals, take it before; And say a soldier, Dan, told thee this, Men are to well with, boys are not to kiss.
Par. For count of this, the count of a foot, I know it. Who pays before, but when he does once it. Taint, as he could to thee in thine ear, Parolles. Ber. He shall be whipped through the army, with this rhyme in his forehead.
2 Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manchild linguis, and the armament soldier.
3 Lord. And make them a thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.
1 Sold. I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.
Ber. My Lord, or in any case; not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repunt out the remainder of nature: let me live, sir, in a dungeon, if the stock's, or any where, so I may live.
2 Sold. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this captain Duman. You have answered to his repetition with the thing very bragging to his wit; What is his honesty.
Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a clasper, for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus; He proves out of shame, and in breaking them, he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fowl; drums comes; it is his virtue; for he will be sworn-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm; save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and by him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every man from that an honest man may 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 parrot's words more surely; shall he know, that a cat, for his chaff.
2 Sold. What say you to his expertise in war! Par. Youth, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians— to belpe him, I will not,—and more of his soldierly I know not; except, in that country he had the honor to be the officer at a place there called Miloseul, to instruct for the doubling of nes; I would do the man what honor I can, but this I am not certain.
1 Lord. He hath out-villainied villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.
Ber. A patch on him, he's a cat still.
2 Sold. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revoke.
Ner. Sir, far a quair d'ceut, he will sell the fes- simples 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 Duman?
2 Lord. Why does he ask him of me?
3 Sold. What's he?
Par. He's the brother of 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 it he returns any lackey; marry, in coming on he los the eramp.
1 Sold. If your life he 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 piece.
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, and to run into this danger: you would have suspected an ambush where I was taken! [Aside.] 
1 Sold. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you that have so trariously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can for no more reasons than honesty, that you must die. Come, headman, 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. [Unmeanfully 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 Laen? I am for France.
1 Lord. Lord, captain, well you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rousillon; and I was not a very cowardy, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well.
[Exit.] 

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were,
Two words might be good: but I'll not;
I'll be a man of more dignity,
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, blushed! and, Parolles, live
Saistest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
There's place, and means, for every man alive.
[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—Florence. A Room in the Widow's House. 

Enter Hellen, Widow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you.

One of the greatest in the christian world
Of the greatest in the christian world
One of the greatest in the christian world
One of the greatest in the christian world

And, in your business, you may have it,

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Rousillon.
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I'll be a man of more dignity,
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,
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One of the greatest in the christian world
One of the greatest in the christian world
One of the greatest in the christian world

And, in your business, you may have it,
SCENE V. —Rosillion. A Room in the Countess’s Palace.

Enter Countess, Lafeu, and Clown.

Lafeu. No, no, your son was misled with a snip, talked to his aton; whose villous sallamon would have made all the unbaked and dry stuff of a nation in his color: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour: and your son here at home, more advanced in my thinking, than by that red-tailed hum-ble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would, I had not known him! it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest grains of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Lafeu. I was a good lady, ’twas a good lady: we may pick a thousand salad, cress we light on such another herb.

Count. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salammon, and, or, rather, the herb of grace.

Lafeu. They are not salad-herbs, you know, they are rose-herbs.

Count. To no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir, I have not much skill in grass.

Lafeu. Whether dot thou profess thyself; a knave or a fool.

Count. A fool, sir, at a woman’s service, and a knave at a man’s.

Lafeu. Your distinction?

Count. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Lafeu. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Count. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

Lafeu. I will subscribe for thee; thou art both knave and fool.

Count. At your service.

Lafeu. No, no, no.

Count. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Lafeu. Who’s that? a Frenchman!

Count. Faith, sir, he has an English name; but his profession is more honest in France, than there.

Lafeu. What prince is that?

Count. The black prince, sir; alas, the prince of darkness; at the devil.

Lafeu. Hold there, there’s my purse; I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still.

Count. 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 him pretend 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 tall and tender; and they be for the lowery way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Lafeu. 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.

Count. If I put any tricks upon thee, sir, they shall be jades’ tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature.

Lafeu. A shrewed knave, and an unhappy.

Count. So be it. My lord, that’s gone, made himself much sport out of him; by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is his patron for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Lafeu. 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 home, I moved the king my master, to speak in the behalf of my daughter: which in the minor-ity of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his hunchness hath promised me to do it; and, to stop up the displeasure he hath against you, in the wise, there is no filler matter. How does your ladyship like at it?

Count. With very much content, my lord, and I wish it happily effected.

Lafeu. His horse’s cases 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 rejubes me; 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.

Lafeu. Madam, I was thinking, with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honorable privilege.

Lafeu. Lady, of that I have made a bold character; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Count. O madam yonder’s my lord your son with a patch of velvet on his face: whether there be a scar under it, or not, the velvet knows; but us a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a patch of two pyle and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Lafeu. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honor: I say, there is that.

Count. But it is your carbuncle’s face.

Lafeu. Let us see your son. I pray you; I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Count. Faith, there’s a dozen of er, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head and nod at every man.

SCENE I.—Marresilles. A Street.

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting, day and night, May wear your spirits low: we cannot help it: But since you have made the days as minutes 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, sir. God. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

God. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen

* End.
* There was a fashion of using yellow starch for bands
and ruffles, to which Lafeu alludes. 14. e. Ruc.
* Seduce.
* A gentleman falmer.

ACT V.

From the report that goes upon your goodness; And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions, Which by nice manners by, I put you to The use of your abilities, for which I shall continue thankful.

God. What’s your will?

Hel. That it will please you To give this poor petition to the king, And aid me with that share of power you have, To come into his presence.

God. The king’s not here.

Hel. Not here, sir?

God. Not, indeed.

Hel. He hence remov’d last night, and with more haste Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains! Hel. All’s well that ends well, yet.

Though tunes seem so adverse, and means unfit,— I do beseech you, whither is he gone! —

* Mischievously unhappy, waggish.
* Scored like a piece of meat for the gibbet.
Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Reuollion;
Whither I am gone.
Helt. I do beseech you sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Con-demn the payer to his gracious will in fortune's most,
And small somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.
Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish,
If it smell so strong as thou speakest of: I will
therefore eat no fish of fortune's buttering—
Pray thee, allow the word.
Par. Nay, you need not 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—
Pray then, get thee further.
Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.
Clo. Foh! pray thee, stand away: A payer from
fortune's close-stool to give to a homely man! Look,
he comes himself.

Exeunt Clown and Paroles.

Par. Good monsieur Lavatch, give my lord LaFen
this letter: I have, ere now, sir, been better known
to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher
lovers; but I am now, sir, in just the same state as
I was then. The good that is lost, is lost.
Clo. This I'll do for you. 
Helt. And you shall find yourself to be well
hinder'd.
What'er falls more.—We must to horse again:
Go, go, provide. 
[Exit.]

SCENE II.—Reuollion. The inner Court of the
Countess's Palace.

Enter Clown and Paroles.

Par. Good monsieur Lavatch, give my lord LaFen
this letter: I have, ere now, sir, been better known
to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher
lovers; but I am now, sir, in just the same state as
I was then. The good that is lost, is lost.

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this letter: I have, ere now, sir, been better known
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this letter: I have, ere now, sir, been better known
to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher
lovers; but I am now, sir, in just the same state as
I was then. The good that is lost, is lost.
Scene III.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Ber. Here it was not. I am afraid, the lie of Helen, lady, was no such snare.  
Count. Now, justice on the doors! Eenter BERTRAM, guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, since wives are monsters to you, and that you fly them as you swear them lordship, yet you desire to marry.—What woman's that?  
Re-enter Gentleman, with WIDOW and DIANA.  
Dian. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine, derived from the ancient Capulet; my suit, as I do understand, you know, and therefore you know I may be pitied.  
Ber. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honor both suffer under this complaint we bring, and both shall cease, without your remedy.  
King. Come, hidler, count: Do you know these women?  
Ber. My lord, I neither can, nor will deny but that I know them: Do they charme me further?  
Dian. Why do you look a substance upon your wife?  
Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.  
Dian. If you shall marry, you must give away this hand, and that is mine; you give away heaven's own vows and myself is mine; you give away yourself, which I own mine; for I by vow am so embodied yours, that she, which I reserve you, must marry me, either both or none.  
Laf. Your reputation [To BERTRAM] comes too short for my daughter; you are no husband for her.  
Ber. My lord, this is a fand and desperate creature, whom sometime I have laugh'd with: Let your highness lay a more noble thought upon mine honor.  
Laf. Than for to think that I would sink it here.  
King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend, till your deeds gain them: Fairer prove your honor, than in my thought it lies!  
Dian. Good my lord, ask him upon his oath, if he doth think he had not my virginity.  
King. What sayest thou to her?  
Ber. She's impudent, my lord, and was a common gamester to the camp.  
Dian. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so, he might have bought me at a common price: Do not believe him: O, behold this ring, whose high respect, and chargeable value, Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that, he give it to a compeer of the camp, if I be one.  
Count. He brushes, and 'tis it: Of six preceding ancestors, that gem Contended by testament to the subsequent issue, Hath it been worn and worn. This is his wife; That ring's a thousand proofs: Methought, you said, you saw one here in court could witness it.  
Dian. I did, my lord, but heath am to produce  
So bad an instrument, but mine's fairer.  
Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.  
King. Find him, and bring him hither.  
Ber. What of him? He's quoted for a most perfidious wretch.  
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debase'd: Whose nature sickens, but to speak a truth: Am I or that, or this, what he'll utter, that will speak any thing?  
King. She hath that ring of yours.  
Ber. I think she has; certain it is, I liked her, and hearded her, if the wanton way of youth: She knew her distance, and did angle for me, Maddening my cærseness with her restraint, As all impediments in fancy's course Are motives of more regard, in, as her insuit coming with her modern grace, Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring And I had that, which any inferior might At market price have bought.  
Laf. Because, die.  
Count. As gamester, when applied to a female, then meant a common woman.  
Ber. Debauch'd.  
Laf. Her solicitation concurring with her appearance of being common.
Diar. | I must be patient
You that turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly det me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband.)
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.
Ber. | I have it not.
Kinf. | What ring was yours, I pray you?
Diar. | Sir, much like
The same upon your finger.
Kinf. | Know you this ring? This ring was his
of late.
Diar. | And this it was I gave him, being a-loved.
Kinf. | The story then goes false, you tire it him
Out of a casement.
Diar. | I have spoke the truth.

Enter PAROLLES.
Ber. | My lord, I do confess, the ring was hers.
Kinf. | You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts
you.
Is this the man you speak of?
Diar. | Ay, my lord.
Kinf. | Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge
you.
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off.)
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?
Pur. | So please your majesty, my master
had been an honorable gentleman; tricks he hath had
in him, which gentlemen have.
Kinf. | Come, come, to the purpose: Did he love
this woman?
Pur. | Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?
Kinf. | How. I pray you!
Pur. | He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a
woman.
Kinf. | How is that?
Pur. | He loved her, sir, and loved her not.
Kinf. | As thou art a knave, and no knave:—
What an equivocal companion is this?
Pur. | I am a poor man, and at your majesty's
command.
Lof. | He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty
oracle.
Diar. | Do you know, he promised me marriage?
Pur. | Faith, I know more than I'll speak.
Kinf. | But wilt thou not speak all thou knowest?
Pur. | Yes, so please your majesty; I did go be-
 tween them, as I said: but more than that, he
loved her,—for indeed he was mad for her, and
thanked of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I
know not what; yet I was in that credit with them
at that time, that I knew of their going to bed;
and of other motions, as promising her marriage,
and things that would derive me till I will to speak of,
therefore I will not speak what I know.
Kinf. | Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou
canst say they are married: but then art too fine
in thy evidence; therefore stand aside.—
This ring, you say, was yours?
Diar. | Ay, my good lord.
Kinf. | Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?
Diar. | It was not given me, nor do I did not buy it.
Kinf. | Who lent it you?
Diar. | It was not lent me neither.
Kinf. | Where did you find it then?
Diar. | I found it not.
Kinf. | If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him?
Diar. | I never gave it him.
Kinf. | This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she
goes off and on at pleasure.
Diar. | This ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.
Diar. | It might be yours or hers for aught I know.
Kinf. | This take away, I do not like her now:
To prison with her, and away with him.—

Unless thou tell'st me where thou hast this ring;
Thou diest within this hour.
Diar. | I'll never tell you.
Kinf. | Take her away.
Diar. | I'll put in bail, my liege.
Kinf. | I think thee now some common customer
Diar. | By Jove, if ever I knew man, twas you.
Kinf. | Wherewith hast thou accused him all this
hour?
Diar. | Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty:
He knows I am no mad, and he'll swear to t.
I'll swear I am a mad, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life;
I am either mad, or else this old man's wife.

[Pointing to LAFLEUR.]
Kinf. | She does abuse our ears; to prison with
Diar. | Good mother, fetch my bail.—Say, royalsir;
[Exit Widow.
The jeweler, that owes the ring, is sent for,
And he shall surety. But for this lord,
Who hath abused me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him:
He knows himself, my bed he hath 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.
Kinf. | Is there no exorcist
Besides the truer office of mine eyes?
It's real, that I see!—
Hel. | No, my good lord;
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.
Ber. | Both, both; O, pardon!
Hel. | O, my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring,
And, look you, here's your letter: This it says,
When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child, &c.—This is done:
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?
Ber. | If she, my liege, can make me know this
clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever dearly.
Hel. | If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you!—
O, my dear mother, do I see you here?
Lof. | Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon;
Good Tom Drum, [To PAROLLES], lend me a handker-
chief; So, I thank thee; wait on me home, I'll
make sport with thee: Let thy courtesies alone,
They are sevyne ous.
Kinf. | Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow:
If thou best yet a fresh uncropted flower,
[To DIANA.
Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can guess, that, by thy honest aid,
Thou kest:' a wife herself, thyself a maid.—
Of that, and all the progress, more and less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express;
All yet seems well, and if it end so meet,
The latter past, more welcome is the sweet.

[Exeunt.

Advancing.

The king's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended, if this suit be you,
That you express content; which we will pay,
With stirs to please you, day ensuing day.
Ours be your patience, then, and yours our parts;1
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

[Exeunt.

1 Owes. | t. e. Take our parts, support and defend his.

ENDS.
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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<td>in the Induction.</td>
<td>in the Induction.</td>
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INDUCTION.

SCENE I.—Before an alehouse on a heath.

Enter Hostess and Sly.

Sly. I'll phrase 'tou, you, in faith.
Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!
Sly. Y'are a baggage; the Slys are no rogues.
Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore pass these paltriness; let the world side: See! ?
Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst!
Sly. No, not a denier: Go by, says Jeronimo;—
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. 1 shall answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly.
[Dies down on the ground, and falls asleep.

Wind blows. Enter a Lord from hunting, with Huntsman and Servants.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds!
Brach: Merriman,—the poor cur is embossed,—
And couple clover with the deep-mouthed brach.
Sawst thou not, boy, how Silver made it good.
At the hedge corner, in the coldest frost?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.
1. Hunt. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the nearest loss,
And twice today picked out the dullest scent:—
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.
Lord. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But say them well, and look unto them all;
To morrow I intend to hunt again.
1. Hunt. I will, my lord.
Lord. What's here? One dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?
2. Hunt. He breathes, my lord: Were he not
Warm'd with ale.
This was a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.
Lord. O monstros beast! how like a swine he lies!
Grime death, how foul and boathsome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man,—
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapped in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
1. Beat or knock. 2 Few words. 3 Be quiet. 4 This line and word in Spanish is used in burlesque from an old play called Hieronymo or the Spanish Tragedy.
5 An officer whose authority equals that of a constable. 6 Ditch. 7 Strained.

And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?
2. Hunt. It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.
Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the jest:—
Cry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wonton pictures:
Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet.
Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a duet and a heavenly sound;
And let he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And, with a low submissive reverence,
Say,—What is it your honor will command?
Let one attend him with a silver bason,
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the euer, the third a diaper,
And say,—Will't please your lordship cool your hands?
Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease;
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;
And, when he says he is,—say that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly, gentle sir;
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be handfasted with modesty. 1
1. Hunt. My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part.
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.
Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him,
And each one to his office when he wakes.—
[Some bear out Sly. A trumpett sounds.
Sirrah, go see what trumpett 'tis that sounds:—
[Exit Servant.
Belike, some noble gentleman; that means,
Traveling some journey, to repose him here.—

Re-enter a Servant.

How now? who is it?
Sirs. Players that offer service to your lordship.
Lord. But them come near:—

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.
1. Play. We thank your honor.
Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?
2. Play. So please your lordship to accept our duty
6 Moderation.
by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-baiter, and now a present profession a tinker! Ask Marzen Hacket, the fat alewife of Winchot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheet ale, or ask her by name. I come no more for the nearest knave in Christendom.

What, I am not bestraught? Here's—

1 Serv. 0, this is it that makes your lady mourn.
2 Serv. O, this it is that makes your servants wonder.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house.

As beauteous by your strange infancy.

0, noble lord, be thankful of thy birth!

Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,

And banish hence these object lovelv dreams:

Look, and observe how they do attend thee,

Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have music? bark! Apollo plays.

[Music.

And twenty caged nightingales do sing:

Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,

Sofer and sweeter than the lustful bed

On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.

Say, thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the ground:

Or wilt thou ride! thy horses shall be trap'd,

Their harness stuffed all with gold and pearl.

Dost thou love hawking! thou hast hawks will soar

Above the bounding hawk's, thy hand shall droop.

Thy hounds shall make the wellkin answer them,

And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 Serv. Say, thou wilt course; thy greyhounds

As before stags, ay, fester than the roe.

2 Serv. Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch

Thee there straight!

Adonis, painted by a running brook:

And Cytherea all in sedges hid;

Which seem to move and wander with her breath,

Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. I shall shun thee, as she was a maid;

And how she was bewildered and surpris'd,

As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 Serv. Or Daphne, running through a thorny

Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds:

And at that sight shall said Apollo weep,

So worketh the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:

Thou hast a lady far more beautiful

Than any woman in this waning age.

1 Serv. Shall, till the tears that she had shed for thee,

Like envious floods, o'er-run her lovely face.

She was the fairest creature in the world;

And she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?

Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?

I do not sleep; I see, I hear, I speak;

I am in my senses; and I feel all things:

Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;

And not a tinker, nor Cristopher Sly.—

Well, bring our lady hither to our sight:

And more anon, a pot of the smallest ale.

2 Serv. Will ye please your mightiness to wash

Your hands?

Servants present on ever, basin and napkin.

O, how we will see you in thy restor'd

O, that once 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.

Now, gentlemen, I am a gentleman by my bay, 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 you were never so much as to look through the door;

And raii upon the hostess of the house;

And say, you would present her at the feet,

Because she brought stone jars and moss'd d'quarts.

Sometimes you should call out have no stock;

Serv. Aye, the woman's maid of the house.

3 Serv. Why, sir, you know no house, nor no

Nor no such men, as you have reck't on:—

As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,

And Peter Torr, and Henry Pipermell;

And twenty more such names and men as these,

Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends;

Distracted.

Court-leet.
For how I firmly am resolved you know; that is, not to bestow my youngest daughter, before I have a husband for the elder: if either of you both love Katharine, because I know you well, and love you well, you shall have to court her at your pleasure. To make a state of me amongst these mates! Hor. Mates, madam! how mean you that! no mates for you, unless you were of gentler, milder mould. Kath. I faith, sir, you shall never need to fear; I wish it is not half way to her heart: but, if it were, doubt not her care should be to comb your nozzle with a three-legged spool, and paint your face, and use you like a fool. Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us! Kath. And me, too, good Lord! Tranio. Hugh, master! here is some good pastime toward; that wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward. Luc. But in the other's silence I do see Maid's mild behavior and sobriety. Peace, Tranio. Tranio. Well said, master: mum! and gaze your fill. Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good What I have said.—Bianca, get you in: and let it not displease thee, good Bianca; For I will love thee never the less, my girl. Kath. A pretty plot! 'tis best Put finger in the eye,—an she knew why. Biana. Sister, content you in my discontent— Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe; My books, my instruments shall be my company; On them to look, and practice by myself. Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou mayst hear Minerva speak: [Aside. Hor. Signor Baptista, wilt thou be so strange! Sorry am I, that our good will effects Bianca's grief. Grat. Why will you weep, her up, Signor Baptista, for this kind of hell, And make her bear the penance of her tongue?— Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolved— Go in, Bianca. [Aside. Exit Bianca. And for I know, she taketh most delight In music, instruments, and poetry, Schoolmasters will I keep within my house To instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio, Signor Gremio, you know any such Prefer them hither; for to cunning men I will be very kind, and liberal To mine own children in good bring up;
And therefore has he closely mewed her up,
Because she shall not be annoy’d with suitors.
Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father’s he!
But all thou not advised, he took some care
To give thee (not a fit one) to instruct her.
Tra. Ay, marry, an I, sir; and now this plotted.
Luc. I have it, Tranio.
Tra. Master, for my hand,
Keep your inventions meet and jump in one.
Luc. Tell me thine first.
Tra. You will be schoolmaster
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That’s thy device.
Luc. It is: May it be done?
Tra. Not possible: For who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincenzo’s son?
Keep your books, sir; take your welcome friends,
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them!
Luc. Basta! content thee; for I have it full.
We yet have been often in my lady’s house.
Luc. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.
Gre. A husband! a devil.
Luc. I say, a husband.
Gre. I say, a devil: Think’st thou, Hortensio,
though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to her?
Hor. Tush, Gremio; though it pass your patience,
And mine, for this and many other reasons;
yet, what’tis, poor fellow, in the world, man,
there be good fellows in the world; an any man could light on them, would take with her all faults, and money enough.
Gre. Why, that’s true, tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipt at the high-cross, every morning.
Hor. Faith as you say, there’s small choice in round apples. But, come! since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained,—till by helping Baptista’s eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to airesh.—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole. How say you, signor Gremio?
Hor. I am assured; and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

Enter Gremio and Hortensio.

Tra. [Advancing.] I pray, sir, tell me,—is it possible
That love 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 only I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in madness; For, when I spoke to a plain youth, and asked him whether he had seen me,
That art to me as secret, and as dear,
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,—
Tra. Tell me, I am sure, I am marvilled.
Gre. I am sure, I am sure, I am marvilled.
If I achieve not this young modest girl:
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst,
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.
Tra. What is it now, I pray thee chuse now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touched you, nought remains but so—
Redimite te captura quam quos mihid.
Luc. Gremio, go forward: this contains;
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel’s sound.
Tra. Master, you look’d so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark’d not what’s the pith of all.
Luc. You take a sweet beauty, sir, for face,
Such as the daughter of Agemem had,
That made great Jove toumbles him to her hand,
When with his knees he kissed the Cretan strand.
Gre. Say you no more? mark’d you not how, her sister
Began to scoot, and raise up such a storm,
That no man could in the world end it?
Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air;
That sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.
Gre. Nay, then, I dare not strive with his trance.
Luc. I pray awake, sir; if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:
Her oldest sister is so curt and shrueful,
That, till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
E endorsements. *consideration. *gain or lot.
Scene II. TAMING OF THE SHREW.

My best beloved and approved friend, Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house:—
Here, sirrah Grumio: knock, I say.
Hort. Knock, sir! whom should I knock! is there any man in or out of the gate?—
Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly. These glasses shew me the way by the cars.
Gru. Knock you here, sir? why, sir, what am I sir, that I should knock you here, sir?—
Pet. Villain, I say, knock me out of this gate, and tap me well, or I'll knock your knave’s pate.
Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome: I should knock you first, and then I know who comes by the worst.
Pet. Will it not be?—
Pet. Right, sirrah, an you not knock, I'll wring it; I'll try how you can set, fix, and sing it.
Pet. Know what?—
Hort. And there he goes by the cars.
Pet. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.
Pet. Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!—
Pet. A senseless villain!—
Hort. And there he goes by the cars.
Pet. Since Hortensio, come you to part the fray! Can't tell what more trevolo, may I say.
Hort. Alt-a nostra casa bene venuto, Molto onorato signore mio Petruchio.
Gru. Rise, rise up, sirrah, if you owe, or have or aren’t this quarrel.
—If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service.—Look you, sir, he bad me knock him, and I would not. Well, I'll fit for a service vant to use him myself; being, perhaps, (for aught I see,) two-and-thirty, a pinchpot! Whom would to God, I had well knock’d at first, and not found not fit for a service vant to use him myself: being—perhaps, (for aught I see,) two-and-thirty—'
Gru. If I knock, I knock at the house's door.
Pet. Speak me those words plain—
Pet. Sirrah, knock me here.
Gru. Rap me well, knock me well, and knock me where you please.
And come you now with—knocking at the gate.
Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.
Pet. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge;
What would I do if it were not for him and you; An your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio,
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?
Pet. I knock and wind as scatters young men through the world.
To seek their fortunes further than at home,
Where small experience grows. But, in a word,
Signior Hortensio, this it stands with me:—
Antonio, my father, is deceas’d:
And I have trust myself into this maze,
Haply to thrive, and thrive as I best may.
Gutting in my purse I have, and good at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.
Hort. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favored wife?
That's thank me but a little for my counsel.
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich:—but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.
Pet. Signior Hortensio, who is this that talketh such friends as we,
Few words suffice: and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife
(As wealth is burthen of my waging-dance),
Be as my soul as was Florizel’s partner, sir,
As old as Sybil, and as curt and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
She moves not, or not removes at least,
A letter's edge in me: were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas:
I come to wife it wealthy in Padua;
If wealthy, then happily in Padua:
For he, or whom he tells you what is his mind: Why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet baby; or an old troth with ne'er a tooth in her head, and as many spaces as two and fifty horses; why nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.
Pet. Petruchio, since we have stepped thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.

Can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous:
Brought up on as best becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault (and that is fault enough)
Is,—that she is inordinately young.
And shrewd, and froward; and so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worse than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.
Pet. True, peace, peace; thou know'rt not gold's effect:—
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough:
For I will board her, though she chide as hard
As any where when the change is at an end of crick.
Hort. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renewed in Padua after her seducing tourne.
Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well:—
I will not sleep, Hortensio, I'll see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.
Pet. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humor lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I, she would think scolding would do little good upon her: She may, perhaps, call him half a score or so, and he be born once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, sir,—and she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so desig-nire her with it, that weak eyes to see withal than a cat: You know him not, sir.
Hort. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee;
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is:
He hath the jewell of my life in for his; his youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withholds from me, and other more suitors to her, and rivals in my love: A thing impossible.
(For those defects I have before rehearsed,
That ever Katharina will be wound;
Therefore this order hath Baptista bin;
That none shall have access unto my lady,
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.
Gru. Katharine the curst!
A title for a mad, of all titles the worst.
Hort. Now shall I my friend Petruchio do me grace;
And offer me displeas'd in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster.
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca.
That so I may by this devise, at least,
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And, unsuspected, court her herself.

Enter Gremio: with him Lucentio, disguised,
with books under his arm.
Gru. Here's no knavery! See; to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! Master, master, look about you: Who goes there! ha! ha!
Hort. Peace, Grumio, 'tis the rival of my love:—
Petruchio, stand by a while.
Pet. A proper stridling, and an amorous! [They retire.]

Gru. O, very well; I have persued the note.
Hark you, sir; I'll have them fairly bound:
All books of love, send me, but any kind!
And see you read no other lectures to her;
You understand me;—over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality.
I'll mend it was no means:—Take your papers too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For she is sweeter than perfum'd itself,
To whom they go. What will you read to her!—
Pet. Writ'thout, unless you, sir, be a scholar, sir.
Gru. O this learning! what a thing it is!—
Gru. O this woolecock! what an ass it is!
Gru. Peace, Katharina, man!—God save you, signior Gremio!—
Gru. And you are well met, signior Hortensio:—
Trow you, Whither I am going?—To Baptista Minola.

I promised to enquire carefully.

About a schoolmaster for fair Bianca:
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man: for learning and behavior,
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry
And other books,—good ears I warrant you.

Hor. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promised me to help me to another,
A finer 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. And that his bags shall prove. [Aside.

Gre. Her, Gremio! 'tis now no time to vent our love:
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferently good or ill.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo our fair 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 urchine, bawling scold;
If that be all, masters, I bear 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 hire, with such a wife, were strange.

But, if you have a stomach, to, O, God's name;
You shall have me assisting you in all.

Gre. And will you this wild-cat?

Pet. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her. [Aside.

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?

Tell you, a little din can drown mine ears.
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, pull'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chased with sweat?

Hor. I have not heard great ordinance in the field,
And heav'n's artillery thunder in the skies!
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
And you tell me of a woman's tongue:
That gives not half so great a blow to the ear,
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire!

Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs.

Gre. For he fears none. [Aside.

Gre. Hortensio, hark! This gentleman is happily arriv'd.

My mind presumes, for his own good, and ours.

Hor. I promised we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoever.

Gre. And so we will; provided he win her.

Gre. I would, I were as sure of a good dinner.

[Aside. Enter Tranio, bravely apparelled; and

Biondello.

Tran. Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of signor Baptista Minola?

Gre. He that has the two fair daughters,—is he
[Aside to Tranio], you mean!

Tea. Even be, Biondello!

Gre. Hark you, sir; you mean not her to—

Tran. Perhaps, him and her, sir; What have you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tran. Sir, I have no chiders, sir;—Biondello, let's be away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio.

Hor. If a word end it you go;—

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea, or no?

Tran. And if I be, sir, is it any offence?

Gre. No; if without more words, you will get none.

Tran. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me, as for you!

Tran. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason if you'll know,—

That she's the choice love of signor Gremio.

Hor. That she's the choice one of signor Hortensio.

Tran. Softly, my master! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right,—hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And, were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.

Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have;
And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head; I know he'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,
Did you ever yet see a baptista's daughter?

Tran. No, sir; but hear me, that he hath two;
The one as famous for a scalding tongue,
As is the other for her heart's modesty.

Pet. Sir, he is the first's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labor to great Hercules.

And let it be more than Aidesio's twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, in sooth—

The youngest daughter whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors;
And will not promise her to any man,
Until the eldest sister be wed;

The younger then is free, and not before.

Tran. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must steady us all, and me among the rest;
And if you break the ice, and do this fact,—

Achieve the elder, set the younger free.

For our access,—whose habitation shall be to have her,
Will not so graceless be, to be ingratitude.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;

And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all respect generally beheld.

Tran. Sir, I shall not be slack in sign whereof,
Please ye we may confine this afternoon,
And quail cour aus to our mistress' health,
And do as adversaries do in law—

Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gre. Bion. O excellent motion! Fellows, let's

Join in the breach,

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so—

Petruchio, I shall be your ben venuto. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Room in Baptista's House.

Enter Katharine and Bianca.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself.

To make a bondmaid and a slave of me:

That I disdain; but for these other gaws, I

Unlike you, a little din can drown mine ears.

Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;

Or, what you will command me, will I do,

So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell

Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

*Feitb boys with bugbears.

*Telling ornaments.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which could fancy me more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thon fast; let's not Hortensio?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,

I'll plight him to myself, but you shall have him.

Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more;

You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?

Kath. Nay, when you jest and now I do believe,

You have but jested with me all this while.

I prithee sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

Bian. Companions.

Kath. Strikes her

Love.


In the presence of the eldest sister:
This liberty is all that I request,
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome amongst the rest that you,
And free access and favor as the rest.
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucio is your name! of presence, I pray!
Tri. Of Pis is; sir: son to Vincento.
Bap. A mighty man of Pis: by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.
Take you [i.e. [To Hor.], the lute, and you [i.e. Euc.]
the set of books.
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Hofal! within: Enter a Servant.
Sirrah, lead
These gentlemen to my daughters: and tell them both:
These are their tutors: bid them use them well.

Enter Horatio, with Hortensio, Lucentio, and Biondello.
We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner: you are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to thank yourselves.
Pet. Signior Baptist, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to you.
You knew my father well; and in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:
Then tell me what you do for my daughter Bianca,
What dowry shall I have with her to win?—
Bap. After my death, the one-half of my lands:
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.
Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure you,
Of her widowhood,—be it that she survive me,—
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let speculations be therefore drawn between us,
That covenant may be fixed on either hand.
Bap. Ay, when theเศl thing is well obtain'd,
This is,—her love; for that is all in all.
Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as parently as she proud-minded,
And where two rages meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yields to me;
For I am rough, and woe not like a blade.
Bap. Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speech;
But be thou armed for some unhappy words.
Pet. Ay, to the proof: as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter Hortensio, with his head broken.
Bap. How now, my friend? why dost thou look so pale?
Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.
Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?
Hor. I think she'll sooner prove a soldier;
iron may hold with her, but never lutes.
Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?
Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her, she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her neck, and break'd her finger strings;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
Frets call you these? quoth she: 'Twill frame with them.
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the little hole she did twist her lute and fiddle at:
And—twanging Jack! with twenty such vile terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so.
Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench!
I love her tenderer than all other's did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!
Bap. Well, so with me, and be not so discontented:
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns—

A feet in music is the stop which causes or regulates the vibration of the string.
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Act II.

Signior Petruchio, will you go with us?
Signior Petruchio: Will you go then?

Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here.—

[Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, and Hortensio.]

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.

Signior Petruchio: Say, that she rath: Why, then I'll tell her plain,
She is a woman, as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that she sworn: I'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly washed with dew:
Say, that she be rude, and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility.

Enter Katharina.

Good-morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing;

They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate, the Kate, that doth sit in my super-dain, my super-dain.
For dainties are all cates; and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;

Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
That e'er I spoke of, and thy beauty man'd,

(Yet not so deep by as to thee belongs.)

Myself am now do to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd you first,
Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.


Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. False is the heart that one may make a bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such jade, sir, as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate! I will not burden thee:
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,

Kath. Too light for such a sworn as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be! should buzz.

Kath. O, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

Pet. Kath. Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come, you wassp; 'Tis faith, you are too angry.

Kath. If I waspish, best beware of my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp doth wear his sting!

In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.

Pet. What, with your tongue in your tail? nay,
come again,

Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

Kath. That 'lill try.

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose your arms:
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate! Go, put me in thy books.

Kath. What is your crest? a cocomb? a cocomb?

Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a vermin.

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.


Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then show it me.

Kath. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.

* A degenerate cock.


Kath. Yet you are with'er'd.

Pet. Tis with cares.

Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate; in sooth, you 'scape me so 

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.

Pet. No, not a wight; I find you passing gentle.

Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find report a very lie;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing cour-
teous;

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flow-
er.

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy woeers;

With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Why does the world report, that Kate doth imp?

Shameless world! Kate, like the hazel-twixt,
Is straight and slender: and as brown in hue
As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not bait.

Kath. Go, bring me straight, and with whom thou keepest command.

Pet. Did ever Duon so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Duon, and let her be Kate;

And let Kate be Duon, and Duon sportful!

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is extemporised, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother! writeless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kath. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed;

And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms,—Your father hath consented that I be your wife; your dowry's greed on;
And, will you, will you, I will marry you.

Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;

For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty.

(Thy beauty, that so make me like this love;) Thou must be married to no man but me:

For I am he, an born to tame you, Kate;

And bring you from a wild-cat to a Kate

Conformable, as other household Kate.

Here comes your father; never make denial;

I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter Baptista, Gremio, and Tranio.

Bap. Now, Signior Petruchio: How speed you with my daughter?

Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?

It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine? in thy father's dumps?

Kath. Call me, thee, daughter! now I promise you,
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me we'd to one-half lunatic.

A mope, a ruffian, and a swearing Jack,

That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, thus,—yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;

It shall 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 hence she will she will grave (now grave) the girsl,
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 that too, and preen me on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio! she says, she'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good and great departure.

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen! I choose her for myself;

If she and I are pleas'd, what's that to you?

'Tis bargain'd! twist us twain, being alone.

That she shall still be curst in company.

I tell you 'ts incredible to believe,

How well she loves me! (0, the kindest Kate!)

She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss

She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,

To yere and ret ye were terms at cards, now superseded

By the word brag.
ACT III.  SCENE I.  TAMING OF THE SHREW.

That in a twinkle she won me to her love.
O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see.
How time, when men and women are alone,
A marcellus wretch can make the curtsey shrew.
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day:
Provide for feast, father, and bid the guests.
And I will be sure, thy riches will inform
Bap. I know not what to say; give me your hands.

God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.
Gra.  Tra. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.
Pet. Fatther, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice. Sunday comes space:
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And kiss me. Kate, we will be married Sunday.
[Enter Petruchio and Katharina, serenely.
Gra.  Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?
Bap. Faith, gentleman, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you;
Twixt bring you gain, or perish on the sea.
Bap. The gain I seek is—quiet in the match.
Gra. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter:
Now is the day we long for—future; I am your neighbor, and was suitor first.
Tra. And I am one, that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

Bianca. Brasons, and coven, to have her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry :
In ivory covers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In crystal chess my arms, counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions, boss'd with pearl,
Valence of Venetian gold in needle-work.
Fewer and brass, and all things that belong
To house, or housekeeper: then, at my turn,
I have a hundred march-kine to the pull,
So scarce fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things unsewable to this portion.

Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
I whilst I live, she will be only mine.
Tra. That is a far well wish; but, sir, list to me;
I am your father's heir, and only son:
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pallad, and a new church;
Old signior Gremio has in Padua;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year.
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—
What, have I mis'rd you, signior Gremio?
Gra. Two thousand ducats by the year, and land
My land amounts not to so much in all:
That now is lying in Marseilles a road—
What, have I chok'd you with an acrey?
Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no less
Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,
And twelve tall galleys: these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.
Gra. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have;
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world
By your firm promise; Gremio is out-vied.
Bap. I must confess, your offer is the les.
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me.
If you should think the offer too small to save?
Tra. That's but a cavil; he is odd, I young.
Gra. And may not young men die as well as old?
Bap. Well, gentleman,
I am the ready, in Sunday next you know,
My daughter Katharine is to be married:
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to signior Gremio:
And so I take my leave, and thank you both.

[Exit.

Gra. Adieu, good neighbor.—Now I fear thee not;
Sirrah, young gamer, your father was a fool.
To give thee all, and in his wanning age,
Set loot under thy table: Tut! a toy!
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy.
[Exit.

Lut. A vengeance on your evil, widder'd hate!
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.
Tis in my head to do my master good,
I see no reason, but supposed Lucentio
Must get a father, calleth as any of Venecio;
And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,
Do get their children; but in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning
[Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in Baptista's House.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.

Lut. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir;
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcome'd you withal?
Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patrician of heaven's city's comeliness;
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your wifery shall have place for as much.
Lut. Preposterously! that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd;
Was it not to refresh the mind of pain
And bring thee back, or thy usual path?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Sirrah. Sire, I will not hear these braves of thine.
Hort. Gentlemen, you do not go wrong,
To strive for that which reacheth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholars 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:

* It is well worth seeing.  *

** A distinctly erasure.  **

* Coverings for beds; now called counterpanes.  *

* No schoolboy, liable to be whipped.  *

Take you my 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!
[Luc. Hortensio retirers.

Luc. That will be never; tune your instrument.

[Exit.  Where left we last!

Lut. Here, madam:—
Hor. ho! Simo! ho! est Sigilia felix:
He struteth, megalos regis ecalce senis.

Bien. Construe this: they will see the meaning.

Luc. ho! as I told you before.—Simo! I
am Lucentio.—hicest, son unto Lucentio of Pisa.—
Sigilia felix, discussed thus to his own love:—
He struteth, and that Lucentio that were wenching.—
Pianist, is my man Trianio.—regia, bearing your port, ecacela senis, that we might begale the old pantaloons.

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune.

[Returning.  Bien: Let's hear;  

[Hor. Tuentsio plays.  

O live! O the treble bars.

Lut. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.
Bien. Now let me see if I can construe it: Hoc
ho! Simo! I know you not; hoc est Sigilia felix,

* A large merchant-ship.  *

* A vessel of further length both with sails and oars.  *

* The highest card.

* The old cullly in Italian forces.
TAMING

I trust you not;—his sister Priam, take heed he hear us not;—regia, presume not;—cessa sedis, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. Why, all but the base,

Hor. The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.

How fiery and forward our pedant is!

Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love: Polacheke, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. in time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. I mistrust it not; for sure, Zaccis

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. You may go walk, [To Lucentio], and

give me leave awhile:

My lessons make no music in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,

And watch withal; for, but I be deceived,

Our fine musician growths amorous.

Aside.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,

To learn the order of my fingering,

I must begin the rudiments of art;

To teach you gamut in a brief sort,

More pleasant, pitiful, and effectual,

Then hath been taught by any of my trade:

And, I know, 'tis 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 inventions.

Are, to plead Hortensio's passion: B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,

C, fact, that love with all affection: D sol re, one of the two Note Have I?

E la mi, show pity, or I die.

Call you this—gamut!—tut! like it not:

Old fashion to 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;

To-morrow is the wedding day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters, both; I must be gone.

Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.

Exeunt.

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant;

Methinks, he looks as though he were in love:

Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,

And thy wandering eyes so warily be seiz'd,

Thee, that list: If once I find thee ranging,

Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

Exeunt.

SCENE II. Before Baptista's House.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katharina,

Blanca, Lucentio, and Attendants.

Bap. Sennior Lucentio, [To Tranio.] I have this day

Told you not;—His sister Priam, take heed he hear us not;—regia, presume not;—cessa sedis, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. Why, all but the base,

Hor. The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.

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Thee, that list: If once I find thee ranging,

Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

Exeunt.
Scene II. TAMING OF THE SHREW. 221

Fye! doth this habit, shame to your estate,
An eyesore to our eye, an insult to the festal
Tru. And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detained you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Fye. Falsehood will not well, and truth to hear:
Sufficient, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to degrees,
Which, at your pleasure, I will now excuse.
As you shall well be satisfied withal,
But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her;
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.
Tru. See ye not your bride in these unrevocable robes?
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.
Pet. Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.
Bapt. And I, thus, I trust, you will attend her.
Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore have done with words;
To me she's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in tow,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I, to talk with you,
When I should had good-norow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!
[Exeunt Petruchio, Gremio, and Rionello.

Tru. He hath some meaning in his mad attire,
We will perceive him, how it is possible,
To put on better lace he go to church.
Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this.

Enter Lucentio.

Tru. But, sir, to her love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: Which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to meet,—what er he be,
Rhetorics not much; we'll bid him to our turn,—
And he shall be in concert of Petru.
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised,
So shall you quittance solemnly to your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.
Luc. Were it not that my fellow-schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twixt verse and math, to steal our acquaintance;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say,—no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.
Tru. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our venture in this business:
We'll over-roach the grey-beard, Gremio;
The narrow-paring father, Maffio;
The quaintly-musicked, amorous Lucentio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.—

Recenti Gremio.

Senior Gremio, came you from the church?
Grem. It was with some of the school.
Tru. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Grem. A bridegroom say you? 'tis a groom, indeed,
A groaning groom, and that the girl shall find.
Tru. Curster than she! why, 'tis impossible.

Grem. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tru. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Grem. That's it! she's a harlot, a dove, a harlot, to him.
I'll tell you, sir Lucentio: When the priest
Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,
Ay, by goss-grooms, quoth he; and swore so loud,
That he thought done, and swore he was done.
And as he stooped 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.
Not, What have you taken up, quoth he, if ever
Tru. What said the wench, when he arose again?
Grem. Trembled and shook; for, why he stamp'd and swore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine:—a health, quoth he; as if
He had been asleep carousing to his mates
After dinner.—Quoth he, and quoth he;
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other reason,—
But that his head grew thin and hungerly,
And seemed to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck;

I Matters.

Strange. It was the custom for the company present to drink wine immediately after the marriage ceremony.

And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo,
I, seeing that, came thence for very shame;
And, after me, I know the route is coming;
Such a mad marriage never was before:

Luc. happy, sir, I'll go to mischief play.

Enter Petruchio, Katharine, Bianca, Baptista, Hugues, and Truett.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know, you thank to dine with me to-day,
And have prepared great store of wedding cheer;
But so it is, our wedding of the jumble,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. 1st possible, you will away tonight?

Pet. I must away to-morrow, before mid-coming:
Make it no wedding more; if you know in business;
You would entreat me rather go than stay;
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have boused me give away my self.
To the most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife;
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I must hence: and farewell to you all.

Tru. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Let me entreat you.

Bap. It cannot be.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me to stay;
But yet not stay, entreat me you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.


Grat. Ay, sir, they be ready; the oars have eaten the horses.

Kath. Nay, then, do what thou canst, I will not go today;
No, no, nor tomorrow, nor to-morrow too: I please myself.
The door is open, there enters my way;
You may be pegging, whilst your heads are green;
For me, I'll be gone, till I please myself:
'Tis like, you If prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you to be so odd a party.

Pet. O, Kate, content thee; pray thee be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry: What hast thou to do?
Father, be quiet; he shall stay my licens.

Grat. Ay, marry, sir: now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the banial dinner;
I see, a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.

Obey the bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to his merriment!
Be mad and merry,—or go hang yourselves;
But for my hony Kate, she must with me,

Nay, look not bag, not stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master on what is mine own;
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household stuff, my head, my farm,
My bowe, my ox, my horse my any thing;
And here she stands, touch her wherever dare;
I'll bring my action on the proudest he.
That stops my way in Faunia—Gremio,
Draw for thyself, who art worst with thieves.

Rescue thy mistress, thou shalt be a friend;
Fear not, sweet wenches, they shall not touch thee;

Kath. I'll buckle thee against a million.

Recenti Petruchio, Katharina, and Gremio.

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Grat. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tru. Of all mad matches, never was the like!

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Grat. I warrant you, in God's name.

Bap. Neighbors and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants
For to supply the places at the table,
You know, there want not junipers among the feast;

Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place;
And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tru. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen, let's go.
SCENE I.—A Hall in Petruchio's Country House.

Enter Gremio.

Gru. Fare ye well, ye wise; on all your heads, and on all eyes! Was ever man so beaten? Was ever man so rayed? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are slated to warm them. To be so, were it not a little pit, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly; ere I should come by a fire to warm me. Tell thou the priest, I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself: for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holia, hoa! Curtius!

Enter Curtius.

Curt. Who is that, calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: If thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtius.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Gremio?

Gru. Ay, ay, Curtius: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported? Gru. She was, good Curtius, before this frost; but thou know'st, winter stames man, woman, and beast; for he be better to warm them. Beaten Globes, my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtius.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am old! Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office!

Curt. I praythee, good Gremio, tell me, How goes the world!

Gru. A cold world, Curtius, 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 Gremio, the news?

Gru. Why, Jack boy! ho boy! and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of coyness—

Gru. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewn, cowpeas swept, the fire laid, in some new fashion, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jackals within, the jills within, the carpets laid, and every thing in order? Curt. All ready and therefore, I pray thee, news? Gru. First, know my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?


Enter. [Striking kim. Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale. Gru. And therefore this is called a sensible tale: and this ear was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: Improvisus, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress—

Curt. Both on one horse!

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale—but hast thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard in how sorry a place: how she was bemooned: how she left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him out; how she swore; how she prayed—that never prayed before; how I mourned; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper; with many things of worthy memory; which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay: and that, thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest: let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their feathers of an indifferent hue: let them curtey 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 condescend my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems; that eellit for company to condescend her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several servants.


Nath. All things are ready: How near are our master?

Gru. Even at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not—Cock's passion, silence!—I hear my master.

Enter Petruchio and Katharin.

Pet. Where be these knives? What, no man at door?

To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse?

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?—

All Servs. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Let me see you one by one! here, sir! here, sir! You younger-headed and unpolish'd! What, no attendance! no regard! no duty!—Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Nath. Here, sir; as foolish I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson mount-horse drudge! Did not I bid thee meet me in the park, And bring along these rabble knives with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made, And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd: the heel There was no link to color Peter's hat, And Jone's dagger was not come from sheathing There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and GRE- GORY; The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly: Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you. Pet. Go, raspels, go, and fetch my supper in.—[Exeunt some of the servants Where is the life that told I told?—[Songs Where are those— Sit down, Kate, and welcome Soud, sand, soul!—

Re-enter Serveants with Supper.

Whye, when, I say!—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.

Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; Why?

It was the frier of orders gray, [Songs As he forth walked on his way. [Strikes kim.

Be merry, Kate.—Some water, here; what, ho!—

Not different one from another. 2 A torch of pitch.

A word coined by Shakespeare to express the noise made by a person heated and fatigued.
Where's my spaniel Triolus!—Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ford come hither:—

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.

Where are my slippers!—Shall I have some water?

[Exeunt Servant.

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome!—

[Kate lets the ever fall.

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?

[Strikes him.

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson beefe-held, flap-eard knave! Come, Kate; set down; I know you have a stomach; Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I!—
What is this! mutton?

1 Ser. Ay.

Pet. Who brought it!

1 Ser. Ay.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat;
What doezes are these!—Where is the rascal cook?
How doute you, villains, bring it from the dresser, And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups and all:

[Throes the meat, &c. about the stage.

You heeded bolheads, and unworthy slaves! What, do you grumble! I'll be with you straight.
Kath. I pray, you husband, be not so disquiet;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. Once tell me, Kate, 'twas burnt away; And I expressly am forbid to touch it.
For it engenders choleric, plaintful anez; And better 'twer, that both of us did fast,— Since you yourselves, ourselves are all choleric.
Thus feed it with such over-roasted tesh,
Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll fast for company:
Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome. [Exeunt Petruchio, Katharine, and Curtis.

Kath. [Advancing.] Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humor.

Re-enter Curtis.

Gru. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber.

Making a sermon of continency to her:
And rants, and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak; And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [Exeunt.

Re-enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus have I politically begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully:
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty;
And though she stoop, she must not be full-gorged;
For then she never looks upon her hare.

Another way have I to man my hagard,
To make her come, and know her keeper's call,
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites,
That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not; As with the meat, some undeserved praise
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:

Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night;
And, if she chance to nod, 'll raii and brawl,
And make the chamber keep her bedside awake.
This is the way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humor:
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak; 'tis charity to shew.'—

[Exit.


Enter Tranio and Hortensio.

Tr. Is't possible, friend Licio, that Bianca
Both fancy any other but Lucentio?

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of my teaching.

[They stand aside.

Enter Bianca and Lucentio.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?
Bian. What, master, read you! first resolve me that,
Luc. I read that I profess, the art of love.
Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art?
Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of your heart.
[They retire.

Hor. Quie, and proceed, master! Now, tell me, I pray,
You that burst swear that your mistress Bianca
Love none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tr. O despicable love! unconstaut woman-kind;
I tell the, Licio, this is wonderfull.

Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician as I am not teaching:
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion?—

Know, sir, that I am not—Hortensio.

Tr. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca,
And since my eyes are witness of her lightness, I will with you,—if you be so contented,—
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court!—Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vowe—
Never to wo her more; but to forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favors
That I have fondly flattered her with.

Tr. And here I take the like unsound oath,—
Never to marry with her though she would entic'e
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth count him.
Hor. 'Would all the world, but he, had quite forsworn!—
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Which three days past, which hath as long: lovd me,
As I have lovd this proud disdainful hagard:
And so farewell, signior Lucentio,—
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love—and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.

[Exit Hortensio—Lucentio and Bianca advance.

Tr. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As longeth to a lover's blessed case!
Nay, I have taken you napping, gentle love;
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.
Bian. Tranio, jest you: But have you both forsworn me?

Tr. Mistress, we have.

Luc. When we are rid of Licio,
Shall that be sworn and wedded in a day.
Bian. God give him joy!
Tr. Ay, and he'll take her.
Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tr. 'Faith he is gone unto the taming-school.
Bian. The taming-school! what, is there such a place?

Tr. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,—
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello, running.

Bion. O master, master, I have watch'd so long
That I'm dog-weary; but at last I spied
An ancient angel coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

Tr. What is he, Biondello?
Bion. Master, a mercantile, or a pedant?

I know not what; but tall in apparel,
In gown and capacious coat, and countenancly sure,
I take him for a father.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio?
Tr. If he be eruditious, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to see Vincentio;
And give assurance to Bianca Minito.

As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir.
Tr. And you, sir! you are welcome
Travel you far on, or are you at the furthest!

Despicable fellow, Messenger.

A merchant or a schoolmaster.

[Exeunt.
Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two:
But then up further; and as far as you please;
And so to Trojoly, if God lend one life.

Tart. What countryman, I pray you?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tart. Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life!

Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray! for that goes hard.

Tart. This death for any one in Mantua.
To come to Padua; know you not the cause?
Your ships are stand at Venice: and the duke
(For private quarrel twist your duke and him)
Has given, and proclaimed it openly:
'Tis marvell; but that you're but a youth,
You might have heard it else proclaimed about.

Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so;
I have falls for nothing to no profit.

From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tart. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This shall I do, and this will I advise you:—
For to be lost, have you not entreated?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa I have often been;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tart. Among them, know you one Vincenzo?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealti.

Tart. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
I esteem somewhat sooth doth resemble you.

Eloise. As much as an apple doth an oyster,
And all one.

Tart. To save your life in this extremity,
That' s my father's will for his sake.
And think not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to sir Vincenzo.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in your house you shall be friendly looked on—
Look that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir;—so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city:
This be courte-ly, sir, accept of me.

Ped. O, sir, I do; and will repay you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tart. Then go with me, to make the matter good.
Then I need not you should entreat.

Werest for meat, stilly for lack of sleep:
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that which spares me more than all these wants,
Has been the name of perfect love:
As who should say,—If I should sleep, or eat,

Were deadly sickness, or else present death,—
I prythee go, and get me some repast;
I cannot be moved, for I am fashion'd thus.

Grum. What say you to a meat's foot?

Kath. Ths passing good; I prythee let me have it.

Grum. I fear it is too choler in a meat—

How say you to a fat tripe, finely broiled?

Kath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Grum. I cannot tell; I fear 'ts cholerine.

What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?

Kath. Ay, I do wish that thou didst to the point.

Grum. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Grum. Nay, then I will not; you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Nay, I'll both or on one, or anything thou wilt.

Grum. Why then the mustard without the beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, then fake detaining slave.

[Bras t him.

That feed at me with the very name of meat:

Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That through this upon my misery!

Go, sans repose, I say.

Enter Petruchio with a dish of meat; and Hortensio.

Ped. How fares my Kate! What, sweeting, all

Kath. Mistress, what cheer?

Hor. Faith, as cold as can be

Ped. Puck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.

Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bear the fayre;—

[sets the dish on a table.

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word! Nay then, thou hast it not;
And all my pains is parted to no profit.

Here, take away this dish.

Kath. Pray you, let it stand.

Ped. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
And so shall name before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signor Petruchio, you are to blame.
Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Ped. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou love me.—

[Aside.

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!

Kate, my sweet!—and now, my fair love,
Will we return unto thy father's house:
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats and caps, and golden rings.

With a velvet belt, and furbishing, and things;
With scents, and fans, and double change of bravery—

With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.

What then? if thou hast done The tailor's office,
To dock thy body with his ruffling tracery.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir?

Hub. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Ped. Why, this was moulded on a porringel!

A velvet dish; fie, for it's lewd and filthy!

Tis, why a cockle, or a walnut shell,
A Knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
Away with it, rogue, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Ped. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste. [Aside.

Ped. Why, sir, I say, I may have leave to speak;
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe;
Your speeches have empowered me say my mind.
And if, you cannot, best stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break;
And rather than it should, I will be stilled.
Ev'n to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Ped. Why, thou say'st true; it is a pultry cap,
A bastard-colour, a bartable, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;

And if I will have, or I will have none.

Ped. Thy gown? why 'ay; Come, tailor, let us see 't.

[Aside.

O mercy, tell us what masking stuff is here? What's this? a sleeve? 'tis a dam-cannon;
What's up and down, and ear's like an appietant—
Here's a garland, an, and one, and cut, and slash, and slash,
Lace to a censer in a barber's shop—

Why, what, o'head's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

Hor. I see, she's like to have neither cap nor gown.

[Aside.

Tal. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.

Ped. Marry and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not make you to be taken to the point.

Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir,
I'll none of it; hence make your best of it.

Kate. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint; more pleasing, nor more commendable;
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

[Dispraise; a tallerseem.

Finery.

A cellar was the culinary term for raised crust.

These corners resembled our banners in shape.

Curious.
Let's see: I think 'tis now some seven o'clock, and we may come there by dinner-time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, this almost two; and I'll be supper made 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 alone:
I will not speak to you to-day; I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so! this gallant will command the sun.


Enter TRAMIO, and the Pedant dressed like Vincentio.

Tre. Sir, this is the house: please it, that I call?

Pet. Ay, what else? and, but I be deceived,
Signior Baptist may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa, where
We were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tre. Tis well; and hold your own, in any case, with such

Austerity as longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Pet. I warrant you: but, sir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good, he were school'd.

Tre. Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you;
Imagine 'tis the real Lucentio.

Bion. Tut! fear not me.

Tre. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptist? Bion. I have done two; one proper unto father; and
That you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tre. Thou'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that to drunk.

Here comes Baptist;—set your countenance, sir,—

Enter Baptista and Lucentio.

Signior Baptist, you are happily met;—
Sir, I to the Pedant.

This is the gentleman I told you of;
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my pattimony.

Pet. Soft, son!—

Sir, by your leave; having come to Padua
to gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And,—for the good report I hear of you;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him,—to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and,—if you please to allow
No worse than I, sir,—upon some agreement,
You shall find your daughter married and most willing
With one consent to have her so bestowed;
For curious 3 I cannot be with you.

Signior Baptist, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say;—
Your plainness, and your shortness, please me well.
Right true it is, your son, Lucentio here,
Both love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
And therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dowry,
The match being fully made, and all is done;
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tre. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know best
We be aiding; 4 and such assurance t'en,
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for you know,
Fighters have ears, and I have many servants:
Besides, old Bruto is harkening still;
And, happily, 5 we might be interrupted.

Tre. Then at my lodging, an it like you, sir:
There both my father he; 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.

Bap. This is this;—this, at so solemn a season,
You're like to have a thither and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well,—Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;

8 Bonamassa.       * Measuring yard.

---

1 Bravo.       * Scrupulous.       * Assure or convey.

2 Detracted.       * Haply, perhaps.

---

SCENE IV.—TAMING OF THE SHREW

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tat. She says your worship means to make a puppet of himself.


Thou blinde, thou base-damsel, half-yard, quarter, nail, thou flean, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou—

Braved in mine own house with a skein of thread!

Away thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant:

Or here's the so-meter 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.

Tat. Thy worship is deceived; the gown is made
Justhow thy master had directed.

Gruino gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

Tat. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tat. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast faced many things.

Tat. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast braved many men; brave not me: I will neither be faced nor braved.

I say unto thee—I bad thy master cut out the gown; but did I not bid him cut to pieces: ergo, thou liest.

Tat. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in his breast, if he says I said so.

Tat. Imprudence, a loose-bodied gown.

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew him in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a yard of brown thread: I said, a gown.


Tat. With a small compassed cape;

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tat. With a frumpy sleeve,

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tat. The sleeves curiously cut.

Pet. Ay, there's the villain.

Gru. Error! the ball, sir; error! the ball. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again; and that I will prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tat. 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 ball, give me the meteyards, and spare not me.

Pet. God-o-mercy, Gruino! then he shall have no ills.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are the right, sir: 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. What! for me! in a good master's case?

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. Or, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for:

Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!

O, fie, fie, fie.

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid:

[Aside.

Go, take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow.

Take no unkindness of his hasty words:

Away, I say; command me to thy master.

[Exit Tailor.

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,

Even in these honest mean habiliments;

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:

For the mind that makes the bodily rich;

And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,

Be honor peereth in the meanest habit.

What is, the jay more precious than the lark,

Because his feathers are more brilliant?

Or is the adder better than the eel,

Because his painted skin contains the eye?

O, no, good Kate: neither art thou the worse

For the poor furniture, and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me:

And therefore frolic; we will henceforth,

To feast and sport us at thy father's house,

Go, call the fiddlers, and let us saunter there:

And bring our horses unto Long-late-end here.

There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.

---
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 may, with all my heart!

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer:
Come, sir; we'll better it in Padua.

Bap. [Exit TRAVILO, Pedant, and BATTISTA.

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello?
Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?
Luc. Biondello, what of that?
Bion. 'Faith nothing: but he has left me here
behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his
signs and tokens.
Luc. I will be moralized them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with
the deceiving father of a deceitful son.
Luc. And what of him?
Bion. His daughter is to be brought to you to
the supper.

Luc. And then?
Bion. The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at
your command at all hours.
Luc. And what of all this?
Bion. I cannot tell: except they are busied about
a counterfactual assurance. Take your assurance of her,
and you may her assurance of you. Take the priest—
take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:
If this be not what you look for, I have no more to
say.

But, bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

[Exit.]

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?
Bion. I cannot fancy: I knew a wenches married
in an afternoon as she went to the garden for pars-
ley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so
done, sir. My master hath appointed me to Saint
Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come
against you come with your appendix.
[Exeunt Luc. and Bion.]
Luc. I may, and will, if she be contented;
She shall be pleased, then whereabout should I doubt?
Hap what hap may. I'll roundly go about her.
It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her.
[Exit.]

SCENE V.—A public Room.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and HORTENSIO.

Pet. Come on, God's name! once more toward
our father's,
Good lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Kath. The moon! the sun! it is not moonlight
now.

Pet. I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.
Kath. I know, it is the sun that shines so bright.
Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,

Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be blessed, it is the blessed sun—
But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes, even as your mind.
Let them say they discerned, even as it is;
And so it shall be so, for Katharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward: thus the bowl
should run.
And not unluckily against the bias—
But soft; what company is coming here?

Enter VINCENTIO, in a travelling dress.

Good morrow, gentle mistress: Where away—?

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What stars do sparkle heaven with such beauty,
As these two eyes become that heavenly face?
Fair lady maid, once more good day to thee—
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. A will make the man mad, to make a
woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and
sweet,
Whither away; or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!

Pet. Yonder, Kate! I hope thou art not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Petruchio, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That every thing I look on seemeth green;
Now I perceive, thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and, wittal, make
known
Which way thou travellest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vim. Fair sir—and you, my merry mistress.—
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me,
My name's Petruchio—My name Petruchio,
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd
e—Petruchio.
And bound I am to Padua; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vim. Lucentio, gentle sir
Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee—my loving father;
The son to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this lawful marriage: Wunder not,
Nor be not grieved; she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Besides, so equalled as may beleaguer
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio;
And wander we to see thy honest sons,
Who well of thy arrival be full joyous.

Pet. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go alone, and see the truth hereof;
For our first accosting hath made me jealous.

[Exit PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and VINCENTIO.

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in heart.
Have to my widow; and if she be braward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

ACT V.


Enter on one side BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and
BLANCA; GLEMIUS walking on the other side.

Bion. So 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, BLANCA, and BIONDELLO.

Gle. I marzel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, and
Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house;
My father bears more toward the market place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vim. You shall not choose but drink before you go;
I think, I shall command your wine here;
And by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

[Knocks.

Gle. They're busy within, you were best knock louder.
Scene I. TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Enter Pedant above, at a window.

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is signor Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pounds or two, to make me melancholical?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself; he shall need none, so long as I live.

Ped. Nay, I told you, your son was belov'd in Padua—Do you hear, sir?—to have frivolous circumstances,—I pray you, tell signor Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou least; 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.

Ped. Why, how now, gentleman? [To VINCENTIO.] why, this is that 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 Biancino.

Bian. I have seen them in the church together:

But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio? now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, catch-hen.

[Seeing Biondello.

Bian. I hope, I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue: What, have you forgot whom you are?

Bian. Forgot you? no, sir; I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, dost thou never regard thy master's, Vincentio? Bian. What, my old, worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so, indeed? [To Biondello.]

[Exeunt Biondello and Pedant.

Bian. Help, son! help, signior Baptista! [Exit from the window.

[Exeunt Pedant below; Baptista, Tranio, and Servants.

Tran. Sir, what are you, that offer to best my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir? may what are you, sir?—O immortal gods! O fine villain! a silken doublet, a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a capon's hate—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?

Bian. What's the man?—Tran. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman: Why, sir, what concerns it to you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Tran. Thy father? O, villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bian. 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 I know him well.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, signior Vincentio.

Bian. 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. My lord, sir, I'll call our captain,—[Enter one with an Officer.] Carry this mad knave to the gaol:—Father Baptista, I charge you, see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol? [To the Officer.]

Gre. Stay, officers: he shall not go to prison.

Bian. Talk not, signior Gremio; I say he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be cheated in this business; I dare swear, this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou dar'st.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tran. Then thou wast best say, that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.

Bian. Away with the dotard; to the good with him.

Vin. Thus a stranger may be hated and abused—O monstrous villain!

Re-enter Biondello, with Lucentio and Bianca.

Bian. O, we are spoiled, and—Vonder he is; deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [Kneeling.

Vin. Lu., I live, my sweetest son!

Bian. And pardon, dear father. [Kneeling.

Luc. Where's Lucentio?

Vin. Here's Lucentio, Right son unto the right Vincentio; That have by marriage made thy daughter mine;

While counterfeits suppose her'd them rise;—

Gre. Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain Tranio, That fared and deceived in this matter so?

Bian. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is changed into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles, Bianca's love Made me examine my state with Tranio.

While he did bear my countenance in the town; And happily I have arrived at last Into the wished haven of my bliss.

What Tranio knoweth, myself enjoyed him to; Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to their gaol.

Bian. But do you hear, sir? [To Lucentio.] Have you married my daughter without asking my good-will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to: But I will in, to be revenged for this villain.

[Exit.]

Bian. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery.

[Exit.

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown.

[Exeunt Luc., and Bian.

Gre. My cake is done:—But I'll in among the rest:

Out of hope of all,—but my share of the feast.

[Exit.

PETRUCHIO and Katharina advance.

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou ashamed of me?

Kath. No, sir; but I am, and—her face blushed to kiss,

Pet. Why, then let's home again:—Come, sitraph, 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; Better once than never, for never too late.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—A Room in Lucentio's House.

A Banquet set out. Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio, and Widow; Tranio, Biondello, Gremio, and others, attending.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree; And time it is, when raging war is done, To smile at 'scapes and perils overflow'd,— My fair Bianca, but my father we come, While I with self-same kindness welcome thee:—

Brother Petruchio,—sister Katharina,— And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow, Are best entertained with this feast; and welcome to my house: My banquet is to close our stomachs up. After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down, For now we sit to chat as well as eat.

[They sit at table.

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat! Bianca, Padua afford this kindness, son Petruchio.

1 Deceived thine eyes.

2 Tricking, underhand contrivances.

3 Proverbial expression, repeated after a disappointment.
Pet.        Patrizio affords nothing but what is kind.  
Hor.    For both our sakes, I would that word were true.
Pet.        Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.  
Wid.   Then never trust me! I'll be afraid. 
Pet.    You are sensible, and yet you miss my sense; I mean Hortensio is afraid of you.  
Wid. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.  
Kath.  Mistress, how mean you that? 
Pet.    Thus I conceive by him.  
Pet.    Conveys me!—How likes Hortensio that?  
Hor.    My widow says, thus she conceives her life.  
Pet.    Very well mended: Kiss him for that, good widow.  
Kath. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round:  
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.  
Pet.        Your husband, being troubled with a shrew, 
Measures his husband's sorrows by his voice:  
And now you know my meaning.  
Kath.    A very mean meaning. 
Kath.    And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.  
Pet. To her, Kate!  
Hor.    To her, widow! 
Pet.    A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.  
Hor. That's my office. 
Pet.    spoke like an officer:—Ha, to thee, aud.  
[Drinks to Hortensio.  
Bap.    How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks!  
Gre.    Believe me, sir, they butt together well.  
Blon. Head, and butt a hard-witted body.  
Wid.    Would not have her head and butt were head and born.  
Pet.    Ay, mistresse bride, bath that awakened! 
Blon.    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.  
Blon.    Am I your lord? I mean to shift my bush, 
And then pursue me as you draw your bow:—  
You are welcome all.  
[Enter Blanca, Katharina, and Widow.  
Pet.    She hath prevented me. Here signor Tranio, 
This bird you aimed at, though you hit her not; 
Therefore, a health to all that shot and missed.  
Tra.    O sir, Lucentio slip'd me like his grey-hound, 
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.  
Pet.    A good swift single, but something curriish.  
Tra.    Think that you hunt for yourself;  
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.  
Bap.    O ho, Petrucho, Tranio hits you now.  
Luc.    I think thee for that girl, good Tranio.  
Hor.    Confess, confess, hast 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 ma'm'd you two outright.  
Blon.    In good sickness, an Petrucho, I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.  
Pet.    Well, I say:—and therefore, for assurance, 
Let 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.  
Hor.    A hundred then.  
Luc.    Content.  
Pet.    A match; 'tis done.  
Hor.    Who shall begin?  
Luc.    That will I. Go,  
Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.  
Bion.    [Exit.  
Bap.    Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes on.  
Luc.    I'll have no halves: I'll bear it all myself.  
[Re-enter Biondello.  
Pet. How! what news!  
Bian.    Sir, my mistress sends you word  
That she is busy, and she cannot come!  
Sarcasm.
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,  
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—  
Too little payment for so great a debt.  
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,  
Even such, a woman oweth to her husband:  
And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,  
And not obedient to his honest will,  
What is she, but a foul contending rebel,  
And graceless traitor to her loving lord!  
I am ashamed, that women are so simple  
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace:  
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,  
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.  
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,  
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world;  
But that our soft conditions and our hearts,  
Should well agree with our external parts!  
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!  
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,  
My heart as great; my reason, haply more  
To bandy-word for word, and frown for frown:  
But now, I see our lances are but straws;  
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,—

That seeming to be most, which we least are.  
Then vail your stomachs; for it is no boot;  
And place your hands below your husband's foot:  
In token of which duty, if he please,  
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.  
Pet. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss me, Kate.  
Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha'nt.  
Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.  
Lac. But a harsh hearing, when women are toward.  
Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed:—  
We three are married, but you two are sped.  
'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white:  
[To Lucetio.  
And, being a winner, God give you good night!  
[Exeunt Petrucio and Kath.  
Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tamed a curst shrew.  
Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tamed so.  
[Exeunt.
WINTER'S TALE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEONTES, King of Sicilia.
ANTIPHRIS, his Son.
CAMILLO, Sir Eobemian Lord.
ANTITONIUS, Sicilian Lord.
CLEOXMES, another Sicilian Lord.
DORCIA, another Sicilian Lord.
ROGERIO, a Sicilian Gentleman.

SCENE, sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. An Antechamber in Leontes' Palace.

Enter Camillo and Archibamus.

Cam. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion wherein my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Arch. I think this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Cam. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justly satisfied: for, indeed—

Cam. Beseech you—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence as the Sicilians have, make separation of their society, their compliments, nor can we afford what which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their entertainments, though not personal, have been royally authorized, by interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassades; that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast and embraced as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves.

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subjects make him hearts fresh: they, that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes: if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Hermione, Camillo, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star have been the shepherd's note, since we have left our throne Without a burden: time as long again Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks; And yet we should, for perpetuity, Go hence in debt: And therefore, like a cipher, Yet standing in rich place, I multiply, With one we-thank-you, many thousands more That go before it.

Leons. Stay your thanks awhile; And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.

Leons. I am question'd of my fears, of what may chance, for breed upon our absence: That may blow No snapping winds at home, to make us say,

This is put forth too truly! Besides, I have stay'd To tire your royalty. We are tougher, brother, Than you can put us to.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leons. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leons. We'll part the time between's then; and in that I'll no gain-saying.

Pol. Press me not, 'scape you so: There is no tongue that moves, none, none I the world.

So soon as yours, could win me; so it should now, Were there necessity in your request, although They were needful I denied it. My affairs To even drag me homeward: which to hinder, Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay, To you a charge, and trouble: to save both, Farewell, our brother.

Leons. Tongued-diced, our queen! speak you.

Pol. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace, until You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. Yest. Charge him too coldly: Tell him, you are sure, Nipping.
Scene II. WINTER'S TALE.

All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaims:—say this to him,
He's best from his best bard.

Leo. What?—Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, are strong;
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll trick him hence with needless partials,
Yet of your royal presence [To POLIXENES] I'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,
To let him there a month, behind the jests,
Prefixed for his parting: yet good deed,
Leontes, I love thee not a jot of the clock behold
But lady she her lord.—You'll stay!—

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will.

Pol. Verily.

You put me oil with limmer vows: But I,
Though you would seek to unsphare the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, Sir, no going, Verily.
You shall not go; a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees,
When you depart, and save your thanks.
How say you?
My prisoner! or my guest? by your dread verity,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, madam;—
To be your prisoner, should import ointling;
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than to you to punish.

Her. Not your guest then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys:
You were pretty fooling;—thine.

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more trouble,
But such a day boomerang as to day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the wender wag o'the two?
Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk
The sun,
And beat the one at the other: what we changed,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of all-hoing, no, nor dream'd
That any did:—Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits never been higher reared
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd
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,
Sensations have since then been born to us: for
In those unfeeling days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not crossed the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot!
Of this make this jest; lest you say,
Your queen and I are devils: Yet go on;
The others we have made you do, we'll answer:
If you first smud with us, and that with us
You did continue faith, and that you slipp'd not
With any but us.

Pol. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leo. With my request, he would not.

Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st,
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leo. Never, but once.

Her. What! have I twice said well? when was twice before
I pritchy, tell me: Cran us with praise, and make us
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying
tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wage: You may ride us,
With one soft kiss, a thousand murmurs, ere
We have any heart aotec. But to the goal—
My last good deed was, to excel his stay;—

1. Gest's were the names of the stages where the king
spoke to us, during a royal progress.
2. Indeed.

A Dumitive of lords.
Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. Yes, at home, sir;
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all;
He makes a July's day short as December;
And, in this having childishness, cues in me
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire
Offends with me: we two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your gracious steps—Hermione,
How thou hast us, show in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:
Next to thyself, and to a young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,
We are your's the garden Shall's attend you there!

Leon. Do your own arts dispose you: you'll be
Found beneath the sky:—I am angling now,
Though you perceive not how I give line.

Go to, go to!—

[Aside. Observing POLICENNES and HERMIONE.
How she holds up the neck, the bill to him,
And arms her with the bending of a wife.
To her allowing husband! Gone already;
Inch-thick, knee-deep; o'er head and ears a fork'd one.

[Enter POLICENNES, HERMIONE, and Attendants.

Go, play, boy, play,—thy mother plays, and
I Play too; but so disgraced a part, whose issue
Will bring the grace, and grace the shame of a wife.
Then will I play, and grace the shame of a wife,
Will be my kinsm,—Go, go, boy, play:—There have been,
Or I am much deceived, courtiers ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks she has been sluced in his absence,
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbor, by
Not her this neighbor: say, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates; and those gates open'd,
As mine, against their will: should all despair.
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physick for there is none;
It is a bawdy planet that will strike
Where 'tis predominant: and 'tis powerful, think it,
From east, west, north, and south; Be it concluded,
No barraco for a belly; know it;
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage, damme, a thousand of us
Have there a sense, and feel not—How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why, that's some comfort.—
What! Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord;
Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest man.

[Exit MAMILIUS.

Cam. Go you had much ado to make his anchor hold:
When you cast out, it still came home.

Leon. Didst note it?

Cam. Yes, he would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.

Leon. Didst perceive it?

They're here with me already; whispering, round-

SCELISIA is so forth. 'Tis far gone.
When shall I gust it last—How can't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the great queen's entire.

Leon. At the queen's bed? good should be perceiv-

bent but so it, is it not. Was this taken
By any understanding but that thing
For thy conceit is seeking, will draw in
More than the common blocks:—Not noted, is't,
But that the finer nature, I by some several,
Of head-piece extraordinary! lower messes,
Perchance, are to this business portend: say.

Cam. Business, my lord! I think, most understand-

Bohemia stays here longer.
* To heir apparent, next claimant.
Mouth.
A horned one, a coeack.
* To round in the ear was to tell secretly.
Twice.

Leon. Ha! Stays here longer.

Cam. Ay, but why?

Leon. To satisfy your highness, and the entertain-

Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy the entertainments of your mistress:—

Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber counsellors: wherein, preistshe, thou
Hast cleared my bosom, and from hence departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceived in thy integrity, deceived
In that which seems so.

Leon. Be it for好, my lord!

Leon. To hide upon't:—Thou art not honest or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward;
Which honest honesty behind, restraints and clanker
From course required: Or else thou must be counted
A servant,crafted in my serious trust,
And therein neglectful; or else a fool,
That says a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak't it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
May I be negligent, foolish, and fain; in
Every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongst the minute doings of the world,
Sometimes puts forth: Do you your subjects, my lord,
If ever I was wilful-neglectful,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not wanting well the end; and 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
And nothing else: Which all to the honest; these, my lord,
Are such allow'd intimates, that honesty
Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,
The plainer with me: let me know my trespass
By its own visage, if I then decay it,
'tis none of mine.

Leon. Have not you seen Camillo, (But that's but past doubt, you have;) or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cocks-horn, or heard,
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumor
Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation
Hesides not in that man, that does not think it.)
My wife is slippery! if thou wilt confes,
(Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then say
Why wilt give a hobby-horse, and take the same
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:—shew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this: which to reterate, were sin
As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses!
Kissing with inside lip? spitting the career
Of /anger with a sigh? (a note inalute
Of breaking honesty;) horsing foot on foot!
Shaking in corners! wishing clocks more swift!
Hours, minutes! noon, midnight, and all eyes blind
With the pin and wheel, but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked! is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
The crying sky is nothing: Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor have those things these,
That be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cured
Of this disease, and banish it; for
Its most dangerous.

Leon. Say, it be; 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is: you lie, you lie,
I say, thouliest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Proneounce thee a grass butt, a mindless slave:
Or else a lowering temperizer, that
Canst with thine eye canst not once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both. Were my wife's liver
At her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her?

* To hoe is to hamstring. * Disorders of the eye.
Your changed complections are to me a mirror, Which shows me mine changed too; for I must be A party in this alteration, finding Myself thus alter’d with it.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but I cannot name the disease; and it is caught Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How came I to be of this? I make me not sighted like the basilisk. I have look’d on thousands, who have spelt the better By my regard, but kild’ne none so. Camillo, As you are certainly a gentleman; therefore Clerk-like, experienced, which no less adorns Our gentry, than our parents noble names, In whose success we are genteel—i. beseech you, If you know aught which does behave my knowledge Thereof to be infor’d, imprison it not.

In Ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer. Pol. A sickness catch’d of me, and yet I well! I must be answered.—Dost thou hear, Camillo, I conjure thee, by all the parts of man, Which honor does acknowledge,—whereof the least Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare What incedency thou dost guess of harm Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near; Which way to be prevented, if to be; If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I’ll tell you; since I am charg’d in honor, and by him That I think honorable: Therefore, mark my counsel; Which must be even as swiftly follow’d, as I mean to utter it: or both yourself and me Cry lost, and so good night.

Pol. On, good Camillo. Cam. I am appointed him to murder you. Pol. By whom, Camillo? By the king.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears To as he had seen, or been an instrument To vice you to;—that you have touch’d his queen Forbidingly.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn To an infected jelly; and my name Be yok’d with his, that did betray the best! Turn then my freshest reputation To soveraigns, thus strike the duldest nostril Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn’d, Nay, hated too, worse than the greatest infection That e’er was heard, or read.

Camillo. Swear his thought over By each particular star in heaven, and By all their influences, you may as well Forbid the sea for to obey the moon. As a potion follow’d, or by oath, remove, or counsel, shake The fabric of his folly; whose foundation Is piled upon his faith, and will continue The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow! Cam. I know not: but, I am sure, ’tis safer To avoid what’s grown, than question how it’s born. If therefore you dare trust my honesty, That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you shall bear along impaw’d,—away to-night. Your followers I will whisper to the business; And well, by thos, and all at several posts, Clear them o’ the city; for myself, I’ll put My fortunes to your service, which are here By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain; For, by the honor of my parents, I have utter’d truth: which if you seek to prove, I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer Than one condem’d by the king’s own mouth, there.

His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee: I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand: Be pilot to none but me, the world at several posts, Still neighbor mine: My ships are ready, and My people did expect my hence departure Two days ago.—This jealousy Is for a precious creature: as she’s rare, For succession. Gentle was opposed to simple; well born. I. e. The person.

Scene II.
Act II.

Scene 1.—The same.

Enter Hermion, Mamilles, and Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you; he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

1 Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your play-fellow?—Pray now,

2 Lady. Why, my sweet lord!

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

Lady. You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if
I were a baby still,—I love you better.

Lady. And why so, my good lord?

Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they
say,
Become some women best; so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semi-circle,
Or half-moon made with a pen.

2 Lady. Who taught you this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces. —Pray
Now,

What color are your eye-brows?

1 Lady. Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock; I have seen a lady's

That hath been blue, but not her eye-brows.

2 Lady. Hark ye;

The queen, your mother, round aspace we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince,
One of these days; and then you'd wanton with us
If we would have you.

1 Lady. She is spread of late
Into a godly bulk: Good time encounter her!

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you! Come, sir,
now
I am for you again: Pray you, sit by us,
And tell's a tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall I be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter;

I have one of sprites and goblings.

Her. Let's have that, sir.

Come on, sit down.—Come on, and do your best
To trig me with your sprites: you're powerful
At it.

Mam. There was a man.—

Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard; —I will tell it

nottily:

You crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on, then,

And give me in mine ear.

Enter Leon, Antigonus, Lords, and others.

Leon. Was he met there? his train Camillo
with him?

1 Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them;
Or his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo;—I will respect thee as father, if
Thou bearst my life off hence: Let us avoid
Camilo. Yet it is mine authority, my command
The keys of all the posterns: Please your highness,
To take the urgent hour: come, sir, away.

[Exit.

ACT II.

He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will.—How came the posterns
So easily open?

1 Lord. By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevailed than so,
On your command.

Leon. I know't too well.—
Give me the boy; I am glad, you did not nurse him:
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? sport!

Leon. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come
About her;
Away with him;—and let her sport herself
With that she's big with; for his Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say he had not,
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
However you lean to the wayward.

Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; he but about,
To say, she is a goodly lady, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity she's not honest, honorable.

Fraise her but for this her without-doors form,
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech),
and straight
The shrill shrill of hum, or ha; these petty bands,
That calumnies doth use,—I am out,
That mercy does; for calumni will bear
Virtue itself.—These shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
When you have said, she's goodly, come between,
'Fe you can say she's honest: but be it known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adulteress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.

You have mistook, my lady,

Polixenes for Leon; 0 thin thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lost barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinction leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar—I have said,
She's an adulteress; I have said with whom:
More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is
A seducer; with her; and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself,
But with her most vile principal, that she's
A bed-sweaver, even as bad as those
That vulgar give bold tattle; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this: How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,
You can right me thoroughly then, to say
You did mistake.

Leon. No, no; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top.—Away with her to prison:
He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,2
But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient, till the heavens look
With an aspect more favorable. Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry our pities: but I have
That honorable grief lodg'd here, which burns

1 A thing jinched out of charts, a puppet.
2 Brand as infamous. 1 Confused. 2 Only.
3 Remotely guilty. 4 In merely speaking.
Scene II. WINTER'S TALE.

Worse than tears-drown: Beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The king's will be performed.

Leon. Shall I be heard?

[To the Guards.]

Her Wh. is't that goes with me!—Beseech your highness,
My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good folks;
There is no cause: when you shall know your
mistresses.

Leon. Has deserved prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out: this action, I now go on,
For my better grace.—Alas, my lord; I
Never wish'd to see you sorry for me.
I trust, I shall.—My women come; you have leave.

Leon. Go do your bidding; hence.

[Exit Queen and Ladies.

1 Lord. Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice
Prove violence; in which three great oncers suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

1 Lord. For her, my lord,—

Ant. I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
The eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I leave my wife; I'll go in couple with her;
When I see her, and her, no further trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be the be.

Leon. Hold your peace.

1 Lord. Good my lord,—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
Your dearest, and by some putter on,
That will be damn'd for't; would I knew the villain,
I would hand-damn him: Be he honor'd—

Ant. I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second, and the third, nine: if the true
If this prove true, they will pay for't' by mine honor,
I'll geld them all; fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather die myself, than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease; no more.

Ant. You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: I see your soul,
As you feel doing thus; and see withal
The instruments that fell.

Leon. What! lack I credit?

1 Lord. I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord.
Upon this ground: and more it would content me
To have her honor true, than your suspicion;
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful instigation! our prerogative
Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness
Imparts us pleas, which,—if you studied,
Or seeming so in skill), cannot or will not,
Relish as truth, like us: inform yourselves,
We have 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 o'ercourse.

Leon. How could that be?

Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or we have bear too much Camilla's light,
Added to their familiarity.
(Which was as gross as ever touched conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, sought for approbation.)
But, if they seeing, all other not only
(Mad: up to the deed.) doth push on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For, in act of this importance, were
Most plebeus to be wild;) I have despatch'd in post,
To sacred Delphes, to Apollo's temple,
Cloenemes and Dion, whom you know

Proof 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.

Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth! So we have thought it good,
From our free person she should be confined;
Lest the treachery of the two, fed hence,
Be left to ponder alone; that follow us,
We are to speak in public: for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. [Aside.] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known.

[Exeunt.

Scene II.—The outer Room of a Prison.

Enter PAULINA and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him—

[Exit an Attendant.

Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady!
No court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison!—Now, good sir,

Re-enter Attendant, with the Keeper.

You know me, do you not?

Keep. For a worthy lady,

Ant. And one whom much I honor.

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 honor from
The access of gentle visitors!—Is it 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 thence.

Paul. I pray now, call her.

Withdraw yourselves.

[Exit Attendant.

Keep. And, madam,

I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be it so, pricketh.

[Exit Keeper.

Here's such ado to make me stain a stain,
As passes coloring.

Re-enter Keeper, with EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?

Emil. A well as one so great, and so forlorn,
May hold together: On her frights and groans,
(Which never would her lady born have greater)
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy!

Ant. A daughter, and a goodly babe,

Paul. And, like to live! the queen resolves
Much comfort in't: says, My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you.

Paul. I dare be sworn—

These dangerous unsafe Une's o' the king! beshrew them!
They must be told on, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman's best; I'll take'um up;
If I prove hony-mouth'd, let my tongue blister;
And never to my red look'd anger be
The trumpet any more: Pray you, Emilia,
Comfort my best obedience to the queen;
If she dare trust me with her little babe,
I'll show't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to the highest: We do not know
How he may soften at the sight of the child,
The silence offer of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honor, and your goodness, is so evident,
That your true undertaking cannot mislead
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
To that queen; all Queen's shall stand on the noble offer;
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design;
But durst not tempt a minister of honor,
Lest she should be denied.

Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from it,
Of abilities more than sufficient.

Lunacies, ills of madness.
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted
I shall do good.

Enr. Now, be you best 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.

You need not fear it, sir: the
Child was prisoner to the wound; and is,
By law and process of great nature, thence
Freed and enfranchised: not a party to the
Anzer 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 honor, I will stand twixt you and danger.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, and other
Attendants.

Leom. Nor night, nor day, no rest: It is but
weakness
To hear the matter thus; mere weakness, if
The cause were not in being:—part of the cause,
She, the adulteress,—for the hard king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the dark
And level of my brain, plot-proof: but she
I can look to: Say, that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Much come to me again.—Who's there?

I. Att. My lord.

Leom. How does the boy?

I. Att. He took good rest to-night:
'Tis hop'd, his sickness is discharged.

Leom. To see
His nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonor of his mother,
He straight declined, dropp'd, 'tis took it deeply;
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame out in himself;
Throw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And durst not laugh'n.—Leave me solely:—go
See how he fares. [Exit Attendant.—] Eyo, ye! no
thought of him;
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recollect upon me: in himself too mighty;
And in his parties, his alliance.—Let him be,
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take to you, Camillo and Polxenes.
Laugh at me: make their pastime at my sorrow;
They should not laugh if I could reach them; nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter Paulina, with a Child.

1 Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life! a gracious innocent soul!
More free, than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

I. Att. Madam, he hath not slept to-night;
commanded
None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir; I
come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—
That creep like shadows by him, and do nigh
At each his needless hearing,—such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as medicinal as true;
Honest, as either, to purge him of that humor,
That presses him from sleep.

No noise, my lord; but needful conference,
About some gossips for your highness.

Paul. How!—

Ant. With that audacious lady: Antigonus
I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me;
I knew, she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Paul. What, canst not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonesty, he can; in this
(Unless he take the course that you have done,

* * * * *

Commit me, for committing honor,) trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. Lo you now; you hear!
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good; good, my liege, I come.—
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dare
Less bear so, in comforting your evils;
Such as from most seem yours:—I say, I come
From your good queen.

Paul. Good, good queen: I say good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man the worth about you.

Ant. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,
First hand me: on mine own accord, I'll soft;
But the issue of my errand:—The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commits it to your blessing.

[Leaving down the Child.]

Out! A very maim'd bitch! Hence with her, out, outdoor! A most intelligence bawd!

Paul. Not so:
I am as ignorant in that, as you are
In so entitling me: and no less honest
Than you are mad: which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honesty.

Ant. Traitors! Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard:—
Thou, dotard, [To Antigonus.] thou art womanish
Unroosted by thy dame Partlet;—here, take up the bastard;
' Take it up, I say; give it to thy crone.
For ever Unnevarable be thy hands, if thou
Takest up the princess, by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon it.

Paul. So, I would, you did: then, 'twere past all
doubt,
You'd call your children yours.

Ant. A nest of traitors! I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I: nor any,
But one, that's here; and that's himself: for he
The sacred honor of himself, his queen's,
His happy son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's: and will
not
(For as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to,) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

Paul. A cull; of boundless tongue; who late hath beat her hus-
band,
And now haunts me!—This brat is none of mine; It
Is a prodigy of Polxenes:—Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours:
And, might we lay the old prove to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print he little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The touch of his form, his forehead; now, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and check; his
smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:—
And thou, good goddess nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, most honest colors
No year of six, bett'st she suspect as he does, Her
children not her husband's!

Paul. A gross lie!—

And, loz; thou art worthy to be hang'd. That
Might not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands That cannot do that fact, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

* * * * *

*Accounting your ill course, lowest.

*Masculine.

*Worn out woman.

*Forced is false; uttered with violence to truth.

*Truly, the color of jealousy. 

*Worthless fellow.
ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Street in some Town.

Enter Cleomenes and Dion.

Cle. The climate's delicate, the air most sweet; Fertile is the soil; the temple much surpassing The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report, For most it caught me, the celestial habits, (Methinks; I should so term them,) and the reverence Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice! How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly It was; the offering! 

Cle. But, of all the burst And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle. Kin to Jove's thunder, so surprised my sense. That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event of the journey Prove as successful to the queen,—O, bettso!— As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy, The time is worth the use of.

Cle. Great Apollo, Turn all to the best! These proclamations, So forcing faults upon Hermione, I little like. 

Dion. The violent carriage of it Will clear, or end, the business: When the oracle, With lady Marceiving, your midwife, there, To save this bastard's life,—for 'tis a bastard. So sure as this head's gray,—what will you adventure To save this brat's life? 

Any thing, my lord, That my ability may under, And nobleness impose: at least thus much: I'll pawn the little blood which I have left, To save the innocent: any thing possible. It shall be possible: swear by this sword, Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark, and perform it; (see thou) for the fault Of any point it shall not only be Death to thyself, but to thy low-born-tongued wife; Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee, As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it To some remote and desert place, quite out Of all of our sight; and that there thou leave it, Without more mercy, to its own protection. And favor of the climate. As by strange fortune It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,— On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,— That thou commend it strangelv to some place, Where chance may nurse or end it: Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death Had been more merciful: come on, poor babe! Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens, To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say, Casting their swarhness aside, have done Like officers of pity,—Sir, be prosperous In more than this deed doth require! and blessing Against this cruelty, fight on thy side. Poor thing, condemn'd to lose.

Leon. Exit with the Child.

No, I'll not rear Another's issue.

Ant. I swear. Please your highness, posts, From those you sent to the oracle, are come An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion, Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both hand'd, Hasting to the court. 

Leon. So please you, sir, their speed Hath been beyond account.

Ant. Twenty-three days They have been absent: 'Tis good speed; foretells, The great Apollo suddenly will have the truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords; Summon a session, that we may arraign Our most dishonour'd self, for as she beheld, Been publicly accused, so shall she have A just and open trial. While she lives, My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me; And thank upon my bidding.

Enter Beaumonts, Lords, and Officers, appeared properly seated.

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief, we proune) Even presses against our heart: The party tried, The daughter of a king; our wife; and one Of us too much beloved,—let us be eler Of being tyrannous, since we so openly Proceed in justice; which shall have due course, Even to the guilt, or the purgation.— Produce the prisoner.

Off. It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen Appear in person here in court—Silence! 

Hermione is brought in, surroun'd; Paulina and ladies attending.

Leon. Read the indictment.

[It was amusingly a practice to swear by the cross at the bilt of the sword, to commit it to some place as a stranger.]}
Off. Hermione, queen to the worthy Leonatus,  
King of Sicilia, how art here accused and arraigned  
Of high presumption, in being betrothed with Po-  
ixenes, king of Bohemia: and complying with Cam-  
illo to take away the life of our sovereign lord  
The king, thy royal husband; the prince, whereof  
beholds most truly, is from my breast.  
Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of  
a true subject, dost causeth and thee,  
This, how at thy royal request,  
Her, since what I said to thee, must be but that  
Which contradicts my accusation; and  
The testimony on my part, no other  
But what comes from myself: if thine ear be not  
Happily to me,  
Say, Not guilty: mine integrity,  
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,  
Be so receiv'd. But thus,—It powers divine  
Befit our human actions, but for mine own  
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make  
False accusation blush, and tyranny  
Tremble at patience.—I, my lord, best know,  
Who least will seem to do so, my past life  
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,  
As I am now unhappy; which is more  
Than history can pattern, though deserved,  
And play'd to take spectators: for behold me,—  
A fellow of the royal bed, which owes  
A moiety of the throne, a great prince's daughter,  
To Ophelia, a well-born prince's consort;  
To prove and talk for life, and honor, fore  
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize,  
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honor,  
I am a deriva'tive from mine to submission,  
And only that I stand for. I appeal  
To you: conscience, sir, before Poisixenes  
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,  
How mar'tled to be so; since he came,  
With what encounter so unconcern'd I  
Have strain'd to appear thus: if one jot beyond  
The bond of honor; or, in act, or word,  
That way meanings: harder'd be the hearts  
Of all that hear me, and my heart's of kin  
Cry, I live upon my grace.  
Her. I ne'er heard yet,  
That any of these bold vices wanted  
Less imputation to gue'sty what they did,  
Than to perform it.  
Her. That's true enough;  
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not true to me.  
Leon. You will not own it.  
Her. More than mistress of,  
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not  
At all acknowledge. For Poisixenes,  
(With whom I am accusation.) I do confess,  
I lov'd him, as in honor be required:  
With so much a kind of love, as his life,  
A lady like me; with a love, even such,  
So, and no other, as yourself command'd:  
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me  
Both disobedience and iniquity.  
To you, and toward your friend; whose love had  
spoken,  
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,  
That it was yours: now, for conspiracy,  
I know not it was taste; though: it be disd'n  
For me to try how: all I know of it  
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;  
And, why he left your court, the gods themselves,  
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.  
Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know  
What you have undert'ned to do mildly absolute.  
Her, Sir.  
You speak a language that I understand not:  
My life stands in the level, of your dreams,  
Which I try'd down.  
Leon. Your actions are my dreams;  
You had a bastard by Poisixenes,  
And I but dream'd it. As you perceiv't past all shame,  
That's my truth, of all you do; so past all truth:  
Which to deny, concerns more than avails:  
For so  
That trait hath been cast out, like to itself;  
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,  
More criminal in thee, than it.) so thou  
Shalt feel your just'r; in whose casette passage,  
Leon, for no less than death.  
Her.  
Sir, bear your threats;  
The bag, which you would fright me with, I seek.  
2 Scheme laid.  
3 Own possess.  
4 Is within the reach.  
5 They have done like you.
Scene III.—Winter's Tale.

My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tarried,
My own commendation, though I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,
And child with honor, to my kind requite,
Unsealed my practice: quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great; and to the certain hazard
Of all incertainties himself committed,
Nor rather than his honor—How he clusters
Through my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter Paulina.

Paul. Woe the while! O, cut my lace; lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

1 Lord. What fit is this, good lady? What studied torments, tyrant, hurt for me?
My wheels! racks! fierce! What faying! boiling,
In leads, or oiled? what old, or newer torture
Must I receive; whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst! Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,—
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine!—0, think, what they have done,
And then run mad; indeed: stark mad! for all
They by chance are answerable; and surest of it.
That thou betray'st Polixenes, twas nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconsistent,
And damnable ungrateful; nor was much,
The sport I would have had good Polixenes's honor,
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The growing to the crown thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little; till a dear dear,
Would have shed water out of fire, ere done:
Nor is't directly had to thee, the death
Of the young prince, whose honest good thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleat the heart
That could conceive, a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Not to be answer. But the lost—0, lords,
When I have said, ere, woe!—the queen, the queen,
The sweetest, dearest, creature's death; and vengeance
Not dropped down yet.

1 Lord. The higher powers forbid! Say more; nor oath,
Prevail not, do, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture or lustre, in her lips, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, you serve
As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!
Didst thou not cross these her and me,
Than all thy woes can surr: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Under barrels men, and in storm perpetual,
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Enter Leon. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speak too much: I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

1 Lord. Say no more;
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for't;
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I have have show'd
The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past
Help, should be past grief: Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you; rather
Let me be punish'd, that have mind'd you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman.
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too: Take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well,
When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitted of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen and son:
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall
Sit: a devil would have shed tears of pity, ere he
Would have perpetrated such a ton.

The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual: One day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie; and tears shed there,
Shall be my recreation: So long as
Nature will bear with this exercise,
So long I daily vow to use it. Come,
And lead me to these sorrows.

Exeunt.

Scene III.—Bohemia. A desert Country near the Sea.

Enter Antigonus, with the Child; and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art 'perfect' then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?

Mar. Ay, my lord, and fear we have landed in ill time: the skies look gravely,
And threaten present labors. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done!—Go, set aboard;
Look to thy bark; I'll not be long, before I call upon thee.

Mar. Make thy best haste; and go not
Too far in the land: 'tis like to be loud we other,
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey, that keep upon thee.

Ant. Go thou away: I'll follow instantly.

Thou, I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business.

[Exit.]

Mar. Come, poor baboon,
I have heard, (but not believe d') the spirits of the dead
May wear again; if such thing be, thy mother
Appeard to me last night; for never was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fli'd, and so becoming: in pure white robes
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me;
And gasping to begin, with me the speech, her eyes
Became two spots: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her; Good Antigonus,
Sister fate, against thy kind dispositions,
Hath made this person for the thrice-ou'd
Of my poor baboon, according to those oath,—
Placed remote enough in Bohemia.

There were, and ears of wrestling; and, for the bab
Counted food too early for Perdita,
I rather, call'd; for this unsalute business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou never shall see
This wife Paulina wince;—and so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Allrighted much,
I did in time collect myself; and thought
This was so, and no slumber. I reams are toys:
Yet, for this one and this, I will
Be well squared by this. I do believe,
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of Polixenes, it should here be bad,
Either for life, or death, upon the earth
Of its right father.—Blessom, speed thee well!

[Leaving the Child.]

There lie; and there thy characters there these;

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee,
And still rest thine.—The storm begins;—Poor
wretched,
That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To loss, and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds and most accrues I am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!—
The day frowns more and more: thou art like to have
A Bolton too rough:—No
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamor!—
Well may I get aboard!—This is the close;
I am gone forever.

[Exit, pursued by B. ar.

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no aze between ten and three and twenty; or that youth would sleep out the rest; for there is nothing in the between but getting wench's with child, wrangling the

1 Well assured.
2 The writing afterward discovered with Perdita.
3 Child.
4 Female infant.
ANCIENTURY, stealing, fighting.—Hark you now!—Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen, and two and twenty, hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep; which, I fear, their lives will reach, unless the master: it any where I have them, 'ts by the sea-side, bounding on ivy. Good luck, an' th' sky will! what have we here! [Taking up the child.] Mercy o'irs, a barne; a very ornamental. A boy or a child, I wonder. A pretty one; a very pretty one; Sure, some scope: though I am not bookish, yet I can read wating-gentlewoman in the play. This has been some state-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 bary till my son come; he halloed but even now. Who, ho boy! 

Enter Clown. 

Clo. Hill. ooo. 

Shr. What, art so near? if thou 'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What adest thou, man? 

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; between the mount and the boat, thou hast not a brothman's point. 

Shr. Why, boy, how is it? 

Clo. I would you did but see how it shapes, how it moves, 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 they're lowering the moon with her mastmast; and anon swallow'd with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hose. And then for the land's sake, I see how the boat tore out his shoulders: 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 flapp'd and crossed it.—first, first, how the poor souls roar'd, and the sea mock'd them; and how the poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than sea or weather. 

Shr. Name of mercy, when was this, boy? 

Clo. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman: he's at nought. 

Shr. Would I had been by, to have helped the old man! 

Clo. I should you had been by the ship side, to have helped her; there your charity would have lacked. 

Shr. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself: thou meet'st with things dying, I with things new-born. Here's a sight for thee: look then, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! Look thee here: take up, take up, boy; oper't. So, let's see: It was told me, I should be rich by the tames: this is some changelings—opened, and a poor boy, a late born. 

Clo. You're a made old man: if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! and gold. 

Shr. This is fair gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: with it, keep it close; home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy: and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go! Come thee, my sheep, the next way home. 

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never estrat but where they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it. 

Shr. That's a good deed: if thou mayst dis, boy: for thou hast left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him. 

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him 'r the ground. 

Shr. He's a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't. [Exeunt. 

ACT IV. 

Enter Time, as Chorus. 

Time. I, that please some, try all; both joy and terror, 
Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error,— Now take upon me, in the name of Time, To thus my ways. I have done it in a course, To me, or my swift passage, that I slide 
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untied Of that wide gap: since it is in my power To thus my ways, and have, and in some one hour To plant and o'erwhelm custom: let me pass 
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was, Or what is now received: I write to shew The times that brought them in; so shall I do To the finished times now reigning; and make stable The glistering of this present, as my tale. 
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing, I turn my glass; and give my scene such growing, As you had slept between. Leontes leaving The effects of his bold jealousies; so grieving, That he shus up himself; imagine me, Gentle spectators, that I now may be 
In fair Bohemia; and remember well, I mentioned a son o' the king's, which Florizel I now name to you: and with so peace so pace To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace Equal with wonderings: What of her enmies, I list not prophecies; but let Time's new'says, Be known, when his brought forth:—a shepherd's daughter, And what to her adheres which follows after, Is the argument of: Time of that: that If I have spent any time worse ere now; If never yet, that Time himself doth say, That he wishes e'er after, 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: its a sickness, denying thee anything; a death, to grant this. 

A Child. a Female infant. a Swallowed. a Subject. 

Com. It is fifteen years, since I saw my country, though I have, for the most part, been ailed abroad I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent me to: whose feeling sorrows I might be some alloy, or I overween to think so; which is another spur to my deporture. 

Pol. Thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made better not to have had thee, than this to want thee: thou seest how far thou art in my affairs, without thee, can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done: when I have not enough considered, (as too much I cannot,) to bear more thankful to thee, shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, prythee speak no more: whose very naming pains me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen, and children, are even now to be afraid unmeant. Say to me, when saw'st then the prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them. Their losses have not pleased them. 

Com. Sir, it is three days, since I saw the prince: What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have, missingly, noted, he is of late much addicted to the princely exercises, than formerly he bath appeared. 

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo; and, with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my heart: and have served upon his royal person, whom I have this intelligence: That he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd: a man they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors, is grown into an unspeakable estate. 

Com. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is 

* The mantle in which a child was carried to be baptized. 
* Think too highly of myself. * Observed at intervals.
extended more, than can be thought to begin from such a source.

Poe. That's likewise part of my intelligencer. But, I fear the angle that pleases our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place: where we will, not appearing what we are, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Try thee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Siblius.

Curt. I willingly obey your command. 

Poe. My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves.

SCENE II.—A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage. [Exeunt.

ENTER AYOLYCUIS, SINGING.

When daffodils begin to peer,—

With height! the doxy over the date,—

For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet blossoming on the height.

With hey, with hey! the thrush and the joy.

Are wees songs for me and my auntie,

While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile; but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear? [Sings.

The pale moon shines by night:

And when I wander here and there,

Then must I go to rest.

If tinkers may have leave to live,

And bear nonsense in their shoe;

Then my account I well may give,

And in the stocks voueh it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me, Autolycus; who, being, as I am, huddled under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die and drab, I purchased this expansion; and my revenue is the silly chest. Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the highway; beating and hanging, are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

C10. Let me see:—Every 'leven weather—tod's: every bold yeilds—pound and odd shillings: fifteen hundred shillings.—What comes the cool to?

A10. If the spring hold, the cook's mine.

[Aside.

C10. I cannot do without counters.—Let me see: you can i, to buy for our sheep-shearing feast?

Three pounds of sugar; five pounds of currants; rice;—

What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she, in her turn, hath, in her turn, made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers: three-man song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them mean'; and thus: but one Parnassian amongst them, and he sings psalms to hindraps. I must hang saffron, to color the warden piece;—lace, laces;—none; that's out of my note: wadding, seven; a race, or two, or ginger; but that I may be,—four pieces of money, and as many as retain of the sun.

A10. Of that, ever I was born!

[Groveling on the ground.

C10. The name of me?

A10. Oh, help me! I must pluck off these races; and then, death, death!

C10. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more races to lay on thee: rather than have these off.

A10. O, sir, the falsehood of them offenses me more than the stripes I have received; which are mighty ones and mulchers.

C10. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to him of yealtie; and then die, and then die.

A10. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money, and apparel taken from me, and these decent things put upon me.

C10. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

A10. A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

C10. But, sir, is there to 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.

[Holding him up.

A10. O! go'd sir, tenderly, oh!

C10. Alas, poor soul.

A10. Good sir, softly, good sir: I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

C10. How now! canst stand?

A10. Softly, dear sir; [picks his pocket], good sir, softly: you ha' done me a charitable office.

Buck. Dost lack any money! I have a little money for thee.

A10. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir. I have a kinsman not past three-quarters of a mile hence, unto which I am going: I shall there have money, or anything I want; offer me no money, I pray thee; that kills my heart.

C10. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

A10. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-ly-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.

C10. His vicces, you would say; there's no virtue whipped out of the court: they can't; because they can't stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

A10. Vices I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-beerer; then a toad-slayer; after that, he compassed a motion of the prodigal son, and married a winder's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown down over many knaves professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

C10. Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

A10. Very true, sir; he, sir; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

C10. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia: if you had but looked big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

A10. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

C10. How do you now?

A10. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman.

C10. Shall I bring thee on the way, sir?

A10. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

C10. Then fare thee well; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

A10. Prithee, let me see sweet! — [Exit Clown.

Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. He'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too; if I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearsers prove sheep, let me be unrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue!

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path near,

And merrily melts the strie:

A merry heart goes all the day,

Your soul lives in a smile.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—A Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter FLORIZEL and BERTRAND.

Flor. These your unusual needs to each part of you Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Floria, Previn: in April's front. This your sheep-shearing Doth have a meeting of the pretty gods, And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord, To chide at your extremes? it is not becomes me: I, pardon me, I name thee: your back sits The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscured With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lovely maid, Most goddess-like prank'd up: But that our feasts Are as dear as any, and the shepherdesses Ingest it with a custom, I should blush To see you so attired; sworn, I think, To show myself a glass.

[The machine used in the game of pigeon holes.

A puppet show.

A Take hold of.

A Object of all men's noise.

A Dress'd with catteneation.
WINTER'S TALE.  

Act IV.

Flo.  I bless the time,  
When my good falcon made her flight across  
Thy father's ground.  

Per.  Now Jove afford you cause!  
To me the difference forgives dread; your greatness  
Hath not been used to fear. Even now I tremble  
To think of thy father, by thy sorrow,  
Should pass this way, as you did: O, the fatal!  
How would he look, to see his work, so noble?  
Vibly bound up? What would he say! Or how  
Should he not think, of thine old saints, Hence  
The sternness of his presence!  

Flo.  Apprehend  
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,  
Rending their deities to love, before them  
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter  
Become a bull, and bellow'd: the green Neptune  
A ram, and bleated: and the fire-bred'god,  
Gods! Apollon, a poor humbled swan.  
As I seem now: Their transformations  
Were never for a piece of beauty racer;  
A way to make us better friends, more known.  
Rum not before mine honor; nor my lusts  
Burn better nor my faith.  

Flo.  Thou dearest Perdita,  
With these forced thoughts, I pry thee, darken not  
The mirth of the heart; Or I'll be thine, my fair,  
Or not my father's: for I cannot be  
Mine own, nor any thing to any. If  
I be thine then: to this I am most constant,  
And I will harden my heart, to none. He not joyous;  
Strange such thoughts as these, with any thing  
That you behold the while. Our guests are coming:  
Let up your contenance as it were the day  
Of celebration of that mystical, which  
We two have sworn shall come.  

Per.  Stand you auspicious!  
O lady fortune,  

Enter Shepherd with Polixenes and Camillo, disguised; Clown, Ministers, Hymen and others.  

Flo.  See your guests approach:  
Your resolution cannot hold, when its  
Opposed, as it must be, by the power o' the king.  
One of these two must be necessities,  
Which then will speak; that you must change this  
Purpose, or my life.  

Flo.  Then dearest Perdita,  
With these forced thoughts, I pry thee, darken not  
The mirth of the heart; Or I'll be thine, my fair,  
Or not my father's: for I cannot be  
Mine own, nor any thing to any. If  
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Let up your contenance as it were the day  
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We two have sworn shall come.  

Per.  Stand you auspicious!  
O lady fortune,
Cau. He tells her something; 
That makes her blood look out: Good sooth, she is
The queen of cards and cream.
Clo. Come on, strike up.
Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress; marry, garlic, 
To mend her kissing with.--
Mops. Now, in good time.
Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our 
Came, strike up.
[Music.
Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.
Pol. Fran, good shepherd, what
Fair swan is this, which dances with your daughter? 
Sheep. Why, tell him Dorincle; and he bosets 
To have a worthy feeding: but I have it 
Upon his own request, and I believe it; 
That should be silent: if young Dorincle 
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that 
Which he does not dream of.

Enter a Servant.
Serc. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the 
door, you would never dance again after a labor 
and a month, nor the barbecue could not move you: 
he sings several tunes, faster than you'll tell money: 
he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all my 
ears grew to his tunes.
Clo. Here's the master's name to: he shall come in: I love a ballad but even too well: if it be 
doeful matter, merrily set down; or a very pleasant 
thing indeed, and sung lamentably.
Serc. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all 
sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with 
gloves: he has the prettiest love songs for maids; 
so withowit, music, which is not so strong with 
such delicate burdens of didoes and falshes; jump her 
and thump her; and where some stretch-mouth'd 
rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break 
a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to 
answer, Whoop, do me no harm, good man; puts 
him off, slights him, with Whoop, do me no harm, 
goodman.
Pol. This is a brave fellow.
Clo. Believe me thou takes of an adorable 
considered fellow. Has he any unbridled wares? 
Serc. He hath rhumbs of all the colors! in the 
rainbow. He saw how the lawyers in Bloomsbury 
carefully handled, though they come to him by the 
gross; inkle, caddies, cambrics, lawns; why, 
sings them over, as they were gods or goddesses; 
you would think a sower was she sang; he so 
chants to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the 
square on.
Pol. Prythee, bring him in; and let him appre-
chace singing.
Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scrupulous 
words in his tunes.
Clo. You have no these pedlars, that have more 
in them than you'd think, sister.
Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolycus, singing.
Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, block as ever was crown; 
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bangle bracelets, and ribands,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quills, and stomachers,
For my lack to give their dears;
Pins and pricking-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, &c.

* A valuable tract of pasturage.  
** Neatly.  
*** Plain goods.  
* Kind of tape.  
* The call.  
* The work about the bosom.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou 
shouldst take no money of me; but being enthralled as I am, 
will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.
Mops. I was promised them against the feast; but 
they come not too late now.
Dor. He hath promised you more than that: 
or there be lies.
Mops. He hath paid you all he promised you: 
may be he hath paid you more; which will shame 
you to give him again.
Clo. Is there no manner left among maims? will 
they wear their plackets, where they should bear 
their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you 
and your cozeners are gone away with thieves to whistle off these 
secrets; but you must be tittle-tattling before all 
our guests? 'Tis well they are whispering: Clam-
mer your tongues, and not a word more.
Mops. I know no other time, thou promised me a 
tawdry lace and a pair of sweet gloves.
Clo. Have I not told thee, how I was cozened by 
the way, and lost all my money?
Per. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; 
therefore it behoves men to be wary.
Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing 
here.
Per. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many 
parcels of charge.
Serc. What hast here! ballads!
Mops. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in 
print, a-chap, then we are sure they are true.
Per. Here's one to a very doeful tune, How a 
maurer's wife was brought to-bed of twenty-money-
bags at a barrier; and how she longed to eat ad-
des' heads, and loaded herself with.
Mops. Is it true, think you?
Per. Very true; and but a month old.
Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!
Aut. Here's a ballad, the name to, one mistres 
Talperleoner; and five or six honest waves, that 
were present: Why should I carry'bes abroad?
Mops. Pray you now, buy it.
Serc. Come on, lay it be: And let's first see more 
ballets; we'll buy the other things anon.
Per. Where is this, another ballad, of a fish, that 
appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore 
of April, and caught fish in a sea of blood.
Serc. I have sworn, 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 ballet is very pitiful, 
and as true.
Dor. Is it true, think you?
Aut. From the noblest of the nobles at it; and witnesses, 
more than my pack will hold.
Clo. Lay it by: Another.
Aut. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.
Mops. Lay it by: I think it true.
Aut. Why this is a passing merry one; and goes 
to the tune of "Two maids wooing a man": there's 
scarce a maid westward, but she sings it; 'tis in 
request, I can tell you.
Per. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, 
though shalt hear: 'tis in three parts.
Dor. We had the tune on a month ago.
Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my 
opposition: have it at you with.

[SONG]
A. Get you hence, for I must go; 
Where, if it fits not you to know.
B. Whither? M. O, whither? D. Whither?
M. It becomes thy path full well, 
Thou to me thy secrets tell.
D. Me, too, let me go thither.
M. Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill?
D. If to either, I'll go thither.
N. What, neither? A. Neither.
D. Thou hast sworn my love to be.
M. Thou hast sworn it more to me:
Then, whither go? say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves; 
My father and the gentleman are in sad talk, 
and we'll not trouble them: come, bring away thy pack

* Fire-place for drying malt; still a noted gossiping place.
* Thing a dummy's head.
* A face to wear about the head or waist.  
* Serious
WINTER'S TALE.

Act IV.

Scene II.

Enter Clown, Automelius, Dorcas, and Mopsa.

Clown. This shows a sound affection.

Pol. Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak so well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:

Pol. Com. But, my daughter

By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out

You say you the like to him?

Pol. I cannot speak so well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:

Per. I cannot speak so well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:

By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out

The purity of his

Shall take hands a bargain:

And we'll be under the same hands, you shall hear word to:

I give my daughter to him, and will make

Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be

The virtue of your daughter: one being dead,

I shall have more than you can dream of yet;

Enough then for your wonder: But, come on,

Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shall take hands a bargain:

Mopsa. Thy daughter, Act. 1., sc. 3. Section 3.

Pol. Have you a father?

Flo. I have: But what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does, nor shall.

Pol. Methinks, a father,

Is, at the maturity of his son, a guest

That best becomes the table. I pray you, once more;

Is not your father grown incapable

Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid?

With these ridiculous rheums? Can he speak? hear?

Know man from man! dispute his own estate?

Lies he not bedridden? and again does nothing,

But what he did being childish?

Per. No, good sir;

He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,

Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,

You offer him, if this be so, a wrong

Something unfeith: Reason, my son,

Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,

The father (all whose joy is nothing else)

Or fair posterity) should hold some counsel

In such a business.

Mopsa. I yield all this;

But, as some other reasons, my good sir,

Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint

My father of this business.

Flo. No, he shall not.

Pol. Let him know.

Flo. I shall not.

Pol. Let him know.

Flo. Pray thee, let him.

Pol. No, he must not.

Mopsa. Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your daughter, young sir,

Discern him himself.

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base

To be acknowledged: Thou a sedent's heir,

That thus affect'st a sleepy-hook!—Thou old traitor,

I charge thee, that, by hanging thee, I may

Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piece

Of excellent witchcraft; who, of force must know

The royal fool thou copst with:—

O, my heart!

Flo. I'ave thy beauty scratched with briers, and made

More hard than thy sting. For thee, fond boy,

If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh,

That thou no more shall see this hook, (as never

I mean thou shalt,) we'll bear thee from succession;

Not the least of our blood, no, not our kin.

Far than Desecular of:—Mark thou my words;

Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time,

Though full of our displeasures, yet we free thee

From the dreadful blow of it.—And you, enchant-

ment.

Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,

That makes himself, but for our honor therein,

Unworthy thee: if ever, henceforth, the

None of these final touches to his entrance open,

Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,

I will devise a death as cruel for thee,

As thou art tender to.

Flo. Even here undone!

I was not much afraid: for once or twice,

I was about to speak; and tell him plainly,

The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,

Hides not his visage from our cottage, but

*Talk over his affairs.

* Further.
Scene III. WINTER'S TALE. 245

Looks on alike.—Wilt you please, sir, begone?—[To Florizel.

I told you, what would come of this: Bewitch you, of your own state take care: this is a man of mine,—
Being now awake, I'll quench it no inch further,
But milk my ewes, and weep.
Cam. Why, how now, father? Speak, why thou diest.

Speak not, nor think, nor
Nor dare to know that which I know,—O, sir,
You have undone a man of fourscore three. [To Florio.

You killed his father; say he's in quest;—yes;—
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some change hath must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shuffles in dust.—[O cursed wretch!]

[To Perdita.] That knewst this was the prince, and wouldst adventure
To miracle faith with him.—Undone! undone!
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 puckering back;—not following
My purpose unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech,—which, I do guess,
You do not purpose therefore;—and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear;
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him,

I not purpose it.

I think, Camillo.

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Fio. How often have I told you, I would be thus!
How often and my dignity would last
But till 'twere known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith; and then
Let nature crush the sides of the earth together.
And mar the seeds within!—Lift up thy looks:—
From my succession wage me, father! I
Attend to my affection
Be advised.

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 have made myself the sacrifice, not
For Bolina, nor the pomp that may
Be theretofore gladd'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wounds, or the profound seas hide
In their own bottoms still I'll fasten to
To this my fair belov'd; Therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's friend,
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I meant not
To see him any more,) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion: Let myself and fortune,
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver,—I am put to sea
With whom here I cannot hold on shore:
And, most opportune to our need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepared
For this design. What course I mean, I shall,
Nothing benefit in my knowledge, nor
Concerns me the reporting.

Cam. O, my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. [Hark, Perdita.—[Takes her aside.]
I'll hear you by and by. [To Camillo.

Cam. He's irremovable,
Resolved for flight: Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honor;
For I have the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I so fraught with various business, that
I leave out ceremony. [Going.

Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor services, I the love
That I have borne your father?

3 Love.

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserved: 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 is nearest to him, which
Is your grace's self, embrace but my direction,
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration,) on mine honor
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your bigness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress; (from the whom, I see,
There's no discretion to be made, but by,
Some change must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shuffles in dust.—[O cursed wretch!]
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 something more than man,
And, after that, trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place, where'lo you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do; so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me:
This follows,—if you will not chance on my purpose,
But undergo this flight:—Make for Sicilia;
And there present yourself, and your fair princess,
For so, I see, she must be:—Irene Leontes;
She shall be habited, and it becomes
Flo. The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcome forth:—asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
As 'twere the father's person: kisses the hand
Of your fresh princess: or and or divides him
Twixt his unkindness and his kindness: the one
He chaises to hell, and bids the other grow,
Faster than thought, or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What color for my visitation shall
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known between us three, I'll write you down:
The which shall point you forth at every sitting,
What you must say; that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you;
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unprofitable, undream'd shores; most cer-
To misereous enough: no hope to help you;
But, as you shak off one, to take another:
Nothing so certain as your anchors: who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be least to be. Besides, you know
Prosperity's the very bond of love;
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart to-
Affection alters.

Per. One of these is true;
I think, affliction may subdue the check,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yes, say you so!

There shall not, at your father's house, these seven,
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
I the rear of birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions; for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir, for this;
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. [With softest Perdita.—
But, O, the thorns we stand upon!—Camillo,—
Preserver of my father, now of me:

1 For discontented.
2 The unexpected discovery made by Polixenes.
3 Conquer.
Enter Autolycus.

Aut. Ha! ha! what a fool's honesty is! and trust, honest brother, to a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass, pawnander, brooch, book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tip, bracelet, horn-rack, to keep my pack from fasting; they long, who should buy first; as if my trunkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture, and what I saw, to my good use, I remember'd. My clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the wenches song; that he would not stir his petticoats, till he had both time and words: which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinched a plaquette, it was sensible; two nothing, to gild a cobble-piece of a purse; I would have fixed keys off, that hung in chains; no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this, this loud and cruel and criminal, and heart-sick purloined purses; and had not the old man come in, with a wholebag beneath his daughter and the king's son, and scared my chouts from the chaff, I had not left in hand, in the whole army. [Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita, come forward.

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being there so soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt. Flo. And those that you procure from king Leontes.

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you! All that you speak, shows fair.

Cam. Who have we here? [Enter Autolycus.

We'll make an instrument of this; omit Nothing, may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now, —why, hanging.

Cam. How now, good fellow? Why shakes 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 steal that from thee: Yet, for the outside of thy poverty, we will not make thee exchange a cobble-piece of a purse; I would have fixed keys off, that hung in chains; no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this, this loud and cruel and criminal, and heart-sick purloined purses; and had not the old man come in, with a wholebag beneath his daughter and the king's son, and scared my chouts from the chaff, I had not left in hand, in the whole army. [Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita, come forward.

Cam. Nay, nythee, despatch: the gentleman is half drunk already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir? I smell the thick of it.

Flo. Despatch, I pray thee.

Aut. Indeed I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unhuckle, unhuckle.

[Cam. and Autolycus exchange garments.

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy Come home to you—your husband may return himself to his own sweetheart's heart, And pour it o'er thy brows; make thy face fair; Dismanue thee: and as you can, disken The truth of your own seeming; that you may (For I do fear eyes over you) to shipboard Get undiscreet.

Per. I see, the play so lies, That I must bear a part.

*Physician.
*A little ball made of perfumes, and worn to prevent infection in times of plague.
*A bird resembling a jackalow.
*Something over and above.

Cam. No remedy.— Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father, He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have No lack—Come, lady, come—Farewell, my friend. And, sir, adeu.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot? Pray you a word.

Cam. What I do next, shall be, to tell the king.

[Aside.

Of this escape, and whither they are bound; Wherein, my hope is, I shall so present, To boast, I shall see her: whose company I shall review Sicilia; for whose sight I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!—This 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; and I'll anon make haste. 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 any thing. Theerence himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his dog at his heels: If I thought it not a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would do't; but the gods will have it, to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Cyn. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to, then.

Cyn. I am become 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 things, mark thee, that she has writ here: 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.

Cyn. I am become 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 things, mark thee, that she has writ here: This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

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reflected on not on thy basheness, court-contempt!—

Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze' from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier! I am courtier capa-pè; and one that will either push on, or clear the business there; whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Steph. My business, sir, is to the king.

Act. VI. What advocate hast thou to him?

Cleo. None, sir; I have no pensive, cock, nor 

Act. How bless'd are we, that are not simple men! Yet nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I'll not demand. Clo. This cannot but be a great courtier. Steph. His garments are rich, but he bears them not handsomely.

Cleo. He seems to be the more noble in being fancied: a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the packing on's teeth.

Act. The farde! there! what's i' the farde! Wherefore that box?

Steph. Sir, there lies such secrets in this farde, 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.

Act. And, thou hast lest thy labor.

Steph. Why, sir?

Act. The king is not at the palace; he is gone abroad a new ship to purge melancholy, and an hundred thoughts in his head are such, than must know, the king is full of grief.

Steph. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Act. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of manhood.

Cleo. Think you so, sir?

Act. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are gone, and known though removed fifty times, shall all come under the basilman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-bander, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Act. Is the man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, ain't like you, sir?

Act. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then, nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wild ass, then sent back to him, be three-quarter'd, and a dram dead; then recovered again with aquavitae, or some other hot infusion; then raw as he is, and in the hottest day postponement proclaimes shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him; where he is to be hold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these buttrey rascals, whose miseries are to be smile at, their offences being so capital! Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain men,) what you have to the king; being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is abroad. Enter thy persons to his presence, whisper him in your behaiais; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is the man shall do it.

Come to be of such great and considerable use with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn hear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show me the mode of your purse to the outside of his hand, and more ado. Remember, stoned and dazed alive.

Steph. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it a great use of it; and so, while he is abroad, I will bring it to you.

Act. After I have done what I promised?

Steph. Ay, sir.

Act. Well, give me the money:—Are you a party in this business?

Cleo. In some sort, sir; but though my case be a pitiful one, yet I shall not be flayed out of it.

Act. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son:— Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Cleo. Comfort, comfort; we must to the king, and should our secrets be so Known to him, 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

Act. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand; I will but seek upon the height, and follow you.

Cleo. We're blessed in this man, as I may say; even blessed.

Steph. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good.

SCENE V.—Sicily. A Room in the Palace of Leontes.

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and others.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have performed a saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make, Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down More penitence than done trespass: At the last, Do as the heavens have done; forget your evil; With them, forgive yourself. Leon. Whilst I remember her and her virtues, I cannot forget My biomashes in them; and so still think of The wrong I did myself: which was so much, That hearseless it hath made my kingdom; and I cannot yet the sweetest companion, that ever man bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, true, my lord: If, one by one, you weeded all the world, Or, from the all that are, took something good, To make a perfect woman; she you kill'd, Would be unparalleled.

* A cajole or force.  
* Related.  

Leon. I think so: Kill'd! She I kill'd? I did so; but thou strik'st me So sorely to say I did; it is as bitter Upon thy tongue, as in my thought: Now, good now, Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady You might have spoken a thousand things; that would Have done the time more benefit, and grace Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those, Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so, You pity not the state, nor the remembrance Of his most sovereign grace's coupling little. What dangers, by his highness' fall of issue, May drop upon his kingdom, and devour Incertain lookers-on. What were more holy, Than to come, 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 child? and left me?  
* The hottest day foretold in the almanac.  
* Being hansomely bribed.
Paul. There is none worthy, unless it be the gods Who will have fulfilled their secret purposes: For has not the divine Apollo said, "Till he[...]

Paul. The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander Left his to the worthiest; so his successor Was like to be the best.

Lion. Good Paulina,—

Who hast the memory of Hermione, I know in honor, — that ever I Had squared me to thy counsel; — then, even now, I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes; Have taken treasure from her lips,—


No more such wives: therefore, no wife: one worse, And better used, would make her sainted spirit And every sense oppose her; and, on this stage, (Where we offenders now appear,) soul-vex'd, Begin, And why to me?

Paul. Had she such power, She had just cause.

Lion. She had: and would incense me To murder her I married.

Paul. What? I should so: Why is the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in't You chose her: then I'd shriek that even your eyes Should rise to bear me; and the words that follow Should be, Remember mine.

Lion. Stars, very stars, And all eyes else dead! — Fear thou no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear Never to marry, but my free leave? Lion. Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit! Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,

As like Hermione as is her picture, Allround 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, while your first queen's ghost, it should take joy, To see her in your arms.

Lion. My true Paulina, We shall not marry, till thou bid'st us.

Paul. That shall be, when your first queen's again in breath; Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself prince Florizel, Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she The sacred) have yet beheld, desires access To your high presence.

Lion. What with him? he comes not Like to his father's greatness: his approach, Shuns but the circumstance, and sudden, tells us, 'Tis not a visitation framed, but forced By need, and accident. What train?

Gent. A strict, and close but mean.

Lion. His princess, say you, with him?

Gent. Ay: the most peerless piece of earth, I think, That ever 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 soon new. Sir, you yourself

*split.*

*meet.*

Have said, and writ so, (but your writing now is much less than the thing done.) She had not been Nor was not to be equal'd — thus your verse Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly bodd'd, To say, you have seen a better.

Gent. Paulina, madam: The one I have almost forget; (your pardon.) The other when she has obtained you eye, Will have your tongue too. This is such a crea-

Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal Of all professors else; make proselytes Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How! not women!

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman More worth than any man; men, that she is The rarest of all women.

Lion. Go, Cleomenes; Yourself, assisted with your honor'd friends, Bring them to our embracement. — Still, its strange, To see this gentleman, and his speeches Will bring me to consider that, which may Unfurnish me of reason. — They are come.

Re-enter CLEOMENES, with FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and Attendants.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince; For she did paint your royal father out, Conceiving you: Were I but twenty-one, Your father's image is so lost in him, His very air, that I should call you brother, As I did him; and speak of something, wildly By no means formed. Most dear to me! And your fair princess, goddess! — alas! I lost a couple, that 'twas heaven and earth Might thus have stood, beguiling wonder, as You, a precious couple, did do! and then I lost (All mine own folly) the society. Amity too, of your brave father; whom, Though bearing misery, I desire my life Once more to look upon.

Flor. By his command Have I here touch'd Sicilia: and from him Give him all greeting, that a kind friend, Can send his brother: and, but hurriedly. (Which waits upon worn times) hath something sead'd His wish'd ability, he had himself The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his Measure'd, to look upon you; whom he therefore (He made me say so) more than all the sceptres, And those that bear them, in bonds.

Lion. O, my brother, (Good gentleman,) the wrongs I have done thee, stir At least within me; and these thy offices, So rarely kind, are as interpreters Of my behind-hand slackness! — Welcome brother, As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage (At least, ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune, To greet a man, not worth her pains; much less The adventure of her person? —

Flor. She came from Libya.

Lion. Where the warlike Smaulus, That noble lord's bard, is fear'd, and look'd on? Flor. Most royal sir, from thence: from him, whose heritage His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence, (A prosperous south-wind friendly,) we have cross'd, To execute the charge my father gave me, For visiting your highness: My best train I have from your Sicilian shores dismount'd; Who for Boemia bend, to signify Not of my success; to Libya, sir, but my arrival, and my wife's, in safety Here, where we are.

Lion. The blessed gods Purge all infection from our air, whilst you Do climate here! You have a holy father, A graceful gentleman; against whose person, So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
Enter a Lord.

LORD. Most noble sir, That which I shall report, will bear no credit, We were not the proof so near. Please you, great sir, Bohemia greets you from himself, by me; Desires you, and delivers his son, who has (his dignity and duty both cast off) Fleed from his father, from his hopes, and with A shepherd's daughter.

LORD. Where's Bohemia? speak.

LORD. Here in the city: I now came from him; I speak amazedly; and it becomes My marvel, and my message. To your court Whiles he was hastening, (in the close, it seems, Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way The father of this seeming lady, and Her brother, having both their country quitted With this young pimple.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me; Whose honor, and whose honesty, till now, Endured all weathers.

LORD. Lay not, to his charge; He's with the king your father.


LORD. Camillo, sir; I speak with him; who now Has such poor men in question? Never saw I Wretches so quake: they kreed, they kiss the earth; Forwears themselves as often as they speak; Bohemia stops he's ears, and threatens them With divers deaths in death.

Per. O, my poor father!— The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married? Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be; The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first: The odds for high and low's alike.

Leon. Is this the daughter of a king? Flo. She is, When once she is my wife; Leon. That once, I see, by your good father's speed, Will come on very slowly. I am sorry, Most sorry, you have broken from his hugging, Who was so wed in duty: and your choice Is not so rich in worth as beauty, That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear look up, Then fortune, visible an enemy, Should chase us with his father, power no jot Hath she, to change our loves.—Beseech you, sir Remember since you owd no more to time That you do now; with thought of such affections, Step forth mine advocate; at your request, My father will grant precious things, as trifles, Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege, Your eye hath too much youth int in : not a month 'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes, Than what you look on now.

Leon. Even in these looks I made.—But your petition, "To Florizel, Is yet unanswered: I will to your father; Your honor not deterred by your desires, I am a friend to them, and you upon which errand I now go toward him; therefore, follow me. And mark what way I make: Come, good my lord. [Exit."

SCENE II.—Before the Palace.

Enter Autolycus and a Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this rotation?

1 Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardeled, 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.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 Gent. The king's messenger delivered the child—but the chances I perceived in the king, and Camillo, were very notes of admiration; they seemed almost, with staring on another, to tear the causes of their joy; here was speaking of nobleness, language in their very gesture; they looked, as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed: A notable passion of wonder appeared in them: but the worst beholder, that knew no more but seem, could not say, if the importance were joy, or sorrow: but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that happily, knows more: The news. Roger!

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 called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it stands in strong suspicion: Has the king found his heir!

3 Gent. Most true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance; that which you hear, you if you see, are so sure in unity in the action. The mantle of queen Hermione—her jewel about the neck of it—the letters of Antigonus, found with it, and that sign which the king is to have the character—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother: the affection of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding,—and many other evidences, proclaim her with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2 Gent. No.

3 Gent. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner, that it seemed, sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waxed in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favor. Our king, being returned, stripped of himself, to joy of his found daughter; as that joy were now become a loss, cries, O, thy mother, thy mother! then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again calls his daughter to his heart; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-beaten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lame reports to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 Gent. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 Gent. Like an old tale still; which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be askep, and not an ear open: He was born to pieces with a bear, this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence (which seem much) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1 Gent. What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 Gent. Wreck'd, the same instant of their master's death; and in the view of the shepherd; so that all the instruments, which aid to expose the child, were the last, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat, that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her beloved; another desired that the oracle was fulfilled: She lifted the princes from the earth: and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 Gent. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

4 The thing imported.

5 Disposition or quality.

6 Countenance, features.

7 Embraçage.
3 Gent. One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angeld for mine eyes, (caught the water, though not the fish) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, the manner how she came to it, (bravely confessed, and lamented by the king,) how attentiveness wound'd his daughter till, from one sign of dolor to another, she did with an oath! I wept, I mourned, till all the blood and heart bled. Who was most malleable, changed color; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1 Gent. Are they returned to the court?
2 Gent. No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece more noble than ever they imagined, nor yet performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would become nature of her custom, so performing is her life: be so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer: thither with all griefs and affections, are they gone; and there they intend to stay.

1 Gent. I thought, she had some great matter there in hand; for, she hath privately, twice or three a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall I go thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

2 Gent. Who would be thane, that has the benefit of a look, every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born; our absence makes us unliter'y to our knowledge. Let's along.

[Exit Gentlemen.]

Act V.

Scene I.—A Room in Paulina's House.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Lords and Attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, sovereign sir, I did not well, I meant well: All my services, You have paid home: but that you have vouchsafed With your high hand, and brother, and these your contracted Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit, It is a surplus of your grace which never More may last to answer.

Leon. Paulina, We honor you with trouble: But we came To see the statue of our queen: your gallery Have we bored through; and some new work and much content In many singularities; but we saw not That which my daughter came to look upon, The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerless, So her dead likeness, I do well believe, Exceeds whatever yet you look'd upon, Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it Herein. But there it is: To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever Still sleep mock'd death: behold; and say, 'tis well. [Paulina undraws a Curtain, and discovers a Statue.] I like your silence, it the more shows off Your wonder: but yet speak,—first, you my liege, Comes it not something near? Ne'er, her natural posture!— Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed, Thou art Hermione: or, rather, thou art she, In thy new winding: for she was an under, As infancy and grace,—But yet, Paulina, Hermione was not so much wrinkled; nothing So aged, as this seems. Paul. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more my carver's excellence Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her As she liv'd now.

Leon. As now she might have done, So much to my good comfort, as it is Now piercing to my soul. O, thouest stood, Even with such life of majesty, (warn life, As now it coldly stands,) when first I wou'd her! I am ashamed: Does not the stone rebuke me, For being more stone than it!—0, royal piece, There's majesty in thy majesty; which has My eyes, my ears, and to return all To thee admiring daughter took the spirits, Standing like stone with thee!— I'll give me leave; And do not say 'tis superstition, that I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady, Dear queen, that ended when I but began, Give me that hand of yours, to kiss. Paul. O, patience; The statue is but newly fix'd, the colors Not dry. Clown. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on: Which sixteen winters cannot blow away, So many summers, dry: scarce any joy Did ever so long live; no sorrow, But kill'd itself much sooner. Paul. Dear my brother, Let him, that was the cause of this, have power To take off so much grief from you, as he Will piece up in himself. — Stout.

* Yeoman.
Scene III.  WINTER'S TALE.

Paul.  Indeed, my lord,  
If I had thought the sight of my poor image  
Would thus have wrought you, (for the stone is mine,)  
I'd not have shaw'd it.

Leon.  Do not draw the curtain.

Paul.  No longer shall you gaze on't; lest your fancy  
May think anon, it moves.

Leon.  Let be, let be.  
Would I were dead, but that, methinks already  
What was he, that did make it—see, my lord,  
Would you not deem, it breath'd? and that those veins  
Did verily bear blood?

Paul.  Masterly done:  
The very life seems warm upon her lip.  
Leon.  The feature 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 scenes of the world can match  
The pleasure of that naughtiness. Let alone,  
Paul.  I am sorry, sir, I have thus far sturr'd you:  
but  
I could afflict you further.

Leon.  Do, Paulina;  
For this affliction has a taste as sweet  
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,  
There is an air comes from her: What fine chisel  
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,  
For I will kiss her.

Paul.  Good my lord, forbear:  
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;  
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own  
With oily painting: Shall I draw the curtain?  
Leon.  No, not these twenty years.

Paul.  So long could I  
Stand by, a looker-on.

Leon.  Either forbear,  
Quit presently the chapel; or resolving  
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 required  
You do awake your faith: Then, all stand still;  
Or those, that think it unlawful business  
I can have: 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'II fill your grave up; stir: nay, come away;  
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him  
Bear life redeem'st you,—You perceive she stirs:  
[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 wo'd her; now, in age,  
Is she become the suitor.

Leon.  O, she's warm! [Embracing her.  
If this be magic, let it be an art  
Lawful as eating.

Paul.  She embraces him.

Camillo. She hangs about his neck;  
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make't manifest where she has liv'd,  
Or, how stolen from the dead.

Leon.  That she is living,  
Were it but told you, should be hooted at  
Like an old tale; but it appears, she lives  
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—  
Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel,  
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady;  
Our Perdita is found.

[Presenting PERDITA, who kneels to HERMIONE.

Pol.  You gods, look down.  
And from your sacred vials pour your graces  
Upon my daughter's head—Tell me, mine own,  
Where last thou been preserv'd! where liv'd! how found  
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that  
—Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle  
Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserv'd  
Myself to see the issue.

Pol.  There's time enough for that;  
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble  
Your joys with like relation.—so togethcr,  
You precious winners all: your excitement  
Partake to every one. I, an old tittle,  
Will wmg me to some wittier d' bough: and there  
My mate, that's never to be found again,  
Lament till I am lost.

Leon.  O peace, Paulina;  
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,  
As I by thine, a wife: this is a match,  
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found  
mine;  
But how, is it to be questioned? for I saw her,  
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said many  
A prayer upon her grave: I'll not seek for  
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee  
An honorable husband.—Come, Camillo,  
And take her by the hand; whose worth, and  
Is richly noted; and here justified  
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—  
What!—Look upon my brother:—both your  
Pardons,  
That e'er I put between your holy looks  
My ill suspicion.—This your say-in-law,  
And son unto the king, (in whom heavens directing)  
Is tooth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,  
Lead us from hence; where we may leisurely  
Each one demand, and answer to his part  
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first  
We were disavow'd: hastily lead away.

[Execut.
COMEDY OF ERRORS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SOLIUS, Duke of Ephesus.

XEOX, a Merchant of Syracuse.

ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, TWIN BROTHERS, and Sons to XEOX and
ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, EMILIA, ADRIANA, and PHILANTHROPIUS.

DRERIO and DRUPNO, BROTHERS, and Attendants on the Two Anti-

BALKADAN, a Merchant.

ANGELA, a Gobsmith.

A MERCHANT, a Friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.

PINCH, a Schoolmaster, and a Conjurer.

EMILIA, Wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.

ADRIANA, Wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.

LUCIA, her Sister.

LUC¥E, her Servant.

A COURTEZAN.

GAROTEL, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Ephesus.

ACT I.


Enter Duke, XEOX, Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

 duk. Have you, Solius, to procure my fall,
And by the dooms of death, end woes and all.

The merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—

Who, wanting gilders, or to redeem their lives,

Would sell their righteous statutes with their bloods,—

Excludes all pity from their threatening looks,

For, since the mortal and intestine jars

Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,

It hath in solemn symbols been decreed,

Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,

To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:

Nay, more,

If any born at Ephesus, be seen
At any Syracusan marks and bars; Again, if any Syracusan born,

Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose; Unless a thousand marks he belev'd,

To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.

Thy substance valued at the highest rate,

Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;

Therefore, by law thou art condemned to die.

The sailors brought to market, and left the ship, then sinking-ripe to us:

My wife, more careful for the elder born,

Must feed him unto a small spare mast,

Such as seas-faring men provide for storms;

To him one of the other twins was bound,

Whilst I had been like baleful 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, by the benefit of his goodly light,

The seas was't calm, and we discovered

Two ships from far making amain to us,

Of Corinth that, of Ephesus this;

But ere they came—0, 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 portion there.

Here, 0, 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,
SCENE II. COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Our ship's help was split in the midst,
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delect in, what to sorrow for.
Had we not, poor soul, as hardened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;
And in our sight three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had set on us;
And, knowing whom it was their ship to save,
Gave helpful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
And would have relieved the fishes of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail.
And therefore homeeward did they bend their course,
Thus have ye heard me sever'd from my bliss;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowsst for,
Do me the favor to dilate at full
What had befell't of them, and thee, till now.

Ant. S. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother; and importun'd me,
That his attendant (for his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but return'd his name)
Must bear him company in the course of him:
Whom whilst I lab'rd of a love to see
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Bought a hopeful boy through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet death to have unsov'd,
Or that, or any place that bars mens heart.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hopeless, Eregeon, whom the fates have marked'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
When princes, would they should not remain;
My soul should sue as advocate for thee,
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd,
But, to our house's great disgracement,
Yet will I favor thee in what I can:
Therefore, merchant, I will limit thee this day
To spare thy help by beneficent help.
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg, thou or, to make up the sum,
And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die:
Guard, take him to thy custody.

Erg. I will, my lord.

Ant. S. Hopeless, and helpless, both Eregeon wend's
But to procrastinate his ends.

[Execut.

SCENE II. A public place.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse, and a Merchant.

Mrs. Therefore, give out, you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods be soon be confiscate.
This very day, a Syracuse merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west:
There is your money that I had to keep,
When I am dull with care and melancholy.
Lightens my humber with his merry jests.
What will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave you, sir, you may go, at five o'clock.
Please you, I will meet you with the urn upon the
And afterwards consort you till bed-time;
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Return as soon as possible; I am bound to myself,
And wander up and down, to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[Exit Merchant.

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a cop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, finding there to find his fellow north,
Unseen, inequative, confound'd himself;
I, to a mother, and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanac of my true date—
What now! How chance, thou art return'd so soon!

Dro. E. Return do so soon! I rather approach'd too late.
The capon burna, the pig falls from the split;
The clock has stricken twelve upon the bell,
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come too home;
You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for you to sell all to.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir; tell me this, I pray;
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. Take it—expence, that I had o Wednesday last,
To pay the soldier for my mistress' crupper—
The soldier had it, sir, I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sovvereign humor now:
Tell me, and daily not, where is the money?
We were strangers here, how darst thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody!

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner,
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed;
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Mutilate, as your raw, like mine, should be your clock,
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromo, come, these jests are out of season;
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this:
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dro. E. To me, sir! why you gave no gold to me.
Ant. S. Come, sir, know, have done; your foolishness,
And tell me, how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the inn.
Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner;
My mistress, and her sister, stay for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a christian, answer me.
In what place you have bestowed my money;
Or I shall break that merry Soovereign of thine,
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd:
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon your pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both—
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance, you will not hear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave, thou art?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phoenix:
She that doth fast, till you come home to dine,
And prays, that you will lie home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus into my face,
Being forbid! There, take you that, sir knave.

Dro. E. What mean you, sir! for heaven's sake,
Hold your hands;
Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.

[Exit Dro. E.
ACT II.

SCENE I.—A public place.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd, That I should take him that I send to seek his master! Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him, And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner. Good sister, let us dine, and never fret: A man is master of his liberty; Time is their master; and, when they see time, They'll go, or come: if so, he'll be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty or ears be more? Luc. Because their business still lies out of door. Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill. Luc. O, know, he is the bride of your ear. Adr. There's none but he, that must be bridled so. Luc. Why headstrong liberty is bash'd with weep. There's nothing situate under heaven's eye, But hath a mark, in ear, in sea, in sky: The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls, Are their masters' subjects, and at their controls: Men, more divine the masters of all these, Lords of the wide world, and wild watry seas, Indued with intellectual sense and souls, Of more pre-emience than fish and fowls, Are masters to their fowls, and their lords: Their dull ear will attend on their accord's.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwept. Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed. Adr. But were you wedded, you would bear some other way.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey. Adr. How if your husband start some other place? Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience, maiden, no marvel though she pause;

They can be meek, that have no other cause. A woman's soul, brought with adversity,

We had 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 then, that had no unkind mate to grieve thee.

With urzing helpless patience willst relieve me:

But if thou live to see right bereft.

This fool begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try—

Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand? Drom. E. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

Drom. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear: Because he is so young, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?

Drom. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his humours, and without so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, sir, is he coming home?

It seems, he hath great care to please his wife.

Drom. E. By, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, than villain!

Drom. E. I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure, he's

A dissembling, prating mountebanks,

And many such like liberties of sin;

If 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.]

Drom. E. Quoth who?

Luc. Quoth who?

Drom. E. Quoth my master:

Luc. Know'st thou, no wife, no wife, no mistress;

So that my errand, due unto my tongue,

I thank him, I bear home upon my shoulders;

For, in conclusion, he did beat me there. 

Drom. E. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

Luc. E. Am I so round with you, as you with me, That like a football you do spurn me thus? You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me better: If I last in this service, you must case me in leather. 

[Exit Luc.]

Luc. Fye, how impatient low'reth in your face. 

Adr. His company must do my minions grace,

Whilst I at home starving for a merry look.

Hath homely age the beautifying tool

That like a arrow, from my worthy check

Where he hath never it: is this discourses dull! barren my wit?

If volatile and sharp discourse be mark'd,

Unkindness bounties it, more than marble hard.

So they may vestments his actions better.

That's not my fault, he's master of my state:

What ruins are in me, that can be found

By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground

Of my decreations? My decay'd art:

A sunny look of his would soon repair;

But, too unruly he, breaks the pale,

And feeds from home; poor I am but his state.

Luc. Self-learning jealousy!—fye, fye, fye, fye, fye.

Adr. Unfeeling tools can with such wrongs dispense,

I know him, he's in both hornets everwhere,

Or else, what lets it but he would be here? Sister, you know, he promised me a chain;—

Would that alone alone he would detain,

Or else, he would keep fair quarters with his bed!

I see, the jewell, best enamelled,

Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'bides still,

That others touch, yet often touching will

Wear gold, and so no man, that hath a name, But falsehood and corruption doth it slame.

Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,

I'll sweep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The same.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out. By computation, and mine host's report, I could not speak with Dromio, since at first I sent him from the mart: See, here he comes.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

How now, sir! is your merry humor alter'd?

As you spoke before, so rest with me again.

You know no Centaur? you receive no gold?

Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner.

My house was at the Phoenix! Wast thou mad, That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Of features.

Fie, for dissimul'ry.

Hinders.
Act I.

SCENE II. COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word,
Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.
Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence.

Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.
Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receive;
And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;
For I was so sure, thou toldst me, I was displaced.
Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.
Ant. S. Yes, dost thou joc, and float me in the teeth?
Think'st thou, I jest? Hold, take that, and that.

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake: now your jest is earnest:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?
Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and that of you,
Your suavity will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines, let foolish games sport,
But creep in cunning, when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will treat this method in your scorne.

Dro. S. No, no, sir! so you would leave battering.
I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a scorne for my head, and do what I shall, I shall seek my wit in my shoulders.
But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?
Ant. S. Lost thou not know?
Dro. S. Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten.
Ant. S. Shall I tell better than thy jest's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me.
For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition, or diminishing.
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hare I were licentious!
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By rothan 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 scant'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, thou dost it.
I am possessed with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digress the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpet'd by thy contamion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed,
I live dis-stain'd, thou undis honour'd.
Ant. S. Hadst thou not been so honest?

Ant. S. Nay, not, I pray you.
Dro. S. Sure ones then.
Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing faising.
Dro. S. Certain ones then.
Ant. S. Name them.
Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he
Spends in trine; the other, that at dinner they
Should not drop in his porridge.
Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial,
Why there is no time to recover.
Dro. S. Marry, and did sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.
Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial,
Why there is no time to recover.

Enter Adriana and Lucina.

Ant. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and grow!
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects;
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou unguarded wouldst vow
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never objects pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch didst give to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, look'd, touch'd, or carry'd to thine.
How coming in mine husband, oh, how comes it
That thou art then estranged from such a sight?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me.
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hare I were licentious!
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By rothan lust should be contaminate?
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
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For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
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Being strumpet'd by thy contamion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed,
I live dis-stain'd, thou undis honour'd.
Ant. S. Hadst thou not been so honest?

Adr. By what rule, sir?
Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of Esther 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. How? do not do it by fine and recovery?
Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the lost hair of another man.
Ant. S. Why is time such a naggard of hair, being always so plentiful a creation?
Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beaubs: and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.
Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.
Dro. S. Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.
Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairly men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The planter dealer, the sooner lost; yet he lost it in a kind of jollity.
Ant. S. For what reason?

* Study my countenance, & a second was a fortification.
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood! Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt, But wrong, and that with a more contempt. Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine: Thou art a elm, my husband. I a vine; Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state, Makes me with thy strength to communicate: If might possess thee from me, it is dross, Unprofitable, or idle moss; Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion. Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme: What was I married to her in my dream? Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this? What error drives our eyes and ears amiss? Until I know this sure uncertainty, I'll entertain the elder's tale. Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner. Dros. S. O, for my head! I cross me for a sinner, This is the fairy land—one, state of spites!— We talk with gobhins, owls, and eliz's spirits; If we obey them not, this will ensue, They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue. Luc. Whose craft st thou to thyself, and answers? not! Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sow! Dros. S. I am transformed, master, and not I!

Ant. S. I think, thou art, in mind, and so am I. Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind, and in my heart. Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form. Dro. S. No, I am an ape. Luc. If thou art changed to aught, 'tis to an ass. Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass. 'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be, But I should know her as well as she knows me. Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool, To put the finger in the eye and weep, Whilst man, and master, laugh my woes to scorn. Come, sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate; Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day, And shrieve you of a thousand idle pranks: Shave, sir, I ask you for your master, Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter. Cune, sister:—Dromio, play the porter well. Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell! Sleeping office and my name! Known unto these, and to myself disguised! I'll say as they say, and persevere so, And in this mist at all adventures go. Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate? Adr. Ay: and let none enter, lest I break your pate. Luc. Come, come, Antiphonal, we dine too late. [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The same.

Enter Antiphonol of Ephesos, Dromio of Ephesos, Angelko, and Balthazar.

Ant. E. Good signior Angelo, you must excuse us all. My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours: Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop, To see the making of her carket; And that to-morrow you will bring it home. But here she is, Dromio, that would face me down, He met me on the mart; and that I beat him, And charged him with a thousand marks in gold, And that I did deny my wife and house:— Thou drunkard, thou, what dost thou mean by this? Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know. That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show: If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink, Your own handwriting would tell you what I think. Ant. E. I think, thou art an ass. Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear. I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that rate, You would keep from my heels; and beware of an ass. Ant. E. You are sad, signior Balthazar: Pray God, our dear, May answer your good will, and your good welcome here. Bal. I hold you dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear. Ant. E. 0, signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish, A table full of welcomes makes scarce one dainty dish. Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords. Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that's its kind and But words. Bal. Small cheer and great welcome, makes a merry feast. Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest; But though my cates be mean, take them in good part; Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart. But, soft; my door is lock'd: Go bid them let us in. *Unfruitful, barren. **A necklace string with pearls. *Dishes of meat.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jen! Dro. S. [Within.] Mone, a mall-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch. Either get these from the door, or sit down at the hatch, Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou callest for such store. When one is one too many! Go, get thee from the door. Dro. E. What patch is made our porter! My master slays in the street. Dro. S. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet. Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door. Ant. S. Right, sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore! Ant. E. Wherefore, for my dinner; I have not dined to-day. Dro. S. Nor to-day here you must not; come again when you may. Ant. E. What art thou, that keep'st me out from the house I love? Ant. S. The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio. Ant. E. O vilain, thou hast stol'n both mine own and my name is. The one we got me cruel, the other nickle blame. If thou hast been Dromio to-day in my place, Thou wouldst have changed thy face for a name, or stand for an ass. Luc. [Within.] What a coils is there? Dromio, who are those at the gate? Dro. E. Let thy master in, Luc. Luc. 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 set. Luc. Have at you with another: that's,—When can you tell! Dro. S. If thy name be call'd Luc, Luc, thou hast answer'd him well. Ant. E. Do you hear, you ninion? you'll let us in? I hope! Luc. I thought to have ask'd you. Dro. S. And you said, no. Dro. E. So, come, help; well struck; there was blow for blow. Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in. 1 Hear thy confusion. 2 Blackhead. 3 Foo. 4 I own, am owner of. 5 Buttle, tumult.
Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks

And many boys.

Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I heat

The door down.

Luce. [With a] Who is that at the door, that keeps

All this noise?

Dro. S. By my troth, your town is troubled with

Much noise.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have

Come before.

Ayr. Your wife, sir knife; go, get you from

Here to the door; I have come to no such

Ball. In debating which was best, we shall part

With neither.

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid

Them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we

Cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your gar-

ment were too loose.

Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in

the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought

upon this.

Ant. E. Go, fetch me something, I'll break ope

the gate.

Dro. S. Break any breaking here, and I'll break

the other's gate.

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

away.

Dro. S. It seems, thou wastest breaking: Out

upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here's too much, out upon thee! I pray

you,

Dro. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and

fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in: Go, borrow me

a crown.

Dro. E. A crown without a feather; master, mean

you so?

For a hat without a fin, there's a fowl without a

feather.

If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow

together.

Ant. E. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

Bat. Have patience, sir; O, let it not be so;

Herein you war against your reputation,

And draw within the compass of suspect

The unwatched hand of your wife.

Once, this,—Your long experience of her wisdom,

Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,

Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;

And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse

Why at this time the doors are made against you.

Be roused by me; depart in patience,

And let us to the Tiger all to dinner;

And, about evening, come yourself alone,

To know the reason of this strange restraint.

If by strong hand you offer to break in,

Now in the stirring passage of the day,

A vulgar comment will be made on it;

And that supposed by the common rout

Against your yet ungauged estimation,

That may with foul intrusion enter in,

And dwell upon your grave: when you are dead:

For slander lives upon succession;

For ever hons'ld, where it once gets possession.

Ant. E. You have prevailed; I will depart in quiet,

And, in despite of note, 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 own, my own, that I even, and my heart's

Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;

To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,

And fetch the chain; by this I know, 'tis made:

Break it, I pray; it is a hardship.

For there's the house: that chain will I bestow

(Beat it for nothing but to spite my wife)

*Take part.  i. e. Made fast.  *By this time.

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.

Ant. E. Do so; this jest shall cost me some expense.

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, hate.
Even in the spring of love, thy love—spring rot!

Shall love, in building, grow so ruined?

If thou didst weal my sister for her wealth,

Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more

kindness:

Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;

'Tis double wrong, to double with evil words:

Shall I not my sister read it in your eye;

Be not thy tongue thy own shame sorator;

Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;

Apparel like the virtue's harbinger;

Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;

Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;

Be secret-lace: What need she be acquainted?

What should she know of his own motions?

'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,

And let her read it with thy looks at board:

Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;

He deeds were his, no Adam's, no else's sold.

Alas, poor women! make us but believe,

Being compact of credit, that you love us;

Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve,

We in your nudity turn, and you may move us;

Then, gentle brother, get you in again:

Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife;

'Tis holy sport to be a little vain;

When the sweet breast of a flattery conquerors strives.

Ant. S. Sweet mistress, (what your name is else,

I know not,

Nor by what wonder you do hit on mine;

Less, in the light of knowledge, and your grace, you

show not,

Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.

Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;

Lay open to my earthy gross correct,

Smother'd in errors, fledge, shallow, weak,

The folded meaning of your words deceit.

Against my soul's pure truth why labor you,

To make it wander in an unknown path?

Are you a god! would you create me new?

Transform me, then, and to your power I'll yield,

But if that shall be known, I'll know nothing.

Your weeping sister is no wise of mine,

Nor to her bed no homage do I owe

Far more, far more, to you do I decline.

You, train me, wear me out, and yet may

Abide

To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears;

Sing, sire, for thyself, and I will dote;

Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hair,

And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie;

And, in that glorious supposition, think

He gains by death, that hath such means to die:—

Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink!

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazes on your beams, fair sun, your

Fairer, your great.

Luc. Gaze where you should; and that will clear

your sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on

me.

Luc. Why call you me love? call me my sister so.

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. S. No;

It is thyself, mine own self's better part;

Mine eye a clear eye, my dear heart's dear heart;

My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,

My note even, heaving, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I am thee;

There will I love, and with thee have my life;

To fast my husband yet, nor I no wife;

Give me thy hand.

6 Love springs are young plants or shoots of love.
7 Vain, is light of tongue.
8 Confounded.
Enter, from the house of Antipholus of Ephesus, Dromio of Syracuse.

Ant. S. Why, now how, Dromio? where run'st thou so fast?

Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

Ant. S. Then art Dromio, thou art my art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

Ant. S. What claim lay she to thee?

Dro. S. Mary, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is she?

Dro. S. A very reverend body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir reverence: I have but been lack in the match, and yet she a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Mary, sir, she's the kitchen wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to but to make her a lump of her, and run from her by her own light. A warrant in the tailor ruses, and the tailor turns in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complication is she of?

Dro. S. Swart? like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept; For why? she sweats, a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name?

Dro. S. Neil, sir:—but her name and three quarters, that is, an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. S. Mary, sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the boots.

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; arm'd and reverted, making war against her hair.

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whitness in them: but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt scum that run between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it, hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies!

Dro. S. O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embolish'd with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declinging their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadas of carracks to be laden at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belga, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. O, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, sir, Frank, Dronin, Dromio, are carthart 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 wart on my left arm, that I, vexed, 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 transfor'm'd me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn the whale's mouth.

Ant. S. Go, lie thee presently, post to the road; And if the wind blow any way from the shore, I will not harbor in this town tonight.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life. So fly by her that would be my wife. [Exit.

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here; And therefore 'tis high time that we henceforth. She, that doth call me husband, even my soul Dost for a wife abhor: but her fair sister, Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace, If such a witch as witchery, 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.

Ang. I know it well, sir; lo, here is the chain; I thought to have taken you at the Porcupine: The chain unfinished'd made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will that I shall do with this chain?

Ang. What please yourself, sir; I have made it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespeak it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have had it.

Go home with it, and please your wife within; And soon at supper-time, I'll visit you.

And then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. S. Pray you, sir, receive the money, now; For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money more.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir; fare you well.

[Exit.

Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell; But this I think, there's no man is so vain That we will make present satisfaction, 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 say; If any ship put out, then straight away.

[Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE 1. The same.

Enter a Merchant, Angelo, and an Officer.

Mer. You know, sir, since I venture the sum is due, And since I have not much importuned you; Nor now I had not, but that I am bound To Persia, and want guides for my voyage: Therefore make present satisfaction, Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum, that I do owe to you, Is growing to me by Antipholus; And in the instant that I met with you, He had of me a chain; at five o'clock, I shall receive the money for the same:

Please you walk with me down to his house, I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

*Swartly.

*Accusing.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, and Dromio of Ephesus.

Off. That labor may you save; see where he comes.

Ant E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou And buy the rope's end; that will I bestow Among my wife and her confidantes. For locking me out of my doors by— But soft, I see the goldsmith: get thee gone; Buy this rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pounds a year? I buy a rope?

[Exit Dro. E.

Ant. E. Amian is well holp up; that trusts to you; I promis'd your presence, and the chain;

But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me; Belike, thou didst love our love would last too long, If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humor, here's the note, How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat; Two hundred and ninety of the gold, and chargeful fashion; Which doth amount to three odd ducats more Than I stand debted to this gentleman; I pray you, see him presently discharged.

For he's bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money; Besides, I have some business in the town:
Good signor, take the stranger to my house, And with you take the chain, and bid my wife Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof; Perlook! I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then wilt thou bring the chain to her yourself?

Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will: Have you the chain about you?

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have; Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain;
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman, And what you said, sir, I have him here too long.

Ant. E. Good lord, you use this dalliance, to excuse Your breach of promise to the Portucine: I should have chid you for not bringing it, But, like a shrew, you first began to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, despatch.

Ant. E. You hear, how he importunes me; the chain—

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know, I gave it you even now;
Either send the chain, or send me some token.

Ant. E. Fye! how you run this humor out of breath:
Come, where's the chain! I pray you let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance; Good sir, say, what you'll answer me or no;
If not, I'll give him to the officer.

Ant. E. I answer you! What should I answer you?

Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain—

Ant. E. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour since.

Ant. E. If you gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:
Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do; and charge you in the duke's name, to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation:— Either consent to pay this sum for me, Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had! Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. He is thy foe; arrest him; officer. I would not spare my brother in this case, If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, sir; you hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail— But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus, To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Daumio of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epipdamnum, That stays but till her owner comes aboard. And then, sir, bears away; our fraughtage, sir, Have convey'd aboard; and I have bought The wool, the balsamus, and aquavitae. The ship is in her trim; the merry wind Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all, But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. Have none! a madman! Why, then perceivest sheep. What ship of Epipdamnum stays for me?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire wallage:
Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope; And told thee to what purpose and what end.

Dro. S. You sent me, sir, for a rope's end as soon: You sent me to the bay, sir, for a barrel.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure, And teach your ears to listen with more heed. To Adriana, villain, that is whom I cited, Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry, There is a purse of ducats; let her send it; Tell her, I am arrested in the street; And that shall bate me: thee, slave, be gone.

Officer, on prison till it come.

[Exeunt Merc., Ang., Officer, and ANT. E.]

Dro. S. She is too big, I hope, for me to compass; Thither I must, although against my will, For servants must their master's minds fulfill.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—The same.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Luc. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?

Merc. Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye That he did smile in earnest, jest or no jest? Look'd he red, or pale; sad or merry? What observations mad'st thou in this case, Of his heart's meteor's lifting in his face?

Luc. First, I knew not, I knew him not in right. Achr. He meant, he did me none; the more my spite.

Luc. Then I knew he, that he was a stranger here. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Luc. And what said he?

Luc. That love I begg'd for, you begg'd of me. Luc. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love? Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move.

First he did praise my beauty; then, my speech.

Luc. Didst speak him fair?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech. Luc. I cannot, nor will I 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-badged, shapeless everywhere: Venious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind; Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one? No evil lost is wait'd when it is gone.

Luc. And I doubt I think him better than I say.

And yet would herein others' eyes were worse: Far from her nest the lapwing cries awry; My heart prays for him, though my tongue doth curse.

Enter Daumio of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here, go; the desk, the purse; sweet now, make haste. Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

Dro. S. By running fast.

Luc. Where is thy master, Droimio? is he well? Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell! A devil in his garments, he pleads without One, whose hard heart is button'd up with steel; A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough; A wolf, who worse were, a fellow in all but a back-fist, a shoulder-clapper, one that contemneth The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lanes; A bound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot with.

One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell;

Luc. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter: he is rested on the case.

1 Carriage.
2 An allusion to the redness of the northern lights likened to the appearance of arms.  3 Dry, withered.
4 Marked by nature with deformity.
5 Who ereth most where her nest is not.
6 The officers in those days were clad in buff, which is also a past expression for a man's skin.
7 Hell was the cant term for prison.
COMEDY OF ERRORS. Act IV.

Adr. What is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit,
  Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well;
  But he's in a suit of buff, which 'rested him, that
  can I tell?
  Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money
  in the desk?
Adr. Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at.
  [Eliot Luciana.
That he, unknown to me, should be in debt:
Tell me, was he arrested on a band?
Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;
  chain, a chain: do you not hear it ring?
Adr. What, the chain?
Dro. S. No, no, the bell: 'tis time that I were gone.
  It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes
  one.
Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.
Dro. S. O yes, if any hour meet a sergeant,
  Am I 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 is worth to season.
  Nay, he's a thief too: Have you not heard men say,
  That time comes stealing on by night and day!
  If he be in debt, and th'et, and a sergeant in the way,
  Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go, Dromio; there's the money, hear it straight;
  And bring thy master home immediately.—
  Come, sister: I am press'd down with concert;
  Concert my comfort, and my injury. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The same.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse.

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet, but doth salute
  me as if I were their well-acquainted friend;
  And every one doth call me by my name,
  Some tender money to me, some invite me;
  Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
  Some offer me commodities to buy:
  Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
  And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
  And, therewithal, took measure of my body.
  Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
  And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for:
  What, have you got the picture of old Adam
  agreed to?
Ant. S. What gold is this? what Adam dost thou
  mean?
Dro. S. Not that Adam, that kept the paradise,
  but that Adam, that keeps the prison: he that goes
  in the calf's skin that was kill'd for the prodigal;
  he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel,
  and bid you forsake your liberty.
Ant. S. I understand thee not.
Dro. S. No? why, 's is plain case: he that went
  like a base-vill, in a case of leather; the man, sir,
  that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fish,
  and rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed
  men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets
  up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than
  move like.
Ant. S. What! thou mean'st an officer?
Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he,
  that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his
  head, and 'tis a case that thanks a man applies going
to bed, and says, God give you good rest!
Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your footloose.
  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 you. Delay: Here are the angels, that
  you sent for, to deliver you.
Ant. S. The folk is distract, and so am I;
  And here we wander in illusions; some
  blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Counsellor.

Coun. Well met, well met, master Antipholus.
  I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
  Is that the chain, you promised me to-day?
Ant. S. Saturn, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me
  not!
Dro. S. Master, is this mistress Saturn?
Ant. S. It is the devil.
Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam;
  and here she comes in the habit of a light wench;
  and thereof comes, that the wenches say, God
dansom me, that's as much as to say, God make me
  a light wench. It is written, they appear to men
  and women. But the heaven of which I speak is
  the light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; ergo,
  light wenches will burn; Come not near her.
Coun. Your man and you are marvellous merry,
  Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.
Dro. S. Master, if you do expect spoon-meat,
  bespeak a long spoon.
Ant. S. Why, Dromio?
Dro. S. Master, I have must a long spoon, that
  most eat with the devil.
Ant. S. Avoid them, friend! what tell'st thou me
  not? Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:
  I conjure thee to leave me, and he gone.
Coun. Give not the counter the ring of mine you eat at dinner,
  Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd it:
  And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.
Dro. S. Some devils ask but the parted of one's mace,
  A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
  A nut, a cherry-stone: but she, more covetous,
  Would have a chain.
  Master, he wise; and if you give it her,
  I he devil will shake her chain, and inracht us with it.
Coun. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain;
  I hope, you do not mean to cheat me so.
Ant. S. Avant, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let
  us go.
Dro. S. Fly pride, says the peacock; Mistress,
  that you know. [Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S.
Coun. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,
  Else would he never so demean himself:
  A maz he hath of nine worth forty ducats;
  And for the same he promised me a chain! for
  both one, and other, he denes me now.
  The reason that I gather he is mad,
  (besides this present instance of his rage)
  Is a mad tale, he tells to-day at dinner.
  Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
  Relike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
  On purpose shut the doors against his way.
  My wife, he said, had better stay home to his house,
  And tell his wife, that, being a lunatic,
  He rush'd into my house, and took perform
  My ring away: This course I fittest choose;
  For forty ducats is too much to lose. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—The same.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, and an officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man, I will not break away;
  I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money
  To warrant thee, as I am rested for.
  My wife is in a wayward mood to-day:
  And will not lightly trust the messenger,
  That I should be attach'd in Ephesus:
  I tell you, twill sound harshly in her ears.—
  Enter Dromio of Ephesus, with a rope's end.
Here comes my man: I think, he brings the money
  Now, sir? have you that I sent you for?
Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay
  them all.
Ant. E. But where's the money?
Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.
Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?
  I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.
Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hee thine home?
Dro. E. To a rope's end, sir; and to that end and
  I return'd.
Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you
  [Beat him.

[Correct them all.]
Enter Adriana, Luciana, and the Courtezean, with Pinch, and others.

Adr. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Dro. E. Mistress, repose—farm your respect our end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, Beware the ropes' end.

Adr. E. Wilt thou still talk? [Beats him. Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. E. His incivility comes no less—

Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer; Establish him in his true sense again, And I will please you what you will demand. 

Luc. Ah, how busy and how sharp he looks! Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his ecstasy! 

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Adr. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, bound's within this man, To yield possession to my holy prayers, 
And to thy state of darkness let thee straight; I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

Adr. E. Peace, dotting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Luc. Adr. O, that thou werst not, poor distressed soul! Adr. E. You munion, you, are these your customers? Did this companion with a saffron face Reveal and least at my house to-day, Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut, And I denied to enter in my house! 

Adr. O, husband, God doth know, you dined at home, Where you had remained until this time, Free from these slanderers, and this open shame! 

Adr. E. I dined at home! Thou, villain, what sayst thou?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home. 

Adr. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out? 

Dro. Peedy, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out. 

Adr. E. And did not she herself revile me there? 

Dro. E. Sans fable she herself reviled you there. 

Adr. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rain, launt, and scorn me? 

Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-wench placed. 

Adr. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence? 

Dro. E. In verity you did;—my bones bear witness, That since have felt the vigor of his rage. 

Adr. Is't good to sooth him in these contrivances? 

Pinch. It is no shame; the fellowship finds his vein, And, yielding to him, humors his company. 

Dro. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me. 

Adr. Mis, I sent you money to redeem you, By Dromio here, who came in haste for it. 

A corruption of the French oath—parjurer. Without a stake. *Certainly. 

Dro. E. Money by me! heart and good-will you might, But, surely, master not a ray of money. 

Adr. E. What's not to do 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. Old and the rope-maker, bear me witness, That I was sent for nothing but a rope! 

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possessed. 

I know it by their pale and deadly looks: They must be bound and laid in some dark room. 

Adr. E. Here, where didst thou lock me forth to-day? And why dost thou deny the bag of gold? 

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth. 

Dro. E. With gentle master, I receiv'd no gold; But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out. 

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both. 

Adr. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all; And art confederate with a dammed pack, To make a false and abject scorn of me; But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes, That would behold in me this shamefull sport. 

[Pinch and his Assistants bind Adr. E. and Dro. E. 

Adr. O, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me. 

Pinch. More company!—the fiend is strong within him. 

Luc. Ah me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks! 

Adr. 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 with thou preventest me? 

Hast thou delight to see a wretched man Do outrage and displeasure to himself? 

Off. He is my prisoner; if I let him go, 

The debt he owes, will be required of me. 

Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee: 

Bear me forthwith unto his creditor, And knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it. 

Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd Home to my house,—o most unhappy day! 

Adr. E. o most unhappy strumpet! 

Dro. E. Master, I am here entered in bond for you. 

Adr. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou meddle me? 

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, Good master; cry, the devil. 

Luc. Good help, poor souls, how idly do they talk! 

Adr. Go, bear him hence;—Sister, go you with me. 

[Exeunt Pinch and Assistants, with Adr. E. and Dro. E. 

Say now, whose such as he arrested at! 

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith; Do you know him? 

Adr. I know the man: What is the sum he owes? Off. Two hundred ducats. 

Says, how grows it due? 

Off. Due for a chain your husband had of him. 

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not. 

Cour. When as your husband, all in a rage, to-day Came to my house, and took away my ring, (The ring I saw upon his finger now) 

Strode after, did I meet him with a chain. 

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it:—Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is, I long to know the truth hereof at large. 

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse, with his rapier drawn, and Dromio of Syracuse, 

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again. 

Adr. And come with naked swords; let's call more help, To have them bound again.
Act V.

Scene I.—The same.

Enter Merchant and Angelo.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you; but, I protest, he had the chain of me. Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very revere reputation, sir, of credit infinite, highly beloved.

Mer. It is said to bear, that lives here in the city; his word might bear my weight at any time.

Ang. Speak softly; yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholus, and Dromio of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck, Which if he forsook, most monstrously, to have. Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him. Signor Antipholus, I wonder much That you would put me to this shame and trouble; And not without some scandal to yourself, With circumstance, and oath, so to deny This chain, which now you wear so openly: Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment, You have done wrong to this my honest friend. Who, since prevailing on our controversy, Had hosted sail, and put to sea to-day: This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

Mer. Yes, that you did, sir; and forswore too. 

Ang. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?

Mer. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear these: I've on thee, watch! 'Tis pity, that thou liv'st!

To walk where any honest men resort.

Ang. S. Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus: I'll prove the man honor, and mine honesty.

Against thee presently, if thou dost't stand. 

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain. [They draw.]

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtesan, and others.

Adb. Hoh! hurt him not, for God's sake; he is some get within him, take his sword away: 

Find Dromio too, and bear them to my house. 

Bro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house.

This is some priory; —In, or we are spoil'd.

[Exeunt Ant. S. and Dru. S. to the Priory.]

Enter the Abbes.

Abb. Be quiet, people; Wherefore throw you hitter?

Abb. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence: Let us come in, that we may bind him fast, And bear him home for his recovery. 

Adb. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits. 

Mer. I am sorry now, that I did draw on him. 

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man? 

Adb. Since one week, he hath been heavy, sour, sad, And much, much different from the man he was: But till this afternoon, his passion Never brake into extremity of race. 

Abb. But he not lost much wealth by wreck at sea? 

Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye Stray'd his affection in unlawful love? 

Adb. Prevailing much in youthful men. 

Abb. Who give their eyes the liberty of gazng. 

Which of these sorrows is he subject to? 

Adb. To none, except the last; 

Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home. 

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him. 

Abb. Why, so I did. 

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough. 

*Ä. Close, grapple with him. *Baggage.
Scene I.  

COMEDY OF ERRORS.  

Against the laws and statutes of this town, 
Behaved publicly for his offence.  

Aeg. See, where they come; we will behold his death.  

Luc. I will lead to the duke, before he pass the abbey.  

Enter Duke attended; Execrable 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.  

Aeg. Peace, most reverend duke, against the abbess!  

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;  
It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.  

Aeg. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my lord,  
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,  
At your important letters,—this ill day  
A most outrageous fit of madness seiz'd him;  
That desperately he hurried through the street,  
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he,)  
Dole dispicuous to the citizens  
By rushing in their houses, beating hence  
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.  
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,  
Whilst to take orders for the wrongs I went,  
That the bailiffs and their purse pursued.  
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 to their wit, with every sword,  
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,  
Chased us away; till raising of more aid.  
We came again to catch them: then they fled  
Into this abbey; where we pursued them;  
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,  
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,  
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence;  
Therefore, most gracious duke, with the 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 engaged a prince's word,  
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,  
To do him all the grace and good I could,—  
Get thee of thee, knock at the abbey-gate;  
And bid the lady abbess come to me;  
I will determine this before I str.  

Enter a Servant.  

Serr. 0 mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!  
My master and his man are both brook loose,  
That he makes and all his men have committed,  
Whose head they have sing'd off with brands of fire;  
And ever as it blazed, they threw him Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair;  
My master pracebooks patience to him, while  
His man with scissors nick's him like a fool;  
And, sure, unless you send some present help,  
Before the damsel, in the which they will kill the chained.  
Aeg. Peace, fool, thy master and his man are here;  
And that is false thou dost report to us.  
Serr. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;  
I have not breathed almost since I did see it.  
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,  
To score your face, and to disfigure you.  

Duke. Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress; fly, begone.  

Duke. Come, stand by me, fear nothing: Guard with halberds,  

Aeg. My lord, it is my husband! Witness you,  
That he is borne out invisible:  
Even now we housed him in the abbey here;  
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.  

Enter Antipholus and Dromio of Ephesus.  

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke, oh, grant  
We present justice?  

Even for the service that long since I did thee,  
When I besrid thee, in the wars, and took  
Dreadful breaches; And I did make thee mad;  
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.  

Ege. Unless he fear death doth make me dute,  
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.  

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there.  
Whom thou hast gav'st to me to be my wife;  
That hath abused and dishonor'd me  

Aeg. Important, &c. To take measures. &c. Know  
&c. Successively, one after another.  

Even in the strength and height of injury!  
Beyond imagination is the wrong,  
That she this day hath shamelessly thrown on me.  

Duke. Why dost thou how, and thou shalt find me just.  

Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors  
Upon me,  

While she with Erabol's feast'd in my house.  

Duke. This grievous fault: Say, woman, didst thou so?  

Aeg. No, my good lord,—myself, and my sister,  


That, as this is false, he burdens me withal!  

Luc. Nor'c may I look on day, nor sleep on night,  
But she tells you to your highness simple truth!  

Ant. E. Of! A most surprised woman. They are in the midst of justice.  

In this the madam justly chargeth them.  

Ant. E. My liege, I am advised what I say;  
Neither disturbed with the effect of wine,  
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,  
Allcit, weyr wrongs might make one wiser mad.  

This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:  
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,  
Could witness it; for he was with me then;  
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,  
Promising to bring it to the Pertecupine,  
And I did done and I die done together.  

Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,  
I went to seek him: in the street I met him;  
And in his company, that gentleman;  
There did he with gaiety receive me down,  
That I this day of him rec'd the chain,  
Which God, he knows, I saw not: for the which,  
He did arrest me with an officer,  
Did observe and was made seven days home;  
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.  
Then fairly I bespoke the officer.  
To go in person with me to the house,  
By the way I met.  
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more  
of vile conspirates; along with them  
They brought one Pinch; a hungry, lean-faced  
within.  
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,  
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;  
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,  
A living dead man; this pernicious slave,  
Sorosoke, took on him as a conjurer;  
And gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulse,  
And with no face, as 'twere, out-facing me,  
Cries out, I was possess'd! Then all tother.  
They fall upon me, bound me, bore me thence;  
And in a dark and dankish vault at home  
There live my brother, both bound together;  
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,  
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately  
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech  
To give me a sufficient action.  
For these deep shame's and great indignities.  

Ant. E. My lord, in truth, thus far, I witness with him;  
That he did not at home, but was lock'd out.  

Duke. But had he such a chain of them, or, no!  

Ant. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,  
These people saw the chain about his neck.  

Mrs. Drom. I will be sworn, these eyes of mine  
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,  
After you first forsook it on the mart.  
And, hereupon, I drew my sword on you;  
And then you did enter into this abbey here.  
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.  

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey walls,  
Nor ever did thou draw thy sword on me:  
Never saw the chain, nor help me here?  
And this is false you burden me withal.  

Duke. Why, what an intimate impeach is this!  

To drive me mad, with lack of Circe's  
If here you housed him, here he would have been;  
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:  

You say he dined at home; the goldsmith here  
Doth this thing against her; what say you?  

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there; at the Per-  

cupine.  

Ant. E. He did; and from my finger snatch'd that mace.  

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there; at the Per-  

cupine.  

Ant. E. Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her,  
Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?  

Ant. E. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.  

* Harlot was a term of reproach applied to cheats among men, as well as to wanters among women.
Duke. Why, this is strange:—Go call the abbess hither;
I think you are all mated, or stark raddad.  
[Exit an Attendant.]

Ege. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me a word;
Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may rememb're
Ege. Is not your name, sir, called Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman Dromio?
Duke. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,
But he, I thank him, grew'd in two my cords;
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.
Ege. I am sure, you both of you remember me.
Duke. We do remember, sir; by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patent, 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. Oh! grief hath changed me since you saw me last;
And careful hours, with Time's deform'd hand
Have written strange defatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Ant. E. Neither.

Dro. E. Dromio, not thou?

Ant. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Dro. The, 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! Oh, time's extremity!
Had you not any mark to split from my forelongue,
in seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untaught cares?

Ant. E. No. 

Ege. Thou knowst we parted: but, perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in my misery.

Ant. E. The duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so;
I never saw Syracuse in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, gentle sir, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he never saw Syracuse:
I see thy age and dangers make thee dole.

Enter the Abbess, with Antipholus Syracusan, and Dromio Syracuseon.

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much trust in:—All gather to see him.

Duke. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other;
And so of these:—Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? Who dealeth then?

Dro. S. Sir, sir, and Dromio: command him away.

Duke. He, sir, and Dromio; pray let me stay.

Ant. S. Egeon, art thou not I? or else his ghost?

Dro. O, my old master, who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whose bounder him, I will loose his bonds,
And give a husband by his liberty:—
Speak, old Egeon, if thou best the man
That hast a wife once called Emilia.

Duke. If I dream not, thou art Emilia; If I dream, it tells where is that man
That flouted with thee on the fatal raft!

Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he and I,
And thou, Dromio, all were taken up,
But by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And we left them with those of Epidamnum:
What then became of them I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

*Alteration of features.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right!  
These two Antipholus's, these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her woe at once,
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou canst from Corinth first;
Ant. S. Nay, sir, not I: I came from Syracuse.
Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious
Dro. E. And I with him.

Ant. E. Brought to this town with that most famous warrior
Duke Meliponus, you most renowned uncle.

Abb. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress,

Dro. E. And me not your husband?

Ant. E. No, I say nay to that,

Ant. S. And so do I, yet did she call me so;
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother:—What I told you then,
I hope, I shall have leisure to make good;
If this be not a dream, I see, and hear.

Ant. E. That is the character, sir, which you had of me.

Dro. E. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain, arrested me.

Ant. S. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

Abb. But, as you sent money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. This purse of ducats I received from you,
And Dromio man del bring'd them me:—I see,
We still did meet each other's man,
And I was 'tis for him, and he for me,
And therefore these Errors are as true.

Abb. This, sir, the ducats pavan I for my father here.
Duke. It shall not need, thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

Ant. E. There take it; and much thanks for thy generous.

Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large how I discovered all our fortunes:
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathiz'd one day's error
Have suffered wrong; so, keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.

Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons; nor, till this present hour,
My heavy burdens are delivered.

The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me.
After so long grief, such mirth.

Duke. I bid all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[Exit Duke, Abbess, Egeon, Courtesan, and Attendants.]

Dro. S. Miser, shall I fetch your stuff from ship-board?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?

Dro. S. Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

Ant. S. He speaks to me; I am your master, Dromio.

Come, come, with us: we'll look to that anon:
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[Exit Antipholus S. and E. Ann. and Luc.]

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house.
That kitchen's, for you to show at dinner;
She now shall be my sister, not mine own.

Dro. E. Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother;
I see by you, I am a sweet-faced youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.

Dro. E. That's a question: how shall we try it?

Dro. S. We will draw cuts for the senior: till then,
Let us to dinner.

Dro. E. Nay, then thus:—We came into the world, like brother and brother.
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

[Exit.]

The morning story is what Egeon tells the Duke in the first scene of this play.
MACBETH.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUNCAN, King of Scotland.
MALCOLM, } his Son.
DONALBRAIN, } } Generals of the King's Army.
MACBETH, Baquo.
MACDUFF, } Noblemen of Scotland.
JENNOX.
ROUS.
MONTETH.
ANGUS.
CAITHNESS.
FLEANCE, Son to Banquo.
Seward, Earl of Northumberland, General of the English Forces.

SCENE, in the End of the Fourth Act, lies in England; through the rest of the Play, in Scotland; and, chiefly, at Macbeth's Castle.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An open Place.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

1 Witch. When shall we three meet again, In thunder, lightning, or in rain? 2 Witch. When the hurlyburly's done, When the battle's lost and won. 3 Witch. That will be ere the set of sun. 1 Witch. Where the place? 2 Witch. Upon the heath: 3 Witch. There to meet with Macbeth. 1 Witch. I come, Graymalkin! All. Paddock calls—Anon.—

Fair is foul, and foul is fair; Hover through the fog and filthy air. [Witches vanish.

SCENE II.—A Camp near Forres.

Alarum within. Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, attended by Attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier. Duncan. What bloody man is that? He can report, As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt The newest state.

Soldier. This is the sergeant, Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought Against my captivity:—Hail, brave friend! Say to the king the knowledge of the broil, As thou didst leave it.

Duncan. Doubtfully it stood; As two spent swimmers, that do cling together, And chafe their art. The merciless Macdonwald (Worthy to be a rebel) : for, to that, The multiplying villanies of nature Do swarm upon him; from the western isles Of Kerns and Gallowsglasses was supplied? And Fortune on his damned quarrel smiling, Show'd like a rebel's whore: But all's too weak: For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name,) Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel, Which smok'd with bloody execution, Like valor's minion. Car'd out his passage, till he faced the slave: And never shook hands, nor bade farewell to him, Till he unseam'd him from the nape to the chaps, And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Duncan. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman! Sold. As when the sun 'gins his reflection, Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break; So from that spring, whence comfort seems to come, Discordance swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark: No sooner justice laid, with valor arm'd, Compell'd these shipping kerns to trust their heels; But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage, With furious arm, and new supplies of men, Began a fresh assault.

Duncan. 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 overcharged 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.

Duncan. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds; They smack of honor both:—Go, get him surgeons. [Exit Soldier, attended.

Enter Rosse.

Who comes here?

Malcolm. The worthy thane of Ross. Lennox. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look, That seems to speak things strange.

Rosse. God save the king; Duncan. Whence came'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, gan a dismal conflict: Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof, Confronted him with self-comparisons, Point against point rebellious, arm against arm, Curbing his lavish spirit: And, to conclude, The victory fell on us;—

Act I.

MACBETH.

Scene III.—A Heav'ly

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?
3 Witch. Sister, where thou?
1 Witch. A widow's wife had chestnuts in her lap, and mouch'd, and mouch'd, and mouch'd;—Give me quoth I; Arount thee, witch! the rump-fed ronyon cries. Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger; But in a sieve I'll thither sail, And, like a rat without a tail, I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.
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 blow, All the quarters that they know I' the shipman's card. I will drum him dry as hay:
Sleep shall, neither night nor day Hang upon his pent-house lid; He shall live a man forbid: Worry seven-nights, nine times nine, Shall he dwell on the thick and pine: Though his bark cannot be lost, Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.
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. [Drum within.

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 seen.
Ban. How far is't call'd to Forres?—What are these, So wither'd, and so wild in their attire; That do not like the inhabitants of the earth, And yet are on't! Live you? or are you aught That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy fingers laying Upon her skinny lips—You should be women. 
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret What you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can:—What are you?
1 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!
2 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!
3 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! that shall be king hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start and seem to fear Things that do sound so fair?—The name of truth, Are ye fantastical, or that indeed Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner You greet with present grace, and great prediction Of noble having, and of royal hope, That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not: If you can look into the seeds of time, And say which grains will grow, and which will not; Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear, Your favors, nor your hate.

So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!
1 Witch. Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail! Macb. Stay: you imperfect speakers, tell me more: By Sin's death, I know, I am thane of Glamis; But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives, A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king, Stands not within the prospect of belief; No more than to be Cawdor: Say, from whence You owe this strange intelligence? or why Upon this blasted heath you stop our way With such prophetic greetings?—Speak, I charge you. [Witches vanish. Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has, And these are of them:—Whither are they vanished? Macb. Into the air; and what seems corporal, melted As breath into the wind.—Would they have said! Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak at
Or have we eaten of the insane root, That takes the reason prisoner? Macb. Your children shall be kings. Ban. You shall be king. Macb. And thane of Cawdor too; went it not so? Ban. To the selfsame tune and words. Who's here? Enter ROSE and ANGUS.

Ros. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth, The news of thy successes; and when he reads Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight, His wonder is his pains do commend, Which should be thine, or his: Stereined with that, In viewing o'er the rest of the selfsame day, He finds thee in the stout Norwegian ranks, Nothing can be said of what thy self did make Strange images of death. As thick as tale. Came post with post; and every one did bear Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence, And pour'd them down before him. 

Ang. We are sent, To give thee, from our royal master, thanks; To herald thee into his sight, not pay thee. Rose. And, for an earnest of a greater honor, He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor: In which addition, hall, most worthy thane! For it is thine. 

Ban. What, can the devil speak true? 

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: Why do you dress me In borrow'd robes? 

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet; But under heavy judgment bears that life Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was Combined with Norwey; or did live the rebel With hidden help and vantage; or that with both He labur'd in his country's wreck, I know not; But treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd, Have overthrown him. And now, as he was Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor: The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains,— Do you think, say, my children shall be kings, When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me, Promis'd no less to them? 

Ban. That, trusted home, Might yet enkindle you unto the extremest. Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange: And oftentimes to win us to our harm, The instruments of darkness tell us truths: Th' instruments of honest truths, to betray us In deepest consequence,— 

Conjuring, a word I pray you.机械化. Macb. The two truths are told, As happy prologues to the swelling act Of the imperial theme.—I thank you gentlemen. This supernatural soliciting Cannot be answer'd good. If ill, Why hath it given me earnest of success, Commencing in truth? I am thane of Cawdor: If good, why do I yield to that suggestion

*As far as they could be counted. Witches vanish.

[Exeunt.]
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs.
Against the use of nature! Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise: and nothing is,
But what is not.
Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.
Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance
May crown me now;
Without my stir.
Ban. New honors come upon him
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould.
But with the aid of use.
Macb. Come what come may;
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.
Macb. Give me your favor:—my dull brain was
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the king;
Think upon what hath chance'd: and, at more time,
The interim having weight'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.
Ban. Very gladly.
Macb. Tell them, enough.—Come, friends. [Exeunt.]  

SCENE V.—Forres. A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cowdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?
Mal. They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
Implored your highness' pardon and set forth
A deep repentance; nothing having left
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 a mere 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.—O worthiest cousin!

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, and Angus.

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on my soul; Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of compensable is slow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less deserv'd,
That thou mightst this day hold thine honours scant;
As thou hast done to-day. But for thy kindness,
As the live heart, the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children, and servants;
Which I do, but what they should, by doing every thing,
Safe toward your love and honor.

Dun. Welcome hater! I have begun to plant thee, and will do
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 inflame thee,
And let thee to my heart.
Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Macb. My plentiful joys,
Waxing in fullness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter,
The prince of Cumberland: which honor must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all meritorious.—From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labor, which is not used for you:
I'll be myself the haringer, and make joyful

V.i. Which cleave not.  Time and opportunity.
*Pardon.  Owned, possessed.
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant. 
Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night?
Lady M. And when goes hence?
Macb. To-morrow, as he purports.
Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that marrow see?
Your face, my theme, is a book, where men
May read strange matters:—To beguin the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent
flower,
But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.
Macb. We will speak further.
Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favor ever is to fear;
Leave all the rest to me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—Before the Castle.

Hautboys. Servants of Macbeth attending.

Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANCO, LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSIE, ANGUS, and ATTENDANTS.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his love's mansion, that the heaven's breath
Smiles in this place; rich flakes of silver here:
Nor coigne of vantage; but this bird hath made
His pendent bed, and procreant cradle: Where they
Most breed and haunt, I have observ'd the air
Is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Dun. See, see! our hostess' bountiful love,
The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you, 
But yet we will call God yield us for your pains
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honors deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: For those of old,
And the late dignities heaped up to them,
We rest your hermits.

Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We would'rt him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And he his great love, sharpens his spur; hath help him
To his home before us: Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest-to-night.

Lady M. Our servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in
compt, 1
To make their audit at your highest pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand.
Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,
And shall continue our grace towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—A Room in the Castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the stage, a Servant, 2 and divers Servants with dishes
and hercules. The enter MACBETH.

Macb. If it be done, when 'tis done, then
were well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammeil up the consequence, and catch,
With his suresse, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shod of time,—
Will jump the life to come.—But, in these cases,
We still do doubt it:—by our judgment therefore but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd claque

1 Look, countenance. 2 Convenience corner.
3 Reward. 4 Subject to account. 5 An officer so called from his placing the dishes on
the table.

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 proud ambition, like aLINGERED TONGUE, against
The deep damnation of whose taking off.
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hor'd
I upon the sickness cares of the air,
Should blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
To prick the sides of his intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other.—How now, what news?

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. He has almost supp'd: Why have you
not made 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 honor'd me of late; and I have bought
Great and general praise of all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk,
Wherin you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
As if it did so free! From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou severe
To be the same in thine own act and valor,
As thou art in doctrine? Wouldst thou have that
Which you 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! the adage! 

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace,
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady M. What beast was it then?
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than when you were, you would
Be so much more a man, the time is now,
That you would speaking such a time as this,
Did then adhere; 3 and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness
now
Does make you. I have given such know, and can
How tender 'tis, to love the babe that stinks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from its bounteous gums,
And drunk the life of 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,
(Wherefore the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince, 4
That memory, the wonder of the brain,
Shall be a lume, and the receipt of reason
A blemish only: When in sweatish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguard'd Duncan? what not put upon
His sleep, against whom shall bear the guilt
Of our great queen?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy unhafted mettle should compose
Nothing but women; for it is not good so
When we have mark'd with blood those sleep'y two
Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,
That they have done't.

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clarion roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am methought, 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.]

6 Winds; sightless is invisible.
7 In the same sense as cohers. 8 Overpower.
9 Eternity. 10 Spurned.
11 Murder. 12 Supposed.
ACT II.

SCENE I.—Court within Macbeth’s Castle.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, and a Servant with a torch before them.

Ban. How goes the night, boys!

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take’t; ’tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword.—There’s husbandry in heaven,

Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,

And I would not sleep:—My mind’s my powers!

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature

Give way to in repose!—Give me my sword:—

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.

Who’s there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest! The king’s a-bed:

He hath been in usual pleasure, and

Sent forth great largess4 to your officers;6

This diadem he greeteth your wise withal,

By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up4

In measureless content.5

Mac. Being unprepared,

Our will became the servant to defect;

Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All’s well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:

To them have they show’d some truth.

Mac. I think not of them:

Yet when we can entreat an hour to serve,

Would spend it in some words upon that business,

If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind’st leisure.

Mac. If you shall cleave to my consent,—when

It shall make honor for you.

Ban. So I lose none,

In seeking to augment it, but still keep

My bosom franchis’d, and allegiance clear,

I shall be cou’d’d.

Macb. Good repose, the while.

Ban. Thanks, sir; The like to you.

[Exit Banquo and Fleance.

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,

She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[Exit Servant.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,

The hand that indoor 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 danger of the mind; a false creation,

Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable

As this which now I draw.

Thou marshals’st me the way that I was going;

And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes have seen the fool’s6 the other senses,

Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;

And on thy blade, and dudgeon,7 gouts8 of blood,

Which was not so before.—There’s no such thing:

It is the bloody business, which informs,

Thus to mine eyes.—Now ’gainst the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abound.

The curtain’d sleep; now witchcraft ------------------

Pales Hector’s off’rings; and wither’d murder,

Alarum’d by his sentinel, the time;

Whose howl’s his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,

With Tarquin’s ravishing strides, towards his design

Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk for fear

Thy very stones prate of my where-abouts;

And take the present horror from the time

Which now suits with it.—Whilest I threat, he lives;

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell

That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.  [Exit.

SCENE II.—The same.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk,

Hath made me bold:

What hath quench’d them, hath given me fire—

Hark!—Hear!—

It was the night that shook’d the fatal bellman,

Which gives the sternest good-night. He is about it:

The doors are open; and the surlicet grooms

Do mock their charge with stores: I have drugg’d

Their possets.

That death and nature do contend about them,

Whether they live or die.

Mac. [Within] Who’s there?—what, ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awaked,

And ’tis not done:—the attempt and not the deed,

Confounds us:—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,

He could not miss them.—had he not resembled

My father as he slept, I had done’t.—My husband?

[Exit Macbeth.

Macb. I have done the deed:—Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard an owl scream, and the crickets cry,

Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!—

Who bespake the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight.

[Looking on his hands.

Lady M. A foolish thought; to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There’s one did laugh in his sleep, and

one cried, murder!”

That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them:

But they did say their prayers, and address’d them

Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg’d together.

Macb. One cried, God bless us! and Amen, the other;

As they had seen me, with these hangman’s hands

Listening their fear. I could not say, amen.

When they did say, God bless us,

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply, Macbeth. But wherefore could not I pronounce, amen?

I had most need of blessing, and amen

Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought

After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, Sleep no

more! Macbeth doth murder sleep, the innocent sleep;

Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleeve9 of care,

The death of each day’s life, sore labor’s bath.

Balm of hurt minds, great nature’s second course,

Chief nourisher in life’s feast.

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried, Sleep no more! to all the house;

Glums hagard!10 my sleep! and therefore Caucub

Shall sleep no more. Macbeths shall sleep no more.

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thine,

You do mislead your noble strength, to think

So brainickly 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 not there: Go, carry them; and smear

The sleepy groans with blood.

Macb. I’ll go no more;
Good-morrow, awake. Whence not applied to, I’ll ill the eye of childhood, That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed, I’ll still the faces of the grooms withal, For it must seem their guilt. [Exit. Knocking within. Whence is that knocking? How is’t with me, when every noise appals me? What haunts me 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 thron’d infernal, and Make the green—one red.

Re-enter Lady Macbeth.
Lady M. My hands are of your color; but I shame To wear a heart so white. [Knocking] I hear a knocking At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber: A little water clears us of this deed: How easy is it, then! Your constancy Hath left you unattended.—[Knocking] Hark! more knocking! Get on your night-gown, best occasion call us, And show us to be watchers:—Be not lost Soearly in your thoughts. [Knocking] To know my deed,—twice best not know myself. [Knocking] Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst! [Exit.}

Scene III.—The same.

Enter a Porter. [Knocking within. Porter. Here’s a knocking, indeed! If a man would knock at our lady’s gate, he should have old Mar- turning the key. [Knocking] Knock, knock, knock: Who’s there? (the name of Belezemb) Here’s a farmer, that hangs himself on the expectation of plenty; Cometh time; have apples enough about you; here you’ll sweat for. [Knocking] Knock, knock, knock: Who’s there? (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 horse: Come in, tailor; here you may reap your goose. [Knocking] Knock, knock, knock: Who’s there? (the third devil’s name) 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.

Mac. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, That you do lie so late?
Port. Faith, sir, we were envoysing till the second clock; and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three times.

Mac. What three things does drink especially provoke?
Port. Marry, sir, noise-painting, sleep, and urine. Leechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. There are such false friends, that will take thou, when thou mayst have him, then he cavils at him; sets him on, and it taketh him off; persadeth him, and dishearteneth him; maketh him stand, and not stand true; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Mac. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.
Port. That it did, sir; I the very truth at once: But I required him for his lie; for he was too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a snit to cast him.

Mac. Is thy master stirring?
Our standing here is now enough:—here he comes.

Enter Macbeth.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir! Mac. Good-morrow, both! To inconstancy, is to stain of a flesh color. Frequent. Handkerchiefs.

Mac. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?
Mac. Not yet.
Mac. He did command me to call timely on him; I have almost slept the day. Mac. I’ll bring you to him.
Mac. I know this is a joyful trouble to you; But yet am I, Mac. The labor we delight in physics' pain. This is the door. Mac. I’ll make so bold to call, For ‘tis my limited service! [Exit Macduff, Len. From hence to day—
Mac. He does:—he did appoint it so.
Len. The night has been unkind: Where we lay, Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say, Lamentations heard in the air; strange screams of death. And prophesying, with accents terrible, Of dire confusion, and confused events, New hatch’d to the woeful time. The obscure bird Chanter’d the livelong night:—some say, the earth As from your graves did rise up, and walk like sprites, To countenance this horror. [Bell rings.]

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. What’s the business, That such a hided trumpet calls to parley The sleepers of the house! speak, as o’er me.
Mac. O, gentle lady,
’Tis not for you to hear what I can speak: The repetition, in a woman’s ear, Would murder as it fell.—O Banquo! Banquo! Enter Banquo.
Our royal master’s master’d! Lady M. Woe, alas! What, in our house? Ban. Too cruel, any where. Dear Duff, I pr’ythee contradict thyself, And say, it is not so.

Re-enter Macc and Lenox.

Macb. Had I but dead an hour before this chance, I had liv’d a blessed time; for, from this instant, There’s nothing serious in mortality: The picture is but toy’s; renown, and grace is dead: The wine of life is drawn, and the more heer Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss! Mac. You are, and do not know it; The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood Is stopp’d; the very source of it is stopp’d. Mac. Your royal father’s master’d! Don. By whom? Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem’d, had done: Their hands and faces were all bad’d with blood. So were their daggers, which, unwip’d, we found Upon their pillows: They stared, and were distracted; no man’s life Was to be trusted with them.
* i. c. Affords a cordial to it. * Appointed service.
MACBETH.

Mach. O, yet I do repent me of my fury, That I did kill them.

Mael. Wherefore did you so?

Mach. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and furious.

Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man: The expedition of my violent love
Out-run the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan, Plaid with a silver skin laced with his golden blood:
And his gaiter's studs look'd like a breach in nature, For ruin's wasteful entrance; there, the murderers, Sleep'd in the colors of their trade: their daggers Unmem'rously bredd'd with gore, who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart Courage to make his love known?


Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That must not claim this argument for ours!

Don. What should be spoken here,
Where our fate, hid within an auge-hole,
May rush and seize us? Let's away; our tears Are not yet breed'd.

Mal. Not our strong sorrow on
The foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady:—
(Lady MACBETH is carried out.)

And when we have our naked hands all hid,
That suifer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and splenches shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,
Against the undivell'd pretence I fight Of treasonous malice.

Mach. And so do I.

Mael. And so all.

Mach. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet it half the table.

All. Well contented.

[Exeunt all but MAL. and DOX.

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them: To show an unfeelt sorrow, is an office Which the false man does easy: I'll to England. Don. To Ireland, 1; our separated fortune Shall keep us both the safer: where we are, There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood, The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot,
Bath not yet lighted; and our safest way Is, to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse; And let us not be dainty of leave taking. But shift away: there's warrant in that theft. Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Without the Castle.

Enter ROSS and an OLD MAN.

O'D. M. Threescore and ten I can remember well: Within the volume of which time, I have seen Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this sore night Hath tried former knowings.

Rosse. All good father,

Thou seest the heavens, as troubled with man's act, Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis day, And yet dark mirth strangles the travelling lamp: Is it night's predominance, or day's shame? That darkness does the face of earth intomb, When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,

Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last A falcon, towering in her pride of place, Was by a monstrous owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And Duncan's horse, (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 against 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.

SCENE V.—Forres, A Room in the Palace.

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou hast it now, King, Cav'dor, Glamis, all.

As the weird woman promis'd; and, I fear Thou practis'st not most for thyself: yet it was said, It should not stand in thy posterity; But that myself should be the root, and father Of many kings. If there come truth from them, (As upon thee, Macbeth, their splices 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.

Secret sounded. Enter MACBETH, as KING; Lady MACBETH, as Queen; LENNOX, ROSS, LORDS, LADIES, and ATTENDANTS.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady Macb. If he had been forgotten, It had been as a gap in our great feast, And all things unbecoming:

*Covered with blood to their hils

ACT III.

Mach. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir, And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your highness Command upon me; to the which, my duties Are with a most indissoluble tie For ever knelt.

Mach. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Mach. We should have else desired your good advice (Which still had been both grave and prosperous) In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow. Is't far you ride?

Ban. As far my lord, as will fill up the time 'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better, I must become a borrower of the night, For a dark hour or twain.

Mach. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Mach. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd In England, and in Ireland; not confessing Their cruel paricide, filling their hearers

*Intend to themselves.
With strange invention: But of that to-morrow;
When thitherward, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. He yeu to horse: Adieu,
Till you return at night. Does Pleasure with you?

Macb. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;
And I will commend you to their bards.

[Exeunt BANCA.

Macb. Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter Welcome, we will keep ourselves
Till supper-time alone; while then, God be with you.

[Exit Lady MABCETH, Lords, Ladies, &c.

Sirrah, a word: Attend those men our pleasure. Also be beware, my lord, without the paine and gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.—(Exit Attcn.

But to be safely thus—Our fears in Banquo
Such doe; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that, which would be fear'd: 'Tis much he dreads
And to that dastard temer of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valor
To act in safety. There is none, but he
Whose being I do fear: and under him,
My genius is rebuk'd: as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of King upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
This in a line of verse:

Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unman'd hand,
Not his own hand: and thus news succeeding
Erind's law of the common enemy of man.

To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, in the list,
And champion me to the utterance!—Who's there?

—Re-enter Attendant, with Two Murderers.

Now to the door, and stay there till we call.

[Exit Attendent.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1 MArr. It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now have you consider'd my speeches? Know, Thy genius is rebuk'd: as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of King upon me,
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Rather than so, come, fate, in the list,
And champion me to the utterance!—Who's there?

Enter Lady MABCETH, and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serc. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I will attend his grace.

For a few words.

Serc. Madam I will.

[Exit.

Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent.
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis saier to he that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MABCETH.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of sorrest friends? fancy your company unpleasant?
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without remedy,
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.
Macb. We have scotched the snake, not kill'd it:
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let's
The frame of things disjoin, both the world-sufferer,
Ere we cut our meals 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 place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After lie's fatal feuer, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor word, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign leys, nothing,
Can touch him further!

Lady M. Come on.

Gentle my lord, seek't over your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial 'mongst your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I love; and so, I pray, be you;
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue.
Umst the while, that we

6 Careless. 7 Because of. 8 * Most melancholy.
9 Agony. 10 Do him the highest honors.
MACBETH.

**Scene IV.**

**Lady M.** Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

**Enter First Murderer, to the door.**

**Macb.** See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks:
Both sides are even; Here I'll sit 'till midnight;
Be large in mouth; anon, we'll drink a measure
The half of this. Dine—There's never blood upon thy face.

**Mur.** 'Tis Banquo's then.

**Macb.** 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he despatched?

**Mur.** My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

**Macb.** Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: Yet
he's good,
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.

**Mur.** Most royal sir,

**Fleance** is escaped.

**Macb.** Then comes my fit again: I had else been
perfected
Whose as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad, and general, as the casing sir;
But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in
To sordid doubts and tears. But Banquo's safe!

**Mur.** Ay, my good lord, safe in a ditch he hides,
With twenty trench'd gashes on his head;

The least a death to nature.

**Macb.** Thanks for that:

There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-morrow
We'll hear ourselves again. [Exit Murderer.]

**Lady M.** My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer; the feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd, whilst 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome: To food, were best at

From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

**Macb.** Sweet remembrancer!

Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on hot! [Exit.]

**Len.** May it please your highness sit!
The Ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in
Macketh's place.

**Macb.** Here had we now our country's honor roof'd,
Were the graced person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for mankindness,
Than pity for mischance!

**Rosse.** His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company.

**Macb.** The table's full.

**Len.** Here's a place reserv'd, sir.

**Macb.** Where?

**Len.** Here, my lord. What is't that
moves your highness!

**Macb.** Which of you have done this?

**Len.** What, my good lord?

**Macb.** Thou canst not say, I did it: never shah
Thy gory locks at me.

**Rosse.** Oatemen, rise; his highness is not well.

**Lady M.** A worthy friend:—my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: 'pray you, keep seat;
The fit is customary; upon a thought
He will again be well: If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

**Macb.** Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

**Lady M.** O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fears;
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, &c and starts,
(Imposers to true fear,) would well become
A woman's story, at a winter's fire.

**Rosse.** And by her grandmother. Shame itself!

**Lady M.** Why do you make such faces! When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

**Macb.** Prythee, see there! behold! look! lo!

**Lady M.** Why, what care I! If thou canst not, speak too,—

Sudden gusts.
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, look, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [Ghost disappears.] Lady M. What! quite unmann'd in folly? Macb. If I stand here, I saw him. Lady M. Fly, for shame! Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, 'tis the olden time,
For human state purged the gentle heart: Ay, and some that, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end: but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: This is more strange
Than such a murder is.
Lady M. Your worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
Macb. I do forget:—
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange inscrutability, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll sit down.—Give me some wine, fill
My cup:—
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
Ghosts rise.

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss:
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all. Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.
Macb. Avantage, and quit my sight! Let the earth
hide thee! Thine bones are harmless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.
Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis not other;
Only it spells the pleasure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: O, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhibit thee, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow! [Ghost disappears.]

Unreal mockery, hence!—Why so—being gone,
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.
Lady M. You have displaced the mirth, broke
the good meeting,
With most admired disorder.
Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe; 2 When
now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural rule of your cheeks,
When mine are blanched with fear.
Rosse. What sights, my lord?
Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse
and worse.
Question enranges him: at once, good night:—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
Lady M. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty!
Macb. A kind good night to all! [Exit Lady M. and attendants.
Macb. It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood;
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augurs, and understood relations have
By magot-pies, 3 and coughs, and rooks, brought forth
The sooty man of blood.—What is the night!
Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.
Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff doeth his
At our great bidding?
Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?
Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them, but in his house

Wield. 1 i.e. All good wishes to all.
Purse. 2 Pass over.
Possess. 3 Magpies.

I keep a servant feed'd; I will to-morrow
(Deitises will) unto the weird sisters:
More and more they speak for now I am bent to know
By the worst means, the worst: for mine own good
All causes shall give way; I am in blood
To be afeard: that, kept in, 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. 4
Lady M. You lack the season of all times. Macb. Come, we'll to sleep: My strange and self-burse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:—
We are yet but young in deed.

SCENE V.—The Heath.

Thunder. Enter HEcATy, meeting the Three Witches.

1 Witches. Why, how now, Hecate? you look angry.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams, as you are,
Saucy, and over-bold! 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 cal'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of my 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 't the morning; thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels, and your spells, provide
Your charms, and every thing beside:
I'll meet you there; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal-fatal end.

Great business must be wrought ere noon;
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound; 4
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that distill'd by magic shreds,
Shall raise such artificial sprites,
As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion:
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes—howe'xo, howno, grace, and fear.
And, you all know, the spirit
Is mortal's chiefest enemy.

Song. [Within.] Come away, come away, Ay.

Hark, I am a gentle spirit, not for the court,
Sits in a dusty cloud, and stays for me.

1 Witches. Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again.

[Exit.]

SCENE VI.—Forres. A Room in the Palace.

Enter LEXOx and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret further: only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne: The gracious
Duncan
Was pitted of Macbeth—merry, he was dead:—
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, if it please you, Fleance kill'd,
or Fillies fall'n. 5
Who must not walk it too:
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,
To lack their gracious father! Can that be fact?
How it did grace Macbeth! did he not straight
In pious race, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink, and thirsts of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and nobly too:
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
To hear the men deny it. So, that I say,
He has borne all things well: and I do think
That, being Duncan's, he so sits under his key.
(As, an't please heaven, he shall not, they should find
What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace! for from broad words, and 'cause he troubleth
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,

1 Examined nicely.
2 i.e. A drop that has deep or hidden qualities.
MACBETH.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A dark Cave. To the middle, a Cauldron boiling.

Thunder. Enter the Three Witches.

1 Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
2 Witch. Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whined.
3 Witch. Harper cries:—'Tis time, 'tis time.

In the poison'd entrails throw, —

Toad, that under coldest stone,
Days and nights fast thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first the charmed pot!
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 Witch. Fillet of a fish snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake:
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,

Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owl's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

3 Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummery, maw, and gull,
Of the ravin' d4 salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock, digg'd i'the dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Dutch-deliver'd by a drab.

Make the gueul thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron;
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good
Enter HECATE.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share the gains,
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

SONG.

Black spirits and white,
Blue spirits and grey;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

2 Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:
Open locks, whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight bags?
What is't you do?
All. A deed without a name.

* Macduff lives in disgrace: Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court, and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect: Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, on his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Sivard:
That, by the help of these, (with Him above
To satisfy the work,) may again
Give to our table meat, sleep to our nights;
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;
Do faithful homage and receive free honors, 6
All which we pine for now: And this report
Hath so exasperate the king, that
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Seize

Lord. He did: and with as bold
The cloudy messenger turns me his
And hurs; as who should say, You'll
That clogs us with this answer.

Len. By
And that a
Advise him to a caution, to hold what died
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he comes: That a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accrues!

Lord. My prayers with him!

[Exeunt.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Though ever you came to know it,) answer me:
Though you mutie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches: though the enyful waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be laid d4 and trees blown down;
Though castles topple 1 on their warders' heads;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germin 2 tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.

1 Witch. Speak.
2 Witch. Demand.
3 Witch. We'll answer.

1 Witch. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters?

Macb. Call them, let me see them.

1 Witch. Pour in sows' blood, that hath eaten
Her muce narrow; grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.
All. Come, hirch or low;
Thyself, and office, ditty 3 show.

Thunder. An Apparition of an armed Head rises.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

1 Witch. He knows thy thought;
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macbeth!

Beware the thine of Fife. — Dismiss me:—Enough.

Descend. Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution
Thanks; Thou hast harp'd 4 my fear aright.— But one word more—

1 Witch. He will not be commanded: Here's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. An Apparition of a bloody Child rises.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—
Macb. Had I three ears, I'd bear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute: laugh to scorn the power of man,
For none of woman born shall harm Macbeth.

Descend. Macb. Then live, Macduff: What need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance doubly sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
And sleep the sleep of death. — Whate'er 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 bab'ies round
And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not.

* Laid flat by wind or rain.

† Tumble.

‡ Seeds which have begun to sprout.

§ Adritely.

Touched on a passion as a harper touches a string.
Macbeth. No, you! If you doubt, get, Sirrah, while I'll take you to the crags of doom! Reign in this kingdom! All. Seek to know no more.

Mac. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo: down! Thy eye does see mine eye-balls:—And thy hair, Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first: A third is like the former:—Fihy!O why do you show me this?—A fourth!—Start, eyes! What do you crack out of the stones of doom? Another yet!—A seventh!—I'll see no more:— And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass, Which shows me more and more; and some I see, That two-fold bulks and triple sceptres carry: Horrible sight!—Ay, now, I see, 'tis true, For the blood-bolter of Banquo smiles upon me, And points at them for his,—What is this so?—

1 Witch, Ay, sir, all this is so:—But what 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.


Mac. Where are they? Gone!—Let this premonitory hour stand apace in the calendar!— Come in, without there! Enter Lennox.


Mac. Came they not by you hear? Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Mac. Infected be the air when they do see, And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear The galloping of horses: Who was't came by? Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word.

Mac. Fleed to England.

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Mac. True, thou anticp'st:—my dread exploits: The frightful purpose never is o'erlooked, Unless the deed go with it: From this moment, The very firstlings of my heart shall be The caullings of my hand. And even now To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done! The castle of Macduff I will surprise; Seize upon Fleig; give to the edge of the sword His wife, his babies, and all unfortunate souls That trace his line. No boasting like a fool: To do this purpose end, But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen? Come, bring me where they are. [Execunt.

Scene II. A Room in Macduff's Castle. Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Rossé.

L. Mac. What had he done, to make him fly the land?

Rossé. You must have patience, madam.

L. Mac. He had none: His flight was madness: When our actions do not, Our tears do make us traitors. Rossé. You know not, Whether it was his wisdom or his fear. L. Mac. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his mansion, and his titles, in a place From whence himself does fly! He loves us not; He wants the natural touch; for the poor wretches, The most diminutive of birds, will fight, Her young ones in her nest, against the owl. All is the fear, and nothing is the love, As little is the wisdom, where the flight So runs against all reason. My dearest son, I pray you, school yourself: But, for your husband, He is not wise, judicious, and best knows The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further But cruel are the times, when we are traitors, And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumor From what we fear, yet know not what we fear; But dote upon a wild and violent sea. Each way, and move—take I may leave of you: shall not be long but I'll be here again; Things at the worst will cease, else climb upward To what they were before.—My pretty cousin, Blessing upon you! L. Mac. Where'er he is, and yet he's fatherless. Rossé. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer, It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort; I take my leave at once. [Exit Rossé.

L. Mac. What, with worms and flies? Son. With what I eat. I mean; and so do they. L. Mac. Poor bird! thou'rt never fear the net, nor line, The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for, My father is not dead, for all your saying. L. Mac. Yes, he is dead; how will thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband? L. Mac. Why, I can buy me twenty at any price.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Mac. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet, faith, With what tongue for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother? L. Mac. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor? L. Mac. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors, that do so!

L. Mac. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be faggot.

Son. No, 1 should think they all he hanged, that swear and lie!

L. Mac. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them! L. Mac. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools: for there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. Mac. Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If the were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, I were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Mac. Poor prattle! how thou talkst.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known, Though in your state of honor I am perfect. I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly: on you will sit a lonely night, and I must Be not found here; hence, with your little ones. To thrive you thus, methinks, I am too savage; To do wishes to you, were fell cruelties Which is to nigh your person. Heaven preserve a you! I dare abide no longer. [Exit Messenger.

L. Mac. Whither should I fly? I have done no harm. But I remember now I am perfectly acquainted with your rank.
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 Of Scotland between him as a long being compared With my countless harms.

Macbeth. Not in the legions Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mac. I grant him bloody, Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful, Hateful, murdering, decaying, bloody, bloody, Aghast, and dangerous soul: Why, then, alas! Do I put up that wondrous defence. To say, I have done no harm!—What are these faces! —

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband? Laid, I hope, in no place thunsanctifi'd, Where such as thou mayst find him.

Mur. He's a traitor. Son. Thou ly'st, thou slay-green'd villain.

Mac. What, young treacher! [Murdering him.] Son. He has killed me, mother.

Run away, I pray you. [Exit Lady MACBETH, entering Murderers, and pursued by the Murderers.

SCENE III.—England. A Room in the King's Palace.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Mal. Hold fast the moral sword; and, like good men, Beside our downstair's birth-day: Each new morn, New widows bow!—new orphans cry;—new sorrows Strew heaven on the face, that it may rain As it did left with Scotland, and ye'll dout Like syllable of color.

Mur. What I believe, I'll wail; What know, believe; and, what I can redress, As I shall find the time to inter; I will, What you have spoke, it may be so, perechance. This tyrant, whose sole name blusters our tongues, Was once thought honest; you have loved him well; He hath not touch'd you yet; I am young; but something You may make clearing of him through me; and wisdom To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb, To appease an angry god.

Mac. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.

In an imperial charge. But crave your pardon; That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose: Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell: Though all things foul would bear the browse of grace Yet grace must still look so.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my doubts. Why in that rawness left your wife, and child, (Those precious motives, those strong notes of love) Without leave-taking!—I pray you, tell me Let not my jealousies be your dishonors, But mine own sadness:—you may be rightly just, What I shall think.

Mac. Bleed, bleed, poor country. Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure, For goodness dares not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs.

Thy title is affe'd!—Fare thee well, lord! I would not be the villain that thou think'st For the whole space that's in thy tyrant's grasp, And the rich East to boot.

Be not offended: I speak not as in an absolute fear of you. I think our country sinks beneath the yoke. It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a rash Is added to her wounds: I think, wirthal. There would be hands uplifted in my right; And here from gracious England, have I offer Of goodly thousands: But, for all this, Wli en 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 sloth, more sin, more cowardly ways than ever, By him that shall succeed.

Mal. What should he be!—

Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know

Frenzied.

9. A good mind may recede from goodness in the execution of a royal commission.

Legally settled by those who had the final adjudication.

In nature is a tyranny; it hath been The untimely emptying of the happy throne, And full 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 hood-wink. We have willing dames enough; there cannot be That you shall want for your pleasure in them, As will to greatness dedicate themselves, Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows, In my most ill-compos'd affection, such A stanchless avarice, that, were I king, I should cut off the nobles for their lands; Desire his jewels, and this other's locks; 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.

Mac. This avarice Sticks deeper; grows with more persimmon root Than summer-seeding lust; and it hath been The sweat of our sad kings: You do not fear; Scotland hath toysons to fill up your will, Of your more own: All these are portable, With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none: The king-becoming graces, As justice, verity, temperance, stableness, Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness, Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude, I have no relish of them, but adorn In the division of each several crime, Acting in many ways. Nay, had I power, I should Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell, Uproar the universal peace, confound All unity on earth.

Mal. O Scotland! Scotland! Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak I am as I have spoken.

Mac. Fit to govern! No, so not to live.—O nation miserable, With an untitled tyrant bloody-scented, When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again? Since that the truest issue of thy throne By his own interdict stands accurs'd, And does blaspheme his breed!—Thy royal father Was a most sanctified; the king, that bore thee, Other upon her knees than on her feet, Died every day she lived. Fare thee well! These evils thou repent'st upon thyself, Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast, Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion, Child of extremity, bane from my soul Wiped the black-scruples, reconciled my thoughts To the good truth and honor. Devilish Macbeth By many of these traits hath sought to win me Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me From over-credulous haste: But God above Deal between thee and me! for even now I put my self to thy protection, and desclaim of more destruction; here abjure The taints and blame'st I laid upon myself, For strangers to my nature. I am yet Unknown to woman; this honor was forborn; Scarcely have coveted what was mine own; At no time broke my faith; would not betray The devil to his fellow; and delight

Passionate.

Plenty.

May be endured.

Over-basly credulity.
No less in truth than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself: What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country’s, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy heave approach,
Old Sward, with ten thousand warlike men,
All ready at a point, was setting forth:
Now we’ll together, see how the leaves of goodness,
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Mac. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
’Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth,
I pray you?

Doel. Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of being, and by his touch,
Such sanctity faith heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [Exit Doctor.

Mac. What’s the disease he means?

Mal. ’Tis call’d the evil.

Mac. A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which, happily since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows; but strangely visited people,
All swallow and utter, and make ours to the eye,
The near despatch of surgery, he cures;—
Hanging the golden stamp! about their necks
Put on with holy prayers: and ’tis spoken,
To the succeeding pandy he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He had a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And sundry blessings hang about his tongue,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Rosse.

Rosse. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Mac. My ever-constant cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now: Good God, betimes remove
The means that make us strangers!

Rosse. Ay, Amen.

Mac. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas, poor country!

Mac. Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call’d our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs and groans, and shrieks that rout the air,
Are made, not mark’d: where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy:—the dead man’s knell
Is there scarce aslant: for whor, and good men’s lives
Excape before the flowers in their cups,
Diss, or they seek end.

Mac. O, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What is the newest grief?

Rosse. That of an hour’s close death his the speaker,
Each minute teems a new one.

Mac. How does my wife?

Rosse. Why, well.

Mac. And all my children?

Rosse. Well too.

Mal. The tyrant has not batter’d! at their peace?

Rosse. No; they were well at peace, when I left them.

Mac. Be not a maggid of your speech; How else?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumor
Of many worthy fellows that were out—

Which was to my belief witness’d the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant’s power a-foot.
Now is the time of help; you are in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doth their dire distresses.

Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming hither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Sward, 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 hold’d out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them?

Mal. What concerns they?

Mal. That 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 part
Pertains to you alone.

Mac. If it be mine,
Keep it but from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue forever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
That every yet they heard.

Mal. Humph! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpris’d; your wife and babes,
Savagely slaughtered! to relate the manner,
Were one of the quarrs of these murder’d deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven!—

Mal. What, man! no pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o’er-franget heart, and bids it break.

Mal. My children too?

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Mal. And I must be from hence!

Mal. My wife kill’d too?

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted:

Let’s make use medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Mal. He has no children.—All my pretty ones?
Did you say good. all—O, hell-kite!—All!
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Mal. 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 Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine.
Let Standart on their souls: Heaven rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whet-stone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Mal. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And bragard with my tongue!—But, gentle
Heaven,
Cut short all intermission; front to front,
Bring thou this tend of Scotland, and myself;
Within my sword’s length set him; if he beagie,
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
Now, and to-morn.

The night is long that never finds the day. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Dunsmuir. A Room in the Castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a waiting Gentle-woman.

Doel. I have two nights watched with you, but
Can perceive no truth in your report. When was
it she last walk’d?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have
6 Overpowers, subdues. 7 The coin called an angel.
8 Common distress of mind.

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.

Doel. A great perturbation in nature! to receive
at once the benefit of sleep, and do the efficacy of
watching.—In this blemish agitation, besides her
9 Put off.

A grief that has a single owner.

The game after it is killed.
Scene III.

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walking, and other actual performance. what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Duct. You may, to me; and this most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a Taper.

Lady. You go, here she comes! This is her very guise: and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observer; stand close.

Duct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continuance; is her command.

Duct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Duct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot. Duct. Here, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say! One: Two: Three. Why, then 'tis the time to do't;—Hecate is murky!—'Eye, my lord, 'eye! a soldier, and aca'd! What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our powers to account? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Duct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; Where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean!—No more o'that, my lord, no more o'that: you near all with this starting.

Duct. Get you to bed; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoken what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. This is the very stinking stench; all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand, Oh! oh! oh!

Duct. What a sight is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Duct. Well, well, well—

Gent. 'Tis God, it be, sir.

Duct. This disease is beyond my practice: Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who have for a moment, in their beds, seen their dead husbands.

Gent. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale; I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Duct. Get you to bed.

Lady M. To bed; to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand: What's done, cannot be undone: To bed, to bed.

Exit Lady Macbeth.

Duct. Will she go now to bed?

Directly.

Duct. Fool whispers are abroad; Unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles; Infect ed minds To their dear pillows will discharge their secrets. More needs she the divine, than the physician,—

Gent. Good, forgive us all! Let her sleep.

Remove from her the means of all annoyance, And still keep eyes upon her:—So, good-night; My mind she has maile, and amaz'd my sight: I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good-night, good doctor.

[Exeunt.

Scene IV.—The Country near Dunsinane.

Enter, with drum and Colors, MENTEETH, CATHERINE, LENOX, ANGELES, and Soldiers.

Macle. The English power is near, led by Malcolm.

His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.

Revenues burn in them: for their dear causes Would, to the breeding, and the grim alarm, Exeute the mortified man. 

Ang. Near Birnam wood Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming. 

Duct. Who knows if Donald's be with his brother? Len. For certain, sir; he is not; I have a file Of all the gentry; there is Siward's son, And many unrough'ys youths that even now Propit the first of manhood.

Macle. What does the tyrant? 

Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies: Some say, he's mad; others, that lesser hate him, Do call it a valiant fence; but, for certain, He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel His secret murders sticking on his hands; Now minutely revolts upbraids his faith-breath; Those he commands, move only in command, Nothing more; now he sees his title Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe 

Upon a dwarfish thief.

Macle. Who then shall blame His pester'd senses to recol and say All that when is within him does condemn Itself, for being there?

Cath. Well, march we on, To give obedience where 'tis truly owed: Meet we the meetem of the sickly weal; And with him pour we, in our country's purge, Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs, To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds. Make we our march towards Birnam.

[Exeunt, marching.

Scene V.—Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macle. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all; Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane, I cannot tant with fear. What's the boy Malcolm? Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know All mortal consequences, pronounced me thus: 

Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that's born of woman, Shall ever have power on thee.—Then fly, also And mingle with the English epieures: The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear, Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon! Where gotst thou that goose look?

Sere. There is ten thousand—

Macle. Geese, villain! 

Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macle. Go pricking thy face, and over-red thy hear, Thou lily-liver'd coward! What solace, patch? 

Drest of thy soul? Those linen checks of thine Are counselors to fear. What soldiers, whelp-face?

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macle. Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—I am sick at heart, When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push Will cheer me ever, or dissect me now. I have liv'd long enough; my May of life Is fall'n into the sea, the yellow sea; And that which should accompany old age, As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends, I must not look to have; but, in their stead, Curses not loud, but deep, mouth-honor, breath, Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not. Seyton! 

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macle. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

Macle. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.

Give me my armor.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet. 

Macle. I'll put it on.

Sey. Send out our horses, skirt the country round; Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine arm.

How does your patient, doctor?

Duct. Not so sick, my lord, 

Serv. Unbearded. 

Sey. The physician. 

Duct. Silk. 

Serv. Base fellow. 

Duct. An application of contempt. 

Serv. Dry. 

Duct. Sour.
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her regular

Cure her of that:
Caust thou not minister to a mind diseas'd?
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
And with some sooth, obviate the brute trouble of the brain,
And with some sweet, obliuion, calm the troubled stuff,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosome of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart!

Theirin the patient
Most minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dog, I'll none of it.—
Come, put mine' arm on; give me my staff;
Seize on the post, send out. —Doctor, the thanes fly from me—
Come, sir, despatch: —If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my hand, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would put my hand to the very heart of her,
That should applaud again. —Pofi! off, I say.—
What hubbards, scum, or what purgative drug,
Would scour those English hence! —Heardest thou

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [Ex.]

Proff. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [Ex.]


Enter, with Drum and Colors, Malcolm, old Siward and this Son. Macduff, Menteith, Cathears, Angus, Lenox, Ross, and Soldiers, Marching.

Mal. Cousins, I hope, the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siward. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And beft before him; thereby shall we shadow
The number of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siward. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps still with us in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before.

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 censure
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siward. This time approaches,
That will with due decision make a war
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. [Exc. Marching.

SCENE V.—Dunsinane. Within the Castle.

Enter, with Drums and Colors, Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls:
The cry is still, They come: Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn; here let them lie,
Till fame, and in due time, eat them up.
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
We might have met them daareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?
[Enter trees of women. Sey. It is the cry of woman, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have coo'd
To hear a night-shriek; and muffled my ears
Would at a dismal treatise, roar, and stir
As life were in't: I have suppos'd full with horrors;
Dread scenes, familiar to my slumberous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;
Macb. That way the noise is:—Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hired to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbattering edge,
I shent again undeeded. There thou shouldest be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited: Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [Exit. Alarum.]

Enter Malcolm and old Siward.

Sicv. This way, my lord;—the castle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself provest yours,
And little is to do.

Mai. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle. [Exeunt. Alarum.

Re-enter Maceb.

Maceb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter Macbeff.

Maceb. Turn, hell-bound, turn.
Maceb. Of all men else I have avoided thee;
But let thee back, my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.

Maceb. I have no words,
My voice is in my sword; thou bloody villain,
Then terms can give thee out! [They fight.

Maceb. Thou lostest labor:
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I hear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Maceb. 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.

Maceb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling feuds no more believ'd,
That pater 2 with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

Maceb. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze 'o'the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole; and under writ,
Here may you see the tyrant.

Maceb. I'll not yield.
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be bated with the raddle'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 him that first cries, Hold, enough. [Exeunt, fighting.


Mat. I would, the friends we miss were safe ar-

Sicv. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Mat. Macduff is missing, and your noble son,
Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt.
He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Sicv. Then he is dead?
Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause
Must not be measured by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Sicv. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Sicv. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a faster death:
And so his knob's knoll'd.

Mat. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Sicv. He's worth no more;
They say he parted well, and paid his score:
So God be with him.—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH'S HEAD on a Pole.

Maceb. Hail, king! for so thou art: Behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salvation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!—

All. King of Scotland, hail! [Flourish. Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and
Kinsmen,
Henceforth be ears, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honor named. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exiled friends abroad,
That fed the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen;
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life.—This, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one.
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scope. [Flourish. Exeunt.
KING JOHN.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING JOHN.
PRINCE HENRY, his Son; afterwards K. Henry III.
ARTUR, Duke of Bretagne, Son of Geoffrey, late Duke of Bretagne, the elder Brother of K. John.
WILLIAM MARSHALL, Earl of Pembroke.
WILLIAM LONGSTRODE, Earl of Salisbury.
ROBERT BIGOT, Earl of Norfolk.
HUBERT DE BURGH, Chamberlain to the King.
ROBERT Faulconbridge, Son of Sir Robert Faulconbridge.
PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE, his Half-Brother, Bastard Son to King Richard the First.
JAMES GUKNEY, Servant to Lady Faulconbridge.
PETER OF PONTCHAT, a Prophet.
PHILIP, King of France.
LEWIS, the Dauphin.
ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA.
CARDINAL PANDULPH, the Pope's Legate.
CHATILLON, Ambassador from France to K. John.
ELINOR, the Widow of K. Henry II. and Mother of K. John.
CONSTANCE, Mother to Arthur.
BLANCH, Daughter to Alphonso, King of Castile, and Niece to K. John.
LADY FAULCONBRIDGE, Mother to the Bastard, and Robert Faulconbridge.
Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriffs, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE—Sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Northampton. A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, Salisbury, and others, with Chatillon.

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?
Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,
In my behaviour,1 to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty of England here.
Eli. A strange beginning; borrow'd majesty!
K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.
Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island, and the territories;
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjon, Touraine, Maine;
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,
Which sways uncertainly these several titles;
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.
K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?
Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.
K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood.
Controlment for controlment: so answer France.
Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth.

1In the manner I now do.

The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:
So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen presence of your own decay.—
An honourable conduct let him have:
Pembroke, look to't: Farewell, Chatillon.

Eli. What now, my son? have I not ever said,
How that ambitions Constance would not cease,
Till she had kindled France, and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son!
This might have been prevented, and made whole,
With very easy arguments of love;
Which now the manage3 of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.
K. John. Our strong possession, and our right,
For us.
Eli. Your strong possession, much more than your right;
Or else it must go wrong with you, and me:
So much my conscience whispers in your ear;
Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

Enter the sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers Essex.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
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 abbies, and our priories, shall pay
The expedition's charge.—What men are you?
Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,
Born in Northamptonshire; and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge;

3Conduct, administration.
KING JOHN.

Scene I.

A soldier, by the honor-giving hand
Of Coeur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What are thou?

Rob. A soldier, and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?

You came not of one mother then, it seems, and how is it that I in myself a mighty king,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father;
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you over to heaven, and to my mother;
Or at least, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother,
And wound her honor with this derision.

Bast. I, madam, no; I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, 'tis a popes out
At least from fair live hundred pounds a year:
Heaven shall my mother's honor, and my land!

K. John. A good blunt fellow.—Why, being younger born,
Doth he my claim the same inheritance?

Bast. I know not why except to get the land.
But once he stand'd me with bastards;
But 'tis I be as true-begot, or no,
Thee swear I, Robert, at the supreme head;
But, that I am as well begot, my liege.

(K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak,
What doth the world wish you to claim your land?
Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my father:
With that half-face would he have all my land:
A half-hered great five hundred pounds a year!
R.'s 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 his father.

Rob. And once despa'tch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there, with the emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time:
The presence of his absence was against the king,
And in the mean time sojour'n'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak;
But, as a truth, thou hast sea's and shores
Between my father and my mother lay.

(As I have heard my father speak himself;)
When this same lusty gentleman was got,
Upon his death-bed he by will bequest'd
His lands to me; and took it, on his death,
That my mother's son, was none of his;
And, if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's hand, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your mother's wife, and yours, is legitimate.
And, if she did play false, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This self, bred from his cow, from all the world;
In the same height, as he were my brother's;
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes,—
My brother's son is my father's heir.
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force,
To dispossess that child which is not his?

Bast. Of no more effect in your father's lies,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather,—be a Faulconbridge,

And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land;
Or the reputed son of Coeur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?

Bast. Sir, if mine heir be laid up in thy shape,
And I had his, sir Robert his, like him;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such ed-skins stuff'd; my face so thin,
That I should not dance in thy sight.

Lest men should say, Look, where three-farthings goes!
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
And of the world doth I judge shall I make this place,
I would give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be sir Nob in any case.

Eli. I like thee well: Wilt thou forsake thy form?
Bequest thy land to him, and follow me!
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Bast. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my charge.
Your face hath got five hundred pounds a year;
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.—
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.
Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.
K. John. What is thy name?

Bast. Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.
K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose

Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great:
Arise sir Richard, and Plantagenet.

Bast. Brother, by my mother's side, give me your hand;
My father gave me honor, yours gave land:
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, sir Robert was away.

Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!—
I am thy grandame, Richard; call me so.
Bast. Madam, by chance, but not by truth: What thought
Something about, a little from the right.

I'm at the Pope's mouth, or else of the hush;
Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night;
And have is have, however men do catch:
Near or far off, well won is still well won;
And I am I, however I was besot.

K. John. Go, Fanconbridge, now hast thon thy desire.

A landless knight makes thee a landed squire—
Come, madam, and come, Richard; we must speed
For France and France; for it is more than need.

Bast. Brother, adieu; good fortune come to thee!
For thou wast got the other way of honor—
(Exit all but the Bastard.)

A foot of honor better than I was;
But many a foot of land the worse,
'Tis well, now I may make any lady—

Good den, Sir Richard.—God-merry fellow;
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:
For new-made honor doth forget men's names;
'Tis too respective, and too scandalous,
For your conversation. Now your traveller,—
He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mess;
And when my kindly stomach is subdued,
Why then I suck my tooth and eat my hash;
My pcket man of countries.—

My dear sir,
(Thus leaning on my elbow, I begin.)

I shall beseech you.—That is question now;
And then enquire whether she was an ABC-book.
O sir, says answer, at your best command;
At your employment; at your service, sir;
No, sir, says question, I sweet sir of yours;
And so, creates answer, what what question would,
Saving in dialogue of compliment;
And talking of the Alps, and Apennines,
The Pyrenean, and the river Po;
It draws to hard supposition and conclusion so,
But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting spirit, like myself:
For he is but a matter for the time,
That doth not smack of observation

(I) (And so am I, whether I smack, or no)

And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior fiddle, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet, poison for the age's tooth;
Which, though I will not precise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it shall shrew the footsteps of my rising—
But what successes in such haste, in rising roles?
What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.
O me! it is my mother:—How now, good lady?
What brings you here to court so hastily?

Lady G. Where is that slave, thy brother?
where is he?

That rob'd in chase mine honor up and down

Bast. My brother Robert! old sir Robert's son!
Call'd the giant, that same mighty man?
Is it sir Robert's son, that you seek so?

Lady F. Sir Robert's son? Ay, thou unreverent boy.
Sir Robert's son: Why, wert thou at sir Robert?
He is sir Robert's son; and so art thou.
Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Bast. Philip!—sorrow! James,
There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more.

[Exit Gurney.

Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son;
Sir Robert might have ext his part in me
Upon Good-Friday, and ne'er broke his fast;
Sir Robert could do nothing less, thou knowest,
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,
That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honor?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

Bast. Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco-like?
What! I am not a dunce; I have it on my shoulder.
But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son;
I have disclaimed sir Robert, and my land;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone.
Then, good sir mother, let me know my father.
Some proper man, I hope; Who was it, mother?

Lady F. Bast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father;
By long and solemn suit I was seduced
To make room for him in my husband's bed—
Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!
Thou art the issue of my dear offspring,
Which I thought so strong, so er'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 to the common pace of love,—
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The doughty lion could not wave the feather;
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
He, that perform no lions of their hearts,
May end it in a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!
Who lives and dares but say, thou dost not well
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him may, it had been sin;
Who says it was, he lies; I say, 'twas not.

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—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, Constable, Arbuth, and Attendants.

Oue. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria—Arthur, the great fore-runner of thy blood,
Robin Good-Friday, that robb'd the lion's heart,
And fought the holy wars in Palestine.
By this brave duke came early to his grave;
And, for amend to his posterity;
At our importance, a brother is he come,
To spread his colors, boy, in thy behalf;
And to redeem the usurpation
Of the unnatural uncle, English John;
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome brother.
Arthur! God shall forgive you Ceur-de-lion's death,
The rather, that you give your offspring life,
Shedding their right under your wings of war:
I swear, you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love;
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke,
Lew. ready boy! Who would not do thee right?
Aust. Upon thy check lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indument of my love;
That to my home I will no more return,
Till conquerors and the right hand hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-faced shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And reins from other lands her islanders,
Even till that England, hedge in with the main,
The water-wafted bulkware, still secure
And continent from foreign purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the west.
Suffrag for her king; till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
To make a more requital to your love.
Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift
Their swords
In such a just and charitable war.

*Idle report. 7 Importance.

K. Phi. Well then, to work; our cannon shall
Be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town.
Call for our chiefest men of discipline.
To cull the plots of best advantages;—
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
And decide the market-place in France's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy.
Lost end and thou stangeth in your sword with blood.
My lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
That hot rash haste so indiscreetly shed.

[Exit Chatillon.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arrived—
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,
We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task,
England, impatient of your just demands.
Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have said, have given him time
to land his legions all as soon as I:
His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is none the mother-queen,
An Ate, stirring him to blood and strife;
With her her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king descendent;
And all the unsettled rumors of the land,—
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spines,—
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a beaver choice of damnable spirits,
That now the English boats have sail o'er
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
A Character in an old drama called Salines and Pereda.
1 Best stations to overawe the town.
2 Immediate. 3 The Goddess of Revenge.
Scene I.  KING JOHN.

To do offence and seath in Christendom.
The interruption of their churchian drums.

Koch.  How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Aust.  By how much unexpected, by so much

We must awake endeavor for defense;
For our lands are mounted and ready to
Let them be welcome then, we are prepared.

Enter King John, Eleanor, Blanch, the Bastard, Pembroke, and Forces.

K. John.  Peace be to France; if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own,
If not, at least France, if blood and peace ascend to heaven.
Whiles we, his God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.
K. Phil.  Peace be to England: if that war return
From England to France, let peace give it peace!
England we love; and, for that England's sake,
With burden of our armor here we swear:
This toil of ours should be a work of time;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity.
Outraged infant state, and done a rapine
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face;—
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:
This little abstract both contains:
Which died in Geoffrey; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geoffrey's right,
And this is Geoffrey's: In the name of God,
How comes it then, that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which loves the crown that thou overmastes?—
K. John.  From whom hast thou this great commission, France?
To draw my answer from thy articles?
K. Phil.  From no imperial judge, that stirs
good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right,
That justice hath made me guardian to this boy:
Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong;
And, by whose help, I mean to chastise it.
K. John.  Alack, thou dost usurp authority.
K. Phil.  It is an error; it is to beat usurping down.
Eth.  Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France?
K. John.  Calm as the moon, there is no cloud.
K. Phil.  Let me make answer,—thy usurping son.
Eth.  Who is that boy, thy bastard king?
That thou mayst be a queen, and chock the world!
K. John.  What was my bed ever to thy son as true,
As thine was to thy husband, and this boy
Like a heritage to his father Geoffrey?
Than thou and John in manners; being as like,
As rain to water, or devil to his devil.
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think,
His father here was so true begot;
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.
Eth.  There's a good mother, boy, that boys thy father.
K. John.  There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.
Aust.  Peace! Thou hast the devil art thou!
Eth.  One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An 'a may catch thy hide and you alone.
You are the bane of whom the proverb goes,
Who, in the value plucks donkeys for the beard.
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right.
Sirrah, look to't; 'faith, I will, 'faith.
Blanch.  O, well did he become that lion's robe,
That did disfigure our good Arthur's frame.
Eth.  It lies as sightly on the back of him,
As great Alexies' shos upon an ass:—
But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back;
Or else, it shall be left, and the shoulder crack.
K. Phil.  What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?
Lew.  Women and fools, break off your confer-

Mischief.  4  A short-writing.  5  Own.

K. 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 liege 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 ever thou dost claim, and that hand of France can win:
Submit thee, boy.
Eth.  Come to thy grandam, child.

K. John.  Do, child, go to it, grandam, child;
Give grace to kings, and then it grandam will
Give it a plume, a cherry, and a fig:
There's a good grandam.

Arrh.  Good my mother, peace! I would,
That I were low laid in some holy cell;
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.
Eth.  His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.
K. John.  Now shame upon you, wh'tshe does or no!
His grandiam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes.
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fire;
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be bribed
To do him justice, and revenge on you.
Eth.  Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth.
K. John.  Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth.
Call not me slanderer; thou, and thine, usurp
The dominions, royalties, and rights.
Of this oppr ess ed boy: This is thy eldest son's son;
Infortunate in nothing but in thee;
These thy sons are vested with infamy;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.
K. John.  Beldam, have done.
K. John.  I have but this to say,—
That he's not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this remis'd issue, placed for France;
And with her plague, her sin; his injury
Her injury,—the beadle to her sin;
All punished in the person of this child,
And all for her: A plague upon her!
Eth.  Thou undisavow'd scold, I can produce
A will that bars the title of thy son.
K. John.  Ay, who doubts that! a will! a wicked will;
A woman's will, a canker'd grandam's will.
K. Phil.  Peace! lady; pause, or be more temperate;
It ill becomes this presence, to cry aim
To these ill-tuned repetitions.

K. John.  Some trumpets sound, and thunders to the walls.
These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpets sound.  Enter Citizens upon the Walls.

Cit.  Who is it that hath warm'd us to the walls?
K. Phil.  'Tis France, for England.
K. John.  England, for itself;
These men of Angiers, and my loving subjects.
Our trumpets 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 eyes and prospect of your town,
Have hither marcli'd to your endamentation:
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they to spit forth
Their iron indignation against your walls;
All preparation for a bloody siege,
And merciless proceeding by these French;
Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And, but for the approach of those stonishing stones,
That as a waist do girdle you about.
By the compulsion of their ordinance
By this time from their fixed beds of time
I have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unmatch'd your city's threat'ned checks,—

Bustie.  To encourage.

7  Conference.
KING JOHN.

Act II.

Enter an English Herald, with Trumpets.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells. For your king, your kingly and England's, doth approach, Commander of this hot martial day!

Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright, Hitherto have cut all gifts with Frenchmen's blood.

There stuck no plume in any English crest, That is removed by a staff of France;

Our colors do return in those same colors

That display them when we first march'd forth;

And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come

Our lusty English, all with purblind hands,

Died in the din and slaughter of these walls,

Open and wide, and give the victors way.

Cit. Heralds, from our towers we might behold,

From first to last, the onset and retreat

Both of the victors; and whose enemy

By our own eyes can be discern'd:

Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd</p>
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such
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.
K. Phi. So likes it as well—Young princes, close your hands.

Aust. And your lips too; for, I am well assured,
That I did so, when I was first assured.¹
K. Phi. Now, citizen of Aviers, open your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;
For at Saint Mary's chapel, presently,
The rites of marriage shall be solemn'd.—
Is this lady Constance in this fair town?
I know, she is not; for this match, made up,
Her presence would have interrupted much:—
Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

Low. She is sad and passionate at your highness's tent.
K. Phi. 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, has turn'd another way,
To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all;
For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,
And earl of Richmond and this rich fair town.
We make him lord of—Call the lady Constance;
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity:—I trust we shall,
If they fill up the measure of my wish.
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her explanation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for unprepared sup.
[Exeunt all but the Bastard.—The Citizens retire from the Walls.

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!

John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part:
And France, whose son and her conscience buckled on
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God's own soldier, round'd in the ear
With that same purse-changer, that devil;²
That broker, that still breaks the pace of faith;
That daily break-vow: he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids;—
Who have the most external thing to lose.
But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling commodity,
Commodity, the bias of the world.
The world, who of itself is wise? well,
Made to run even, upon even ground;
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes heads 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 France,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
From a resolv'd and honorable war,
To a most base and vile-conniv'd peace,—
And who shall I on that melancholy theme?
But for because he hath not wold me yet:
Not that I have the power to clench³ my hand.
When they do anger me, I would extemp my palm:
But for my hand, as unattempt'd yet,
Like a poor beggar, rafleth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say, there is no sun, but to lie down;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say,—there is no vice but beggary;
Since kings break faith upon commodity.
Gain, be my lord! for I will worship thee! [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The French King's Tent.

Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Constance. Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch! and Blanch those provinces?
It is not so; thou hast mis-spoke, misheard;
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou dost say was 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 seen thee with the eyes of thought.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus flattering me,
For I am sick, and capable² of tears;
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And though thou now confess, thou didst but jest
With my yow's spirits, I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all the day;
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son,
What words has that hand upon that fair thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering? o'er his bounds!
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word; whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think them false
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Constance. With this paper, if to me be this paper,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and he encounter so,
As doth the fury of two desperate men.
Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die,—
Lewis marry Blanch! O, boy, then where art thou?
France treat with England! what becomes of me?—
Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight,
That wastest man's life with so monstrous Want.
Sat. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done!²

¹Affemned. ²Mournful. ³Appearing.

Const. Which harm within itself so benisious is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arthur. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. What then, that would be content? chart's all, grim,
Ugly, and sand'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing spots, and sightless stumps,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swath'd, prodigious;
Fetich'd with foul marks, and evil confounding marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
Becamest thy great birth, nor deserve renown,
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and fortune joint'd to make thee great;
Of nature's gifts thou mayst with lites boast,
And with a king's well-bred son; but look out;
O! She is corrupted, changed, and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath plac'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to fortune, and king John;
That strumpet fortune, that usurping John,—
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France foresworn?
Eve'nom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to understand.
Sat. Pardon me, madam, I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou mayst, thou shalt, I will not go with thee.
I will instruct my sorrow to be proud:
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; for my grief is great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up; here I and sorrow sit;
Here is my throne, but kings come bow to it. *

[She throws herself on the ground.

Enter King Johns. King Philip, Lewis, Blanch, Eliza, Bastard, Arthurl, and Attendants.

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day

Const. Conspired. ²Interest. ³Poised, balanced. ⁴Clasp. ¹Coin. ²Unightly. ³Monstrous. ⁴Dignity.
Scene I.

KING JOHN.

Ever in France shall be kept festival:
To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist;
So, with his shining, doth give the face,
The meagre coldly earth to glittering gold;
The yearly course, that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holyday.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holyday!—

[Re-enter Constable and PANDOLPH.]

What hath this day describ'd; what hath it done;
That it in golden letters should be set.
Among the high days, in the calendar?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
Or, if it stand strong, armed with child
Pray, that their burdens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hope: prodigiously be cross'd:
But on this day, let sence fear no wreck,
No man can bear not this day made;
This day, all things begun come to ill end;
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood chance!

K. Phi. by heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not promis'd to you my majesty!

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,
Resembling majesty; which, being touch'd and tried,
Provoceth valueless: You have forgiv'n me,
You came in arms to spill my enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigor and rough brown of war,
Is all occasion'd by you at my expense,
And our oppression hath made up this league:
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings!
A widow eies: be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the gods of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but ere sunset,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings!
How meane, O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace.

Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
O Lymogë? O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil! Thou slave, thou wretch, thou
Thou little villain, great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou dost not animate that last nor fight
But when her honourous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety; thou art perjur'd too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag, and stamp, and swear,
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave.
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier! bidding me depend
Upon that trusty, and that trusty arm length;
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide; doft it for shame,
And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs,
Aust. O, thou, that a man should speak those words to me!

Aust. And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs

Aust. Then dar'st not say so villain, for thy life.

Aust. And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs

K. John. We like not this: thou dost forget thyself.

Enter PANDOLPH.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you ungodly depositories of heaven!—
To thee, king John, my holy erand is,
1 Pandulph, of mirif Milan cardinal,
And from pope Innocent the legate here,
Is, in his name, religiously demand,
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wittily dost spurn; and, force perforce,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see;
This in our 'foresaid holy father's name,
 Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogations
Cannot the free breadth of a sacred see?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him, by his tale; and from the north of England,
Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest
Shall till or toll in our dominions;
But as we under heaven are supreme head,

K. Phi. Of that I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.
Pand. What canst thou say, but will perplex thee
If thou stand excommunicate, and curst'd?

K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person yours.

Const. O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith.
That need most needs infer this principle.
That faith alone may 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.

Const. O, be removed from him, and answer well.
Aust. Do so, king Philip; hang no more in doubt.
Bust. Hang nothing but a calf's skin, most sweet love.
K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.
Pand. What canst thou say, but will perplex thee

Scene II.


K. John. Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Breading the curse that money may buy out;
And, by the sacred linchgold, as I must,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man.
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself:
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope, and count my friends his foes.

Pand. Hear me, by the lawful power that I have, Thou shalt stand curs'd and excommunicate:
And blessed shall be he, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to a heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized, and worship'd as a saint,
That take away by any secret course
Thy hateful lie.

Const. O, lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome to curse a while!
Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,
To my keen curse; for, without my wrong;
There is no tongue hath power to make me right.

Panel. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

Const. And for mine too; when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong.
Law can not have of 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!

Panel. 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.

Elia. I command, thou traitor France, do not let go thy hand.

Const. Look to that, devil! lest that France receive

By and by disjouning hands, hell lose a soul.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

Aust. And hang a calf's skin on his recreant limbs.
Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs.

Because—

Aust. Your breathes best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what says the cardinal to the cardinal?
Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal?

Liev. Bethink you, father; for the difference is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome, Or the loss of England for a friend; Forgo the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.

Const. O Lewis, stand fast; the devil tempts thee lightly.

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 most needs infer this principle.
That faith alone may 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.

Const. O be removed from him, and answer well.
Aust. Do so, king Philip; hang no more in doubt.
Bust. Hang nothing but a calf's skin, most sweet love.
K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.
Pand. What canst thou say, but will perplex thee

If thou stand excommunicate, and curst'd?

K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person yours.

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-swear’d faith, peace, unity, true love, 
Between our kingdom, and our royal selves; * 
And even before this truce, but new before,— 
No longer then we well could wash our hands, 
To clasp this royal bargain up of peace.—— 
Heart’s true, they were; but lenency was overspainted
With slaughter’s pencil; where revenge did paint 
The fearful diurnity of incensed kings; 
And she bade them hands so lately purged of blood, 
So newly join’d in love, so strong in both, 
Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret! * 
Play fast and loose with faith! so jest with heaven, 
Mischief, uncle, shall be taken from yourselves; 
As now again to snatch our palm from palm; 
Unwear faith sworn; and on the marriage bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host, 
And make a riot on the gentle brow 
Of true sincerity! O holy sir, 
My revered 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 our pleasure, and continue friends.

Paul]. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England’s love!
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
A mother’s curse, on her revolting son.
France, thou must macl a serpent by the tongue,
And North and South, to the farthest land; 
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost possess.
K. Phili. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Paul]. So makest thou faith an enem[y to faith;
And, like a civil war, setst oath to oath.
This is against thee; thou dost part with
Let thy vow first made to Heaven, first be to heaven perform’d; 
That, is to be the champion of our church!
What since thou swear’st, is sworn against thyself; 
And may not be performed by thine oath; 
For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
Is not amiss when it is truly done;
And being done, where doing tends to ill,
The better end is then done not doing it:
The better act of purpose mustook 
Is, to mistake again; though indirect,
Yet indirect thereby grows direct,
And falsehood falsehood, curse as fire crops fire,
Within the scorched veins of one new burn’d
It is religion, that doth make vows kept;
But thou hast sworn against religion;
By what thou swear’st, against the thing thou swearst; 
And mak’st an oath the surety for thy truth
Against an oath: The truth thou art unsure
That which thou swear only to be break’d;
Else, what a mockery should it be to swear!
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
Therefore, thy latter vows, against thy first,
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself; 
And better conquest never canst thou make,
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against those giddy loose suggestions:
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them: but, if not, then know,
They are store of our curses light on thy head; 
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
But, in despair, die under their black weight.
Anad. Rebellion, that rebellion!
Basti. Will not be! 
Will not a calf’s skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lor Father, to arms!

Blanch. Against the blood that thou hast marred!
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter’d men!
Shall harrying trumpets, and loud churchills drums,— 
Choir of holy bell, to the Church’s cry!
O, husband, hear me!—ah, alack, how now
Husband is in my mouth!—even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did never pronounce.
Upon my knee I lay, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.

Cons. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneading, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous damme, after not the doom
Fore-thought by heaven.

Scene IV.

King John.

Etli. Farewell, my gentle cousin.


Etli. Come hither, little kinsman; mark, a word.


We owe one oath each within this wall of flesh.

There is a soul, counts thee her creditor,

And with advantage means to pay thy love:

And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath

Lies not by heaven; for I, dearly cherished,

Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—

But I will fit it with some better time.

By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed

That I should give such good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet:

But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,

Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.

I had a thing to say,—but let it go:

The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,

Attended with the pleasures of the world,

Is all too wanton, and too full of gadwas;-

To give me audience;—if the midnight bell

Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,

Sound one unto the drowsy race of night;

If this same were a church-yard where we stand,

And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;

Or if that sunry spirit, melancholy

Had bath'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick;

(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,

Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,

And strain their cheeks, and tickle and torment,

A passion hateful to my purposes;)—

Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,

Hear me without thine ears, and make reply

Without a tongue, using conception alone,

Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of wo.

Then, in the brood of brood watchful day,

I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:

Hub. What wilt not? Yet I love licer alone,

And, by my truth, I think thou lovest me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,

Though that my death were adjur'd to my act,

By you who'd I'd not.

K. John. Do not I know, thou wouldst?

Good Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye

On you young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend;

He is a very serpent in my way;

And, where'ersoever this foot of mine doth tread,

He lies before me: Dost thou understand me?

Thou art his keeper. Hub. And I will keep him so,

That he shall not offend thy majesty.


Hub. My lord!


Hub. He shall not live. 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 thy majesty.


K. John. For England, cousin; Hubert shall be your man, attend on you

With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho! (Exeunt.)

Scene IV.—The same. The French King's Tent.

Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandelph, and Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,

A whole armado 1 of convicts 2 sail

Is scatter'd and disjoint'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort to our friends, yet well.

K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run

so ill?

Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?

Arthur our prisoner! divers dear friends slain!

And bloody England into England gone,

Overbearing interruption, spite of France!

Lew. What he hath won, that hath he fortified;

So box a speed with such advice disposed,

1 Showy ornaments. 2 Conception. 3 Joined. 4 Fleet of war. 5 Overcome.

Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,

Deth want example: Who hath read, or heard,

Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this praise,

So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter Constance.

K. Phi. Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;

Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,

In the vile prison of afflict'd breath.—

Pand. Thou, lady, go with my kind master.

Con. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace!

K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!

Con. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,

But that which ends all counsel, true redress,

Death, death:—O amiable lovely Death!

Thou of unknown strength! sounds of repose!

Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,

Thou hate and terror to prosperity,

And I will kiss thy detestable bones;

And put my eye falls in thy vacant brows;

And ring these fingers with thy household worms;

And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,

And be a cannon monster like thyself;

Come, and come on me, and I will think the snuff, and

Buss thee as thy wife? Misery's love,

O, come to me.

K. Phi. O fair affluence, peace.

Con. No, No, I will not, having hearken'd to thy—

O that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!

Then with a passion would I shake the world;

And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,

Which cannot hear a hand's feasting voice,

Which scorns a modern' invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and no sorrow

Con. Thou art not holy to beleve me so;

I am not mad: this hour I tear my name;

My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife;

Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost;

I am not mad: I would to heaven, I were!

For then the like I should forget my name,

O, if I could, what grief should I forget—

Pierce some philosophy to make me mad,

And thou shall be canoniz'd, cardinal;

Or, being not mad, but sensible of grief,

My reasonable part produces reason

How I may be deliver'd of these woes,

And teaches me to kill or hang myself;

If I were mad, I should forget my son;

Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he:

I am not mad: too well, too well I feel

The different plague of each calamity,

And like true, inseparable, faithful loves,

Sticking together in calamity.

Con. To England, if you will.

K. Phi. Bind up your hairs. Con. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?

I tire them from their bonds: and cried alound,

O that these hands could so redeem my son,

As they have given these hairs their liberty!

But now I envy at their liberty,

And will commit them to their bonds,

Because my poor child is a prisoner.

And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,

That we shall see and know our friends in heaven;

If that be true, I shall see my heart again:

For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,

To him that did but yesterday surprise,

There was not such a gruesom creature born.

But now he canker with sorrow eat his days.

And chase the native beautie from his cheek,

And he will look as hollow as a ghost;

As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;

And so he'll die; and, dying so, I wish,

When I shall meet him in the court of heaven

I shall not know him: therefore never, never

Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. View hold too leemous a recree to grief.

Con. He talks to me that never had a son.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Refuse. 2 Common 3 Breathe. 4 Graceful.


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 arms: I when I strike my foot Upon the bostom of the ground, rush forth: 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. Undeceive scruples! Fear not you: look to 't— [Exit 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, no body should be sad but I: Yet I remember, when I was in France, You and your action would be so sharp, Only for wantonness. By my christendom, So we were out of prison and kept sheep, I should be 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:

1Tapestry.

Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son? No, indeed: it is not: And I would to heaven, I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate He will awake my mercy which he's dead: Therefore, I will shew you and despatch. [Aside. 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. His words do take possession of my bosom. Read here, young Arthur. [Showing a paper.] How much I wish them read? [2.1e.

Turning disputative torture out of door! I must be brief; lest resolution drop Out at mine eyes, in tender woman's tears:—

Can you not read it? is it not fair writ? Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect: Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you? 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 wrote 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?
SCENE II.  KING JOHN.

Or, what good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still
And never have a speaking word to you;
But you, who, like a prince, have made me a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And calling it cunning; Do, an if you will:
If you do, let me see you go on
Why, then you must — Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?

Hub. O, I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it;
The iron of its self, though heat red-hot,
Approaching these, these eyes, may drink my tears,
And quench his fiery indignation.
Even in the matter of mine innocence;
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But not so much as to harm human eyes.
Are you more stub-born hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed, no tongue, but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth.

Re-enter Attendants, with Cord, Irons, &c.

As I did you.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes
Are out, even with the fierce looks of these bloody men;
Hub. Even I, my boy, will cut out your eyes.

Arth. Alas! what need you be so boisterous rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!

Hub. I will not, Hubert! for these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily.
Then, as he made to cut his eyes, and I will forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

1 Attends. I am best pleas'd to be from such a course;

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a stern heart, but a gentle heart:—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven! — that there were but a mite in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Then, as he made to cut his eyes, and I will forgive you,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. This is your promise! go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes;
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes; O, spare mine eyes;
Though to no use, but still to look on you,
Lo, by my tooth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth: the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be used
In unkind purposes; it will not serve you itself;
There is no maize in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But if you will, you but make it blithe,
And blow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert;
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
And so, you may sec what a world it is
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy, which, for so many a cursed man,
Could not have had amongst the desertites.

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes;
Yet am I warm, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same iron to burn them out.

*In earnest I have not deserved.
#Set him on.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu;
Your uncle must not know but you are dead;
I'll till these dogged specs with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert, at the health of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven! — I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence; no more: Go closely in with me;
Much danger do I undergo for thee.

Exeunt.

SCENE II. — A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter King John, crowned; Pembroke, Saliberry,
and other Lords. The King takes his State.

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again
Crown'd, and look to the course of the world.
I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pem. This once again, but that your highness
pleas'd,
Was once superstitious: you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was never plac'd off;
The faith of men ne'er stain'd with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land,
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

Pem. Therefore, to be possess'd with such a pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
And add another charm to beauty's scale,
Unto the rainbow, and with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridicules excess.

Pem. That your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an antique tale new told;
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being up and down at a time unseasonable.

Sat. In this the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is fain disfigured:
And, like a shifted wind into a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to pitch about
Stirriles and froward considerations:
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. Yet you may much improve to do better 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
Discredite more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sat. To this effect before you were now crown'd,
We bade our counsel out; but it pleas'd your highness
To overbear it; and we are all well pleas'd;
Since all and every part of what we would,
Both made a stand and at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have poss'd you with, and think them strong;
And more, more strong, (when lesset is my care,) I shall induce you with: Mean time, 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 ask one that is 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 benefit of myself and them
Bend their best studies, hearken request;
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Both move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break, and think it from the course of things.
If, what in rest you have in right to hold,
Why then your fears, (which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong,) should move you to me up to
Your feet, and speak this high day to us,
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise!
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace their reasons, but be on their days
That have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no further ask.
Whence whatsoever weal, on you depending,
Counts if it weal, be he his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so; I do commit his youth
6 Secretly.  6 Lace.  6 Decorate.  6 Publish.
Enter Hubert.

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you?

He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine;
The image of a wicked henious fault
Lives in my eye; that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much corrupted breast;
And I do fearfully believe, 'ts done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sat. The color of the king is lively and go,

Deliver this purpose and his conscience.

Like heralds twist two dreadful battles set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pem. And, when it breaks, I'll give the thence

The seal of consent of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong
hand;

Good forsooth, although my will to give is living,
The sum which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

Sat. Indeed, we fear'd, his sickness was past cure.

Pem. Indeed we hear'd how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick:
This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows
before me?

Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sat. It is apparent soul play; and, by name,
That happiness or wretchedness should so grossly fit 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,
This little kingdom of a forced grave.

That blood, which o'er'd the breadth of all this Isle,
Three feet of it doth hold: Bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and cre long, I doubt.

[Exit Hubert.

K. John. They burn in indignation; I repent;
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 these cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm;
Pour down the weather:—How goes all in France?

Mess. From France to England.—Never such a power
For any foreign preparation,

It was levied in the body of a land.

The copy of your speed is heard by them;
For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arrived.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been
blind?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April, die'd
Your noble mother: And, as I hear, my lord,
The lady Constance in a tempest die'd
Thrice, three days before but this from rumor's tongue
I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion;
O, make a pause with me, till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers!—What! mother dead?
How wildly then walks my estate in France!—
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,
That thou for truth at last out, are landed here!

Mess. Under the Dauphin.

Enter the Bastard and Peter of Pontefract.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My ears, with more ill news, let me know the worse.

Bast. But, if you be afraid to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unbar'd, fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amaz'd
When I heard of it; but now I will begin
Alot the blood: and can give evidence
To any tongue speak it of what it will.

Bast. How, I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express,
But, as I travelled hither through the land,

I find the people strangely ;
Possess'd with rumors, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
And here's a prophet, that I brought with me.

From forth, that streets of Pontefract, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rood harsh-sounding rhymes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day, your
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Then idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?
Peter. Knowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him; imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whenon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd!

Peter. To set the countless on.

For I must use thee.—O my gentle cousin.

Exit Hubert, with Peter.

Heart's thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Bast. The French, my lord; man's mouths are full of it:
Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury,
(With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire).

And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into our companies:
I have a way to win their loves again;
Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before,
O, let me have no subject enemies.

K. John. Go after him: for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.

Mess. With all my heart, my liege.

K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter Hubert.

Hab. My lord, they say, five moons were seen
To-night; Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wondrous motion.


Hab. Old men, and beldams, in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously;
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one and other in the ear;
And he, that speaks, doth grip the wearer's breast
Whilst he, that hears, makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with looks, with roiling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth, and swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his fingers, and measure in his hand,
Standing on sippers, (which his nimble haste
Did falsely thrust upon contrary feet)
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were enballad and rank't in Kent:
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?

Why urge'st thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him; I had mighty cause
To wish for it, and thou hadst none to kill him.

Hab. Had none, my lord; why, did you not pro-
voke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their honors for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life:
And, on the wanking of authority,
To understand a law; how to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon honor than adviz's respect.

Hab. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

Safe custody. Deliberate consideration
KING JOHN.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, dissembler's lord!

The king, by me, requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath disposed of himself of us;

We will not line him. His last address by,

With our own honors, nor attend the foot

That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks;

Return, and tell him so; we know the worst.

Bast. You think, good words, I think, were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

Bast. But there is little reason in your state;

Therefore do I now, you know, as we reason now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impiety hath his privilege.

Bast. This true, to hurt his master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison: What is he lies here?

Pem. Of death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Both lay it open, to rise on revenge.

Bast. Or when he donnd this beauty to a grave,

Found it too precious—precious 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 may see?

That you, my lord, could not be aught without this object,

Form such another! This is the very top,

The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest.

Of murder's arms: this is the bloody bundle,

That ever wall-eyed, or staring face,

Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pem. All murderers past do stand excus'd in this:

And this, so, no envy, and so unmatchable,

Shall give a holiness, a purity,

To the yet-unbegotten sin of time;

And prove a deed, and dishonour shed a jest,

Examined by this honourable spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work;

The graceless action of a heavy hand,

That it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?—

We had a kind of light, what would ensue:

It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand.

The practice, and the purpose, of the king—

From whose obedience I forsook my soul,

Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,

And breathed to his breathless excellence

The murmurs of my soul;

Never to taste the pleasures of the world,

Never to be infected with delight,

Nor conversant with ease and idleness,

Thall I forgive this, but I must forgive it,

By giving it the worship of reverence.


Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:

Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.

Sal. He is hold, and blushes not at death:—

Avault, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

Hub. I am no a villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law?

[Draws his sword.

Bast. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.

Sal. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin.

Hub. Stand back, lord Salisbury, stand back, I say.

By heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours:

I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,

Nor tempt the danger of my trust; defend;

Leads I in marking of thy rage, forget

Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Big. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a noble man?

Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend

My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

[Draws his sword.

Hub. Do not prove me so?

Yet, I am none: Whose tongue soever speaks false,

Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pem. Cut him to pieces.

Scene III.--Before the Castle.

Enter Arthur, on the Walls.

Arth. The wall is high; and yet will I leap down:

Good ground, be pitable, and hurt me not—

There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,

This ship-heav'ssemblance hath disgust'd me quite,

I am afraid: and yet I'll venture it.

If I be known, 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 steps—

Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, and Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmund's Bury;

It is our safety, and we must embrace

The gentle offer of the pursers thence.

Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

Sal. The count Melun, a noble lord of France;

Whose private with me, or 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 it will be

Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.

[Exeunt.

*Noted, observed.  Private account.
KING JOHN.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter King John, Pandulph with the Crown, and Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand The circle of my glory.

Pand. Take again [Giving John the Crown].

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 marchers, 'tis we are inflamed. Our discontented court is in revolt; Our people quarrel with obedience; Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul, To stranger blood, to foreign loyalty. This impiety and disturbance's humour Rests by you only to be qualified. Then pause not; for the present time's so sick, That present medicine must be ministered, Or overthrow incurable issues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up, Upon your stubborn usage of the pope; But since you are a gentle convertor, My heart shall hold against this storm of war, And make fair weather in your blistering land. On this Ascension-day, remember well, Upon the 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 bethank'd, it is but voluntary. 

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds.
And find no check! Let us, my yege, to arms: Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace; Or if he do, let it at least be said, That we now had at the heart of our defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Bast. Away then, with good courage; yet, I know, Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Plain near St. Edmund's Bury.

Enter, in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bisgot, and Soldiers.

Lev. My lord Melun, let this be copied out, And keep it safe for our remembrance: Remember how the enemy have met us; That, having our fair order written down, Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes, May know wherefore we took the sacrament, And keep our faith against the enemy.

Sel. Upon our sides it never shall be broken. And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear A voluntary zeal, and unmerged faith, To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince, I am not glad that such a sore of time Should seek a platter with commend'nd revolt, And make this the inevitable counsellor of one wound, By making many: O, it grieved me, That I must draw this metal from my side To be a widow-maker; O, and there, Wherefore the rescue, and defence, Cries out upon the name of Saint Mort? But such is the injuction of the time, That, for the health and peace of our right, We cannot retire unless by force. Of stern injustice and confused wrong— And is't not pity, O my grievous friends! That we, the sons and children of this isle, Whose eyes are so sad an hour as this; Whereas we step after a stranger March Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up Her enemies' ranks, I must withdraw and weep Upon the spot of this Warwick's hand To grace the gentry of a land remote, And follow unacquainted colors here? What here!—O nation, that thou couldst remove! This Warwick's arm, who clipped the head About would thee from the knowledge of thyself, And grapple thee unto a paean shore; Where these two Christian armies might combine The blood of martial in a vein of league, And not to spend it so unneighbourly! Lev. A noble temper dost thou show in this; And great omissions wrestling in thy bosom, Do, I perceive, by an earthquake of noble fears, O, what a noble combat hast thou fought, Between compulsion and a brave resolve? Let me wipe off this honorable dew That nightly doth progress on these cheeks: My heart hath meted at a lady's tears, Being an ordinary inundation; But this effusion of such many drops, This shower, blown up by tempest of the stars, Starlites mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd Than had I seen the vacancy top of heaven Figure'd quite o'er with burning meteors. Lit up thy brows, renowned Salisbury, and And with a great heart, leave away this storm: Command these waters to those baby eyes, That never saw the giant world enraged; Nor met with fortune other than as that, Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping. Come, come; or thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep Into the purse of rich prosperity, As Lewis himself;—so, noble, shall you all, That knot your sinews to the strength of mine. [Exeunt Randolph, attended.

And even there, metinckins, an angel spake: Look, where the holy leaze comes space, To give us warrant of the hand of heaven; And on our actions set the name of right, With holy praference.

Pand. Hall, noble prince of France! The next is this,—king John hath reconciled Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in, That so stood out against the holy church, The great metropolis and see of Rome:

Embraceth. Love of country. Therefore thy threatening colors now wind up, And tame the savage spirit of wild war; That, like a howl foster'd up at hand, May he or be a toy in a child's defence. And be no farther harmful than in show.

Lev. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back. I am too high-born to be propounded. To be a secondary at control, Or useful serving-man, an instrument, To any sovereign state throughout the world. Your breath, first kindled the dead cold fires of wars, Between this chas'dst kingdom and myself, And brought in matter that should feed this fire; And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out With that weak wind which last did waft it. You taught me how to know the face of right, Acquainted me with interest to this land, Ye, thrust this enterprise into my heart; And come now to give me issue of his peace with Rome! What is that peace to me! I, by the honor of my marriage-bed, After young Arthur, claim this land for mine; And, now it is half-conquered, must I back, Because that John hath made his peace with Rome! Am I Rome's slave! What penny hath Rome borne, What man provided, what trump you sent, To underprop this action? I, it's not I That undergo this charge! who else but I, And such as to my claims are liable, Sweet in this business, and unscathe in this war! Have I not heard these islanders shout out, Fire to my! as I have sunk'd their towns! Have I not here the best cards for the game, To win the easy match play'd down with Rome? And shall I now give o'er the yielde set! No, on my soul, it never shall be said. Pand. You look but on the outside of this work. Lev. Outside of pride, I will not return Till my attempt so much be glorified As to my ample hope was promised Before I drew this gilliant head of war, And could this flower spirit out in the world, To outlook conquest, and to win renown Even in the jaws of danger and death.—

Trumpet sounds. What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us! Enter the Bastard, attended.

Bast. According to the fair play of the world, Let me have audience; I am sent to speak:— My holy lord of Milan, from the king I come, to learn how you have dealt for him; And, as you answer, do I know the hope And warrant limited unto my tongue. Pand. The dauphin is too willful-opposite, And will not temporize with my entreaties; He daily says, he'll lay down his arms. Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breathed, The youth says well:—Now hear our English king; For thus his royalty doth speak in me. He is prepared; and ready too, he said: This aship and unmannerly approach, This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel, This unhallow's sports, and boystie troops, The king doth smile at; and is well prepar'd To whip the dwarf war, these pigny arms, From out the circle of his territories, That hand which had the strength, even at your foot To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch: To dive like bucket, in concealed wells; To crouch amiss, and to be holographic, To lie, like paws, lock'd up in chests and trunks; To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out In vaults and prisons; and to thrill and shake, Even at the crying of your nation's crow; Thinking his voice an armed Englishman; Shall that victorious hand be fettered here, That in your chambers you gave chastisement! Nor, know the gallows, nor the monarch is; And like an eagle o' his airy towers, To cause annoyance that comes near his nest,— And you degenerate, you inegrate rebels, You bloody vices, you crouching up, O'er of your dear mother England, blush for shame: For your own ladies, and pale-visaged maids, Like Amazons, come tripping after drums; 

Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
Their scimitars, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There end thy braver, and turn thy face in peace.

We grant thee, if it cannot out substitute thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent

With such a braggard.

Bast. No, I will speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither:

Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war

Plead for our interest, and our being here.

Bast. Indeed, your drums being beaten, will cry out;

And so shall you, being bested: Do but start
And give th'brace, and I'll brush any of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready braced,
That shall revere the sound as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall,
As kind of thin, tatter'd, and week'd, or war;
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand
(Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath used rather for sport than need)
Is warlike John; and in his foremost head
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousand of the French.

Lew. Strike up our drums to find this danger out,
Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—A Field of Battle.

Alarums. Enter King John, and Hubert.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.

Hub. Bast. Here, I fear: How fares your majesty?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me: O, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,

Desires your majesty to leave the field,

And send him word by me, which way you go.

K. John. Tell him toward Swinestead, to the gibe.

Mess. Be of good comfort; for the great supply
That was expected by the Dauphine here,
Are wear'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now:
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news—
Set up the standard toward Swinestead: to my right
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the same.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, Bigot, and others.

Sal. I did not think the king so stord with friends.

Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the French;

If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,

In spite of spite, rides up the whole day's way.

Pem. They say, king John, sore sick, hath left the field.

Enter Melun wounded, and led by Soldiers.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.

Pem. It is the count Melun.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;

Untread the rude eye of rebellion,

And weep our home again desecrated faith.

Seek out king John, and fall before his feet;

For, if the French be lords of this loud day,

He means to compensate the pains you take,
By crying off your head: Thus with a sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,

Upon the altar at St. Edmund's Burry;

Even on that altar, where we swore to you

Dear arrowy and everlasting love.

Sal. May this lie possible? may this be true?

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,

Ravish'd but a quantity of life;

Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax

Resolved from his figure against the fire!*

*Needles.  0 Roast.  0 Sky.

A proverb intimating treachery.

In allusion to the images made by witches.

In what the world should make you now deceive,
Since my tongue can to lose the sense of all your lives,

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 for thee; e'er those eyes of yours

Behold another day break in the cast:

But even this night,—whose black contagious breath

Already smokes upon the burning crest

Of their ill, felicit, and starry-awred sail,

Even this ill night your breathing shall expire;

Paying the fine of rated treachery.

Even with the reacher was 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 the French there was an Englishman—

Awakes my conscience to confess all this,

In lieu whereof, I pray you bear me hence

From forth the noise and rumor of the field;

Where I may think this is the remnant of my thoughts

In peace, and part this body and my soul

With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee:—And be this my soul

But I do love the favor and the form

Of this most fair occasion, by the which

We will untread the steps of damned night;

And, like a bated and retired flood,

Leaving our muckers with an irregular course,

Soope low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,

And calmly run in obedience.

Even to the French, to our great king John,—

My arm shall give them the help to bear thee hence;

For I do see the cruel pangs of death

Right in thine eye:—Away, my friends! Newflight:—

And happy newness, that intends old right.

[Exeunt, leading off MELIN.

SCENE V.—The French Camp.

Enter Lewis and his Train.

Lewis. The sun of heaven, mechoth, was both to set;

But stay'd and made the western welkin blush,

When the English meusur'd backward their own</p>
Scene VII.  

KING JOHN.

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyeless night,  
Have done me shame—brave soldier, pardon me,  
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,  
Should escape the true acquaintance of mine ear.  

Kit. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?  

Hub. Why, here walk in the black bower of night,  
And you out.  

Kit. Brief, then; and what's the news?  

Hub. O, my sweet air, news fitting to the night,  
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.  

Kit. Show me the very wound of this ill news;  
I am no woman, I won't swoon at it.  

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk;  
I left him almost speechless, and broke out  
To bewitch him with this evil potion;  
I think the better arm you to the sudden time,  
Than if you had at leisure known of this.  

Kit. How did he take it? who did taste to him?  

Hub. A monk. I tell you a resolved villain,  
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king  
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.  

Kit. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?  

Hub. Why, know you not! the lords are all come back.  
And brought prince Henry in their company;  
At whose request the king has pardon'd them,  
And they are all about his business here.  

Kit. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven!  
And tempt us not to hear above our power!—  
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my powers have failed,  
Passing these days, are taken by the tide.  
These Lincoln washes have devoured them;  
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escaped.  
And care! and conduct me to the king;  
I doubt, he will be dead, or c'te come.  

[Exit Hubert.  

Enter PEMBROKE.  

Pem. His highness yet doth speak; and holds belief,  
That, being brought into the open air,  
It would alloy the burning quality.  
Oft that fell poison which assails him.  

Pem. Let him be brought into the orchard here.—  

Kit. Doth he still rage?  

[Exit Hubert.  

Pem. He is more patient  
Than when you left him; even now he sung.  

Pem. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes,  
In our organ-pipe of frailty, and our organ,  
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,  
Leaves them insensible; and his siege is now  
Against the mind, which he pricks and wounds  
With many lesons of strange fantasticks;  
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,  
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange, that death  
Should sing—  

I am the organist to this pale faint swan,  
Who chants a dolorous hymn to his own death;  
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings  
His soul and body to their lasting clod of comfort; prince, for you are born  
To set a form upon that indigest  
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.  

Re-enter BURGART, 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 like ashes;  
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen  
Upon a parchment; and against this fire  
Do I shrink up.  

Pem. How fares your majesty?  

Kit. Poison'd,—ill fare;—dead, forsook, cast off;  
And none of you will bid the winter come  
Without To thrust his leoy fingers in my mouth;  
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course  
Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north  
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,  
And comfort them with cold:—I do not wish much,  
I bee cold comfort; and you are so strait!  
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.  

P. Hen. O, that there were some virtue in my tears,  
That might relieve you!  

Kit. The salt in them is hot.—  
Within me is a hell; and there the poison is,  
As in a fennel, confined to tyranny  
On unpreventable condemned bliss.  

Enter THE BASTARD.  

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent operation,  
And saven of speed to see your majesty.  

Kit. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye  
The tackle of thy living heart in centre;  
And all the shrouds, whereby with my life should sail,  
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:  
My heart hath one poor string to strait it by,  
Which holds but time: by thy news he is utter'd;  
And then all this thou seest, is but a clad,  
And module of confined royalty.  

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing furtherward;  
Where, hence, 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 allayed unpardonable.  
Devoured by the unexpected need.  

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear—  
My heart!—the lord!—but now a king,—now thus,  
P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop,  
What certainty of the world, what hope, what stay,  
When this was not a king, and now is clad!  

Bast. And I am come, sir, I do but stay behind,  
To do the office for thee of revenge;  
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,  
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.  
Now, now, now, it is indeed that mother-widow's tears  
Where be your powers! show now your mended faiths;  
And instantly return with me again.  
To push destruction, and peregrine shame,  
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:  
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;  
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.  

Sal. It seems you know not then so much as we:  
We the cardinal Pardolph is within at rest,  
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin;  
And brings from him such oils of our peace  
As honor and we with our subject may take,  
With purpose presently to leave this war.  

Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees  
Ourselves well swerved to our dearest needs.  
Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already:  
For many carriages he had despatch'd  
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel  
To the disposing of the regal cognation;  
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,  
If you think meet, this afternoon will post  
To consummate this business happily.  

Bast. Let it be so:—And you, my noble prince,  
With other princes that may best be spared,  
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.  

P. Hen. At Worcester must my body be inter'd;  
For so be it.  

Bast. Thither shall it then.  
And happily may your sweet self put on  
The lineal state and glory of the land!  
To whom, and with all submission, O my knee,  
I do beseech your faithful services  
And true subjection everlasting.  
Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,  
To rest without a spot for evermore.  

P. Hen. I have a kind soul, that would do you thanks,  
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.  

Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,  
Sing it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—  
This England never did, nor never shall  
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror;  
But when it first did put to work itself.  
Now these her princes are come home again,  
Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
And we shall shock them! Youth shall make untrue,  
If England to itselfe rest but true.  

[Exeunt.  

* Narrow avaricious.  

* Model.
THE LIFE AND DEATH OF
KING RICHARD II.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.
EDMUND OF LANGLY, Duke of York; Uncle to
JOHN OF GANT, Duke of Lancaster; the King.
HARRY, surnamed Bolingbroke, Duke of Hereford,
Son to John of Gaunt; afterwards K. Henry IV.
DUKE OF AUMERE, Son to the Duke of York.
MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk.
DUKE OF SURREY.
EARL OF SALISBURY, EARL BERKELEY.
BISHOP OF LINCOLN.
GREN.
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.
HENRY PECK, his Son.

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, with him.

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lan-
caster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and bond, 1
Brought hither Henry Hereford, thy bold son;
Here to make good thy bolsterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?
Gauld: I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded
him, If he appeal the luke on ancient metals;
Or worldly as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?
Gauld. As near as I could sit him on that argu-
ment—
On some apparent danger seen in him,
Aim'd at your highness: no inveterate malice.
K. Rich. Then call them to our presence; face
to face,
Androwning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser, and the accused, freely speak:
(Exeunt some Attendants. High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In race deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.
Re-enter Attendants, with Bolingbroke and
Norfolk.

Boling. May many years of happy days betall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!
Now, 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 flatter-
ers dies.
As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.

1 Bond.
Mean time, let this defend my loyalty,—
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he he.
Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage.
Disclaiming here the kindred of a king;
And lay aside my high blood's royalty—
We will not hear, nor reason may we except to except;
If guiltily dast hand left thee so much strength,
As to take up mine honor's pawn, then stoop;
By that, and all the rights of knighthood else,
We brook no false-knight, nor will we hear,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.
Ner. I take it up; and, by that sword I swear,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
I will answer thee in any far degree.
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:
And, when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight!
K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to 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 to true;
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles;
In name of lendings for his highness' soldiers;
The which he hath detain'd for lawful employment,
Like a true traitor, and injurious base.
Besides I say, and will in battle prove—
Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge
The which he survey'd for English land,
—That all the treasons, for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head-spring.
Further I say, and further will I say,
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,
Stirred out his innocent soul through streams of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's cries,
Eve's face was touchless cave the earth,
To me, for justice, and rough chastisement;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.
Ner. Thou hast spoken with a pitch his Burton scars!—
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?
Ner. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
And hid his ears a little while be dear,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.
K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes, and ears;
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
(As he is but my father's brother's son)
Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,
Such neighbor nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstoppering fairness of my unparting soul;
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou;
Free speech, and fearless, I do thee allow.
Ner. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest,
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,
Disbur'd I only to his highness' soldiers;
The other part reserve I by consent;
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France to pitch his queen;
Now swallow down that hate.—For Gloucester's death,—
I slew him not; but to my own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.—
For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,
The honorable father to my foe,
Once did I lay in ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grievous soul:
But when I last receiv'd the sacrament,
I did confess it; and exactly begg'd
Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.
This is my fault: As for the rest appeal'd,
It was from the name of a villain;
A recreant and most degenerate traitor:
Which in myself I boldly will defend;
And interchangerably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's ford,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom:
In haste wherof, most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our trial day.
K. Rich. Truth-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me:
Let's purge this newer without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no physician;
Deep malice, without remedy to except to except;
Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;
Our doctors say, this is no time to bleed.—
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We'll calmly the diakon York's and our son.
Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my rage:
Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolke's gage.
K. Rich. And, Norfolke, throw down his gage.
Gaunt. What! I will! Whom have I to blame? when!
Obedience bids, I should not bid again.
K. Rich. Norfolke, throw down; we bid; there is no bide.
Ner. My lord, I will throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot:
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:
The one my duty owe; but my fair name,
(Despite of death, that lives upon my grave,
To dark dishonor's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgrace, impeach'd, and baffled here;
Pierced to the soul with slander's venom'd spur;
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which break'd it this passage.
K. Rich. Rage must be withheld;
Give me his gage.—Lion keepkekeke.
Ner. You but not change their spots: take but
Your own, and your shame.
And I resign my gage. My dear lord, my lord,
The purest treasure mortal times affords,
As speechless reputation.
Men are but gilded clay, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-bar'd-up chest
Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast;
Mine honor is my life; both grow in one;
Take honor from me, and my life is done.
Then, dear my base, mine honor let me try;
In by my life, and for that I die.
K. Rich. Canum, throw down your gage; do you begin.
Boling. O, God defend my soul from such foul sin!
Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight?
Or with paler cheek than death speechless made
Before this out-dared dastard! Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honor with such phraseless wrong,
Or sound so base a parce, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of remonstrance;
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbor, even in Mowbray's face.
[Exeunt Gaunt.]
K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command:
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready as your lives shall answer it.
At Coventry, upon saint Lauer'd's day;
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate;
Since we cannot agree, you, we shall see
Justice design the victor's chari'ny.
—Marshal, command our officers at arms
Be ready to direct these home-arms. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The same. A Room in the Duke of Lancaster's Palace.

Enter Gaunt and Duchess of Gloster.

Gaunt. Alas! the part I had in Gloster's blood
Dare both more solace me, than your exclains,
To stir against the butchers of his life.
But since commission both in those parts,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
Who, when he sees the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.
Duch. Finds brotherhood in those no sharers purport?
Hath love in th' old blood no living fire?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven phials full of a sacred skill.
Or seven love 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, true blood, my brother, my son,
One phial full of Edward's sacred liquor,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root—
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
No advantage in delay. [Re-enter Bolingbroke.]
[1Show crown and sceptre.]
[2]
KING RICHARD II.

Act I.

Is hark'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,
By envy's hand, and murder's bloody ax.
Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine; that bed, that
That metal, that self-mend'd, that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man; and though thou livest, and
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 will weep in model of thy father's lice.
Call it not patience, Gaunt; it is despair
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughtered'd,
Show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
There's the end of murder; here's the peace:
That which in mean men we entitle—patience,
Is pale cold cowardise in noble breasts.
What shall I say to safeguard time own life,
The white out of the whiteness of Gaoler's death.
Gaunt. Heaven's the quarrel; for heaven's substitute,
His deputy anointed in his sight.
Hath caus'd his death; the which, if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift
An angry arm against his minister.
Duch. Where then, alas! may I complain myself?
Gaunt. To heaven, the widow's champion and defence.
Duch. Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.
The son of my son! There's no show to do stand to.
Our cousin Hereford and tell Mowbray fight:
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast:
On that good horse, and in the first assault,
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
That they may break his toaming courser's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists.
A cutt'e recut, my cousin Hereford! Farewell, old Gaunt: thy sometime brother's wife,
With her companion grief must end her life.
Gaunt. Sister, farewell; I must to Coventry;
A moon's road stay with thee, as go with me.
Duch. Yet one word more;—Grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:
I take my leave before I have begun;
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 ill, do not so quickly go;
I shall remember more. Bid him—O, what—;
With all good speed at Flashy visit me.
Alas, and woe shall good old York there see,
But empty lodgings and unfurnished walls,
Unoccupied offices, untroubled stones!
And what cheer there for welcome, but my groans?
There's my remembrance, let him there prepare,
To seek out sorrow that dwells everywhere:
Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die;
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.

SCENE III.—Gosford Green, near Cowdray.

Lists set out, on a Throne. Herald, &c., attending.
Enter the Lord Marshal and Aumerle.

Mar. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?
Aum. Yes, yet at all points; and longs to enter in.
Mar. The duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,
Stay's but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.
Aum. Why, then, the champions are prepared
For nothing but his majesty's approach.

Flourish of Trumpets. Enter King Richard, who
takes his seat on his throne; Gaunt, and several
Noblemens, who take their places. A trumpet is
sounded, and answered by another trumpet within.
Then Enter Nortfolk, in armor, preceded
by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms.
Ask him his name; and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In God's name, and the king's, say who
And why thou com'st; thus knightly clad in arms:
Thus meet what man thou com'st, and what thy
quarrel.

Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thy oath;
And so defend thee heaven, and thy valor!
Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of
Norfolk:
Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which, heaven defend, a knight should violate!) Both in his birth's,
In his goodly and truth:
To God, my king, and my succeeding issue,
Against the duke of Hereford that appealeth me:
And, by the grace of God, and this same arm,
To prove him and defend thee of my part;
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, in armor, preceded by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and what thereby he cometh hither;
Thus plac'd in habitations of war;
And formally according to our law
Despise, young, and chiefly draw.
Mar. What is thy name? and wherefrom comest thou:
Before king Richard, in his royal lists;
Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel?

Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Am I not truly Henry, Duke of Lancaster?
To prove, by heaven's grace, and my body's valor,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God and fortune should Richard's heart to me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists;
Except the nearest of blood and such old friends;
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Boling. Lord Marshal, let me kiss my sovereign
hand,
And bow my knee before his majesty:
For Mowbray, and myself, are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then we take a common resolution:
And loving farewell of our several friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highness,
And crave's to kiss your hand, and take his leave
K. Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our arms.
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thine fortune in this royal fight!
Farewell, my blood; which it to-day shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me! My name is Bolingbroke; and to
Prove me, would I be gored with Mowbray's spear:
As confident, as is the lion's flight.
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight—
My lord Aumerle. [To Lord Marshal.] I take my leave
of you—
Of you, my noble cousin, lord Aumerle:—
Not sick, although I have to do with death;
Not dead, although I breathe with the breath.

L. Mar. Go, at English feasts, so I respect
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:
O thou, the earthly author of my blood,

To Gaunt.

Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Both with a two-fold vigor fit me up
To reach at victory above my head,—
Add pitch to mine armor with thy prayers;
And with thy blessing steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's wavy coat,
And furnish new the name of John of Gaunt,
Even in the lusty 'lavor of his son.

Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cause make thee prosperous!
Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse, pernicious enemy;
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant, and live.

Boling. Mine innocence, and saint George to thrive!

[He takes his seat.

Nor. [Rising.] However heaven, or fortune, cast
my lot,
There lives or dies, true to king Richard's shield,
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman;
Never did captive with a fierer heart.
Is made my gaoler to attend on me. I am too old to fawn upon a nurse. Too far in years to be a pupil now; What is the artifice but being careless death, Which restless tongue from breathing native breath? K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate; After our sentence, paining comes too late. Nor. Their wrath is as a fiery threat, To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord: securely I clesp Virtue with valor confined in thine eye—

Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

To the Duke of Norfolk.

Her. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby.

To God, his sovereign, and himself,

Attending but the signal to begin.

Mur. Sound trumpets; and set forward combatants.

Stow, thou hast thrown his banner down.

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,

And both return both to their chairs again—

With this word, and set the trumpets sound,

While we return these dukes what we decree—

[Draw near.

To the combatants.

And list, what with our council we have done.

For that our kingdom's earth should not be solitude—

Should, one that, or, I should that; but I, the Lord of the

And, with our eyes the dire aspect

Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords;

And for we think the eagle-winged pride

Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts

With rivalating envy, set you on

To take our peace, which in our country's cradle

Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;

Wherein, how, and what; with boisterous tumult drums,

With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful threat;

And the succeeding shock of arms:

Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,

And make us wade even in our kindred's blood—

Then, till, I have banished you from our territories,

You, cousin Herford, upon proper death,

Till twice live summers have enrich'd our fields,

Shall not reject our fair dominions,

But the latter yokes of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done! This must our comfort be;

That sun that warns you here, shall shine on me;

And these his golden beams, to you here lent

Shall be clad in my apparel. K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,

Which I with some unwillingness pronounce;

The fly-slow hours shall not determine

The hopeless limit of thy lingering life

The hopeless word of—never to return,

Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,

And all the terms and tributes of my service's mouth;

A dearer merit, not so deep a main

As to be cast forth in the common air,

Here, as I desired at your highest hand.

The language I have learned these many years,

My native English, now must I forget,

And now my tongue's use is to me no more,

That untrained voice, so sweet or shrill;

Or, like a cunning instrument Cased up,

Or, being open, put into his hands

That knows no touch to tune the harmony.

With the whelp I vows you every lurking tongue,

Double portentil'd, with my teeth, and lips;

And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance

Treachere
MUR. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride, as far as land will let me, by your side. GAUNT. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words, that thou return'st not greeting to thy friends? BOLING. I have too few to take my leave of you, when the tongue's office should be prodigal To utter the abundant dolor of the heart. GAUNT. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time. BOLING. Joy absent, grief is present for that time. GAUNT. What is six winters? they are quickly gone. BOLING. To men in joy: but grief makes one hour ten. GAUNT. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure, BOLING. My heart is sigh when I miscall it so, which finds it an enforced pilgrimage. GAUNT. The sullen passage of thy weary steps Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set The precious jewel of thy home-return. BOLING. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make Will but remember me what a deal of world I wander from the jewels that I love. Must I not serve a long apprenticeship To foreign passages, and in the end, Having my freedom, boast of nothing else, But that I was a journey man to grief! GAUNT. All places that the eye of heaven visits, Are to a wise man ports and happy havens: Teach thy necessity to reason thus; There is no virtue like necessity. Think not, the king did banish thee; But thou, the king: Woe doth the heavier sit, Where it perceives it is but faintly borne. Go, say, I sent thee forth to purchase honor, And not—the king exiled thee: or suppose, Devouring penitence hangs in our air, And thou art flying to a fresher elime, Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it To he that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st: Suppose the singing birds, musicians; The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence strew'd; The flowers, fair ladies; and thy steps no more Than a delightful measure or a dance. For marin's sorrow hath less ease; the tear That the man mocks at, and sets it light. BOLING. O, who can hold a fire in his hand, by thinking on the frosty Caucasus! Or clov the hungry edge of a counterfeit, By bare imagination of a feast! Or swallow naked in December snow, By thinking on fantastic summer's heat! O no, the apperception of the spirit, Giv's but the greater feeling to the worse: Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more, Than when it bites, but lanceath not the sore. GAUNT. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way: Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay. BOLING. Then, England's ground, farewell, sweet soul, adieu! My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet! Where'er I wander, boast of this I can; Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The same. A Room in the King's Castle.

Enter KING RICHARD, BAGOT, and GREEN; Aumerle following.

K. Rich. We did observe.—Cousin Amnerle, How far brought you high Hereford on his way? Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so, But to the next high way, and there I left him. K. Rich. And, say, what store of parting tears were shed? Aum. Faith, none by me: except the north-east wind. Which then blew bitterly against our faces, Awaked the sleeping rheum; and so, by chance, Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said our cousin, when you parted with him?

Aum. Farewell:

And, for my heart disdained that my tongue Should so profane the word, that taught me craft To counterfeit oppression of such grief, That words seem'd buried in my sorrows' grave.

Marry, would the word farewell have lengthen'd

And added years to his short banishment, He should have had a volume of farewells; But since it would not, none of me.

K. Rich. He is our cousin; but 'tis doubt, When time shall call him home from banishment, Whether our kinsman come to see his friends. Ourselves, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green, Observe'd his courtship to the common people:—How he did seem to dive into their hearts, With humble and familiar courtesy; What reverence he did throw away on slaves; Wooning poor craftsmen, with the craft of smiles, And patient underhearing of his fortune, As 'twere to banish their affects with him. Oil goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench; A brace of draymen lid—god speed him well, And had the tribute of his supple knee, With—hanna mine, my loving friends; Whose lives were ours; England in reversion his, And he our subjects' next degree in hope. Green. Well. He is gone; and with him go these thoughts. Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland,— Expedient manage must be made, my liege; Ere further leisure yield them further means, For their debauchery, and your highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will ourselves in person to this war. And, for our soldiers—with too great a court, And liberal largesses—are grown somewhat light, We are enforced to form our royal realm; The revenue whereof shall furnish us For our affairs in hand: if that come short, Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters; Wherein, when they shall know what men they are rich, They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold, And send them after to supply our wants; For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter Body. BUSBY. Bushy, what news!

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord; Suddenly taken; and hath sent post haste To entreat his majesty to visit him. K. Rich. Where lies he? Bushy. At Ely-house. K. Rich. Now put it, heaven, in his physician's mind. To help him in 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. Fray heaven, we may make haste, and come too late! [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—London. A Room 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 most-youth. Presence chamber at court. ¶Growling.

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: ¶Because.
For they breathe the truth, that breathe their words in vain.

He, that no more must say, is listen'd more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to do so.

More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before:
The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last;
Writ in remembrance, more than things long past:
There's life in my years back which time should steal, my head, my death's sad tale may yet undeaf't his ear.

York. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering titles.

As, praises of his state: then, there are found
Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound
The open air of youth doth always listen;
Reckless fashions in that court it is;
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limpers after, in base imitation,
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
(Or, it be new, there's no respect how vile)
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears!
Then all too late comes counsel! to be heard
Where doth commit mutiny with wit's regard.
Direct not him, whose way himself will choose;
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath with thou lose.

Gaunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new inspird;
And thus, expiring, dry remnant of the world, I
His rash fierce blade of riot cannot last:
For violent fires soon burn out themselves:
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He fires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder.
Light vanity, inatect cormorant,
Consuming means, preserved on none itself.
This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Maje,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress built by nature for herself,
Against infection, and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or, as a most defiant to a house,
Against the envy of less happy lands:
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fare?d by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
(For Chippa's 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,
Decrepid, and forsook through the world,
Is now lease'd out (I die pronouncing it)
Like to a tenement or pelting farm;
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky plots, and rotten parchement bonds;
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself:
O, would the scandall vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

Enter King Richard, and QUEEN; ACMELLE, BUSBY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, and WOLLINGHOU.

York. The king is come; deal mildly with his youth.

For young hot colts, being vaged, do rage the more.
Queen. How fear's our noble uncle, Lancaster?
K. Rich. What comfort, man! How is it with the gaunt Gaunt?
Gaunt. O, how that name befits my composition!
Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt! in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
And all respect from men that dare to call me.
For sleeping England long time have I watch'd:
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon,
Is my grief's fast, in my childrens looks;
And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.
K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Flatter. 6 Palty. 8 Lean, thin.
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables, Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possessed, York. How long shall I be patient? Ah, how long Shall I endure under my father's care, Not Gaunt's death, nor Hereford's banishment, Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs, Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke Abroad, and marriage, nor my patient heart, Have ever made me sour my patient cheek, Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign face,— I am the best of noble Edward's sons, Of all his children, yet deprived of his, first: In war, was never lion roused more fierce, In peace was never gentle lamb more mild, Than was that young and princely gentleman: His face then last, for ever so he be, Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours; But, when he frowned, it was against the French, And not against his friends: his noble hand Did never bend, nor spent, and spent not that Which his triumphant father's hand had won: His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood, But bloody with the enemies of his kin. O, Richard! York is too far gone with grief, Or else he never would compare between— K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter? Pardon me if you please; if not, I pleased Not to be pardon'd, am content withal, Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands, The letters patent of the kingdom? Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live? Was not Gaunt just? and is not Harry true? Did not the one deserve to have an heir? But his heir a well-servant? Take Hereford's rights away, and take from him His charters and his customary rights; Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day, To mock thyself, for how art thou a king, But by fair sequence and succession? Now, are ye God (God forbid, I say true!) If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights, Out of the letters patent that he hath By his attorneys-general to sue His lives, 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 honor 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, fare well, What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell; But by bad courses may be understood, That their events can never fall out good. (Exit. K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire straight; Bid him repair to us to Ely-house, To see this business: To-morrow next We will for Ireland, and the time, I trow; And we create, in absence of ourself, Our uncle York lord governor of England, For he is just and always lov'd us well. Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part; Be merry, for our time of stay is short. (Exeunt, K. Rich., Bushy, Aumerle, Fishbourne, and Boar. North. Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is dead. Ross. And living too; for now his son is duke. Willis. Barely in title, not in revenue. North. He is not really in both, if justly he had his right. Ross. My heart is great; but it must be threatened with silence, Ere I be burden'd, with a liberal tongue. North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him never speak more, That speaks thy words again, to do thee harm! Whom Tends that thou'dst speak, to the duke of York? If it be so, out with it boldly, man; Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him. Ross. No good at all, that I can do for him; Unless you call it good to pity him, bereft and zeled of his patrimony. North. Now, more heaven, 'tis shame, such wrongs are borne, *Claim possession; a law term. *Deprived. In him a royal prince, and many more Of noble blood in this declining land. The king is not himself, but basely led By blusterer's dumb, or they will strike him, Merely in hate, against any of us all, That will the king severely prosecute 'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs. Ross. That enemies hath he pill'd with grievous taxes, And lost their hearts; the nobles hath he fined For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts. Willis. He is guilty of new executions and derision; As blanks, benevolence, and I wot not what; But what, o'God's name, doth become of this! North. Wars have not wasted it, for war'd he has. But basely yielded upon compromise That which his ancestors achieve'd with blows: More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars. Ross. The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm. Willis. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man. North. Reproach, and dissolution, hangeth over him. Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars, His humours taxation notwithstanding; But by the robbing of the banish'd duke. North. His noble kinsman: most dejected king! But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing, Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm: We see the wind sit sore upon our sails, And yet we strike not, but securely perish. Ross. We see the very wreck that we must suffer; And now the danger near we are. For suffering so the causes of our wreck. North. Not so; even through the hollow eyes of death, I spy life peeping; but I dare not say How near the tidings of our comfort is. Willis. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost say. Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland: We three are but thyself; and, speaking so, Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore be bold. North. Then thus— I have from Port le Blanc, a lay In Brittany, receiv'd intelligence, That Harry Hereford, Reinhold lord Cobham, [The son of Richard earl of Arundel] That late broke from the duke of Exeter, His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury, Sir Thomas Erpingham, John Ramsey, Sir John Blunt, sir Robert Waterford, and Francis Quinet,— All these well turnish'd by the duke of Bretagne, With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war, Are made ready, and have all due expedience, And shortly mean to touch our northern shore: Perhaps, they had ere this; but that they stay The first departure of the king for Ireland; If then, we shall shake off our slavish yoke, Impout our drooping country's broken wing, Redeem from breaking pawn the blenish'd crown, Wipe out the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt, And make high majesty look like itself. Away, with me, in post to Ravensbury: But if you faint, as fearing to do so, Stay, and be secret, and myself will go. Ross. To horse, to horse! horse doubts to them that fear. Willis. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there. [Exeunt. SCENE II. The same. A Room in the Palace. Enter Queen, Bushy, and Bagot. Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much sad: You promis'd when you parted with the king, To lay aside life-harming horrid harbours, And every cursed disposition. Queen. To please the king, I did; to please myself, I cannot do it; yet I know no cause Why I should welcome such a guest as grief, Save bidding farewell! to so sweet a guest.
As my sweet Richard: Yet, again, methinks,
Some unbourn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles: at something it grieves,
Now of a mind parting from my lord the king.
Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty
shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so:
For some's eye, cloath'd with cloudy visage,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perspectives: which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Shew nothing but confusion: ev'ry awry,
Distracts itself, so to each sweet majesty.
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of grief, more than himself to wail;
Which, look'd on as it is, is sought but shadows
Of natural grief; which is not. Then, thinking
More than your lord's departure weep not; more's
not seen:
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye.
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.
*Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me, it is otherwise: Have'yer't be it,
I cannot but be so; so heavy sad.
As—though, in thinking, on no thought I think,—
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.
Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious
sister.
Queen. 'Tis nothing less: conceit is still derived
From some fore-father grief: mine is not so;
For nothing hath betwixt me my something grief:
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:'
'Tis in reversion that I do possess,
But what it is, that is not yet known; what
I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.'
Enter Green.
Green. Heaven save your majesty!—and well
I hope, the gentle.—gallant,* sir.
Queen. Why hope'st thou so? 'tis better hope,
be he,
For his name is grave haste, his haste good hope;
Then wherefore dost thou hope, he is not ship'd?
Green. That he, our hope, might have retired
his power,
And drawn into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land:
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is sure arriv'd
At Havergur.
Queen. Now God in heaven forbid!
Green. O, madam, 'tis too true: and that is
worse.
The lord of Northumberland, his young son Henry
Percy,
The lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby.
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.
Bushy. Why you not proclaim'd Northumberland,
And all the rest of the revolting faction
Traitors?
Queen. Why we have: whereon the earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.
Green. So, Green, thouart the midwife to my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy;
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have wings to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.
Bushy. Despair not, madam.
Queen. Who shall hinder me?
I will despair, and be an enmity
With ceaseless hope; he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.
Enter York.
Green. Here comes the mad duke of York.
Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck;
0, full of careful business are his looks!—
Uche,
For heaven's sake, speak comfortable words.
York. Should I do so, I should believe my thoughts:
Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, care and grief.
Your husband he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home:
There am I left to undergird his land,
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself;
Now comes the sick hour that his succent made;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.
Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came.
York. He was!—Why, so—go all which way it will—
The nobles they are fled, the commons cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—
Sirrah,
Get thee to Flashy, to my sister Gloster;
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound:
Hold, take nothing.
Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship:
To-day, as I came by, I called there;
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.
York. What is it, know I
Serv. An hour before I came, the dame died.
York. God for her mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!
I know not what to do—I would to God,
(Not my untruth had not provoked him to it.)
The king hath cut off his head with my brother's.
What, are there posts despatch'd for Ireland?
How shall we do for money for these wars?
Come, sister,—cousin, I would say, pray, pardon me:
Go, fellow. [To the Servant:] get thee home, prosp'rous ears,
And bring away the armor that is there.
[Exit Servant.
Green. Gentleman, will you go muster men? if I know
How, or which way to order these affairs,
Thus thrust disorderly into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen:
The one's my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; the other again
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd;
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, someone must do. Come, cousin, I'll
Dispose of you—go, muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Berkley-castle.
I should to Flashy too.—
But time will not permit. All is uneven,
And every thing is left at six and seven.
[Exit York and Green.
Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power,
Proportional to the enemy,
Is all impossible.
Green. But, our nearness to the king in love,
Is near the hate of those love not the king.
Bagot. And that's the wavering commons: for their
love
Lies in their purses; and whose empties them,
By so much fills their heart with deadly hate.
Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally con-
demn'd.
Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then do we do,
Because we ever have been near the king.
Green. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol pass,
So, Green.
The earl of Wiltshire is already there.
Bushy. Thither will I with you: for little office
The hateful commons will perform for us:
Except like ears to tear us all to pieces.—
Will you go along, with sorrow to join?
Bagot. No: I'll to Ireland to his majesty.
Farewell; it heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part, that never shall meet again.
Bushy. That's as York strives to beat back Bol-
ingbroke.
Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes
Is—numbering sands, and drinking oceans dry;—
Where one of his side fights, thousands will fly.
Bushy. Farewell at once; for once, for all, and ever.
Green. Well, we may meet again.
Bagot. I fear me, never.
[Exit.

SCENE III.—The White in Gloucestershire.
Enter Bolingbroke and Northumberland with Forces.
Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?—
North. Believe me, noble lord,
Disloyalty.
And I must find that title in your tongue, 
Before I make reply to ought you say.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my

To raise one title of your honor out:
To you, my lord, I come (what lord you will)

The duke of York; to know, what tricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time,
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

Enter York, attended.

Boling. I shall not needs transport my words by
You. Here comes his grace in person.—My noble uncle!

York. Show me thy humble heart and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceived and false.

Boling. My gracious uncle!
York. Tut, tut! 
Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:
I am no traitor's uncle: and the word—grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.

Why have those banished and forbidden legs
Dared once to touch a dust of England's ground? 
But then more why,—Why have they dared to mount,
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom;
Frighting her pale-faced villages with war,
And overspreading desplised arms!

Comm't thou then, because the ancient king is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
I wish now the duke and all of such hot youth.
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,
Rescued the black prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French;
And shortly, as I should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the paley, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know thy fault;
On whom and why thou dost this, and where.

York. Even in condition of the worst degree,—
In gross rebellion, and detested treason:
Thou art a banishment, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In brave arms against thy sovereign.

Boling. As I was banished, I was banished! Here,

But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father, for, methinks, in you
I see old Gaunt alive; then, is my fault,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemni
A wandering vagabond; my rights and royalties
Fluck'd off my arms perforce, and given away
To upstart unrighteous York! Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin king be king of England,
It must be granted, I am duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my dukedom
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To cause his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.
I am denied to sue my liv'ry here, and
And yet my letters-patent give me leave:
My father's goods are all restrain'd and sold;
And these, and all, are all unwise employ'd.
What would you have done? I do, by my subject,
And challenge law: Attorneys are denied me;
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much abused.

Ross. It stands your grace upon,² to do him right.

Will. Base men by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of Enland, let me tell you this,—
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And laboured all I could to do him right; 
But in this kind to come, in brawny arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be;
And when that you do after him in this kind,
Cherish rebellion, and arre rebells ali.

² Time of the king's absence.
³ Impartial.
⁴ The persons who wrong him.
⁵ Possession of my land, &c. It is your interest.
**Act III. Scene II.**

**KING RICHARD II.**

**SCENE I.**—Bolingbroke’s Camp of Bristol.

Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBLED, PERCY, MALLOWAY, Ross; Officers behind with BUSHY and GREEN, prisoners.

**Bolingbroke.** 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 of your queen and life; For 'twere no charity: yet, to wash your blood From off my hands, here in the view of men, I will unbend some causes of your death. You have missed a prince, a royal king, A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments, By you unhappied and disfigur’d, &c.
You had, in manner, with your sinful hours, Made a divorce between your 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 the king, 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 sighings, Dispark’d my parks, and lopp’d my forest woods; From my 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, Than Bolingbroke to England.,—Lords, farewell.

**Green.** My comfort is,—that heaven will take our souls, And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

**Bolingbroke.** My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatch’d. [Exeunt Northumberland and others with Prisoners.]

**Uncle,** you say, the queen is at your house; For heaven’s sake, fairly let her be entreated; Tell her, I send to her my kind commends; Take special care my greetings be deliver’d. [York, A gentleman of mine I have despatch’d With letters of your love to her at large.]

**SCENE IV.**—A Camp in Wales.

Enter SALISBURY, and a Captain.

**Captain.** My lord of Salisbury, we have said tendays, And hardly kept our countrymen together, And yet we hear no tidings from the king: Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.

**Salisbury.** Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman; The long reposeth all his confidence In thee.

**Captain.** ’Tis thought the king is dead; we will not stay. The boy-troop in our country was either ’twixt, And mowers fright the fixed stars of heaven; The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth, And lean-look’d prophets whisper fearful change; Rich men, and yokel, and ruffian, and lordly, The one, in near to lose what they enjoy, The other, to enjoy by rage and war;— These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.— Farewell!—Bolingbroke, in our country once again, As well assured, Richard their king is dead. [Exit.]

**Salisbury.** Ah, Richard! with the eyes of heavy mind, I see thy glory, like a shooting star, Fall to the base and kingdom once again!— 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.**

**Bolingbroke.** Thanks, gentle uncle,—Come, lords away; To fight with Glendower and his complices; Awhile to work, and, after, holiday. [Exeunt.]

**SCENE II.**—The Coast of Wales. A Castle in view.

**Flourish.** Drum and Trumpets. Enter King Richard, Bishop of Carlisle, Aumerle, and Soldiers.

**K. Rich.** Barklye castle; call you this at hand? Aum. Yea, my lord; how brooks your grace the air.

After late lass in the breaking seas?

**K. Rich.** Needs must like it well; I weep for joy, To stand upon my kingdom once again. Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand, Though rebels wound thee with their horses’ hoofs, As a long parted mother with her child Plays fondly with her tears, and all in meeting, So, weeping, smiling, greet thee, my earth, And do thee favor with my royal hands, Feed not thy sovereign’s foes, my gentle earth, Nor with thy sweet comforts his ravenous sense, But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom, And heavy gaited toads, lie in their way; Do ing annoyance to their treacherous feet, Which will in human shape be true, and thee Yield singing nettles to mine enemies; And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower, Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder; Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch Throw death upon thy sovereign’s enemies,— Moke not my senseless conjunction, lords; This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones Grove armed soldiers, she her native king, Shall fall under foul rebellious arms.

**Cor.** Fear not, my lord; that Power, that made you king,

Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all. The means that heaven yields must be embraced, And not neglected; else, if heaven would, And we will not, heaven’s offer we refuse; The prophetic means of decor and address, Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss. Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security, Grows strong and great, in substance, and in friends. **K. Rich.** Discomfortable cousin! know’st thou not, That when the searching eye of heaven is hid Behind the globe, and lights the lower world, Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen, In murders, and in outrage, bloody here; But when, from under this terrestrial ball, He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines, And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detected sins,
The cloak of night being plucked from off their backs.
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves! So when this thicke, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—
To stable while hath revelled in the night,
Whilst we were wandering with the apostles,—
Shall see us rising in our throne the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Noble to endure the sight of such,
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an appointed king:
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord:
For every man that Bolingbroke hath pres'd,
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God hath his Richard and in him destroy'd
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight
Weak men must fall; for heaven still guards the right.

Enter Salisbury.
Welcome, my lord; how far off lies your power? Set. Nor near, nor farther off, my gracious lord, Than this weak arm: Discomfort grinds my tongue, And bids me speak of nothing but despair. One day too late, I fear, my noble lord; That clouded all the happy days on earth: O, call back yest' day's time, but time return, And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men! To-day, to-day, unhappy day too late, One showing thy friends, thy friends, and thy state; For all the Welshmen, hearing, thouwert dead, Are gone to Bolingbroke, desp'red, and fled.

Am. Comfort, my liege: why looks your grace so pale?
K. Rich. But now the blood of twenty thousand
Did throb in my face, and they are fled; And till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dead? All souls that will be safe fly from my side; For death set a shot upon my pride.

Am. Comfort, my liege; retain that who you are.
K. Rich. I had forgot myself: am I not king? A wake, thou shaggard majesty! thou sleepest, Is not the king's name forty thousand names? Arm, arm, my name, a puny subject strikes At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground, Ye favorites of a king: Are we not high! High be our thoughts; I know my uncle York Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who comes here!

Enter Scoop.

Scoop. More health and happiness betide my lord Than can my care-tuned tongue deliver him.
K. Rich. Mine ear is open and my heart prepared; The worst is worldly loss, thou canst unfeild, Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care; And what loss is, it to be rid of care? Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we! Greater he shall not be; if he serve God, We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so: Revolt our subjects! that we cannot mend; They break their faith to God, as well as us: Cry, woe, woe, our arms, and we shall suffer. The worst is—death, and death will have his day.

Scoop. Glad am I, that your highness is so arm'd To bear the tidings of calamity. Like an unseasonable stormy day, Which makes the river rivers drown their shores, As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears; So high above his limits swells the rage Of Bolingbroke, covering you the antipodes With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel, White beards have arm'd their thin and hardless; Agist thy majesty; boys, with women's voices, Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown: These dice shall be resumed to bend their bows Of double-fatal yew against thy state: Yea, distasteful women range rusty bills Against thy seat; both young and old rebel, And all goes worse than I have p'wer to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so ill. Where is the clip of Wiltshire! Where is Bagot? What is become of Bushy! where is Green? That they have let the dangerous enemy Measure our confines with such peaceful steps! If we return, our bells shall ring the hawk, I warrant, they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scoop. Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.
K. Rich. O villains, vipers, dam'd without re- demolition! Dozes, easily won to fawn on any man! Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sing my hearse.

Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas! Would they make peace! terrible hell make war Upon the wretches thus set free for this offense! Scoop. Sweet love, I see, change is thy property, Turns to the sourst and most deadly hate:— Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made With heads, and not with hands: those whom you curse.

Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound, And he full low, gray in the hollow ground. Am. Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire dead?
Scoop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads. Am. Who is the duke my father with his power?
K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of words expir'd,
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 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 heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground, And tell sad stories of the death of kings:— How soon hath he become a god, sometime in war? Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd; 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, Scouting his state, and grinning at his pomp; Allowing him a breath, a little pause To mouthe; he in the sheets, and king with looks: Intoxic him with self and vain conceit,— As if this flesh, which walks about our life, Were brass impenetrable; and horrid thus, Comes a small voice, and speaks with a little pen: Bore's through his castle wall, and—farewell king! Cover your heads, and mock not death and blood With solemn reverence; throw away respect, Tradition, form, and ceremonial duty. For you have but mistaken 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?

Cur. My lord, wise men ne'er wait their present
wors, But presently prevent the ways to wait. To fear the face, since fear opposes all strength, Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe, And so your follies fight against yourself.

Fear, and be slain; no worse can come to fight:— And fight when die, is death destroying death: Where fearing dying, pays death servile breath.

Am. My father had a power, enquire of him; And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Cloisterst me well:—Proud Bolingbroke, I come To change blows with thee for our day of doom. This age-fit of fear is overblown; An easy task it is to turn our own. Say, Scoop, where lies our uncle with his power? Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

Scoop. Men judge by the complexity of the sky. The state and inclinations of the times, So may you by my dull and heavy eye, My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say. I play the torture, by small and small,
SCENE III.—KING RICHARD II.

To strengthen out the worst that must be spoken:—
Your uncle York hath joined with Bolingbroke;
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlesmen in arms
Upon his party.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.—
Despair thee, cousin, which did lead thee forth
To Aumerle.

To that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now! what comfort have we now!
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly,
To think he be preferred for any man.
Go to, to Flint castle; there I'll ease away;
A king, a woe's slave, shall kindly woe obey.
That I have, discharge; and let me go
To earn the land that has some hope to grow,
For I have none.—Let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum. 3. Truce, one word.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers, let them hence—Away,
From Richard's night, to Bolingbroke's fair day.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Wales. Before Flint Castle.

Enter, with Drums and Colors, Bolingbroke and Forces, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, and others.

Bolingbroke. So that by this intelligence we learn,
The Welshmen are dispers'd; and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,
A king not fit a king, or by his help.

North. The news is very fair and good, my lord;
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.
York. It would become the lord Northumberland,
To say—King Richard—Alack the heavy day
When such a sacred king should hide his head!
North. Your grace mistakes me; only to be brief,
Let's take the title up.
York. The time hath been,
You would have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking too the sar, your whole head's length.

Bolingbroke. This grace not, uncle; further than you should.
York. Take not, good cousin, further than you should.

Lest you must take:—The heavens are o'er your head.
Bolingbroke. I know it, uncle; and oppose not
Myself against their will.—But who comes here?

Enter PERCY.

Percy. Well, Harry; what, will not this castle yield?

Bolingbroke. The castle royal is man'd, by lord
Against the entrance.

Percy. Royally!—Why, it contains no king?

Bolingbroke. Yes, my good lord,
Percy. What shall I do to find a king?—Richard lies
Within the limits of you line and stone;
And with him are the lord Aumerle, lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a citizen
Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.

North. Belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle.

Bolingbroke. Noble lord.

To Northumberland.

Go to the rude rifts of that ancient castle;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of war
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:
Harry Bolingbroke
On both his knees doth kiss king Richard's hand;
And with due submission, and true faith of heart,
To his most royal person: hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power;
Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,
And lands restored again, he freely granted:
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,
Rein'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen.
The which how far all on the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of this king Richard's land,
My choice robberly shall show.
Go, signify as much; while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.

[Exeunt Bolingbroke and Percys to the Castle with a Trumpet.

K. Rich. That from the castle's tower'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well assured;
Methinks, Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thundering shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.

That shall be the signal; to the castle I'll go,
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark king Richard how he looks.

A Porter sounded, and answered by another Trumpet within, asking for King Richard, the Bishop of Carlisle, Aumerle, Scroop, and Salisbury.

York. See, see, Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing droop'd contentment
From out the fiery portal of the east;
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the track
Of his bright passage, with this heavy shower.
Yet looks he like a king; behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth,
Controlling majesty: Alack, alas, for woe!

K. Rich. We are amaz'd; and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearful bending of the knee.

Northumberland. To Northumberland.

Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
Yet, Sir Percy, we must not forget
That hast dismiss'd us from our stewardship:
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can grieve the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless be thou the guard, Sir Percy, stand.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends—
Yet know my good master, we do not
Is mustring in his clouds, on our behalf,
Armies of repose: and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot.
That lift by your casual hand as against their head,
And threaten the glory of my precious crew.
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 corpses of your sons
Shall ill become the beacon of England's face;
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bellow
Her pasture's grass with faithful English blood.

North. The king of heaven forbid, our lord the king
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon; Thy thrice-noble cousin,
Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand;
And by the honorable touch he swears,
That stands upon thy royal grandaunt's bones;
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Current so spring from one most gracious head;
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt;
And by the worth and honor of himself,
Comprising all that may be of yourself,
His coming hither hath no further scope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Endemnishment immediate on his knees; —
Which on thy majesty's gracious pleasure,
His glistening arms he will command to rust,
His harkened steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty,
To save, and save upon this princely fast;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say, — thus the king returns:
His noble renown 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 the gentle king thy kind commands—
We do enbase ourself, cousin, do we not,
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair! [To Aum.]
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so desist?

Aum. No, my lord; let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful
words,
K. Rich. O God! O God! that e'er this tongue of
mine,
That bares the sentence of dread banishment.
On you proud man should take it off again
With words of sooth! O, that I were as great
As in my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget that I have
Or not remember what I must now be!
Swell'st thou, proud heart! I'll give thee scope to
beat,
Since thou hast scope to beat both thee and me.
Anna. Northumberland comes back from Boling-
 broke.
K. Rich. What must the king do now? Must
I submit!
The king shall do it. Must he be depo'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 heads;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;
My say apparel, for an alms-man's gown;
My tigr'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 high-way,
Some way of common trade where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head:
For I see only 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 despaired tears;
Our anguish, and they, shall ledge the sun's com,
And make a earth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears;
As thou wouldst to drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and therein laid.—There lies
Two kinmen, digg'd their graves with weeping
eyes:
Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.
Mind thee, mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
What says king Bolingbroke! will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die!
You make a jest, and Bolingbroke says—my
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
Phoebus,
Wanting the manage of unruly yades.
[Exeunt.]
K. Rich. What says his majesty?
N. 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. — [Kneeling.
K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely
knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
My father had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye see your counten.
Up, cousin, up: your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least. [Touching his own head] al-
obtain your knee be low.
Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.
K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and
Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.
K. Rich. Well you deserve:—They well deserve
to have,
Softness. A bow. Low.

Enter the Queen, and two Ladies.
Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this
garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?
1 Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.
Queen. 'Tis well; I'll make thee think
The world is full of rubs, and that my fortune
Rises against the bias.
1 Lady. Madam, we will dance.
Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief;
Therefore, no dancing; girl; some other sport.
1 Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.
Queen. Of sorrow, or of joy?
1 Lady. Of either, madam.
Queen. Of neither; girl,
For it of joy, being altogether was whilst I live;
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:
For what I have I need not to repine and wish;
And what I want, it beats not to complain.
1 Lady. Madam, I'll sing.
Queen. 'Tis well that thou hast cause;
But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst thou
weep.
1 Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do you
good?
Queen. And I could weep, would weeping do me
good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.
But stay, there come the gardeners.
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.—
Enter a Gardener, and two Servants.
My wretchedness unto a row of pins.
They'll talk of state; for every one doth so
Against a change: Woe is forrun with woe.
[Queen and Ladies retire.
Gard. Go, bind thon up thee dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:
Give some importance to the bending twigs—
god to, and like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth;
All must be even in the government,
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The nonsome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.
1 Ser. Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate?
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots ' disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars.
Gard. Hold thy peace:—
He that hath suffered this disorder'd spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds, that his broad-spreadings leaves did
shelter,
That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;
I mean the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.
1 Ser. What, are they dead?
Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king,—Oh, what pity is it
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,
As we this garden! We at time of year,
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees;
Lost, being over-pround, with sap and blood;
With too much riches it confound itself:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.
1 SEE. What, think you then, the king shall be
depus'd?
Gard. Depus'd he is already; and depus'd,
'Tis doubt he will be: Letters came last night
To a dear friend of the duke of York's
That tell black tidings.
O, I am press'd to death,
Through want of speaking!—Then, old Adam's
honesty,
[Cooming from her concealment.]
Set to for the garden, how dares
Thy handi-crafts round this unlensing news?
What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why dost thou say, king Richard is depus'd?
Dar'st thou, so thin better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall? Say where, when, and how,
Can'st thou by these ill tidings? Speak, thou
Gard. Pardon me, madam; little joy have I,
To breathe this news; yet, what I say, is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides his name and 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 man doth know.
Queen. Double mischance, thou art so light of
foot,
Dost not thy embassy 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 this news of woe,
I would, the plants thou graft'st must never grow.
Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might be no
worse,
I would, my skill were subject to thy curse.—
Here, did I lose a tear; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of rage,
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 behind. Enter Buckingham, Aumerle, Surrey, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, another Lord, Bishop of Carlisle, Abbot of Westminster, and Attendants. Officers behind, with Banners.

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 perfom'd
The bloody title of his timeless end.
Begot. Then set before my face the lord Aumerle.
Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that
man.
Begot. My lord Aumerle, I know thy daring
tongue
Seems to impress what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dark time when Gloucester's death was plotted,
I heard you say,—Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restful English court
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?
Aumerle. Many a time, my lord, there was no
other talk, than that time, I heard you say that you had rather
Release the offer of a hundred thousand crowns,
That Bolingbroke's return to England;
Adding withal, how best this land would be,
In this your cousin's death.
Aum. Princes and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man!
Shall I so much dishonor my fair stars,
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honor sole'd
Within this house, my country, that behoves,
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's-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 be the best
In all this presence that hath mov'd me so.
Fitz. If thy valor stand on sympathies,
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:
By that fair sun that shows me where thou standst,
I heard thee say, and vamiing thou spakest it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloucester's death.
If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest;
And it is true thou liest, frown to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.
Aum. Thou darst not, coward, live to see that
day.

Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this
hour.
Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.
Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honor is as true,
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust;
And, that thou dost so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing; seize it, if thou dar'st.
Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never more brag on my base worthless
P oce over the glittering helmet of my foe!
Lord. I take the earth to the like, foul-smorn Au-
merle,
And spurn all with full as many lies
As may be holla'd thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun; there is my honor's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.
Aum. Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw
at all:
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand as such as you.
Surrey. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.
Fitz. My lord, 'tis true; you were in presence
there;
And you can witness with me, this is true.
Surrey. As false, as heaven, as heaven itself is
gang.
Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.
Surrey. Dishonorable boy!
That lie shall lie as heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, be
In earth as quiet as thy father's skull.
In proof whereof, there is my honor's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.
Fitz. How could I trust thou couldst be a forward horse
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies,
And lies, and lies; there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.—
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal;
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say,
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Caenis.
Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a
gage
That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd to try his honor.
Boling. These difference shall all rest under
gage,
Till Norfolk he repeal'd; repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, reeyer'd again
To all his land and seignories; when he's return'd,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.  

Car. That honorable day shall ne'er be seen,— 
Many a time has Bolingbroke, and Norfolk sought
For Jesus Christ; in glorious Christian field
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,
Against black Pagans, Turks, and Saracens;  
And self with war, and need himself
To Italy; and there at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Undoubtedly; for he was of the true Church.

Boling. Why, bishop, is Norrikk dead?  

Car. As sure as I live, my lord.
Boling. Sweet spices conduct his sweet soul to the bosom.

To off old Abraham—Lords, apppellants,
Your difference shall rest under gage,
Till we assign you to your days of trial.  

Enter York, attended.  

York. Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pleck'd Richard; who with willing

takes thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand:  
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—  
And fill the chair of Henry, of that many-child
Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

Car. My lord, God forbid!— 

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best becomme me to speak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were not so noble to be the uprightness
Of noble Richard; then true nobles would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here, that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them;
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
In such high place, and in such presence,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and minimar breath,
And he himself not present? O, forbid it, God,
That, in a Christian climate, souls rotten
Should show so hencious, black, obscene a deed!
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stir'd up by heaven thus boldly for his king,
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
And if you crown him, let me prophesy,—  
The son of Bolingbroke shall make good ground,
And future ages green for this foul act:
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and Infidels,
And, in this sense of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall rack his land, and kind along confound;
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Gogdeth, and dead men's skulls:
O, if thou rear this house against this house,
It will the woodiest division prove,
That ever fell upon this cursed earth:

Prevent, resit, let it not be so,
Last child child's children, cry, against you—woe!

North. Well have you argued, sir; and, for your pains,
Of equal treason we arrest you here:
My lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial—
Mayn't you, lords, to grant the commons' suit.

Boling. Feith in Richard, that in common view
He may surrender; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

York. Boling. Lords, you that are here under our arrest,
Procurc your securities for your days of answer—
Little are we beholden to your love, [To Carlisle.
And little look'd for at your helping bands.

Re-enter York, with King Richard, and Officers

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent to for a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Whereunto I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee—
Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me

To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favors of these men: Were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, all hail! to me!—
So Judas to Christ, but his heart was false.


Found truth in all but one: 1, in twelve thousand,

None.  
God save the king!—Will no man say, amen?
And I but went with clerk and clerk? well then, amen.

God save the king! although I be not he;
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me—
To do me service am I sent for him?
York. To do that office of thine own good will,
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown;—Here, cousin,
Seize the crown;
Here, on this side, my hand; on that side, thine.
Now is the golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets filling one another;
The emptier ever running 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 high
Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign
K. Rich. My crown, I say, but still my griefs are mine;

You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my grief; still am I king of these.

Boling. Parted your cares you give me with your crown.

My cares was 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 lead me so?
K. Rich. Ay, no,—no, ay;—I must nothing be—
Therefore no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark how I will undo myself—
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingship away from off my head;
With mine own tears I wash away my bism,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue do I my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all thatious oaths:
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manners, rents, revenues, I foreseize;
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny;
God damn all oaths that are broken now!
God keep all vows unbroke, are made to thee!
Maketh, that nothing have, with nothing giveth;
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd!
Long may you live, your Richard, says I am so su,
And soon lie Richard in an earthly pit!—
God save king Henry, unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of shining days!

What may remain?

North. No more, but that you read

[Offering a Paper.  

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 wean'd up fellies? Gentie Northumbland,
If thy offenseres were upon record,
Would not shame thee to stand in so fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,
There shou'dst thou find one heinous article,
Containing the deposing of a king,
And cranking 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 I unfringe that which I cannot myself—
Though some of you, with Pribate, wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pribates
Have here delivery'd me to my sore care,
And wash away your sin.

North. My lord, despatch: read over these articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:

*Counterfeites. 6 Owns. 0il of consecration.
Act V. Scene I.  

KING RICHARD II.  

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 heart and soul's consent,  
To undock the pompous body of a king;  
To make glory base; and sovereignty, a slave;  
Proud majesty, a subject, state, a peasant.  

North.  No lord of thine, thou haught, insult-  

ing man,  
Nor mine is thine: 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 mine to call myself!  
O, that I were a mockery king of snow,  
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,  
To melt myself away in water-drops!—  
Good king, great king,—(and yet not greatly good,)  
An if my word be sterling yet in England  
Let it command a mirror brighter still;  
That it may show me what a face I have,  
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.  
Boling.  Go, some of you, and fetch a looking-  

glass.  
North.  Read over this paper, while the glass doth  

come.  

K. Rich.  Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come to  

hell.  
Boling.  Use it no more, my lord Northumber-  

land.  
North.  The commons will not then be satisfied.  
K. Rich.  They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough,  
When I do see the very book indeed,  
Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself.—  
Recorder 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?—0, flattering glass,  
Like to my followers in prosperity,  
Thou dost beguile me!—Was this the face the  
 
That every day under his household roof  
Did keep ten thousand men! Was this the face,  
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink!  
Was this the face, that faced so many follies,  
And was at last out-faced by Bolingbroke!  
A brittle glory shineth in this face;  
As brittle as the glory is the face;  
[Draws the glass against the ground.  
For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.—  

---

Mark, silent king, the moral of this part,—  
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.  
Boling.  The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd  

The shadow of your face.  
K. Rich.  Say that again.  
The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see—  
'Tis very true, my grace has all within;  
And these external manners of lament  
Are many shadowy darts of mine own soul.  
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;  
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,  
For thy great laments, that not only giv'st  
Me cause to weep, but teachest me the way  
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,  
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.  
Shall I obtain it?  
Boling.  Name it, fair cousin.  
K. Rich.  Fair cousin! Why, I am greater than  

a king!  
For, when I was a king, my flatterers  
Were then but subjects: being now a subject,  
I have a king here to my flatterer.  
Being so great, I have no need to beg.  
Boling.  Yet ask.  
K. Rich.  And shall I have!  
Boling.  You shall.  
K. Rich.  Then give me leave to go.  
Boling.  Whither?  
K. Rich.  Whither you will, so I were from your  
sights.  
Boling.  Go, some of you, convey him to the  
Tower.  
K. Rich.  O, good! Convey!—Conveyers are  

you all,  
That rise thus timidly by a true king's fall.  
[Exeunt K. Richard, some Lords, and a Guard.  
Boling.  On Wednesday next, we solemnly set  
down  
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.  
[Exeunt all but the Abbott, Bishop of  
Carlisle, and Aumale.  
Abbott.  A woeeful passant have we here beheld.  
Cur.  The woe's to come, the children yet unborn  
Shall feel this day as sharply as those thorns.  
Aum.  You holy clergymen, is there no plot  
To rid the realm of this pernicious boll!  
Abbott.  Before I freely speak my mind herein,  
You shall not only take the sacrament  
To bury mine intents, but to effect  
Whatever I shall happen to devise:—  
I see your brows are full of discontent,  
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears.  
Come home with me to supper; I will lay  
A plot, shall show us all a merry day.  
[Exeunt.  

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ACT V.  

SCENE I.—London.  A Street leading to the Tower.  

Enter QUEEN, and Ladies.  

Queen.  This way the king will come; this is the  
way  
To Julius Cæsar's ill-crested tower,  
To whose fathom bosom my condemned lord  
Is doom'd a prisoner, by proud Bolingbroke:  
But I must rest in this rebellious earth,  
Have any resting for her true king's queen.  

EntrK RICHARD, and Guards.  

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,  
My fair rose wither; Yet look up; behold;  
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,  
And wash him fresh again with your love-tears.  
Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand;  
Thou map of honor; thou king Richard's tomb,  
And not king Richard; thou most beauteous inn,  
Why should hard-hearted 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,  
To think our former state a happy dream;  
From which awakened, the truth of what we are  

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*Pack.  
*Tower of London.
OF woeful ages, long ago betid:
And, ere thou big good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.
For why, the senseless bands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And, in compassion, weep the flight out;
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter Northumberland, attended.

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is changed;
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.—
And, madam, there is order taken for you.
When swift speed you must away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder whereby
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne.
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere toil, sin gathering head,
Shall break into corruption: thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all;
And he shall think, that thou, whom know'st the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urged, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That bear, that hate, and hate turns one to one,
To worthy danger, and desired death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave, and part; for you must part forthwith.
K. Rich. Doubly divorced!—Bad men, ye violate
A two-fold marriage: 'twixt my crown and me;
And then, betwixt me and my married wife—
Let me make the oath 'tis thou and me;
And yet not, for with a kiss I was made—
Part is Northumberland; 1 towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the chime;
My wishes go to France; from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorning hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hollowmuses, or short'st of day.
Queen. Banish us both, and send the king with me.
North. That were some love, but little policy.
Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.
K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woes.
Weep then for me in France, for I thee have;
Better for her, than—near, be ne'er to be near.
Go, count thy way with sighs; I, mine with groans.
Queen. So longest way shall have the longest meal.
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 vanishing sorrow, let me groan,
Since, weeding it, there is much length in grief.
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus give I mine, and thus I take thy heart.
Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part.
To take on me to keep and kill thy heart.

Kiss again.

So, now I have mine own again, begone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more adieu; the rest let sorrow say. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same. A Room in the Duke of York's Palace.

Enter York, and his Daughters.

York. My lord, you told me, you would tell the rest.
When weeping made you break the story off,
Of your two sons coming into London.
York. Where did lie love?

Duchess. At that sad spot, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from windows' joys,
Threw dust and rubbish on king Richard's head.

York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,—
With slow, but stately pace, keep on his course,
While all tongues cried—God save thee, Bolingbroke.
You would have thought the very windows shake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the world
With painted imagery, had said at once,—
Jesus preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilst he, from one eye to the other turning,
Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespeak them thus,—I thank you, countrymen:
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Duchess. Alas, poor Richard! where rides he the while!

York. As, in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on 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 burning with tears and smiles,
His badge did hang, his hand with patience
That, had not God, for some strong purpose, steed'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him,
But heaven hath a hand in these events;
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honor I for eyre allow.

Enter Aumerle.

Duchess. Here comes my son Aumerle.
York. Aumerle was that;
But that is lost for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now:
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
And hastening slily to the new-made king.

Duchess. Welcome, my son: Who are the violets
That streeth the green lap of the new-comer spring?
Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not: God knows, I had as her be none, as one.
York. Well; bear you well in this new spring of fools.
Let us be copped 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 purpose so.
York. What seat is that, that hangs without thy house?
Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.
Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.
York. No matter then who sees it:
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me; It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.
York. Which for some reason, sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear,—

Duchess. What should you fear?

York. The nothing but some hand that is enter'd into
For gay apparel; against the triumph day.
York. Bound to himself! what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—

Boy, let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not show it.
York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.

[Snatches it, and tears.

Treason! foul treason! villain! traitor! slay!

Duchess. Why is the matter, my lord, so brief?
York. Who is he within there? [Enter a Saddle
derve, serve. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse.

God for his mercy! what treachery is here!

Duchess. Why is what thy lord?
York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse.

Tilts and tourneys.
Now by mine honor, by my life, my troth,  
I will appease the villain.  [Exit Servant.  

Duch.  What's the matter?  

York.  Peace, foolish woman.  I will peace:—What is the matter, son?  

Aum.  Good mother, be content; it is no more  
Than my poor life must answer.  

Duch.  Thy life answer!  

Re-enter Servant, with Boots.  

York.  Bring me my boots, I say.  

Duch.  Why, York, what wilt thou do?  

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?  
Have we more sons? or are we like to have?  
Is not my teaching 1 date drunk up with time?  
And will thou place my fair son from mine age,  
And rob me of a happy mother's name?  
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?  
York.  Thou fond mad woman,  
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?  
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,  
And interchangeably set down their hands,  
To kill the king at Oxford.  

He shall be none;  
We'll keep him here: That is what both to him.  
York.  Away.  

Fond woman! were he twenty times my son,  
I would approach him.  Hadst thou groan'd for him,  
As I have done, thou'dest be more pitiful.  
But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect,  
That they have been disloyal to thy dear bed.  
And that he is a bastard, not thy son?  
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:  
He is as like thee as a man may be.  

Not like to me, or any of my kin,  
And yet I love him.  

York.  Make way, unruly woman.  

[Exit.  

Duch.  After.  Amurcile; mount thee upon his horse;  
Spur, post: and get before him to the king.  
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.  
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,  
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York;  
And never will I rise up from the ground,  
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee: Away!  

Begone.  

[Execut.  

SCENE III.—Windsor.  A Room in the Castle.  

Enter Bolingbroke, as King; Percy, and other Lords.  

Boling.  Can no man tell of my unliterity son?  
'Tis full three months since I did see him last.—  
If any plague hang o'er us, 'tis he.  
I would to God, my lords, he might be found;  
Inquire at London, amongst the taverns there.  
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,  
With untrained loose companions:  
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,  
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;  
While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,  
Takes on the point of honor, to support  
So dissolve a crew.  

Percy.  My lord, some two days since I saw the prince;  
And told him of these triumph held at Oxford.  

Boling.  And what said the gallant?  

Percy.  His answer was, he would unto the steeds;  
And from the common'ost creature pluck a glove,  
And wear it as a favor; and with that  
He would unhorse the behestful challenger.  

Boling.  As dissolve, as desperate! yet through both  
I see some sparkles of a better hope,  
Which elder days may happily bring forth.  
But who comes here?  

Enter AMURCILE hastily.  

Aum.  Where is the king?  

Boling.  What means our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly?  

Breeding.  

Aum.  God save your grace. I do beseech your majesty.  
To have some conference with your grace alone.  

Boling.  Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here  
[Execut PERCY and Lords.  

What is the matter with our cousin now?  

Aum.  For ever may my knees grow to the earth,  

My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,  

Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.  

Boling.  Intended, or committed, was this fault?  
It but the first, how hennous e'er it be,  
To win thy favor:—but a pardon thee.  

Aum.  Then give me leave that I may turn the key.  
That no man enter till my tale be done.  

Boling.  Have thy desires.  

[AMURCILE locks the door.  

York. [Within.] My liege, beware; look to thyself!  

Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.  

Boling.  Villain, I'll make thee say.  [Drawing.  

Aum.  Stay thy revengeful hand;  
Thou hast no cause to fear.  

York. [Within.] Open the door, secure, fool-hardy king:  
Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?  

Open the door, or I will break it open.  

[Open BOLINGBROKE opens the door.  

Enter York.  

Boling.  What is the matter, uncle? I 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 promise past;  
I do repeat; read not my name there,  
My heart is not confederate with my hand.  
York. [Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.  
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king:  
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence:  
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove  
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.  

Boling.  Ominous, strong, and bold conspiracy!  
O loyal father of a treacherous son!  
Thou seest, immuculate, and silver fountain,  
From whence this stream through muddy passages,  
Hath held his current, and defiled itself!  
Thy overflow of good converts to bad;  
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse  
This deadly plot in the disgressing York.  

York.  So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd'  
And he shall spend mine honor with his shame,  
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.  
Mine honor lives when his dishonest dies,  
Or my shamed life in his dishonest lies;  
Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,  
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.  

Duch.  [Within.] What ho, my liege! for God's sake let me in.  

Boling.  What shrill-voiced suppliant makes this eager cry!  

Duch.  A woman, and thine aunt, great king; 'tis I.  
Speak with me, pity me, open the door;  
A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.  

Boling.  Our scene is alter'd,—from a serious thing  
And now changed to The Beggar and the King.  

My dangerous cousin, let your mother in.  
I know she's come to pray for your foul sin.  
York.  If thou do pardon, thosoever pray,  
More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.  
This foster'd joint cut off, the rest ruins sound,  
This, let alone, will all the rest confound.  

Enter Duchess.  

Duch.  O king, believe not this half-hard-hearted man;  
Love, loving not itself, none other can.  
York.  Thon frantic woman, what dost thou make here?  

Shall thy old dogs once more a traitor rear?  

Duch.  Sweet York, be patient: Hear me, gentle liege.  

[Kneel.  

Transparent.  

* An old ballad.
Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech:
For ever will I kneel upon my knees,
And three days with thee I will remain,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Alas! Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my knees. [Kneels.

York. Against them both, my true joints heeds he.

ill may thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

Duch. Plead's he in earnest I look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our knees.

He prays but faintly, and would be denied;
We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside.
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow;
His prayers are full of false hypercyre;
Goes of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have
The true prayers ought to have. [Exeunt,

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. Nay, do not say—stand up;
But, pardon, first, and afterwards, stand up. And if it were thy name, 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 sweetly now:
The thing is such a short, but not so short as sweet;
No word like, pardon, for kings' mouths so meet.
York. Speak it in French, king; say, pardonnez

Boling. Dost thou teach pardon to destroy me?
Ah, my poor husband, my hard- hearted lord.
That set's the word itself against the word!—
Speak, pardon, as his current in our land;
The chopping French we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there: Or, in thy pious heart plant thy thine ear;
That, hear my prayers, and the prayers do pierce;
Pity may move thee, pardon to recompense.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. I do not sue to stand;
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.
Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.
Duch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee! You tell me, for heaven speak it again;
Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon twain;
But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. With all my heart, I pardon him.

Duch. A God on earth thou art.

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law,—and the abbot,
With all the rest of that consorted crew—

 Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.—

Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are;
Then make them know that thine ear is ever;
But I will have them, if I once knew where.
Uneh, farewell,—and cousin, too, adieu;
Your mother well hath pray'd, and I do pray,

Duch. Come, my old son,—I pray God make thee new. [Exeunt new.

SCENE IV. Enter Exton and a Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king what words he spake?

Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?

What is not so?
Serv. Those were his very words.

Exton. Have I no friend? quoth he: he spake it twice;
And order it twice together; did he not?
Serv. He did.
Exton. And speaking it, he wistfully look'd on me;
And withal said, would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning, the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go;
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foes. [Exeunt,

SCENE V.—Pomfret. The Castle.

Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may compare
This prison, where I live, unto the world:

And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it;—Yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain is ever new, like an endless sea;
My soul, the ather: and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world;
In him, as in the people of the world;
For no thought is contented. The better sort,
As thoughts of things divine—are intermix'd
With scruples, and do set the world itself
Against the world:
As thus,—Come, little orch; and then again,—
It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the pass of a nereid's eye.

Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails
May bear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hot world, my ragged prison walls;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.

Thoughts tending to content, chatter themselves,—
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall be the last: like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuse their shame,
That many have, and others must sit there:
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back.

Is of such as have before endured the like.
Thus play I, in one person, many people,
And none contented: Sometimes am I king,
Then treader in my wishful majesty beggar; And so I am: Then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king; And both are true:—Then am I king, and, by one back,
Think that I am unkind'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing:—but what I am,
Nor I, any man, but that man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd till he be sad
With being nothing.—Muse do I hear! [Music.
Ha! ha! keep time;—How sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it if the music of the happy soul
And here have I the daintiness of ear,
To check time broke in a disorder'd string;
But, for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.
For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock.
My thoughts are not as mine, have their wills,
And, with suchs, they jar
Their watches on to mischievous, the outward watch
Where'er my finger, like a div's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now, sir, those words that tell where these are
Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell: So sighs, and tears, and groans,
Show minutes, times, and hours—but my time
Haps passion'd in Bolingbroke's joy and joy.
While I stand footing here, his Jack o'th' clock,¹
This music mads me, let it sound no more;
For though it have hop maximin to their wits,
In me, it must be made void.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 's a sign of love: and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince! K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer; 
The cheapest of us is ten greats too dear.

What art thou! and how comest thou hither,
Where no man never comes, but that doth
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,
With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometime master's face.
O, how it yeard my heart, when I beheld,
The London streets, that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!
That horse, that thou so often lastastrid,
That horse, that so carefully had I'sed! K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly as he did shash'd the ground. K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back! ²

¹Little gate.
²Strike for him, like the figure of a man on a bell.
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;  
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.  
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down,  
(Since pride must have a fall,) and break the neck  
Of that 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 tired, by jaunting Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper with a Dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.  
[Exit.]

Keep. My lord, will't please you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.  
Keep. My lord, I dare not; sir Pierce of Exton,  
who lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee!  
Patience is stade, and I am weary of it.

Keep. Help, help, help!  
(Beat the Keeper.)

Enter Exton, and Servants armed.

K. Rich. How now! what means death in this rude assault!  
Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.  
[Snatching a weapon, and killing one.]

Go thou, and nil another room in hell.  
[He kills another, then Exton strikes him down.

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,  
That slanders thus my person—Exton, thy fierce hand.  
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.  
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;  
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward here to die.

[Dies.]

Exton. As full of valor, as of royal blood.  
Both have I spilt; O, would the deed were good!  
For now the devil, that told me—I did well,  
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.  
This deed king to the living king I'll bear—  
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.  
[Execut.]

SCENE VI.—Windsor. A Room in the Castle.

Flourish. Enter Bolingbroke, and York, with Lords, and Attendants.

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear,  
Is—that the rebels have consumed with fire  
Our town of Cicester in Glostershire;  
But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not.

Enter Northumberlant.

Welcome, my lord: What is the news?  
North. First, to thy sacred seat wish I all happiness,

The next news is,—I have to London sent  
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent:  
The manner of their taking: I appear  
At large discoursed 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 Lon- 
don  
The heads of Brecas, and Sir Bonnet 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 wit.

Enter Percy, with the Bishop of Carlisle.

Percy. The grand conspirator, abbot of West- 

With clog of conscience, and sour melancholy,  
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;  
But here is Carlisle living to abuse  
Thy Kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.  
Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom:—  
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,  
More than thou hast, and with it 'joy thy life;  
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die I see from strick:  
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,  
High Sparks of honor in thee have I seen.

Enter Exton, with Attendants bearing a Coffin.

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present  
Thy buried fear; hereon all breathless lies  
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,  
Richard of Bourdeaux, by me bethere brought.  
Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought  
A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,  
Upon my head, and all this famous land.  
Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

Boling. They love not poison that do poison need,  
Nor do I thee; though I did wish him dead,  
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.  
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labor,  
But neither my good word, nor princely favor  
With Cain go wander through the shade of night,  
And never show thy head by day nor light.——  
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,  
That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow:  
Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,  
And put on sullen black incontinence:  
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,  
To wash this blood off my guilty hand:—  
March sadly after; grace my mournings here,  
In weeping after this unmitely hier.  
[Execut.]

Immediately
FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY IV.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.
HENRY, Prince of Wales,
PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER,
EARL OF WESTMORELAND,
SIR WALTER BLUNT,
THOMAS PERCY, Earl of Worcester,
HENRY PERCY, Earl of Northumberland,
HENRY PERCY, SACRED TO CHRIST, his Son,
EDWARD MORTIMER, Earl of March.
SCHROOP, Archbishop of York.
ARCHIBALD, Earl of Douglas.
OWEN GLENDOWER.
SIR RICHARD VERNON.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
POINS.
GADSHILL.
PETO. BARDOHL.
LADY PERCY, Wife to Hotspur, and Sister to Mortimer.
LADY MORTIMER, Daughter to Glendower, and Wife to Mortimer.
MRS. QUICKLY, Hostess of a Tavern in Eastcheap.
Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, Two Carriers, Travellers and Attendants.

SCENE, England.

ACT I.


Enter KING HENRY, WESTMORELAND, SIR WALTER BLUNT, and others.

K. Hen. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we no time for frivolted peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenced in strands 
No more the thirsty Erinyna
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
Which,—like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,—
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way; and be no more opposed
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
(Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impressed and engaged to fight;
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy;
Whose arms were moulded in their mother's womb,
To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
For our advantage, on the latter cross.
But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you—we will go;
Therefore we meet not now—Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree
In forwarding this dear expedience. 
West. My hearc, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set down

But yesternight: when, all athwart, there came
A post from Wales, loaded with heavy news;
Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
And a thousand of his people butchered.
Upon whose head, yonder was such misuse,
Such breach, shameful transformation,
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, did, my gracious lord,
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thus it did import
On Holy-road day: 
the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
That ever valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention, did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.
K. Hen. Here is a dear and true industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The earl of Douglas is discomfited;
Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,
Balk'd in their own blood, did sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains: Of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake, the earl of Fife, and eldest son
To bear Douglas; and the earls of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.

*September 14.  

*Piled up in a heap.
SCENE II. KING HENRY IV. 321.

And is this not an honorable stall? A fine cow? Aye, ha, cousin, is it not? Well. In faith.
It is a contest for a prince to bestow of.
K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and I suspen'd.

In envy that my lord Northumberland Should be the father of so blest a son: A son who is the theme of honor's tongue: Among the clouds, and, as I'll prove it here, Who's a sweet fortune's minion, and her pride: Whily, by looking on the praise of him, Whil't not and dishonor stain the brow Of my young Harry, of your majesty that could be prov'd, That some night-tripping fancy had exchanged In rags—clothes our children where they lay, And call'd mine—Percy, his—Plundereret! The moss that cover'd some good earth was a bloom, And let him from my thoughts:—What think you, rox? Of this young Percy's pride! the prisoners, Which lie in this adventure hath surpriz'd, To his own use he keeps; and sends me word, I shall have none but Mordake, earl of Fife. Hen. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester. Malevolent to you in all aspects; Which makes him proue himself, and bristle up The most bold youth that youngest cousin liv'd, K. Hen. But I have sent for him to answer this; And, for this cause, a while we must neglect Our holy purpose to Jerusalem. Coming to 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 of your anger can be uttered. Lord, I will, my liege. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Another Room in the Palace.

Enter Henry Prince of Wales, and Falstaff.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad? P. Hen. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unmitting life after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day! unless hours were cups of mead, and minutes capons, and clockes the tongues of bawds, and dial's the signs of leaping-houses, and the blood is the sun himself a fair hotウェ inflame-color'd tangle in unanswer'd ass, so that the Fool be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me, now, Hal: for when the day is come, go by the moon and seven stars; and not by Phecys, or a leaping-horse, or wandering knight so fair. And, I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, god save thy grace, (majesty, I say) saul, and so much the better for grace will have none,--

P. Hen. What, none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Hen. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are spires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty; let us be Diamond-gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; And let men say, we be men of good government: being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose covering there is a life, and not its fruit.

P. Hen. Thou say'st well; and it holds well too: for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea; being governed, as the sea, by her moon. As, for proof now: A purse of gold most resolutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most insolently spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing—lay by; and spent with crying—lay by; and yet I find the gold capon's leg of the ladder; and, and by, in a high flow as the rise of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess, the tavern, my hostess too? P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a bull jerkin' the most sweet rafte of durance! 1

Fal. How now, how now, mad was? what, in thy quips, and thy quiddities: what a plague have I do to do with thee? P. Hen. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning, many a time and o't. P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part? Fal. No; I will give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there. P. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and, where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it, that were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent.—But, I pray thee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus short? such a true and wise old father antic the law! Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. Hen. Nay, thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I! O rare! By the lord I'll be a brave judge.

P. Hen. Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a just and humane.

Fal. Well, Hal, well, and in some sort it jumps with my humor, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you. When thou art king,--

P. Hen. For obtaining of suits? P. Hen. For, obtaining of suits; whereas the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as much in want of a harness as a horse in a harness. P. Hen. Or and old lion; or a lover's lute. P. Hen. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bag-pipe. 2

P. Hen. What sayst thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch? 3

Fal. Thou hast the most unvarying similies; and art, indeed, the most comparative, rusticall,—sweet young prince,—but, Hal, I pray thee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: An old lord of the council ra'd me the other day in the street about you, say, I marked him not: and yet he talked very wisely; but I regarded him not; and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O thou hast damnable interjection; 4 and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done me a great wrong; and by the faith, thou wast not a lording, and I will make thee a lording, and I will make thee a lording. Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better that one of the Papists. No, Hal, I must give thee over this life, and I will give it over; and now the better for it: I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damned for ever a king's son in Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse-to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad; I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and battle 5 me.

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to purse-taking.

Enter Poins, at a distance.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labor in his vocation. Poins!—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match. 6 O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell would there be for wretches so hot? This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cried, Stand, to a true man.

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says monsieur Rensore? What says sir John Sack-and Sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou solest him on Good-friday last, for a cup of claret and a caniket of cold capon's leg for a gold capon's leg of the ladder; and, and by, in a high flow as the rise of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess, the tavern, my hostess too? P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a bull jerkin' the most sweet rafte of durance! 1

1 Trim, as birds clean their feathers. 2 Stand still. 3 The press of sheriff's officers.

5 Rib cat, should be lib cat—a Scotch term at this day, for a gelded cat. 6 Croak of a frog. 7 Citation of holy texts. 8 Treat me with ignorance. 9 Made an appointment.
FIRST PART OF

P. Hen. Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

Points. But, my lad, your horse, to-morrow morning, by four o'ock, early at Gadshill: There are pilgrimage going on to-day, and traders 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 been more than once in my way: I think I 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. More, my lord; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Points. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Hen. Who, I rob! a thief! not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good-fellowship in thee, nor thou comest not of the loathly, if thou darrest not stand for ten shillings?

P. Hen. Well, then, once in my days I'll be a madman.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will. I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art but a traitor.

P. Hen. I care not.

Fal. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for the prince that shall pay him.

Fal. Well, mayst thou have the spirit of persuasion, and 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 raise thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: You shall find me in Eastcheap.

Fal. Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell All-hallows summer! [Exit Falstaff.

Points. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with me to-morrow, and let us to the other place; Gadshill, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself, and I, will not be there; and whereas we 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?

Fal. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, where in it is at our pleasure to fail; and then we will 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 apparent sign of our company. Farewell.

Fal. 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 horses, to unmask our noted outward garments.

P. Hen. But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Fal. 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 follow him, and this will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: 'thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured: and, in the reproof 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: Farewell.

Fal. Farewell, my lord. [Exit Points.

P. Hen. I know you all, and will a while uphold that, my lord, of your kindness: Yet herein will I imitate the sum: Who dought permit the base contagious clouds To smoother up his beauty from the world, That will not enable a most honest man: Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at.

By breaking through the foul and ugly mists Of vapors, that did seem to strangle him, In all the year we were playing holidays, To sport would be as tedious as to work; But when it is much better to be sooner gone, And nothing please't but rare accidents: So, when this loose behaviour I throw off, And pay the debt I never promised, By how much better he be profited, and 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 shine the more genial, and fitter 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.—Another Room in the Palace.

Enter K. Hen, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold and temperate. Unapt to stir at these indigities, And you have found me; for, accordingly, You tread upon my patience; but, be sure, I will in henceforth neither be so exact Upon the weakness of the age, nor, being Mighty, and to be scald, than my condition: Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down, And therefore lost that title of respect, Which a king should show: And you shall pay the proud. Wot, our house, my sovereign liege, little deserveth The scourge of greatness to be used on it. And that is my fault, for which too which our hands Have holp to make so petty. 

North. My lord.

K. Hen. Worcester, get thee gone, for I see danger And disorder in time came; or, sir, Your presence is too bold and peremptory: And majesty might never yet endure The noisy breath, for an onrush breeze. You have good leave to leave us; we shall need your Use and counsel, we shall send for you.

Now you were about to speak. [Exit Worcester.

North. Yea, my good lord.

Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded, Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took; Were, as he says, not with such strength denied As is deliver'd to your majesty: Either envy, therefore, or misprision, Is guilty of this fault, and not my son., Hot. My liege, I did no more my masters. But, I remember, when the fight was done, When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil, Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword, I say, these certain lords, truly dress'd, Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new shap'd, Sieu'd as a studdle-fish at harvest-home; He was perfumed like a milliner, And twist his finger and his thumb he held A pounce-box, which ever and anon He gave his nose, and took it away again; Who, there with angry, when it next came there, Took it in snuff;—and still he smiled and talk'd; And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by, He call'd them—untangled knives, unmannerly, Bav'd them, "And with me you may have the best betwixt the wind and his nobility. With many a holiday and lady terms He question'd me among the rest demanded My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf. I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold, To be so pester'd with a popinjay, Out of my grief and my unpatience, Answered them best I knew not what; He should, or he should not;—for he made me mad, To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet, And talk of weigh'ting-out his quiet senses, Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the mark!) And telling me, the sovereign's thing on earth Was past for any award; and that it was great pity, so it was, That villainous salt-petre should be digg'd Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,

1 Disposition. 2 A small box for musk or other perfumes.
KING HENRY IV.

SCENE III.  King Henry IV.

Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
So cowardly; and, but for those vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.

Oh, had he been a man of blood,
As my lord, I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
And, I beseech you, let not this report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my state and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd good, my lord.

Whatever Harry Percy then had said,
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What he had done, so in my day how.
K. Hen. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners;
But with proviso, and exception,—
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
His three captives, and for a fee.

Who, on my soul, hath willfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, daunt'd Glendower;
Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our collars then
Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason, and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfend themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall discourse so one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Revolted Mortimer! He never did fall out, of my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war,—To prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mounthéd wounds, which vauntly he took,
When with the greatest potentate on earth,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did consummate the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who, with the brightness of their bloody looks,
Ran fearful among the tempest seas, and,
And hid his cap't head in the hollow bank
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants. Never did bare and rotten policy
Color her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:

The bolder bands, with revolt.
K. Hen. Thou dost beliel him, Percy, thou dost believe him;
He never did encounter with Glendower;
I will believe him.

He durst as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art not ashamed? But, surrah, henceforth
Let not this sight you in your judgment.
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you. My lord Northumberland,
Whose departure with your son,
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Wor. Speak of Mortimer?

Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him!
Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood upon the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer.
As high as the air as this unthankful king,
As high in rage and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

Wor. Who struck this heat up, after I was gone?

And in his ear I'll rota.—Mortimer!
Nay,
I'll have a starting 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 call and punch 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 mishance,
I'll have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman! I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou to break into this woman's mood;
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourged
With rods,
Netted, and stung with pincers, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time,—What do you call the place?—
A plague upon't!—it is in Cheshire:—
'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept;
His uncle York—where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,
When you and he came back from Ravenspurge.

North. At Berkeley castle.

Hot. You say true—
What, why a candy dealt of courtesy
Thisawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look,—when his infant fortune came to age,
And, gentle Harry Percy,—and, kind cousin—
O, the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive me!

Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again;
We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners,
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which,—for divers reasons,
Which I shall send you written,—be assur'd,
Will easily be granted.—You my lord,—

[To NORTHUMBERLAND]

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,—
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble pretate, well belov'd,
The archbishop.

Hot. Of York, I'st not?

Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that report which shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it; upon my life, 't will do well.

North. Before the game's ason, thou still let'st slip.

Wor. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot;
And then the power of Scotland, and of York—
To join with Mortimer, ha!

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head:—
For, bear ourselves as even as we can.
The king will always think him in our debt;
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he had found a time to pay us home.
And see already, how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell!—No further go in this,
Then I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe, (which will be suddenly)
I'll steal to Glendower and lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglases, and our powers at once,
(As I will fashion it,) shall happily meet.
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive,
Wit and trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu:—O, let the hours be short,
Till fields, and blow's, and groans applaud our sport!

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rochester. An Ion Yard.

Enter a Carrier, with a Lantern in his hand.

1 Car. Hello, ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hanged; Charles' wain is over the new chimny, and yet our horse not packed. What, oyster?

Ost. [Within.] Anon, anon.

2 Car. Curse, ye Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cost.

[Enter another Carrier.

2 Car. Pease and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots; this house is turned upside down, since Robin cronze dined.

1 Car. Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

2 Car. I think thither in the greatest fashionable house in all London road for feasts: I am stung like a tench. 3 Car. Like a tench! by the mass, there is 'nec a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have this be the first cock.

2 Car. Why, they will allow us 'nec a jorden, and then we leak in your chimnies; and your chamber-birds flses like as a loch.

1 Car. What, oyster! come away and be hanged, come away.

2 Car. I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charingcrosse.

1 Car. 'Ushes, the turkey's in my pantry are quite starved,—What, oyster!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear!

* Name of his horse. 1 Measure.

2 Small fish supposed to breed flses.

[Exeunt.]

An 't were not as good a deed as drink, to break the pace of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hanged.—I hast no faith in thee!

[Enter Gadshill.

Gads. Good-morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1 Car. I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

2 Car. Nay, soft; I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that.

Gads. I pr'ythee lend me this.

9 Car. Ay, when I canst tell?—Lend me thy lantern quoth a—merry, I'll see thee hanged first,

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 Car. Than enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbor Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with the company, for they have great charge. [Exeunt Carriers.

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain! Come, there! [Within.] At hand, quoth pick purse.

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variance no more from pickings of purses, than saving direction deth from laboring; thou lay'st the plot how.

[Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good-morrow, master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight: There's a tinklin' in the wind of Kent, hath brought these 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

1 A body of forces.

2 A proverb, from the pick-purse being always ready.

3 Freeholder.
too. God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: They will awake presently.

*Gals.* Sirrah, if they meet not with saint Nicholas, I'll give them this night.

*Cham.* No, I'll none of it: I'd pyrrhee, keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worship'st Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

*Gals.* We talk not of Saint Nicholas: we talk not 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 starving. Tut: there are other Trojans that desire not of the 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 rowdies, no long-staff, no capones; none of these mad, mustachio, purplish-hued marmots; but with nobility, and tranquility; burgesses, as I am a great man; such as can hold in; such will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: And yet I; for they pray continually to their saint, the commodeworth, or, rather, not pray to her, but pray on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.7

*Cham.* What, the commodeworth their boots? will she hold out water for all this way?

*Gals.* She will, she will; justice hath liqueored her.8 We steal as in a castle, cock-ease: we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

*Cham.* Why, by my troth, I think you are more beholden to the night than to fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

*Gals.* Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase. Sirrah, he frets like a gummed velvet.

*P. Hen.* Stand close.

*Enter Falstaff.*


*Fal.* Where's Poins, Hal? *P. Hen.* He is walked up to the top of the hill, I'll go seek him. [Pretence to seek Poins.]

*Fal.* I am accusc'd to rob in that th'et company; the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him, and left me there. [He takes the squire's further aboord, 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 rascal. I have our company hourly any time these two-and-twenty years; and yet I am bewitch'd 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 medicament-Poins!-Hail!-a plague upon you both!-Bardolph!-Peto!-I'll starve ere I rob a foot further. An I were not as a dead deed as drink to turn true man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest villain that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards off meven ground is threescore and ten miles about with me; and the rascals are known to you by many a man.

A plague upon it, when thieves cannot be true to one another! [They whistle. Whew!-A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hangen.

*P. Hen.* 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 lever to lift me up again, being down! 'Sblood, 1 shall not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to call me thus! me thus!

4 Cant term for highwaymen. 5 Footpads. 6 Public accountants. 7 Booty. 8 Gilf smooth her over. 9 Square, rule. 10 Make a youngster of me.
Act II.

FIRST PART OF

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweateth to death, and lards the lean earth as he walks along: Were't not for laughing, I should put him up.

Point. How is the rogue run? [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Warkworth. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Hotspur, reading a Letter.

[Aside.]—For mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented, in respect of the love I hear you bear. He could be contented. Why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house, for these shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. The purpose you undertake is dangerous: Why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to speak of it, but I tell you, my good lord. Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety.

The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named, waterless: the time itself unsuited; and your whole plot too light, for the counterfeit of so great an opposition.—Say you so, say you so! I say unto you again you are a shallow, cowardly fellow, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this?—By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York command the plot, and the general course of the action. Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to bullets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honorable an action! Hang him to the king: We are prepared: I will set forward to-night.

Enter Lady Percy.

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O my good lord, why are you thus alone? For what offence have I, this fortnight, been A banished woman from my Harry's bed? Tell me, sweet lord, what is that from thee This stony, pleasure, and thy hidden sleep? Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth, and start so often when thou sittest alone? Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks, and thrown the treasures, and my love? To thick-eyed musing, and curs'd melancholy! In thy faint slumber, I by thee have watch'd, and heard thee murmur tales of iron wars! Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed; Cry, Courage!—to the field! And thou hast talk'd Of sallies, and retire; of trenches, tents, Of battalions, frontiers, parapets; Of bastions, of cannon, culverin; Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain, And all the 'currents of a heady tight. The blood, within whose veins he hath been so hot at war, And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep. That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow, Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream: And in my heart; and motions strangely appear'd, Such as we see when men restrain their breath On some great sudden haste. O, what portents are there? Some heavy business hath my lord in hand, And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho! is Galliams with the packet gone? 

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hot. Butcher brought those horses from the sheriffs.

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-car, is it not? 

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne. 

Well, I will buck him straight; O courage!— Sir John Butler lead him forth into the park. [Exit. Serv.]

* Motto of the Percy family.

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away? 

Hot. My horse, my love.

Hot. 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 hear, my lord of York is there, the other deth not; he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. The purpose you undertake is dangerous: Why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to speak of it, but I tell you, my good lord. Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety.

The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named, waterless: the time itself unsuited; and your whole plot too light, for the counterfeit of so great an opposition.—Say you so, say you so! I say unto you again you are a shallow, cowardly fellow, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this?—By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York command the plot, and the general course of the action. Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to bullets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honorable an action! Hang him to the king: We are prepared: I will set forward to-night.

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Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne. 

Well, I will buck him straight; O courage!— Sir John Butler lead him forth into the park. [Exit. Serv.

* Motto of the Percy family.

** Strengthen. * Puppets. 4 A weasel. 6 Tapster.
Enter Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomegranate, Ralph.

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord, I am ready, sir;—to serve, Francis?

P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five year, and as much as to—

Pois. (Wildin.) Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Five years! by'ry lady, a long lease for the elbowing of the table. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenities, and to show it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O lord, sir! I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find it in my heart—

Pois. (Wildin.) Francis!

Fran. Anon, anow, sir.

P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see.—About Michaelmas next I shall be—

Pois. (Wildin.) Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Nay, but hark you, Francis: For the sugar thou gavest me—'twas a pennyworth, wasn't not?

Fran. O lord, sir! I would it had been two.

P. Hen. I will give thee for it a thousand pound; ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Pois. (Wildin.) Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Anon, Francis! No, Francis: but tomorrow, Francis; or Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis—

Fran. My lord!

P. Hen. Will thou rob this leather-jerkin, crystal-button, not-pated, agate-ring, pike-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-coat,—

Fran. No, sir, to your own eyes, sir.

P. Hen. Why then, your brown bastard! is your only drink: for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What sir?

Pois. (Wildin.) Francis!

P. Hen. Away, you rogue; Dost thou not hear them call?

(Here they both call him; the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.)

Enter Vinter.

Vint. What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling! Look to the guests within. [Exit Fran.]

My lord, old Sir John, with half a dozen more, are at this dinner, sir—

P. Hen. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [Exit Vinter.]

Re-enter Poins.

Pois. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door; Shall we be merry!

Pois. As merry as crickets, my lord. But hark ye; What cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer! come, what's the issue?

P. Hen. I am now of all humors, that have show'd themselves elsewhere besides dames, since the old days; goodman Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. [Re-enter Francis, with wine.] What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman!—His name is Nick, who, up, down stairs, his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of scots at a breakfast, catches his hands, and says to his wife—

Fye upon this quiet life! I want work.—O my sweet Harry, says she, how many hast thou killed to-day? Give me my horse a drachm, says he; and anon, upon an hour after, a trifle, a trifle. I pr'ythee, call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play dame Mortimer

* a sweet wine.

Stockings.
Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward,—here I lay, and held my point. Four rogues in buckram let me drive, at.

P. Hen. What, four! thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Points. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-court, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thee.

P. Hen. Seven! why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Points. Ay, ay, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven by these halts, or I am a villain else.

P. Hen. Prythee, 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,—

Points. 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. 0 monstrous! eleven buckram men get out of me.

Fal. But as the devil would have it, three begging knives, in Kendall green, came at my back, and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that I could not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lives are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts; thou knotty-pated foot; this is no knight, good madam, I tell thee!—

Fal. What, art thou mad! art thou mad! is not the truth, the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendall green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come tell us thy reason; What sayst thou to this?

Fal. Convey thy 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 plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion.

I.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this same black coward, this same cold copper, this horse-breaker, this high hill of flesh;

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skinned, you dined near's tongue, but's puzzle, you stock-fish,—Oh, for I was to utter what in thy tailor's yard, thou seest, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck!

P. Hen. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again. I have hasted thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Points. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. How now, you set four on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down,—Then did we two set on you four: and, with a weight, we put them from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it here in the house:—and Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and sigh'd, and swore, as ever I heard a bullock. What a slave art thou, to rack thy sword as thou hast done; and then say, it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, cast thou now first out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Points. Come, let's hear, Jack; What trick hast thou now new.

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as valid as Hercules: that beware instinet, the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter: I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee, during my life.

5 A town in Westmorland famous for making cloth.

A royal lamp of fat.

for a valiant lion, and then for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. —Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow for Calibants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry! shall we have a play every night, the three?—

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou love me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. My lord the prince,—

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hostess? who says thou to me!

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you: he says, he comes from thy father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back to my mother. Falst. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight!—Shall I give him his answer!

P. Hen. Prythee, do, Jack.

Fal. Faith, and I'll send him packing. [Exeunt.

P. Hen. Now, sir,—by't indy, you fought fair;—so did you, Peto; so did you Bardolph: you are lions too, you can away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no,—fye!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Hen. Tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's servant hanged?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger; and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and perhaps the villain be alive.

Bard. Yea, and to tackle our noses with spear-grass to make them blood; and then to beslubber our garments with it, and to swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven years before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. 0, villain, thou stol'st a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed to the like.

Thou hast fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away; What instinct hast thou for it!

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations!

P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Hen. I think, they are cold corners. Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Reculer FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes barmone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast!4 How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal. Many a short while, before thou wast about thy business, Hal. I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-rings; A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad, here was sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales, that gave Amiens a hussaing, and made him seven score old, and swore the devil his true regement upon the cross of a Welsh hook,—What, a plague, call ye him?

Paula. 0, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen! the same;—and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly scut of Scors, Douglas, that runs o'horseback up and down like a madman.

P. Hen. He that rides at high speed, and with his pastel kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal had good mettle in him; he will not run.

P. Hen. What means this, that a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running?

4 In the fact.  5 Drunkenness and poverty.  6 Bombast is the stuffing of clothes.

7 A demon; who is described as one of the four kings, who rule over all the demons in the world.
Fal. O'horsecap, ye cuckoo! but sfoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there foot, and a thousand and blue-cap 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. It is a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundred.

Fal. By the mass fast, thou sayest true; it is like, he will think to grow bigger, and his manner but tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afraid? art thou being apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again; as that fain Douglas, that spirit For God's sake, lords, convey my trustful queen. For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes. 6 Scutmen in blue bonnets. 7 A character in a tragedy by T. Preston, 1570. 8 Ofiissance. 9 Name of a strong liquor. 10 A trusty boy.

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 ex- 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 mind.

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 tuld crown.

Fal. Glorious be the day! and not quite out of thee, now shall 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.1

Fal. And here is my speech:—Stand aside, nobil- ity.

Host. This is excellent sport, sir, I thank thee.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Host, O, the father, how he holds his counte- nance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my trustful queen. For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes. O, thou doest it as one of these harlotry players, as I ever see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain. —Harry, I do not only marvel where thou standest, but I am drugged, and not accom- pany'd for though the canomile, 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, I have, 'tis my mother's word, nearly my own opinion: but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hangiug of thy nether lip, that dost warn me. If thou then be son to me, here lies the sceptre, being son thou so pointed at! Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micer, and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purse? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch-fish, as an abject tree, then, by reason:—for, Harry, now do I speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in my joy, but in woes also: And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often heard by company, but I know not his name.

Fal. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A good portly man, i' th' faith, and a corrup'tant; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and as I think, his age some fifty, or by- lady!—(cough, cough) and now and then I remember to me, his name is Falstaff; if that man should be lewdly given, he deceive me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by a few, or the fruit by the tree, then, percep- tually I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month!

P. Hen. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Deposited! thou dost not, if not so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker, or a poultier's hare?

P. Hen. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And shall I stand as just, my masters.

P. Hen. Now, Harry! whence came you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

P. Hen. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. Siblon't they are, my lord:—say, P. tickle ye for a young prince, sir, I think.

P. Hen. Swearest thou, ungracious boy! hence- forth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently cared away from a father, there is a devil without thee, in the likeness of a fat old man; a man of my substance. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of honors, that boltine-hutch, that beaethoven, that odious bundle of sack, that stuffer cloak bag of guts, that roasted Marmamtripes ox with the pudding in his belly, that revere's vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years! Wherein is he good, but to taste suck and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein the art, but to pluck, and wherein virtue, but to villainy? wherein villains, but in all things! wherein worthy, but in nothing!

Fal. I would your grace would take me with your whom I am your grace.

P. Hen. That villainous abominable misleader of youth. Falsstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Hen. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were I to say more than I know. That he is old (the more the pity) his white hairs do witness his years; but that he is serving your reverence a whack- master, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault God help the wicked! 'Tis to old and merry be a sin, then many an an old host that I know, is such a man: if I should be hated, then Moll's lean kin are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Petoe, banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company; bandit plump Jack, and banish all the world.

P. Hen. I know not but also.

Host. Ofren Hostess, Francis, and Bardolph. Re-enter Bardolph, running.

Fal. O, my lord, my lord; the sheriff with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess, hastily.

Host. O Jesu, my lord, my lord!—

Fal. Heigh! heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle- stick:—What's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal! never call a true piece of gold, a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without sense, my lord.

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny thy major, if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope, I shall as soon be strangled with a halter, as another.

P. Hen. Go, take thee behind the arras;—the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and good conscience.

Fal. Both that I have had, but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me. [Exeunt all but the Prince and Poins.

P. Hen. Call in the sheriff.—

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, master sheriff! What's your will with me!

4 The machine which separates flour from bran.
5 A leather blackjack to hold beer.
6 In Essex, where a large ox was roasted whole.
FIRST PART OF

ACT III.

**Scene I.—Bengo. A Room in the Archdeacon’s House.**

**Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Mortimer, and GLENDOVER.**

**Mort.** These promises are fair, the parties sure, And our induction full of prosperous hope. 

**Hot.** Lord Mortimer—and cousin Glendover— Will you sit down?—

**And.** uncle Worcester:—A plague upon it! I have forgot the map, And so, No, here it is.

**Sit.** cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur: For by that name as o’er as Lancaster Both speak of you, his cheek looks pale: and, with A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heaven.

**And.** You and you in hell, as often as he hears Owen Glendover spoke o’er.

**Glend.** I cannot blame him; at my nativity The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes, Of burning cresses? and at my birth, The frame and huge foundation of the earth Shadd like a coward.

**Hot.** Why, so it would have done At the same season, if your mother’s cat had But kitte’d, though yourself had never born. **Glend.** I say, the earth did shive when I was born. **And.** And I say, the earth was not of my mind, If you suppose, as tearing you it shook.

**Glend.** The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

**Hot.** O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire, And not in fear of your nativity. Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth Is with a kind of colic pinch’d and vex’d By the imprisoning of unruly wind Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving, Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down steeples, and moss-grown towers. At your birth, our grandad earth, having this distemper, In passion shook.

**Glend.** Cousin, of many men I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave To tell you once again,—that at my birth, The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes; The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields. These signs have mark’d me extraordinary; And all the courses of my life do show, I am not in the roll of common men. Here he lying—sipp’d in with the sea That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,— Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me! And bring him out, that is but woman’s son.

**Poins.** Falstaff—fast asleep behind the arm, And snorting like a horse.

**P. Hen.** Hark, how hard he breathe: scarce a peacock. **[Pons searches.]** What haste thou found? 

**Poins.** Nothing but papers, my lord. 

**P. Hen.** Let’s see what they be:—read them.

**Poins.** Item, A capon, 2s. 6d.

**Item, Sauce, 4d.**

**Item, Sack, two gallons, 6s. 8d.**

**Item, Three times four and a sack after supper, 2s. 6d.**

**Item, Bread, a half-penny.**

**P. Hen.** O monstrous! but one half-pennorth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—What have you got there? [Lest the bag keep close, he will read it at more advantage; there let him sleep till day. I’ll to the court in the morning; we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honorable. I’ll procure this fat kind of a thing for thee; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good-morrow, Poins.**

**Poins.** Good-morrow, good my lord.**[Exeunt.**

**Can trace me in the tedious ways of art, And hold me pace in deep experiments.**

**Hot.** There is no man speaks better Welsh:—

**I will to dinner.**

**Mort.** Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him happy.

**Glend.** I can call spirits from the vasty deep.**[Hot.]**

**Why, so can I; or so can any man:**

But will they come, when you do call for them?**[Hot.]**

**Glend.** Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command The devil.

**Hot.** And I can teach thee, coz, to shave the devil.

By telling truth; Tell truth, and shame the devil.— If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither, And I’ll be sworn, I have power to shame him.

**Mort.** O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

**Mort.** Come, come, No more of this unprofitable chat.

**Glend.** Three times hath Harry Bolingbroke made head

Against my power: thrice from the banks of Wye, And sandy-bottom’d Severn, have I sent him, Boothless home, and with weather-beaten back.

**Hot.** Home without boots, and in foul weather too! How ’scapes he agues, in the devil’s name?**[Glend.**

**Come, here’s the map;** Shall we divide our right, According to our three-fold order tis’en?**[Mort.**

**The archdeacon hath divided it** Into three limits, very equally:

England, from Trent and Severn hither, 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, and interchanged back, (A business that this night may execute) To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I, And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth, To meet your father, and the Scottish power, As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury. My father Glendower is not ready yet, Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days: Within that space.**[To Glend.]** You may have drawn together

Your tenants, friends, and neighboring 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 yours.**[Mort.**

**Methinks, my moity, north from Burton here,** In quantity equals not one of yours:
Scene I. \n
KING HENRY IV.

See, how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me, from the best of all my land,
A halfoon, a monstrous wide rent out,
I'll have the current in this place damn'd up;
And here the sung 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.

Glend. Not wind! it shall, it must; you see, it shall.

Hol. Well, I am schoold; good manners be your speech.

Here comes our wives, and let us take our leave.

Reciter GLENDOWE, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spit that anger me,—
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps; she will not part with you,
She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her,—that she, and my aunt Percy,
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[GLENDOWE speaks to her daughter in Welsh, andMusiciansasters her home in the tune.

Glend. She's desperate here; a peevish self-will'd harlotry,
One no persuasion can do good upon.

[LADY M. speaks to Mortimer in Welsh.

Mort. I understand thy looks; that pretty Welsh Which thou pourest down from those swelling heauens,
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
In such a parley would I answer thee.

[LADY MORTIMER speaks.

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disposition:
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learned thy language; for thy tongue Makers Welsh so sweet, without highly pen'd, Singing a fine air in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute.

[LADY MORTIMER speaks again.

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this.

Glend. She bids you upon the wanton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eye-brows crown the god of sleep,
Charm your blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such difference between waking and sleep,
As is the difference between day and night,
The hour before the heavenly harness'd team Becins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit, and hear her sing:
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do.

And those musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the air a thousand leaues from hence;
Yet straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down;
Come, quick, quick; that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady. P. Go, ye giddy goose.

GLENDOWE speaks some Welsh words, and then the Music plays.

Hol. Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh; And 'tis no marvel, he's so humorous.

My lady, how goes the ground with thee?

Lady. P. Then should you be nothing but musical; for you are altogether governed by humors.

Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hol. I had rather hear Lady, my brach, so howl in Irish.

Lady. P. Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

Hol. No.

Lady. P. Then be still.

Hol. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.

Lady. P. Now God help thee!

Hol. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady. P. What's that?

Hol. Peace! she sings.

A compliment to queen Elizabeth.

6 Corner. 1 Cutting. 2 Candlestick. 3 Mole.
A Welsh SONG, sung by LADY MORTIMER.

Hot. Come Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Bed, by my soul, I hear thy voice, thou swear like a confabulator'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, as I promise thee, I have a secret saying for thine ears, As if thou never wak'st further than Finsbury; Swear me, Kate, by a lady, as thou art, A good mouth-filling oath; and leave in sooth, And, as I protest of pepper-sweetened To velvet guards, and Sunday citizens.

Come, say, Lads, 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 please. [Exit.

Glend. Come, come, lord Mortimer; you are as slow.

As hot lord Percy is on fire to go:

And so our bodies and our soul shall be, and then more That to horse immediately.

To the pumps, with all my heart. [Exit.

SCENE II.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, and Lords.

K. Hen. Lords, give us leave; the prince of Wales, and I, Must have some conference: But be near at hand, For we shall presently have need of you.—

Come, come, my Lords; the more you are about the king. I know not whether God will have it so; For some dispensing service I have done, That in his secret doom out of my blood Has washed my wrongs, my repentance, 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, That canst cut effusively, and bestow sooth, Could such inordinate, and low desires, Such poor, such bare, such low, such mean actions, Such barren pleasures, rude society,

As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,

Accompany the greatness of thy blood,

All thy dearer, and all that is in thy heart?

P. Hen. So please your majesty, I would, I could Quit all affections with such clear excuse, As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge Myself of every thought of that kind: Yet such exultation let me be.

As, in reproof of many tales devise'd,—

Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear, But not fast and grafted to the change I may, for some things true, wherein my youth Hath faultily wander'd and irregular,

Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Hen. 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 is even, thou hast not rarely lost, Which by the younger brother is supplied; And art almost an alien to the hearts Of all the court and princes of my blood: The hope and expectation of thy time Is ruin'd; and the soul of every man

Prophetically does fore-think thy fall. Had I a knowledge of thy present mood: So common hackney'd in the eyes of men, So state and cheap in vulgar company; Opinion, that did help me to the crown, Had still kept loyal to possession; And left me in reputable banishment, A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood. By being seldom seen, I could not stir, But like a comet, I was wonder'd at. That man would tell their children, This is he:

Others would say,—Where is which is Bolingbroke? And I, as I stole courtesy from heaven, And dressed myself in such humours, That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts, Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths, Even in the presence of the crowned king.

3 In Moorfields. 4 Laced velvet, the finery of cockneys. 5 Vicious parasites.

Thus did I keep my person fresh and new; My presence, like a robe pontifical, Never seen, but wonder'd at: and so my state, Held in the munificent hands, showed never feast, And won, by raiment, such solennity; The skipping king, he ambled up and down With his countenance, in pride and fury, Soon kindled, and soon burn'd with all his state;

Minted his royalty with daring tools; Had his great name profaned with their scorn; And his dear country, with all the vain ceremony, To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push of every meaning and vain comparative; Grew a companion to the common streets;

Endeed, to himself to popularly: That being daily swallowed by men's eyes, They surfeited with honey; and began To bathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little More than a phial of it much too much.

So, when he had occasion to be seen,

He was out as the cuckoo is in June,

Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes, As, sick and glutted with community, Afford no extraordinary gaze,

Such as is bent on sun like majesty

When it shames seldom in adorning eyes; But rather drowst, and hung their eyelids down,

Slept in his face, and rendered such aspect As cloudy men use to their adversaries;

Being in his presence glitter'd, gorg'd, and full.

And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou: For thou hast lost thy princely privilege, With vile participation; not an eye of any common sort;

Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more; Which now doth that I would not have it do,

Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. Hen. He shall be hereafter, my three-gracious lord Be more myself.

K. Hen. For all the world,

As thou art to this hour, was Richard then

I from France; and now the foot of a scavenger:

And even as I was then, is Percy now,

Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,

He hath no more worthy interest to the state,

Than thou, the shadow of succession;

For, of no right, nor color like to right,

He doth fill fields with harry in the realm,

Turn'st thou into a pernicious lion's armed jaws;

And, being no more in debt to years than thou,

Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on,

To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.

Against renowned Douglas; whose high deeds,

Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,

Hold'st from all soldiers chief majority,

And military title-crown of all.

Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ!

Thrive hast this Hotspur Mars in swathing clothes,

And, as a warrior, in his enterprise,

Discomfiting great Douglas; in man once,

Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,

To lift the mouth of deep defiance up,

And shake the peace and safety of our throne.

And what say you to this! Percy, Northumberland,
The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,

Captivate against us, and are up.

But what more do I tell these news to thee?

Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,

Which art my nearest and dearest enemy!

Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,

Bose, and the arm of the start of war, —

To fight against me under Percy's pay,

To dog his heels, and court'ly at his frowns,

To show how much thou art degenerate.

P. Hen. Do not think so; ye shall not find it so; And God forgive them, that have so much sway'd

Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!

I will redeem all this with My own Percy's hand.

And in the closing of some glorious day,

Be hold to tell you that I am your son;

When I will a garment all of blood,

And so in my favours a bloody man.

Which wouldn't, shall scour my shame with it.

And that shall be the day, when'er it lights,

That this same child of honor and renown,

This same hot Hotspur, this all-praiseable Per,

And your unhought-of Harry chance to meet:

1 Brusheid. 2 Armor. 3 Combine. 4 Most fatal.
For every honor sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes; and on my head
My shame redoubled! for the time will come,
That in the name of this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for myfortunate
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I'll call him strumpet and impostum,
That he shall render every glory up.
Ten, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
The name of this, the end of life cancels all bands;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.
K. Hen. A hundred thousand rebels die in this:
 Thou shalt have change, and sovereign trust, herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.
Blunt. So hath the business that I come to
speak of.

Lord Marcher of Scotland hath sent word,—
That Douglas and the English rebels, met
The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury;
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
It promises he kept on every hand,
As a elder coal player in a staid game.

K. Hen. The earl of Westminster set forth to-day:
With him may son, lord John of Lancaster;
For this advertisement is five days old:—
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set Forward; On Thursday, we ourselves will march:
Our meeting is Bridgnorth: and, Harry, you,
Shall march through Glosstershire; by which ac-
count, our business valued, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business; let's away;
Advantage seeds him fat, while men delay.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am with'der'd like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that sudden. While I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart, shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, and a general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass: out of all reasonable compass.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my lie: Thou art our admiral,4 thou hast beard the lantern in the poop,—but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the oddest of the burning lam.

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 mæ-næ-corps: then will I give thee that, but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robés burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; but I know to be sensible; By this fire: but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness.—When thou ran'st up Gadsbhill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an ignis fatusus, or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in blankets and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintain'd that shrivelled up, and yours with fire, any time these two-and-thirty years; heaven reward me for it!

Host. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

* Enter Hostess.

How now, dame Partlet the hen? have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?

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 title of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shaved and lost many a hair: and I'll be sworn, my pocket was picked. God-a-mercy! so there.

Host. Who, if! I defy thee! I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Host, 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 a pair of your gloves, and I beguile you of them.

Fal. Downm, filthy dowsw; I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bottes of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four-and-twenty pound.

Fal. He laid his pounds on me.

Host. He! also, 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 younder of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

Host. O Jesu! I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how off, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a snuck-cup; and, if he were, he, I would engin him like a dog if he would so say.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins, marching. Falstaff meets the prince, playing on his truncheon like a lyre.

Fal. How now, lad! is the wind in that door, i' faith! must we all march!

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newcaste-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 sales thy house lack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket picked: th's house is, turned bawdy-house, to say the truth. I'll not pay a denier.

P. Hen. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? there, or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring 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 vile to him, like or of you, at him, at the meanest man as he is; and said, he would engin him.

P. Hen. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor woman-

bod in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee, than in a drawn

* In the story-book of Reynard the Fox.

A term of contempt frequently used by Shakspeare.
fox; and for womanhood, maid Marian\(^*\) may be the
deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thin-ke.

**Host.** Say, what thing? what thing?

**Faul.** What thing? way, a thing to thank God on.

**Host.** I am not here to thank God on; I would thou shoul'dst know it: I am an honest man's wife, and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

**Faul.** Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

**Host.** Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

**Faul.** What beast! why, an otter.

**Host.** An otter, Sir John! why an otter?

**Faul.** Why, she's neither fish, nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

**Host.** Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

**P. Hen.** Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slandered thee most grossly.

**Host.** So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, thou oughtest him a thousand pound.

**P. Hen.** Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

**Faul.** A thousand pound, Hal! a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

**Host.** Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said, he would cudgel you.

**Faul.** Did I, Bardolph? 

**Bard.** Indeed, sir John, you said so.

**Faul.** Ye; if he said, my ring was copper.

**Host.** I say, his copper! Darest thou be so good as thy word now?

**Faul.** Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art man, I dare; but, as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

**Host.** And why not, as the lion?

**Faul.** The king himself is to be feared as the lion:

Dost thou think? I'll fear as I fear thy father! nay, an I do, I pray God, my girdle break!

**P. Hen. O.** if it be Jack, to the devil; how should thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine: it is filled up with guts, and midnight. Charms an honest woman, thy bed, thy pocket? Why, thou whoremonger, impudent, embossed\(^1\) rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-refections, memorandums of lascivious-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar candy to make thee long winced; if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but those, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong:

Art thou a gentleman?

**Faul.** Dost thou hear, Hal! thou knowest, in the state of innocence, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villany! Thou hast more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty. — You comest then, you picked my pocket?

**P. Hen.** It appears so by the story.

**Host.** Hostess, I forgive thee: Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest, I am pacified.—

**Faul.** Nay, pr'ythee, begone. [Exit Hostess,] Now, Hal, to the hall on: for the robbery, lad.—

**Host.** How is that answered!

**P. Hen.** O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angular, for the nonce; for it is hard to put back again.

**Faul.** O, I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labor.

**P. Hen.** I am a good friend with my father, and may do anything.

**Faul.** Robs me the exchequer the first thing thou dost, and do it with unwashed hands too.

**Bard.** Do, my lord.

**P. Hen.** I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

**Faul.** I would, it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of the age of one and twenty, or thereabout! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I haunt them, I prize them.

**P. Hen.** Bardolph!

**Bard.** My lord.

**P. Hen.** Go bear this letter to lord John of Lancaster.

My brother John; this to my lord of Westmore-

land,—

Go, Points, to horse, to horse; for thou, and I,

Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time—

Meet me to-morrow i'the Temple-hall.

At two o'clock i'the afternoon:

Thou shalt demand how thy charge is attended; and there receive the money, and order for their furniture.

The kind is burning; Percy stands on high;

And either they, or we, must lower he.

— See, I'll remove [Exit Falstaff, Poins, and Bardolph.]

**Faul.** Rare words! brave world!—Hostess, my breakfast; come—

0. I could wish, this tavern were my drum. [Exit]

**ACT IV.**

**SCENE I.**—The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.

**Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.**

**Host.** Very well said, my noble Scot: If speaking truth, In this fine age, were not thought blunder, Such attribution should the Douglas\(^*\) have, As not a soldier of this season's stamp.

Should go so general current through the world.

By heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy

The tongues of soothers; but a braver place In my heart's love, hath no man than myself.

Nay, task me to the word; approve me, lord.

Dougs. Thou art the king of honor:

No man so potent breathes upon the ground, But I could hurl him.

**Host.** Do so, and 'tis well—

**Egier a Messenger, with Letters.**

What letters hast thou there!—I can but thank you, Host. These letters come from your father,—

**Hot.** Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

**Host.** He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous sick.

**Hot.** Sounds! how does he the leisure to be sick, In such a justling time! Who leads his power? Under whose government come they along?

8 a female character, who attends morris-dancers; generally a man dressed like a woman. 9 Swoln, puffy.

10 This expression is applied by way of pre eminence to the head of the Douglas family.

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not 1, my lord. 

Wor. I pray thee, tell me, doth he keep his bed? 

Mess. That he did, my lord, four days before I set forth; 

And at the time of my departure thence, 

He was much afraid by his physicians. 

Wor. I would, the state of time had first been whole. 

Ere he by sickness had been visited; 

His health was never better worth than now. 

Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infest 

The very life-blood of our enterprise; 

'Tis catching either, even to our camp,— 

He who is here, hath no swords to stir his 

But that his friends by reputation could not 

So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet, 

To lay so dangerous and dear a trust 

In a sooty removing, but on his own. 

Yet doth he give us bold advertisement, 

That with our small conjunction, we should on, 

To see how fortunate is disposed to us: 

For as this venal, there is no qualifying now; Because the king is certainly possessed 

Of all our purposes. What say you to it? 

Wor. Your father's sickness is a main to us: 

Hot. A perilous cash, 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 

*Languish.
Scene II.  

KING HENRY IV.  

On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour!  
It was not good; for therein should we read  
The very bottom and the soul of hope;  
The very limits and the very utmost bound  
Of all our fortunes.  

Duck.  

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  
A rendezvous of power, of light and loftunto,  
It that the devil and mischief look big  
Upon the mainhead of our affairs.  

War.  But yet, I would your father had been here,  
The quality and heart of our assembly  
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 edge of thought hence;  
And think, how such an apprehension  
May turn the tide of fearful action,  
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:  
That bound of your father's death's-dead curtain,  
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear  
Before not dreamt of.  

Duck. You stray 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,  
That thus makes itself here: for men must think,  
If we, without his help, can make our head  
To push against the kingdom; with his help,  
We shall overturn it, topsy-turvy down.—  
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.  

Duck. As heart can think: there is not such a word  
Spoke of in Scotland, as this term of fear.  

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.  

Hol. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.  
Ver. Pray God, my news be worth a welcome.  

The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,  
Is marching hitherward; with him with heart.  

Hol. No harm: what more?  
Ver.  

The king himself in person is set forth,  
Or hitherwards intended specially,  
With strong and mighty preparation.  

Hol. Where is his presence?  
Ver.  

The nimble-footed madcap prince of Wales,  
And his companions that didst the world aside,  
And bid it pass!  

Ver.  

All furnish'd, all in arms,  
All plump'd like estridges that wing the wind;  
Laid's like eagles having lately bath'd;  
Glistening in golden coats, like images;  
As full of spirit as the mouth of Alay,  
And some are as the sun at midsummer;  
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.  
I saw him harry,—with his beard on,  
His ensigns on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,—  
Rise from the ground like leather'd Mercury,  
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,  
As an angel drest out from the clouds,  
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,  
And watch the world with noble horsemanship.  

Hol. No more, no more; worse than the sun in March.  

This praise doth nourish agues;  
Let them come;  
They come like sacrifices in their train,  
And to the fire-eyed maids of smoky war,  
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them:  
The mantled Mars shall on his altar sit,  
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,  
To hear this rich repishal so nigh,  
And, in this instant, do I set my horse,  
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt,  
Against the bosom of the prince of Wales:  
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,  
Meet an adversite;—Come, let me drop down a corse.—  
O, that glendor were come!  


4 Limit.  5 Boundary.  6 The complexion, the character.  7 Ostrich.  8 Fresh.  9 Armor for the thighs.  

Ver. There is more news  
I learn'd in Worcester as I rode along,  
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.  
Duck. This is the worst tidings I have hear of yet.  
War. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.  
Hol. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?  
Ver. To thirty thousand.  
Hol. Forty let it be;  
My father and Glendower being both away,  
He can make his army seven hundred great.  
Come, let us make a muster-speedily.  
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.  
Duck. Talk not of dying; I am out of fear  
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half-year.  
—Exeunt.  

Scene II.—A public Road near Coventry.  

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.  

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry,  
Fill me a bottle of sack, and soldiers shall march through;  
We'll to Sutton-Colliford to-night.  

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?  
Fal. Lay out, lay out.  

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.  

Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labor; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the charge.  
Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.  

Bard. I will go, captain; I know the way.  

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet.  I have misus'd the king's press dainty,  
I have got in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds,  
I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons, inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as  
had been asked twice on the bars; such a commodity  
of wretched fellows, as had as lief hear the devil  
as a drum; such as hear the report of a cannon  
worthier than a struck owl, or a hurt wild-duck.  
I pressed me none but such toasts and butters,  
with hearts in their bosoms no larger than peas' heads,  
and they have bought out their services; and now  
my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals,  
lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as raged  
as Lazarius in the painted cloth, where  
the gullet's dogs licked their sores: and such as,  
indeed, were never soldiers, but discredited, unjust  
serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers,  
revolted taxtlers, and ostlers trade-callen; the  
cankers of a calm world, and a long peace; ten times more  
dishonourably raged than an old-faced ancient;  
and such have I to fill up the rooms of them that  
have bought out their services. I believe, I do  
think, that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals,  
lately come from wine-keeping, from eating  
librely and having of the apple, the which  
some shall have, and some shall not; and  
told me I had unloaded all the zibbets, and  
pressed the dead bodies.  No eye hath seen such  
scare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them,  
that's what I say.  

Fal. I'll have the news of the march wide  
with both the legs, as if they had gavies  
on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison.  
There's but a shirt and a half in all my company:  
and the half shirt is two companions tucked together,  
and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat  
without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth,  
stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red-rose  
inn, in Daintree.  

Fal. Dintree it's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.  

Enter Prince Henry and Westmoreland.  

P. Hen. How now, blow Jack! how now, quiet!  

Fal. What, Hal? How now, mad wag? what a  
devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good lord  
of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought your  
harmony had altered you to Shrewsbury.  
West. 'Faith, sir John, 'tis more than time that  
I were there, and you too; but my powers are there  
already: The king, I can tell you, looks for us  
all: we must away; I'll sleep with you to-night.  

Fal. Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant as a  
cat to steal cream.  

P. Hen. I think to steal cream, indeed; for thy  
theft hath made me and the villains blame  
Jack; whose fellows are those that come after?  

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.
P. Hen. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better; the death of man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their poverty,—I know not where they have their livery to beg his bosom,—I am sure they never learned that of me.

P. Hen. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fisheries, half a thousand strange, sirrah, make haste; Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamped?

West. He is, sir John; I fear we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well.

To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast.

Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and VERNON.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Dou. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. Wor. Good counsel, be advised; still not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Dou. You do not counsel well; You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

Hot. I know no slander, Douglas, by my life, (And I dare well maintain it with my life.)

If well respected honor 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.

Dou. Yea, or to-night.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.

Hot. To-morrow, me thinketh, may be great leaders.

Wor. See, if you force 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 labor tame and dull,

That not a horse is half the half himself.

Hot. No, they are the horses of the enemy.

In general journey-hated and brought low;

The better part of ours is full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours:

For God's sake, counsel, stay till all come.

[The Trumpet sounds a parley.

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king.

If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect,

Hot. Welcome, sir Walter Blunt; And would to God,

You were of our determination,

Some of us love you well: and even those some

Envy your great deserving, and good name;

Because you are not of our quality:—

But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And God defend but still I should stand so,

So long, as is the term of limit, and true rule,

You stand against an authorized majesty.

But to my charge.—The king hath sent to know

The nature of your griefs; and wherupon

You may remove from the trust of the state.

Such bold hostility, teaching this dastard land

Audacious cruelty: if that the king

Have any way your good deserts forgot,—

What he bids you name your griefs; and, with all speed,

You shall have your desires, with interest;

And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,

That have been to your suit of Northumberland.

Hot. The king is kind; and, well we know, the king

Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.

My father, and my uncle, and myself;

To 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,

Poor and unknown, outcast from the world,

My father gave him welcome to the shore:

And, when he heard him swear, and vow to God,

He came but to be duke of Lancaster,

As it was thought, and so you see.

With tears of innocence, and terms of zeal,—

My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,

Takes his assistance here, 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 borrowed cities, villages,

Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,

Laid gifts before him, profered him his oaths,

Gave him his heirs; as pages followed him,

Even to 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, forsakes, takes on him to reform

Some certain elects, and some scant decrees,

That he too heavy on the commonwealth:

Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep

Over his country's wrongs; and, by his face,

This seeming brow of justice, did he win

The hearts of all the rest, that he did angle in

Proceeded further; cut me off the heads

Of all the favorites, that the absent king

In deputation left behind him here,

Where he was present in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then, to the point,—

In short time after, he depos'd the king;

Soon after that, depri'd him of his heir;

And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole state:

To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman, March, (Who is, if every other man were well placed,

Indeed my king,) to be ingrafted in Wales,

There without renown to lie forlorn:

Disgrace me in my happy victories;

To entrap me with my intelligence,

Rated 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

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 impaw'd

Some security for a safe return again,

And in the morning quittance shall make

Bring him our purposes: and so inewell.

Blunt. I would, you would accept of grace and love,

Hot. And, may be, so we shall.

Blunt. Pray heaven you do! [Exeunt.


Enter the Archbishop of York, and a Gentleman.

Arch. Sir, good sir Michael! bear this sealed brief, 1

With winched haste to the lord marshall; 2

This one to your lord, and one to this,

To whom they are directed: if you knew

How much they do import, you would make haste.

Gent. My good lord,

I guess their tenor.

Arch. Like enough you do.

To-morrow, good sir Michael, is a day,

Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men

Shall be determined: For, Sir Robert Vernon,

As I am truly given to understand,

The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,

Meets with lord Harry; and I fear, sir Michael,—

What you have seen in the sicknesses of Northumberland,

(Whose power was in the first proportion.)

And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,

(Who with them was a rated sinew too, 3

The delivery of his lands. 4 The greater and the less.

Letter. A strength on which they reckoned.
And comes not in, o'er-cord'd by prophecies,
I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king.
Genl. Why, good my lord, you need not fear;
There's Douglas, and Mortimer.
Archl. No, Mortimer's not there.
Genl. But there is Mardake, Vernon, lord Percy
And there's my lord of Worcester; and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.
Archl. And so there is; but yet the king hath
The special head of all the land together:
The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmorland, and warlike Hunt;
And many more cornwells, and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.
Genl. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well op-
Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear.
And, to prevent the worst, sir Michael, speed:
For, if lord Percy thrive not, or the king
Dismiss his power, it may be to our loss.
For he hath heard of our confidence,—
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against
him.
Therefore, make haste: I must go write again
To other friends; and so far well, sir Michael.
[Exit severally.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter King Henry, Prince Henry, Prince John of Lancaster, Sir Walter Blakley, and Sir John Falstaff.

K. Hen. How bloody the sun begins to peer
Above you looks this hill! the day looks pale
At his dispersion. And, the southern wind
Both play the trumpet to his purposes;
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempest, and a blustering day.
K. Hen. This will not please the emperor;
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.

Trumpet. Enter Worcester and Vernon.

How now, my lord of Worcester? 'tis not well,
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet: you have deceived our trust;
And make us OUR easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in tattered steel.
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to't? will you again
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war,
And move in that disorderly career
Where you did give a fair and natural light;
And be no more an exalted meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of heaven's messenger to the unbound times?
Wor. Hear me, my liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the last-odd of my life
With these next hours; for the time is such
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. Hen. You have not sought for it; how comes
it then?

Fol. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
P. Hen. Peace, peace, peace.
Wor. If pleas'd your majesty, to turn your looks
Of favor from myself, and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, lay lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you, my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account,
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was, I say, my brother, and his son;
That brought you home, and boldly did outlast
The dangers of the time: You swore to us—
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster.—
That you did nothing purpose against the state;
Nor claim no further than your new-hall's right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:
To this we swore our aid. But, in short space,
It came down from heaven upon your head;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you—
What with our help; what with the absent king;
What with the injuries of a wanton time;
The succeeding sufferances that you have borne;
And the contrarious winds, that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars,
That all in England did repute him dead,—
And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
You took occasion to be quickly woud
To grasp the general sway into your hand;

Wor. Pat off. A chattering bird, a pie.

K. Hen. Forefit your oath to us at Doncaster;
And, being led by us, you used us so
As that unceutle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
Used the sparrow; did oppress our nest;
Grew by our feeding to import a bulk.
That even our love must not come near your
sight,
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were removed, for we were not cai'd.
Out of your sight, and made this present head:
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forced against yourself;
By masked peace, disguised allegiance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Swear to me in your younger enterprise.
K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have articu-lated.
Proclaim'd at market-crosses; read in churches;
To lace the garment of rebellion
With some mix color, that in some place the eye
Of fickle changlings, and proud adventurers,
Which rape, and rub these hirelingnews
Of hasty fury nationations;
And never yet did trust, or wish
Such water-courses, for safety to dry;
Nor muddy haggards, as at some time
Of polished havoc and could do.

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 his pages,
The prince of Wales doth now address me;
I do not think, a braver gentleman.
More active-valiant, or more exalted, you,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive.
To grace this latter gentleman so nobly.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a trump been to charity.
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 misdied upon your cousin's part;
And, will they take the oath 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, or that he will not yield,
Rebuke and death correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So, he gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair, take it advisedly.
[Exit 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
charges:

Exhibited in articles.
For, on their answer, will we set on them: And God befriend us, as our cause is just! 

**Exit King, BLUNT, and PRINCE JOHN.**

Fad. Hal; Hai! Search me down, I'II have it wrong, and bestride me, so! —is a point of friendship.

**P. Hen.** Nothing but a colossus can do thee, that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fad. It bestrides the word, and all well.

**P. Hen.** Why, thou owest God a death. 

*Exit.*

*A rabbit.*

It is not due yet; I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that cannot on me? Well, no matter; Honor pricks me on. Yea, but how if honor pricks me off when I come on? how then? Can honor start to a leg? No. Or an arm! No. Or take away the grave's sad sound? No. I have no skill in surgery then! No. What is honor! A word. What is in that word, honor! What is that honor! Air. A thing reasoning. Who hath it! He that died o' Wednesday. But this is both honest. No, Doth he hear it! No. Is it insensible then! Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living! No. Why! Detraction will not suffer it: therefore I'll none of it: Honor is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism. 

[Exit.]

**SCENE II.—The Rebel Camp.**

*Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.*

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, sir Richard. The liberal kind offer of the king. 

Vor. 'Twere best he did.

Vor. Then are we all undone. The king should keep his word in loving us; He will suspect us still, and at a time To punish his offence in other faults: Such power shall be used without fault: For treason is but trusted like the fox; Who, me'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up, Will have a wild trick of her husband. Look how we can, or sad, or merrily. Interpretation will misquote our looks; And we shall feed on oxen at a stall, The better cherish'd, than the most in broth. My nephew's trespass may be well forgot, It hath the excess of youth, and heat of blood; And an adopted name of privilege,— A bare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen: All his offences live upon my head. And on his father's, we did trun him on; And, his corruption being ta'en from us, We shall turn all of us, shall perfit. Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know, In any case, the offer of the king. 

Vor. Deliver what you will, I'll say, 'tis so. Here comes your cousin.

*Enter HOTSPER and DOGGLAS; and Officers and Soldiers, behind.*

Hot. My uncle is return'd:—Deliver up My lord of Westmoreland.—Uncle, what news? 

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently. 

Dog. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland. 

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so. 

Dog. Marry, and shall, and very willing. [Exit. Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king. 

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid! 

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances, Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,— By how forswearing that he is forsworn. 

Dog. My name is Douglas; and, as I do know thee in the battle thus, Thou cross'est me! what honor dost thou seek Upon my head? 

Dog. Know them, my name is Douglas; And I do haunt thee in the battle thus, Because some tell me that thou art a king. 

Blunt. They tell thee true. 

Dog. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath thought Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, king Harry, This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee, Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner. 

Blunt. I will no more than to a rebel, and proud Scot: And thou shalt find a king that will revenge Lord Stafford's death. 

[They fight, and BLUNT is slain. Enter HORSECA.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus, I never had triumph'd upon a Scot. 

Dog. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the king. 

Hot. Where is he? 

Dog. Here. 

Hot. This, Douglas? no, I know this face full. 

A galant knight he was, his name was Blunt: Semblably furnish'd like the king himself. 

Recital. Own. *The motto of the Percy family.*
Dong. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes, A bow'dr'd title hast thou bought too dear. Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king? Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats. Dong. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats; I'll murder all his staves, piece by piece, Until I meet the king. Hot. Up, and away; Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [Exit. Other Alarums. Enter Falstaff. Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here's no shooting, but upon the pate.—Sott! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt;—there's honor for you: Here's no vanity!—I am as hot as a newly-wed, and as heavy, too; God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my ragamuffins where they are pepper'd: there's but three of my hundred and forty thousand men: and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here! Enter Prince Henry. P. Hen. What, stand'st thou idle here! I tend me thy sword: Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff Under the shadow of vaunting enemies. Whose deaths are unrevenged: Pr'ythee, lend thy sword. Fal. O Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a word. Pa-'gree yonder Percy draws his sword in arms, as I have done this day. I have paid Percy; I have made him sure. P. Hen. He is, indeed; and living to thee, Lost and mad, I pr'ythee. Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st no sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt. P. Hen. Give me it. What, is it in the case? Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot! 'tis will that shall sack a city. The Prince draws out a bottle of sack. P. Hen. What, is it a time to jest, and daily now! But 'tis the end of art, and exit. Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if he come in, willingly, let him make a carbide of me. I like not such cunning honor, as sir Walter hath: Give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honor comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. [Exit. SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Field. Alarums. Exeunt. Enter the King, Prince Henry, Prince John, and Westmoreland. K. Hen. I pr'ythee, Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much— Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him. P. John. Not, my lord, unless I didst command too. P. Hen. I do beseech your majesty, make up, Lest your retirement do amaze your friends. K. Hen. I will do so. My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent. West. Come, my lord, I will lead you to your tent. P. Hen. Lead me, my lord! I do not need your help. And heaven forbid, a shallow scratch should drive The prince of Wales from such a field as this; Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on, And rebels' arms triumph in masses! P. John. Why, he's too long;—Come, cousin Westmoreland, Our duty this way lies: for God's sake, come. [Enter Prince John and Westmoreland. P. Hen. By heaven, thou hast decreed 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 master. K. Hen. I saw him hold lord Percy to the point, With justier maintenance than I did look for Of such an unwarred guardian. 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 these That wear those colors on them;—What art thou, That counterfeit'st the person of a king? K. Hen. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart, So many of his shadows thou hast met, And not the very king. I have two boys Seek Percy and thyself, about the field; But, secure them bullet on me so luckily, I will assay thee; so defend thyself. Dong. I fear, thou art another counterfeit; And yet, in faith, thou'rt not the king: at mine, thou art, whosoever be, And thus I win thee. [They fight. The King in danger, Enter Prince Henry. P. Hen. Hold up thy head, vice Scot, or thou art like Never to hold it up again! the spirits Of Shirley, Stalb, and Westmoreland. O, it is the prince of Wales, that threatens thee; Who never promised, but he means to pay.— [They fight. Douglas fies. Cheery, my lord; how fares your grace! Sir Nicholas Gawsewy hath for success sent, And so hath Clifton: I'll to Clifton straight. K. Hen. Stay, and breathe awhile; Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion; And shoul'dst thou mak'st so some tender of my life, In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me. P. Hen. O, heaven! they did me too much injury. That ever said, I hear'den for your death. If it were so, I might have little alone The insulting hand of Douglas over you; Which would have been as specious in my arms, As all the poisonous potions in the world, And sav'd the treacherous labor of your son. K. Hen. Make up to Clifton, I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsewy. —Exit King Henry. Enter Hotspur. Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Mornmouth, P. Hen. Thou speakest as if I would deny my name. Hot. My name is Harry Percy. P. Hen. Why, then I see A very valiant rebel of the name. I am the prince of Wales; and think not, Percy, To share with me in glory any more: Two stars shall not shine in one motion in the sphere; Nor can one England break a double reign, Of Harry Percy, and the prince of Wales. Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come To end this line of us and ours. Thy name in arms were now as great as mine! P. Hen. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee; And all the budding honors on thy crest I'll crop to make a garland for my head. Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [They fight. Enter Falstaff. Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you. Enter Douglas; he fights with Falstaff, who falls down as if he were dead, and exit. Douglas. Hotspur is wounded, and falls. Hot. O, Harry, thou hast rob'd me of my youth, I better brook the loss of brittle life, Than those proud titles thou hast won of me; They would in thought's, worse than thy sword my life;— But thought's the slave of life, and life's foot; And time, that takes survey of all the world, Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy God, But that the earthly and cold hand of death Lies on my tongue:—No, Percy, thou art dust, And food for worms. [Die. P. Hen. After worms, brave Percy! Fare thee well, great heart! Ill-wea'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk! When that this body did contain a spirit, Kingdom for it was too small a bound; But now, two paces of the vilest earth Is room enough.—This earth that bears thee dead, Bears not alive so stout a gentleman. If thou wast sensible of courtesy, I should not make so dear a show of zeal:— But let my favors hold thine enraged face; And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself ¹ A piece of meat cut acrosswise for the grindron. ² Scarf, with which he covers Percy's face
For doing these fair rites of tenderness,  
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!  
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,  
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!  

[Exeunt Falstaff on the ground.]

What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh  
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!  
I could have better spared a better man.  
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,  
If I were much in love with vanity.  
Death hath not strucks so fat a deer to-day,  
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray:—  
Embowed'll I see thee lie by and by;  
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie.  

[Exit.]

Fal. [Reading aloud.] Embowed'll I thou en- 

[Embowed''] I'll give thee leave to powder me,  
and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Shood, 'twas time to  
counterfeit, or that hot temperant Scot had paid  
me a seot and lot too. Counterfeit! I lie, I am no  
counterfeit: 'To die, is to be a counterfeit; for he  
is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life  
of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man  
thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true  
and perfect image of his indeed. The better part  
of valor is—discretion; in the which better part, I  
have saved my life. Zounds, I am afraid of this  
gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: How, if he  
should counterfeit too, and rise! I am afraid, he  
would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll  
make him sure: yes, and I'll swear I killed him.  
Why may not he rise, as full as I? Nothing con-  
futes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore,  
sirrah, [Stalking him] with a new wound in thy  
thigh, come thou along with me.  

[Exeunt Hotspur en his back.]

Re-enter Prince Henry and Prince John.

P. Hen. Come, brother John, full bravely hast  
thee fished'sd  
Thy maiden sword.  

P. John. But, soft! whom have we here?  
Did not tell me, this fat man was dead?  

P. Hen. I did; I saw him dead, breathless and  
bleeding  
Upon the ground.—  

Art thou alive! or is it phantasy  
That plays upon our eyesight? I pray thee, speak;  
We will not trust our eyes, without our ears—  
Thou art not what thou seem'st.  

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man:  
but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack.  
There is Percy: [Throwing the body down.] if  
your father will do me any honor, so; it not, let him  
hit the next Percy himself. I look to be either  
card, or duke. I can assure you.  

P. Hen. Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw  
thee dead.  

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord, lord, how this world is  
given to lying!—I grant you, I was down, and out  
of breath; and so was he; but we rose both at an  
instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury  
clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them,  
that should reward valor, bear the sin upon their  
own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him  
this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive,  
and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece  
of my sword.  

P. John. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.  

*Salt

P. Hen. This is the strangest fellow, brother  
John.—  
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:  
for my part, if a lie may do thee grace,  
I'll gild it with the happiest trusting grace.  

[A Retreat is sounded.]

The trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours.  
Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field,  
To see what friends are living, who are dead.  

[Exeunt Prince Henry and Prince John.]

Fort. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that  
rewards me God reward him! If I do grow great,  
I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and  
live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.  

[Exit, bearing off the body.]

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field.

The Trumpet sound. [Enter King Henry, Prince  
Henry, Prince John, Westmoreland, and others;  
with Worcester and Vernon, Prisoners.]

K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—  
I'll-pardoned 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!  
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,  
A noble earl, and many a creature else,  
Had been alive this hour,  
If like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne  
Betray our armies true in fortune's wave.  

Wor. What I have done, my safety urged me to;  
And I embrace this fortune patiently,  
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.  

K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the death, and Ver-  
on too:  
Other offenders we will pause upon.—  

[Exeunt Worcester and Vernon, guarded.]

How goes the field?  

P. Hen. The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when he  
saw  
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,  
The noble Percy slain, and all his men  
Upon the foot of fear,—died with the rest;  
And, falling from a hill, he was so bruiz'd,  
That the pursuers took him. At my ten;  
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, to you,  
This honorable bounty shall belong:  
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him  
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free:  
His valor shown upon our credits to-day,  
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds  
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.  

K. Hen. Then this remains, that we divide our  
power,  

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,  
Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest  
speed.  
To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scoop,  
Who, as we hear, are hasty in arms:  
Myself,—and you, son Harry,—will towards Wales,  
To fight with Glendower, and the earl of March.  
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway;  
Meeting the check of such another day;  
And since this business so fair is done,  
Let us not leave till all our own be won. [Exeunt.]

[End of Document]
SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY IV.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

EARL OF WARWICK;
EARL OF WESTMORELAND; GOWER; HARCOURT;
Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.
A Gentleman attending on the Chief Justice.
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND;
SCHOOL, Archbishops of York;
LORD MOWBRAY;
LORD HASTINGS;
LORD BARDOLPH;
Sir John Cowley;

TRAVERS and MORTON, Domestics of Northumberland.
FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and Page.
POINS and PETO, Attendants on Prince Henry.
SHALLOW and SILENCER, County Justices.
DULL, Servant to Shallow.
MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, and BULLCALF, Recruits.
FANG and SNAKE, Sheriff's Officers.
RUMOR.
A Porter.
A Dancer, Speaker of the Epilogue.

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND.
LADY PERCY.
HOSTESS QUICKLY.
DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Lords and other Attendants: Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, Drawers, Grooms, &c.

SCENE, England.

INDUCTION.

Warkworth. Before Northumberland's Castle.

Enter RUMOR, painted full of Tongues.

Rum. Open your ears; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing, when loud Rumor speaks?
I, from the east to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slander ride;
The which in every language I pronounce.
Studding 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 Rumor, who but only I,
Make fearful musters, and prepared defiance;
Whilst the big year, swollen with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter: Rumor 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-dissonant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumor here?
I run before King Harry's victory.
Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,
Hath beaten down young Hotspur, and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebel's blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? my office is
To noise abroad,—that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the weight of noble Hotspur's sword:
And that the king before the Douglas' race
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This I have rumour'd through the peasant towns
Between that royal field at Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learnt of me; From Rumor's tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true
wrongs.

[Exit.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Warkworth. Before Northumberland's Castle.

The Porter before the Gate; Enter LORD BARDOLPH.

L. BARD. Who keeps the gate here, ho!—Where is the earl?

Port. What shall I say you are!
North. What news, Lord Bardolph! every minute now
Should bring the father of some stratagem:—
The times are wild; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

L. Bard. Noble earl;
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an heaven will!—
L. Bard. As good as heart can wish—
The time is almost wounded to the death:
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas: young prince John,
And his brother now are fled, to be lost the field; and
Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk sir John,
Is prisoner to your son: O, such a day,
So short, so follow'd, and so finely won,
Cannot till now to dignify the times,
Since Caesar's fortunes!—

North. How is this deriv'd?
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?
L. Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came
from thence;
A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant, Travers, whom I sent
On Tuesday last to listen after news,
L. My lord, my servant's heart was in the way;
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
More than he haply may retail from me.

Enter Travers.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you?

Trav. My lord, sir John Umfreivel turn'd me back
With full tidings; and my lord, better still,
Out-rode me. After him, came, spurring hard,
A gentleman, almost forspent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloody horse:
He spake no words, but just to his messenger
I did demand, what news from Shrewsbury.
He told me that rebellion had bad luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold:
With that he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel head; and, starting so,
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

North. Hal—Again.
Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
On Horse-pur, coldspur? that rebellion
Had met all luck?

L. Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what;—
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon my honor, for a siker pet,
I'll give my barren: never talk of it.

North. Why should the gentleman, that rode by
Give then such instances of loss?
L. Bard. Who, he?
He was some hilding, fellow, that had stol'n
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 tittleleaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:
So looks the strong; whereon the impetuous flood
Hath barr'd us; and we'd usurp the summer's shore.
Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?
Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,
To rend our part.

North. How doth my son and brother
Thou trembling; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is sparier than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Explain, my lord: it should be, ere he be heard,
So duff, so dead in look, so woebegone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd:
But he had found a man, ere to be his tongue,
And my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.
This thou wouldst say,—Your son did thus; and thus;
Your brother, thus; so fought the noble Douglas:

1Important or dreadful event. 2 Lace tagged. 3 Hildering, base, cowardly.

Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
Thus he led the horse to bade away the moment,
Ending with—brother, son, and all are dead.
Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet
But, for my lord, your son,

North. Why, he is dead.

North. 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 will not to the world is conversed. Why, Morton,
Tell thou thy ear, thy divinest lies:—
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong
Mor. We ourselves, like dogs and the gauntlet:
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead
I see a certain confession in this certain face:
Thou slkest thy head, and hast it fear, or sin,
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so!
The tongue offends not that report his death:
And he doth sin, that doth belie the death:
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.

L. Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.
Mor. I am sorry, I should force you to believe
That such a word is current in the world.
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Ren'd in faint quittance, 'weary and outbreath'd,
To Harry Monmouth: whose swift wrath beat down
The not daunted. Daur'd the way to the enemy.
From whence with fire he never more sprung up.
In few, his death, (whose spirt lent a fire
Even to the dullest present in his camp,)—
Heng was his once, to seek fire and to away
From the best temper'd courage in his troops:
For from his metal was his party stedd:
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd d'se themselves, like dull and heavy lead,
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement, flies with greater speed;
So did our men, heavy in Holquin's knees.
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field: Then was that noble Worcester,
Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-laboring sword
Had three times shann the appearance of the king,
Gan, with his unapprov'd, to the encounter, and did 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 special power, to a encounter; my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster,
And Westmorland: this is the news at full.

North. Forthis I shall have time enough to mour
In pox'der or pleasure; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well:
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like stately trees, with aches and weariness,
And shivering slavery, buckle under life,
Inpatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief; being now enraged with grief,
Are the叙 themselves: hence therefore, thou men,
 Cruz'l;
A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
Must glove this hand; and hence, thou sickly quoth,
Thou a great and tender man, to live so light.
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit,
Now bind my brows with iron; and approach
The raged'rt hour that time and spirits ring,
To crown upon the enrag'd Northumberland!
Let heaven kiss earth! Now let not nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confined; let order die;
And let this world, so long hee tilted, or:
To feel content in a lingering set;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that each heart being set
On noblest brand the rude scene, or brand,
And darkness be the burner of the dead!

Trav. This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.
Scene II.  
KING HENRY IV.

L. BARD.  Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honor.

MOR.  The lives of all your living complices
Lean on your health; the which if you give o'er
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
You cast the scent of war, my noble lord,
And sadd'ned the account of chance, before you
said—
Let us make head.  It was your presurriose,
That you did not stand up in thy dignity:
You knew, he walk'd o'er peris, on an edge,
More likely to fall in than to get o'er;
You were advis'd, his flesh was capable
Of this too feeble stroke, and his heroic spirits
Would lift him where most trade of danger ranged;
Yet did you say,—Go forth; and none of this,
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The even tide of fortune.  What a world!
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be!

L. BARD.  We all, that are engaged to this loss,
Knew that we ventured on such oceanous seas,
That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one:
And yet we ventur'd, for the gain proposed
Would the respect of likely peril to'd;
And since we were o'er, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth; body, and goods.

MOR.  'Tis more than time: And, my most noble lord,
I hear for certain and do speak the truth,—
The gentle archbishop of York is up,
With well-appointed powers; he is a man,
Who with a double sanctity binds his followers,
But this seal to freedom only on paper:
But shadows, and the shows of men, to'tight:
For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls:
And he that walk'd with question'd, and car'd,
As men drink potions; that their weapons only,
Seem'd on our side, but for their spirits and souls,
This word, rebellion, it hath froze them up,
As fish are in a pond: But now the bishop
Turns inscription to religion:
Suppose'd squire and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind;
And both enhance his rising with the blessing
Of fair king Richard, scrape I from Penfret stones;
Derives from heaven his quartar, and his cause;
Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,
Gasping for life under great Robingk's reign:
And more, & less, do flock to follow him.

NORTH.  I knew of this before; but, to speak truth,
The devil had winded him with craft, and wip'd it from my mind.
Go in with me; and counsel every man,
The aptest way for safety, and revenue:
Get posts, and letters, and make friends with speed;
Never so few, and never yet more need.  [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—London.  A Street.

FALSTAFF, with his Page hearing his Sword and Buckler.

FALSTAFF.  Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?

PAGE.  Sir, he said, the water itself was a good healthy water: but, for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

FALSTAFF.  Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me; The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is in motion to blame any that is direct to laugh, more than I invent, or is invent on me; I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men.  I do here walk before thee, like a goose that hath shown all the feathers, but one.  If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment.  Thou wondrous mandrake, then art fitter to be set to the head of a horse, than to be the master, who's chin is not yet ledged.  I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say his face is a dishonorable.  God may finish it when he

Distribution.  Against their stomachs.  Greater.

Gibe.  A rope and raised to have the shape of a man.

Alluding to little figures cut in agate.

will, it is not a hair miss yet; he may keep it still as a face-royal, for barber shall never warm supper.

FALSTAFF.  Yet he will be crowing as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor.  He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of business.  For instance,—What do you say for the white and yellow about the satin for my short cloak, and slope?

PAGE.  He said, sir, you should procure him assurance but Bardolph: he would not take his bold any more; for, in the lives of all your living complices,

FALSTAFF.  Let him be damned like a gluton! may his tongue be hotter! —A whoreson Achitophel! a rashly yea-foolish knave! to hear a gentleman in these matters, and stand upon security,—The whoreson smooth-pates do not wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up, then they put them and stand upon security.  I had a hief they would put ratsbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security.  I looked he should have sent me two-and-twenty sheets of satin, as I am a true knight, and an honest gentleman; and give me, he may sleep in security; for they hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shone through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have his own hatchet to light him.  Where's Bardolph?

PAGE.  He's gone into Smithfield, to buy your worship a horse.

FALSTAFF.  I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in grief: ye could get me but a worse in the stews, I was manned, horseed, 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. (mlcFeet close, I will not see him.

CH. JUSTICE.  What, to what end, that goes he?

ATTENDANT.  Falstaff, and please your lordship.

CH. JUSTICE.  He that was in question for the robbery of

ATTENDANT.  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. JUSTICE.  What, to York! Call him back again.

ATTENDANT.  Let him to Falstaff's hall.

FALSTAFF.  Boy, tell him, I am deaf.

PAGE.  You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

CH. JUSTICE.  I am sure, he, to the hearing of any thing good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

ATTENDANT.  Sir John.

FALSTAFF.  What? a young knave, and beg! is there not war? What needs 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, and to be less than to be on the worse side, were it worse than the name; rebellion can tell how to make it.

ATTENDANT.  You mistake me, sir.

FALSTAFF.  And, say you were an honest man, setting my knighthood and my soldiery aside, I had led in my throat if I had said so.

ATTENDANT.  I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiery aside; and give me to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

FALSTAFF.  I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou get any leave of me, hang me; if thou take leave, thou wilt better be hanged: You hunt-counter, hence avante.

ATTENDANT.  Sir, my lord would speak with you.

CH. JUSTICE.  Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

FALSTAFF.  My good lord!—God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say, your lordship was sick: I hope, your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the softness of time; and the best soldiers were first gentlemen, and but a lordship to have a reverend care of your health.

CH. JUSTICE.  Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

FALSTAFF.  What, to use your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

[In their debt.

2 Alluding to an old proverb: Who goes to Westminster for a wife, to St. Paul's for a man, and to Smithfield for a horse, with a wench, a knave, and a jade.  

3 A catch-pole or balliff.  

4 Distribution.  Against their stomachs.  Greater.
Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty:—You would not have me break my word? Fol. And I hear moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whorsen apoplexy. Ch. Just. Well, heaven mend him! I pray, let me have a little audience to approve my youth further. I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will confer with me for a thousand marks, let him come and see the ugly legless Lancaster; this to the prince o’the ear that the prince gave you,—he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it; and the young Ion retums: in this; in leathers, and sackcloth; but in new silk, and old sack. Ch. Just. Well, heaven send the prince a better companion. Fol. Heaven send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him. Ch. Just. Well, the king hath severely you and your prince and sister, because you have been with the son of Lancaster against the archbishop, and the Earl of Northumberland. Fol. Yes; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look, all this may be my life's peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day! for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I meant not to sweat extraordinary: if it be a hot day, and I brandish anything but my bottle, I would I might never spit white rain. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am hurst upon it: Well, I cannot last ever; But it was allowable for the sake of our much nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will need say, I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God, my name were not so terrifying, the enemey as it is. I were better to be eaten to death with rust, than to be scour'd to nothing with perpetual motion. Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; And God bless your econoncion! Fol. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound, to furnish me with? Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to beat crosses. Fare you well: Commend me to my cousin Westminster. [Exit Ch. Justice.] Fol. [To Thane.] Chief Justice and Attend. [Exit Fol.] Fol. I'll send him, and a message to a three or four beheth. A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pawn pincers the other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses—Boy! Page, Sir! Page. What money is in my purse? Page. Seven groats and two-pence. Fol. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.—To hear this little piece of spiritual Lancaster and Lancashire, this is to the earl of Westmoreland; and this to old mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived her fair air on me, in the old Cherch: An I knew where to send me. [Exit Page.] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this paw! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my good twenty. I will, after it, I do try, I play warm for my color, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable: A good wit will make use of any thing; I will turn diseases to commodity. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—York. A Room in the Archbishop’s Palace.

Enter the Arch Bishop of York, the Lords Hastings, Morewe, and Bardolph.

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause, and known our proofs; And, my noble friends, I pray you all, Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes; And first, lord marshal, what say you to it? Morewe. The signs tell all, and our eyes, and our auris; But studly would be better satisfied, How, in our means, we should advance ourselves To look with forehead bold and big enough Upon the color and pungence of the king. Bardolph. Our present musters grow upon the file To five-and-twenty thousand men of choice; And our supplies lie large in the country ofumberland, whose bosoms burn With an incensed fire of injuries.
L. Bard. The question then, lord Hastings, standeth thus:
Whether our present five-and-twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberlands.

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 stop too far
That we may have such a force, to
For, in a theme so bloody-faced as this,
Conquest, expectation, and surprize
Of aids uncertain, should not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true, lord Bardolph; for, indeed,
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

L. Bard. It was, my lord; who lined himself
With hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply.
Flattering himself with project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts:
And so with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, fed his powers to death,
And, winking, leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt
To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.

L. Bard. Yes, in 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,
Hereafter not so mine commendation, 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 tinge of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
Which if we find outweights ability,
What do we then, but draw anew the model
In fewer offices, so 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,) we should survey
The plot of situation, and the model,
Consepts upon a sure foundation;
Question surveyors; know our own estate
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite; or else,
We fortify in paper, and in figures,
Using the names of men, instead of men:
Like one, that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churchful winter's tyranny.

Have I not said, that our hopes (yet likely of fair birth)
Should be still-born, and that we now possessed
The utmost man of expectation;
I think, we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

L. Bard. What! is the king but five-and-twenty
Then, and no more?

Hast. To us, no more; nay, not so much, lord
Bardolph.

For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are, in the head, one power against the French,
And one against Gloucester; therefore a third
Must take up us; so is the uniform king
In three divided; and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

Arch. That he should draw his several strength
together,
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh
Bailing him at the heels; never fear that.

L. Bard. Who, is it like, should lead his forces
hither?

Hast. The duke of Lancaster and Westmoreland:
Against the Welsh, himself; and Harry Mommouth;
But who is substitute 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

Arch. Let us on;
And publish the occasion of our arms.

Hosts and pages not so mine commendation, as despair,
Their over-zealous love hath surmiz'd:
An imitation giddy and unsure.

Hath he, the pulpit on the vulgar heart,
O thou noble man! with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou wouldst have him be!
And being now triumph'd in thine own desires,
Thou, honestly tender, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog; didst thou disgorge
Thy gluton bosom of the royal Richard;
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vanit,
And how'st, to find it. What trust is in these names!

They that when Richard liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enam'd on his grave;
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,
When through proud London he came sighing on
After the admir'd feats of Bolingbroke,
Cry'st now, O earth; yield us that king again,
And take thou this! 'O thoughts of men accurst!
Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst.

March. The L. of Westmoreland, the L. of Westmoreland.
We go draw our numbers, and set out.

Hast. We are time's subjects, and time hus been
gone. [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—London. A Street.

Enter Hostess; Fang, and his Boy, with her; and SNAKE following.

Fang. Master Fang, have you entered the action?
Fang. It is entered.

Host. Where is your yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman? will he stand to't?
Fang. Sirrah, where's Snares?
Host. O lord, ay; good master Snares.
Snares. Here, here.
Fang. Snares, we must arrest sir John Falstaff.
Host. Yes; good master Snares; I have entered him and all.

Fang. It may chance cost some of our lives, sir.
Host. Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly; in good faith, 'tis no mischief he doth, if his weapon be out; he will join like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.
Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither; I'll be at your elbow.
Fang. An I but sit him once; an I come but within my view.  


1 Foolish multitude.

Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's an infinite thing upon my score—Good master Fang, hold him surey—good master Snares, let him not escape. He comes continually to Piccadilly, (saving your manhoods,) to buy a saddle; and he's inclin'd to dinner to the Lubber's Head in a humber'd horse. He has no more Smooth's the silkman: I pray you, since my eaxon is entered, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred marks is a long loan for a poor gentleman to bear, and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been tubbed off, and tubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no lounger business, but I would Smooth's unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Page, and Bardolph.

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of mistress Quickly.

Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's an infinite thing upon my score—Good master Fang, hold him surey—good master Snares, let him not escape. He comes continually to Piccadilly, (saving your manhoods,) to buy a saddle; and he's inclin'd to dinner to the Lubber's Head in a humber'd horse. He has no more Smooth's the silkman: I pray you, since my eaxon is entered, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred marks is a long loan for a poor gentleman to bear, and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been tubbed off, and tubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no lounger business, but I would Smooth's unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of mistress Quickly.
Fall. Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph; cut me off the villain's head; throw the quan in the channel. Host. I'll throw thee in the channel! Will thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue!—Murder, murder! O thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the King's, and dost thou, thou bastardly rogue! thou art a honey-suckle; a man-queller, and a woman-queller. Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph. Faus. A rescue! a rescue! Host. Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you. Ch. Just. How now, sir John? what, are you brawling here? Doth this become your place, your time, and business? You should have been well on your way to York— Stand from him, fellow; Wherefore hast thou that sum? Host. O my most worshipful lord, and please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit. Ch. Just. For what sum? Host. It is more for some, my lord: it is for all, I have; he hath eaten me out of house and home; but I have put all my substance into that as a beggary. But I will have some of it out at once, or I'll ride thee o' nights, like the mare. Fal. I think, I am as like to ride the mare, if I have my vantage of ground to get up. Ch. Just. How comes this, sir John? Fye! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own? Host. What is the gross sum that I owe thee? Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thou, and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Whitson-week: when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor: thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady wife. Cost thee nothing! But not goodwife Kecheth, the butcher's wife, came in then, and call me gossip Quickly! coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us, she had a good drop of oil; not only thou wast thereby some; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound! And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiar with such poor people; saying, that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee new to thy book-sheet; deny it, if thou canst. Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is you; she hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them. Ch. Just. Sir John, sir John. I am well acquainted with your manner of warming me, and the cause of false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent suavity from you, can thrust me from a level conscience. Thou hast, as it appears to me, practiced upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve you uses both in purse and person. Host. Yea, in truth, my lord. Ch. Just. Pr'ythee, 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 repentance. Host. I am not unapt to answer this snap without reply. You call honorable boldness, impudent suavity: if a man will make court'sy, and say nothing, he is virtuous: No, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor; I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs. Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong; but answer in the effect of your reputation, and I will do the justice to you. Host. Come hither, hostess. (Taking her aside.) Enter Hostess. Ch. Just. Nay, now, master Gower; What news? Gower. The king, my lord, and Harry prince of Wales Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells. Fal. I am a gentleman;—Enter Gower. Ch. Just. How now, sir John; what news? Host. Nay, you said so before. Fal. As I am a gentleman;—Come, no more words of it. Host. Pray thee, this groundly I tread on, I must be fain to paim both my plate, and the tapestry of my dining-chambers. Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking; and for thy walsh, a pretty slight disorder, or the story of the prodigal, or the German hunting in waterwork, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if these things be true, and an it were not for thy humor, there is not a better wench in England,—Go, wash thy face, and draw thy action: Come, thou must not be in this humor with me; dost not know me? Come, Sir John, I knew you to be a similar person. Host. Pray thee, sir John, let it be but twenty nobles; I'd faith I am left to pawn my plate, in good earnest, Sir. 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 support you'll pay me all together? Fal. Will I live!—Go, with her, with her; [To Bardolph] 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 Page. Ch. Just. I have heard better news. Fal. What's the news, my good lord; Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night? Gower. At Basingstoke, my lord. Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well: What's the news, my lord? Ch. Just. Come all his forces back? Gower. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse, Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster, Again to Northumberland, and the archbishop. Fal. Come the king back from Wales, my noble lord? Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently: Come, along with me, good master Gower. Fal. My lord! Ch. Just. What's the matter! Fal. Master Gower, shall I entertain you with me to dinner? Gower. I must wait upon my good lord here: I thank you, good sir John. Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, heeing you and your fashionables are up in company, 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! I thou art a great fool. [Exeunt.}

SCENE II.—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 come with the first of September, but thou wast set on so high blood. P. Hen. 'Faith, it doth me; though it discords the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it; both it doth not show vividly in me, to desire small beer

4 Homilet. 7 Homicide, 8 Snub, check.

6 Suitably to your character. 1 Withdraw
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 tawdry wine, 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 remember thou hast any pair of silk stockings thou hast; riz, these, and those that were the peacock-colored ones! or to hear the inventory of thy shirts; a dignified impertinence, and the other for me—but that the tennis-court in the park looks better there; for it is a low ebb of learn with thee, when thou keepest not ratchet there; as thou hast not done a great deal else of the rebel duties of thy low-counties have made a shift to eat up thy holland: and God knows, whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen, shall inherit his kingdom; but the middle upon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have labored so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time?

P. Hen. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Ay, my lord, what's that good thing.

P. Hen. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of one thing that I will with mine own事.

P. Hen. Why, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell thee, as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better; and to call my friend, I could be sad, and sad indeed.

Poins. Very hardly, upon such a subject.

P. Hen. By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book as thou art in God's; and that's a great doubt. And let the lesser men, he that's lowest in the world, be known, that he may know, who are above while he's below; and how to become to-morrow?

Poins. What's that to thee, I pray, that's my father's son?

P. Hen. Why, because you have been so loquacious, and so much engrossed to Falstaff.

Poins. By this light, I am well spoken of. I can hear it with my own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I have the better fellow of my hands; and those two things, I cannot, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

P. Hen. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had hurt him from my Christian; and, look, if the fat villain have not transformed him.

Enter Bardolph and Page.

Bard. Save your grace.

P. Hen. And yours, most noble Bardolph.

Bard. Come, you virtuous ass, [To the Page] you bashful fool, must you blushing be! Wherefore blush thou? When a man has a mind to learn, and are you become! Is it such a matter, to get a pot-pot's maidshead?

Page. He called me even now, my lord, through a red door in the gate. I have no part of his face from the window: at last, I spied his eyes; and, methought, he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peeped through.

Bard. Two holes! In what degree? Is it a prank?

Page. Away, you scoundrel upon right, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away! You are sent too! Make way, make way!

Page. Marry, my lord, Althea dreamed she was delivered of a fire-brand; and therefore I call him her dream.

P. Hen. A crown's worth of good interpretation.

—There it is, boy. [Gives him money.

Poins. And this, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers!—Well, there is xipence to preserve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him be hanged among you, the poor old carcass will cry in your faces.

P. Hen. And how dost thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town; there's a letter for you.

Poins. Deliver in good respect. And how dost the martlemas, thy master?

Bard. In body health, sir.

Page. Harry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him; though that be sick, it does not.

P. Hen. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog, and he holds his place; for, look you, how he writes.

Poius. [Reads.] John Falstaff, knight,—Every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself. Even like those that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger, but they say, There is some of the king's blood spilt: How comes that? says he, that takes upon him not to be more noble than he is. Be not you, a borrower's slave; I am the king's poor cousin, sir.

P. Hen. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But the letter:

Poins. Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king reared his father; Harry prince of Wales, greeting,—Why, this is a certificate.

P. Hen. Peace!

Poins. Who will imitate the honorable Roman in brevity,—he sure means brevity in breath; short-winded,—I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; I will not be too familiar with thee; but if that I wish for he will not so soon ask; that he were to marry his sister Nell. Repeal all idle times as thou hast; and so farewell.

Thou, by men and men, (which is as much as say, as thou hast hired and fed Jack Falstaff, with my followers; John, with my brothers and sisters; and Sir John with all Europe."

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. Hen. That's to make him eat twenty of his words, but do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your daughter?

Poins. May the wench have no worse fortune! but I never said so.

P. Hen. Well, thus we play the fools with the time; and those rascals 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 boar feed in the old stall?

Bard. At the old place, my lord; in Eastcheap.

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 payage may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

P. Hen. How muchKin, as the parish heifers are to the town-bull.—Shall we steal upon him, Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you in all this.

P. Hen. Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph;—no word to your master that I am yet come to town: There's for your silence.

Bard. And for mine, sir,—I will govern it.

Page. Fare ye well:—[Exeunt Bardolph and Page. —This Doll Tear-sheet should be some new title.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

P. Hen. How might we see Falstaff bestow him self tonight in his true colors, and not ourselves be seen? 
SCENE III.—Warwokth. Before the Castle.

Enter Northumberland, Lord Northumberland, and Lady Percy.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,
Givc every way unto my rough affairs;
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.

Lady X. I have given over, I will speak no more:
Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honor is at pawn;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady P. O, yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!

The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endur'd to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry
Threw many a northern look to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.

Who then persuad'd you to stay at home?
The shame and dishonour lose your father'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 the chivalry of England shine.
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 cait:
And speaking thick, which nature made his Blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant:
For those that could speak low, and tardily,
Would not turn themselves to perfection at all,
To seem like him: So that, in speech, in gait,
In diet, in ablutions of delight,
In military rules, humors of blood,
He was a mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous one!

O miracle of men!—him did you leave,
(Second to none, unsecond'd by you.)
To look upon the luscid god of war
In disadvantage; to abide a field.
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did rouse the defenders—so you left him.
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong,
To hold your honor more precise and nice
With others, than with him let them alone;
The disavowal, and the abjuration at last:
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North. Beware of your heart,
Fair daughter! you do draw my spirits from me,
With new launthing ancient oversights.
But I must go, and meet with danger there; Out I will seek in another place,
And find me worse provided.

Lady N. O, fly to Scotland,
Till you obtain the nobles, and the accurate counsels,
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the king,
Then 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 now I shall have length of life enough,
To run upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recollection 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.
For though the arrows are so sharp,
But many thousand reasons hold me back—
I will resolve for Scotland; there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company.
[Exeunt.]
Enter Pistol, Bardolph, and Page.

Pist. Save you, sir John!

Win. Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge your commission?

Pist. I will discharge upon her, sir John, with two bulletts.

Win. She is pistoled-proof; sir, you shall hardly o'ertake her.

Pist. Come, I'll drink no poore, nor no bulletts: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure. I'll drink to you, mistress Dorothy; I will chace you.

Dor. Chace me! I scorn you, scurril companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, blackguard fellow! I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, and play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-rascal! you basket-hilt stabber, you! Since when, I pray you, sir, have you so much with, or so many points on your shoulder? much 14

Pist. I'll murder your ruff for this.

Win. No more, Pistol; I would not have you go about it: I charge you with yourself of our company, Pistol.

Pist. No, good captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Dor. Captain! thou abominable damned cheat, and hark thee! we have been cursed 15 captains of our mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain, you slaver! I warrant you, none so poor whoreson ruff in a bawd-house!—He a captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy stewed primes, and dried cakes. A captain! these villains will make the world hold you for the plausibleest rogue, which was an excellent good word before it was ill-sorted: therefore, captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Dor. Hark thee hither, mistress Dorothy.

Pist. Not I: tell thee what, corporal Bardolph? I could hear thee;—I'll be revenged on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.
SECOND ACT

Fal. Let them play.—Play, sir.—Sit on my knee; Doll. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me, like quicksilver.

Doll. Truth, and thou followedst him like a charm. Thou whoreson little Batolphome loar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o’days, and joining o’ights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven!—Enter behind Prince Henry and Poins, disguised to Yewen.

Fal. Peace, good Doll! Do not speak like a death’s head; do not bid me remember mine end.

Doll. Sirrah, what humor is the prince of? Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipped bread well.

Doll. They say, Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit! hang him, bobbin! his wit is as thick as Tewkesbury mustard: there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

Doll. Why does the prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness: and he plays at quoits well; and eats conzer and fennel; and drinks off candles’ ends for flaps-dragons; and rides the wild mare with the boys; and jumps at the deficit: and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories, and such other gambol faculties he hath, which a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoidance.

P. Hen. Would not this have of a wheel he have his ears cut off at?

Poins. Let’s beat him before his whore.

P. Hen. Look, if the widded elder hath not his port, he will be of no color.

Poins. is it not strange, that desire should so many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

P. Hen. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what says the almanac to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon 4 his man, or no; putting to his man’s old tables; his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Doll. Nay, truly; I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Doll. I love thee better than I love e’er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirkle 5 of? I shall receive money on Thursday: thou shalt have a cup to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late, we’ll bed. Thou’lt forget me, when we are gone. I think I should set me a weeping, an thou sayest so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return.—Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.


Fal. Hal! a bastard son of the king’s!—And art not thou Poins his brother?

P. Hen. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead!

Fal. A better than thou; I am a gentleman, thou art a brace.

P. Hen. Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my faith, welcome to London.—Now the Lord less that sweet face of thine! O Jesu, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty—by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[Leaving his hand upon Doll.]

Doll. How! you fat fool, I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive your reverie, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. Hen. You whoreson candle-mine, you; how wilt thou speak of me even now, for this honest, virtuous, civil gentlemanwoman?

Host. Blessing o’your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Dubh thou hear me?

*An astronomical term.  
*A short cloak.

P. Hen. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gads-hill: you knew, I was at your back; and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

P. Hen. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abjuration; and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, on mine honor; no abuse.

P. Hen. Not! to dispise me; and call me pantler, and baud-lecher, and I know not what!

Doll. Poins, Hal.

Poins. No abuse?

Fal. No abuse, Ned, in the world; honest Ned, none.

I despised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him: in which doing I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal.—none, Ned, none;—no, boys, none.

P. Hen. See, now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to cross with us? Is she of the wicked? is thine hostess here of the wicked? Or is the boy of the wicked? or Honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Fal. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecuperable; and his face is Lucifer’s privy kitchen, where he’s got nothing but roost and wattles; there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.

P. Hen. For the women—

Fal. Doth not every 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 how.

Host. All victualers do so: What’s a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lend! P. Hen. A gentlemanwoman.

Doll. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? look to the door there, Francis.

Enter Peto.

P. Hen. Peto, how now! what news now!

Peto. The king, your father, is at Westminster, and there are twenty weak and weared posts, Come from the north: and there it is, with 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 to blame.

So silly to profane the precious time:

When tempest of commotion, like the south, Borne on black vapore, doth begin to melt, And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.

Give me my sword and cloak.—Falstaff, good night.

Exeunt. [Exit P. Hen., Poins, Peto, and Bard.

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpicked.

[ Knocking heard. ] More knocking at the door!

Re-enter Bardolph.

Bardolph. How now? what’s the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently; A dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the musicians, sirrah. [To the Page.] Farewell, hostess.—Farewell, Doll.—You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the world is old bed, when they skimm the calling is called on. Farewell, good wenches: If I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

Doll. I cannot speak:—If my heart be ready to burst:—Well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

[ Exit Falstaff, and Bardolph.

Fal. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peaced-time; but
an honest, and truer-hearted man.—Well, fare thee well, master.
Barth. [Within.] Mistress Tear-sheet,—
Host. What's the matter?

ACT III.

SCENE I.—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.
But, erstwhile, bid them o'er-read these letters, and well consider of them: Make good speed. — [Exit Page.

How many thousand of my poorest subjects Are at this hour asleep!—Sleep, 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, And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber; Thee was thereronics round the waters of the great, Under the canopies of costly state, And li'th with sounds of sweetest melody! O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile, In foulsome beds, and lies thy pallets false, A watch-case, or a common larum bell? Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains In cradle of the rude unpromised surge; And in the visitation of the winds Who take the ruffling billows by the top, Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them With downy chamfrons in the slippery clouds, That, with the hurly, death itself awakes! Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose To the wet sea-bay in an hour so rude; To the dull brain and feverish sides, 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. K. Hen. Why then, good morrow to you all, my lords.

Have you read over the letters that I sent you? War. We have, my liege. K. Hen. Then you perceive the body of our kingdom, How foul it is; what rank diseases grow. And what with danger, near the heart of it. War. It is but as a body, yet, distemper'd; Which to his former strength may be restored, With good advice, and little medicine:— My lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

K. Hen. O heaven! that one might read the book, And see the revolution of the times Make mountains level, and the continent (Wearied of solid fruities) melt itself Into the sea and lands to see The sandy girdle of the ocean Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock. And changes all the cup of alteration With dying colors! O, if this were seen. The happiest youth,—viewing his progress through, What perils past, what crosses to encounter,— Would shut the book, and sit him down and die. This is not ten years past.

Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends, Did last together, and, in two years after, Were they at war: It is but eight years, since This Percy was the man nearest my soul; Who like a brother told in my affairs. And had his love and life under my foot: Yet, far and near, gave me the eyes of Richard, Gave him defiance. But which of you was by, (You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember.) (To Warwick.

When Richard,—with his eye brimful of tears, Noise Those in lowly situations.

Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,— Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy? Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which My cousin Baling broke descends my throne;— Though then, heaven knows, I had no such intent But that necessity so bow'd the state, That I and greatness were comple'd to kiss:— The time shall come, thus did he follo it, The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head, Shall break into corruption.—so went on, Forseeing this same time's condition, And the division of our unity. War. There is a history in all men's lives, Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd: The which our need, a man may prophesy, With a near penetration of the manners As yet not come to life; which in their seeds, And weak beginnings, he intreasured. Such things become the hatch and brood of time; And, by the course and progress of this, King Richard might create a perfect guess, That great Northumberland, then false to him, Would of that seed grow to a greater malignity; Which should not find a ground to root upon, Unless on you. K. Hen. Are these things then necessities? Then let us meet them like necessities; And that same word even now go out on us; They say, the bishop and Northumberland Are fifty thousand strong.

War. (It cannot be, my lord; Rumor doth double, like the voice and echo, The numbers of the fear'd:—Please you your grace, To go to bed; upon my life, my lord, The powers that you already have sent forth, Shall bring this price in very easily. To comfort you the more, I have received A certain instance, that Glenelower is dead, Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill; And these unseasonable hours, perforce, must add unto your sickness. K. Hen. I will take your counsel; And, were these inward wars once out of hand. We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Court before Justice Shallow's House in Gloucestershire.

Enter Shallow and Silence, meeting; Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Fleece, Bull-calf, and Servants behind.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on! give me your hand, sit, give me your hand, sit; an early sitter, by the road. And how doth my good cousin Silence?
Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.
Shal. And dost thou love my cousin, your belfrewell, and your fairest daughter, and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?
Sil. Alas, a black onzel, cousin Shallow.
Shal. By you say may, sir, I dare say, my cousin William is become a good scholar: He is at Oxford, still, is he not?
Sil. Indeed, sir; to my cost.
Shal. He must then to the inns of court, shortly: He was once of Clement's Inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.
Sil. You are welcome:—to your cousin Shallow; then, cousin. Shal. By the mass, I was called any thing; and I would have done any thing indeed, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squeale, a Cotswold man,—you had not four such swinecucklers in all the inns of court again: and I may say to you, we knew where the boni-robins were. Then was Jack Falstaff,

[Cross.}
now sir John, a boy; and page to Thomas Bow-

bray, duke of Norfolk.

Sir. This sir John, cousin, that comes either
and amongst soldiers?

Shal. The same sir John, the very same; I saw
him break Skagin's head at the court gate, when
he was thus butt; and the very same day did I fight
with one Sampson Stockechild, a fruiterer,
behind Gray's Inn. O, the mad days that I
have spent! and to see how many of mine old
acquaintance are dead.

Sir. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure;
death, as the Poet saith, is certain to all; all
shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stan-
ford fair!

Sir. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain—is old Double of your
town living yet?

Sir. Dead, sir.

Shal. Death!—see, see! he drew a good bow—
And death!—he shot a line shot; John of Gaunt
loved his words and bettered much money on his
head!—he would have chipped 't the clout
at twelve score; and carried you a forborne slant
at fourteen and a half, that it would
have done a man's heart good to see.—How
a score of crows now?

Shal. Thereafter as they be; a score of good
crows may brook twelve tenants yet.

Shal. And is old Double dead!

Enter Bardolph and one with him.

Sir. Here comes two of sir John Falstaff's men,
and think.

Bard. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I be-
greet you, which is justice Shallow.

Sir. 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, commands him to you: my
captain, sir John Falstaff: a tall gentleman,
by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He gives me well, sir; I knew him a good
backward word. How dost the good knight? I
may ask, how my lady his wife does?

Bard. Sir; pardon; a soldier is better accommoda-
ted than with a wife.

Shal. That is not so, sir; and it is well
said indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is good,ye
yet, indeed; it is; good phrases are surely, and ever
were, very commendable. Accommodated!—it
cannot be better than marry a 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. sir, have I the word, and a word of ex-
ceeding good commend. 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.

Enter Falstaff.

Shal. It is very just.—Look, here comes good sir
John,—Give me your good hand, give me your
worship's good hand: By my troth, thou look well,
and bear your years very well: welcome, good sir
John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good master
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 bethos you
should be of the peace.

Shal. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Eheu! this is not weather.—Gentlemen, have
you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's
the place, let me see, 60, 60, 60: Yea, marry, sir,—Ralph Mouldy;—let them appear
as I call; let them do so, let them do so.—Let me
see who are Mouldy?

Mould. Here, can't please you.

Shal. What think you, sir John? a good limbed
fellow: young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Mould. Yes, as I please you.

Shal. He, he, ha! most excellent, th'ain't things
that are modest; lack use: very singular good—
in faith, well sir, sir John: very well said.

Fal. How art!—To Shallow.

Mould. I was pricked well enough before, an you
could have let me alone: my old dame will be un-
brooked now, for she shall do to go her husband, and her
drunkard: you need not to have pricked me; there
are other men fitter to cut than I.

Fal. Go to peace, Mouldy; vitally, vitally Mouldy,
it is time you were spent.

Mould. Aye, aye.

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace, stand aside; Know
you where you are!—for the other, sir John—let me
have a quiet soldier!—

Fal. Ay, marry, let me have him to sit under:
he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shallow?

Shal. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shal. 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 no
much of the father's substance.

Shal. Do you like him, sir John?

Fal. Why, he will serve for summer,—prick him
for we have a number of shadows to fill up the
master's book.

Shal. Thomas Wart?

Fal. Where's he!

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Ye, sir, which is justice Falstaff.

Fal. That art a very ragged warr.

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
single, prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can
do it: I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

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.—Witt thou make
as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done
in a woman's petticoat.

Fal. I will do my good will, sir; you can have
no more.

Walt. Well, said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! That will be as valiant as the
most magnanimous mouse.—

Prick the woman's tailor well, master Shallow,
depth, master Shallow.

Fee. I work, Wart might have gone, sir.

Wart. Thou wast a man's tailor; that thou
might'st mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot
put him to a private soldier, that is the leader
of so many thousand: Let this suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Shal. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—

Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the green.

Fal. Ye, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. For God, a likely fellow!—Come, pricks me
puirt, says he again.

Bull. O lord! good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art
pricked?

Bull. O lord sir! I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir; a cough, sir; which
I could not suppress in the king's absinthes, upon his
composition-day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown;
we will have away thy cold, and I will take such
orders, that thy friends shall ring for thee,—is here
all?

Shal. Here is two more called than your num-
er! you must have but four here, sir—and so, I
pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot
larry dinner. I am glad to see you, in good truth, master Shallow.

Shal. O, sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's field?

Fal. I have care of that, good master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

Shal. She lives, master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never: she would always say, she could not abide master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bonâ-robâ. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, master Shallow.

Shal. Say, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain she's old; and had Robin Nightwork by old Night-work, before I came to Clement's Inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five year ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hast seen that that this knight and I have seen!—ha, sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have: in truth, sir John, we have. Our watch-word was, Hem, boys!—Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner.—O, the days that we have seen!—Come, come, come.

Exeunt Falstaff, Shallow, and Silence.

Bard. Good master corporal Bardolph, stand my friend; and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but, rather because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moot. And good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do any thing about her, when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself; you shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Fec. By my troth, I care not—a man can die but once;—we owe God a death:—I'll never hear a base mind;—an't be my destiny, so; an't be not, so: no man's too good to serve his prince; and, let it go which way it will he, that dies this day, is quit for him.

Bard. Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.

Fec. 'Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter Falstaff and Justices.

Fat. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four, or which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you:—I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bull-call.

Fat. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, sir John, which four will you have?

Fat. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry then,—Mouldy, Bull-call, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fat. Mouldy, and Bull-call! For you, Mouldy, stay at home, still; you are past service; and let your part, Bull-call, grow till you come unto it; I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, sir John, do not yourself wrong; they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Fat. Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewry, the stature, the height and big assemblage of a man? Give me the spirit, master Shallow.—Here's Wart;—you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pew-

ter's hammer; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibe's on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shallow,—give me this man: he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with great advantage at the death of a heart-knife: And, for a retreat, how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off? O, give me the spare man, and spare me the great ones. Put me a cavalier in your best, Bardolph:—I'll bear no scab; hold, there's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his crafts master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mite-end green, (when I lay at Clement's Inn,—I was then sir Daquinet in Arthur's show;) there was a little quiver fellow, and a would manage your piece thus: and a would about and about, and come you in, and come you in: rah, rah, rah, would 'a say; bound would 'a say; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come:—I shall never see such a fellow.

Fat. These fellows will do well, master Shallow.

—God keep you, master Silence; I will not use many words with you.—Fare you well, gentle men both: I thank you: I must a dozen come to-night.

—Bardolph, give the soldiers seats.

Shal. Sir John, heaven bless you and prosper your affairs, and send us peace! As you return, visit my house; let on old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure, I will with you to the court.

Fat. I would you would, master Shallow.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke at a word. Fare you well.

[Exeunt Shallow and Silence.

Fat. Fare you well, gentle gentleman. Oh, Bardolph; lead the men away. [Exeunt Bardolph, Recruits, &c.] As I return, I willitch 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 stately justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-street; and every third word a lie, too, paid poor to the nearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's Inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a jenkied radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: he was so forth, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invisible: he was the very Clement's Inn; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him —mandrake: he came ever in the rearward of the fashion: and sung those tunes to the over-scutched lawswives, and heard the carmen play for the GNANs: and swore—they were his fancies, or his good-nights. And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire, and talks so familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he had been ever so near to him; and I'll be sworn, he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burst his head, for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it; and told John of Gaunt, he beat his own name: for you might have trusted him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin: the case of a treble hant-boy was a mansion for him, a court; and now he has his hand and heaves. 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 pig, I see no reason, in the face of God, but I may snap him. Let him shape, and there an end.
SCENE I.—A Forest in Yorkshire.

Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, and others.

Arch. What is this forest call’d? 

Hist. 'Tis Guiltree forest, an’t shall please your grace.

Arch. Here stand, my lord, and send discoverers forth,
To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hist. 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.

Moteh. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hist. Now, what news? 

Mess. West. Of this forest, scarcely o’er a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy:
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Over the rate of thirty thousand.

Moteh. The just proportion that we gave them out,
Let us sway on, and face them in the field.

Enter Westmorland.

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us here? 

Mowb. I think, it is my lord of Westmorland.

West. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, lord John, and duke of Lancaster.

Arch. Say on, my lord of Westmorland, in peace.

What doth concern your coming? 

West. Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. It that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject ronts,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rage,
And maintained by low and beggarly gentry,
I say, it dast not 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 honors. You, lord archbishop,—
Whose see is by a civil peace main’tain’d;
Whose heard the silver hand of peace hath touch’d;—Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor’d;—Whose white investments figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—Wherefore do you so still translate yourself,
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and bounteous tongue of war? 

Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet, and a point of war? 

Arch. Wherefore do I this? so the question stands.

 المزيد إلى هذا الميدان. 

And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it: of which disease
Our dear lord, the king, Richard, England dieth,
But, my most noble lord of Westmorland,
I take not on me here as a physician;
Nay do I, as an enemy to peace.

Taken in the thongs of military men; 

but, rather, show a white like fearful war,
To duct rank minks, sick of happiness;
And purge the obstructions, which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly, 

I have in equal balance justly weigh’d
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And find our griefs heavier than our offenses.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforced from our most quiet sphere
By this rough terror of occasion.
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to show in articles:
Which, long ere this, we offer’d to the king,
And rightly so, to gain our audience;
When we are wrong’d, and would unitl our griefs,
We are denied access unto his person.
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.
The manner of the days last newly compile’d
(Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet-appearing blood,) and the examples
Of every minute’s instance, (present now.)
Have put us in these ill-becoming arms;
Not to break peace, or any branch of it;
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concerning both in name and quality.

West. Wherefore ever yet was you so speech denied?
Wherein have you been call’d by the king?
What peer hath been suborn’d to grapple on you?
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forg’d rebellion with a seal divine,
And consecrate commotion’s bitter edge!

Arch. My brother general, the commonwealth,
To brother born a household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any such redress; 

Or, if there were, it does not belong to you.

Mowb. Why not to him, in part; and to us all,
That feel the bruses of the days before;
And suffer the condition of these times,
To buy a heavy and unequal hand
Upon their honors? 

O my good lord Mowbray,
Constrive the times to their necessities,
And you shall say indeed—it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries,
Yet, for your part, it does not appear to me,
Either from the king, or in the present time.
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on; Were you not restor’d
To all the duke of Norfolks’s signiories,
Your noble and right-well remembered fathers’
Mowb. And, my lord, in honor, this good sort,
Lost, that need to be revival’d, and bounti’d in me?
The king, that lov’d him, as the state stood then,
Was, force perforce, compell’d to banish him:
And, therefore, when Harry Bolingbroke was
Being mounted, and both rov’d in their seats,
Their neighboring coursers dairing of the spur,
Their armed slaves in charge, their hewers down,
To brother born a household cruelty,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together;
Then, then, when there was nothing could have said,
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
On, when the king did throw his warder down,
His own lie hung upon the staff he threw:
Then threw he down himself; and all their lives,
That didst indencur’d and tribelted,
Have since miscarry’d under Bolingbroke.

West. You speak, lord Mowbray, now you know

The earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman;
Who knows, on whom fortune would then have smiled?
But if your father had been victor there,
He never had borne it out of Coventry:
For all the country, in a general voice,
Cried him upon him, and all their prayers, and love;
We’re set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
And bless’d and grac’d indeed, more than the king.
But this is mere digression from my purpose.
Here come I from our princes in general,

1Be suitable.

2Grievances.

3Troubles.

4Nobleman.
KING HENRY IV.

To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace
That he will give you audience: and wherein
In such cases as appear that your estates stand in such
You shall enjoy them; every thing set off,
That might so much as think you enemies.

Maeb. But he hath forced us to compel this offer;
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you overween't, to take it so;
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear.
For, lo! within a ken, our army lies:
Upon your honor, all too confident
To give admissence to a thought of fear.
Our men more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of ariars,
Our armor all as strong, our cause the best;
Then reason with your hearts should be as good—
So shall we with you, our offer is.

Maeb. Well, by my will, we shall admit no parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your ollence:
A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the prince John a full commission,
In every ample virtue of his father.

Arch. Westmoreland, this is the prince
For this contains our general grievances:
Each several article herein redres'd;
All members of our cause both here and hence,
That is more innumerable than yours.
Acquainted by a true substantial form;
And present execution of our wills
To us, and to our purposes consign'd;
We come within our lawful bounds again,
And knot our powers to the arms of peace.

West. This will I shew the general. Please you,
In sight of both our battles we may meet:
And either end in peace, which heaven so frame!
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which most shall decide it.

Arch. My lord, we will do so. [Exit West.

Maeb. There is a thing within my bosom, tells me
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that: if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms, and so absolute,
And such conditions shall stand firm as rocks.
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Maeb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every sight and false-derived cause,
You take that cannot for the true reason,
Shall, to the king, taste of this action:
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in war,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord; Note this,—the king
is weary
Of doing, and such picking 4 grievances:
For he hath found,—to end one doubt by death,
Revises two greater in the heirs of life,
And therefore will he wipe his tables 5 clean;
And keep no idle talk in his council.
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance: For still well he knows,
He cannot so precisely weed this land,
As he misdoubts presence in occasion.
His foes are so enroiled with his friends,
That plucking to units an enemy,
He doth uninstall so, and shake a friend.
So vast this land, like an action wise,
That hath enshrined him on to offer strokes;
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
That was up'ard to be excision.

Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement:
To the prince's purpose, that his befalling
May offer, but not hold.

4Think too highly. 5Significant.

Arck. This very true—
And therefore be assure may good lord marshal,
If we do now make our assembly well.
Our peace will, like a broken link united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Maeb. Be it so.

Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

West. The prince is here at hand: Placest thou his lordship,
To meet his grace just distance between our armies!

Maeb. Your grace of York, in God's name then set forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his grace:—my lord, we come.

[Exit.]
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you, Discharge against the rebels in several counties, As we will ours; and here, between the armies Let's drink together friendly, and embrace; That all their eyes may bear those tokens home, Of our united love, and amity. 

Arch. I take your princely word for these redresses.

P. John. I give it you, and will maintain my word.

And thereupon I drink unto your grace. 

Hast. Go, captain, [To an Officer.] and deliver to the army

This nobly; let them have pay, and part: I know I will well please them; Hie thee, captain. 

[Exit Officer.]

Arch. To you, my noble lord of Westmorland. 

Wcl. I pledge your grace: And, if you knew what pains

I have bestow'd, to breed this present peace, You would drink freely; but my love to you Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

Wcl. For health to my lord, and gentle cousin, Mowbray. 

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season;

For I am, on the sudden, something ill. 

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest; For then both parties nobly are subdued;

And neither party lost.

P. John. Go, my lord, 

And let our army be discharged too. 

[Exit Westmoreland.]

And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains March by us; that we may persecute the men 

We should have cop'd withal.

Arch. Go, good lord Hastings, 

And, ere they be dismissed, let them march by. 

Re-enter Westmoreland.

P. John. I trust, my lord, we shall lie to-night together. 

Re-enter Westmoreland.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still? 

Wcl. The leaders, having charge from you to

Will not go off until they hear you speak.

P. John. They know their duties. 

Re-enter Hastings.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispers'd already: Like youthful steers anyhow'd they take their courses. 

East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up, Each hurries towards his home, and sporting-place.

Wcl. Good tidings, my lord Hastings; for the

I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason— And you, lord bishop,—and you, lord Mowbray, Of capital treason I attach you both. 

Now, is this proceeding just and honorable? 

West, is your assembly so? 

Arch. Will you thus break your faith? 

P. John. I promise redress of these same grievances, Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honor, I will perform with a most Christian care. 

But, for you, rebels—look to have the same

Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours. 

Most shallowly did you these arms commence. 

Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent abroad. 

Shall you not receive such severe chidition

Heaven, and not we, have scanty fought to-day; 

Some guard these traitors to the block of death, 

Treason's true bed, and yeilder up of breath. 

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Forest. 

Auroras: Excursions: Enter Falstaff and Colevile, meeting.

Fal. What's your name, sir? of what condition are you? and what is your place? I pray you.

Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my name is Colevile of the daie.

Fal. Well then, Colevile is your name, a knight is you; and of what place, the daie; Colevile shall still be your name,—a traitor your degree; and the dungeon your place,—a place deep enough; so shall you still be Colevile of the daie.

Cole. I see you are a knight, Sir John Falstaff. 

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, who'er I am. 

Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they and drop of the lovers, and they will bear for the daie; therefore rise up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think you are sir John Falstaff: and, in that thought, yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of the like difference, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: My womb, my womb, my womb, undoes me.—Here comes our general.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster, Westmoreland, and others.

P. John. The heat is past, follow no further:—

Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland. 

[Exit Westmoreland. Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while? 

When every thing is ended, then you come: These tardy tricks of yours will, on our life, 

One time or other break some gallowes' back.

Fal. I will be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus; I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valor. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought! I have speeded hither with the very extremest imp of possibility: I have had time, or score and odd posts; and here, travel-taunted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valor, taken sir John Colevile of the daie, a most valiant knight and valorous enemy: But what of that! he saw me, and yielded; that I might, as usual, with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, 4

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 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, Colevile kissing my foot: To the which course, if I be enforced, if you do not all show me the kind offices to me: and may the sky of fame, over-shining you as much as the full moon doth the earrings of the element, which shew like pins' heads to her; believe not the word of the shadow. Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

P. John. Thine is too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine there. 

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 will.

P. John. Is thy name Colevile?

Cole. It is my lord.


Cole. And a famous true subject took him. 

Cole, my lord, but as my betters are; 

That led me hither: had they been ruled by me, 

You should have won them nearer than you have. 

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves; but thou hast done well, if thou hast. 

Gavest thyself away, and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter Westmoreland.

P. John. Now, have you left pursuit?

Wcl. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

P. John. Send Colevile, with his confederates, 

To Westmoreland. Say, that we are present so kind and blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure. 

[Exeunt some with Colevile. 

And now despatch we toward the court, my lords. I hear, the king my father is sore sick: 

4 Foolishly. 

5 Julius Caesar.
Scene IV. King Henry IV.

Our news shall go before us to his majesty,—
Which, cousin, you shall bear;—to comfort him: And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. Humph. Do beseech you, give me leave to go through Glossthere; and, when you come to court, stand my good lord, pray, in your good report.
P. John. Fare you well, Falstaff! I, in my condition,

Shall better speak of you than you deserve. [Exeunt.

Fal. I would, you had but the wit: 'Twere better now than your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young soldier's notion, nor have such men before: they 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 help the blood to mend many a fainthearted meal, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they yet wench:—they are generally tools 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; dines me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive. Full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which delivered o'er to the voice, (the tongue, which is the breath, becomes excellent wit. The second property of this most vinous liquor, the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice: but the sherry warms it, and makes it burn, and thereby enflamesthe heart. It illumineth the face; which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to array himself and then the vital communions, and into the petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart; who, great, and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage: and this valor comes of sherris. So that still in the weapon is nothing without sack: for that sets it a-work: and learning, a mere gold of god, kept by a devil; till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Herecelf comes into it; the force therefore that skill of the weapon; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavor of drinking good, and goodly ferment thereof. Therefore my grief stretcheth itself beyond the hour of death; The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape, in forms imaginary, the ungirded days. And rotten times, that you shall look upon When I am sleeping with my ancestors. For when his headstrong root hath no curb, When rage and hot blood are his counsellors, When tumults and false counsellors combine, O, with what wings shall his affections fly Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay! War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite: The prince but studies his companions, Like a strange tongue: wherein, to gain the language, 'Tis needful that the most ignorant word He look'd upon, and heeded, which once attain'd, Your highness knows, comes to no further use, But to be known and hatred. So, like gross terms, The prince will, in the perfectness of time, Cast off his followers, and make his monarchy Shall as a pattern or a measure live, By which his grace must meet the lives of others; Turning past evils to advantage.

K. Hen. Is it a thing so selfishly done? War. I think he's gone to hunt, my lord at Windsor.
P. John. And how accompanied?

K. Hen. I do not know, my lord.

P. John. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

K. Hen. Humphrey, my son of Glouster, whom the prince your brother

P. Humph. I think he's gone to hunt, my lord at Windsor.
P. John. And how accompanied?

P. John. I do not know, my lord.

K. Hen. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

P. Humph. No, my good lord, he is in presence here.

Cla. What would my lord and father?

K. Hen. He loves you, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas; Thou hast a better place in his affection, Than all thy brothers; cherish it, my boy; And noble offices thou mayst effect

Between his greatness and thy other brethren: Therefore omit him not; but love not his love; Nor lose the good advantage of his grace, By seeming cold, or cautiousness of word. For he is gracious, if he be observed; He hath a tear for pity, and a hand OPEN as day, for melting charity: Yet withstanding, being incurred, he's d'tint; As humorous as winter, and as sudden As flaws concealed in the spring of day. His temper, therefore, must be well observed: Chide him for faults, and do it reverently, When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth: But, being moody, give him line and scope; Till that his passions, as a while on ground, Confounded with themselves, shall learn this Thomas, And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends; A hoop of gold, to blind thy brothers in; That the united vessels of the realm May be mended with the assistance of the heart, Mingleth venom of suggestion. (As, for perforce, the age will pour it in,) Shall never leak, though it work as strong As an incensed and raging volcano.

Cla. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Hen. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, The Earl?

Cla. He is not there to-day; he dines in London. K. Hen. And how accompanied? canst thou tell that?

Cla. With his friends, and other his continual followers.

K. Hen. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds; And he, the noble image of my youth, Is overspread with them. There are my griefs Stretched itself beyond the hour of death; The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape, in forms imaginary, the ungirded days. And rotten times, that you shall look upon When I am sleeping with my ancestors. For when his headstrong root hath no curb, When rage and hot blood are his counsellors, When tumults and false counsellors combine, O, with what wings shall his affections fly Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay! War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite: The prince but studies his companions, Like a strange tongue: wherein, to gain the language, 'Tis needful that the most ignorant word He look'd upon, and heeded, which once attain'd, Your highness knows, comes to no further use, But to be known and hatred. So, like gross terms, The prince will, in the perfectness of time, Cast off his followers, and make his monarchy Shall as a pattern or a measure live, By which his grace must meet the lives of others; Turning past evils to advantage.

K. Hen. Is it a thing so selfishly done? War. I think he's gone to hunt, my lord at Windsor.
P. John. And how accompanied?

K. Hen. I do not know, my lord.

P. John. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

K. Hen. Humphrey, my son of Glouster, whom the prince your brother

P. Humph. I think he's gone to hunt, my lord at Windsor.
P. John. And how accompanied?

P. John. I do not know, my lord.

K. Hen. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?
K. Hen. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer-bird, 
Which ever in the branch of winter sings 
The lifting up of day. Look! Here's more news.

Enter Hardcourt.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your majesty; 
And when they stand against you, may they fail 
As those that I am come to tell you of: 
The ear Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph, 
With a great-power of English, and all Scots, 
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown: 
The manner and true order of the fight, 
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. Hen. And wherefore should these good news 
make me sick? 
Will fortune never come with both hands full, 
But write her fair words still in loudest letters? 
She gives a stomach, and no food,— 
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast, 
And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich, 
That have abundance, and enjoy it not. 
I should rejoice now at this happy news: 
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy:— 
O me! come nearer, now I am much ill. [Swounds.

P. Humph. Comfort, your majesty! 
Cla. O, my royal father! 
West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look 
War. Be patient, princes; you do know, these fits 
Are with his highness very ordinary. 
Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well. 
Cla. No, no; he cannot long hold out these pangs; 
The certain care and labor of his soul 
Hath wrought the more,6 that should confine it in, 
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out. 

P. Humpf. The people fear me;7 for they do ob-serve, 
Unfather'd heirs, and loathly birds of nature; 
The seasons change their manners, as the year 
Had found some months asleep, and leapt them over.
Cla. The river hath thrice flowed, no ebb between? 
And the old folk, time's dotting chronicles, 
Say, it did so, a little time before 
That great-grand sire, Edward, sick'd and died. 
War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers. 
P. Humpf. This apoplexy will, certain, be his end. 
K. Hen. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence 
Into some other chamber; softly, pray. 

[They convey the King into an inner part of the room, and place him on a bed.

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends; 
Unless some dul'd and favorable hand 
Will whisper music to my weary spirit. 
War. All for the music in the other room.

K. Hen. Set me the crown upon my pillow here. 
Cla. His eye is hollow, and his changes much. 

War. Less noise, less noise.

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Hen. Who saw the duke of Clarence? 
Cla. I am here, brother, full of beauneess. 
P. Hen. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad. 
How doth the king? 
P. Humpf. Exceeding ill. 

P. Hen. Heard he the good news yet? 
Tell it him. 
P. Humpf. He alter'd much upon the hearing it. 

P. Hen. With joy, he will recover without physic. 
War. Not so much noise, my lords:—sweet prince, speak low; 
The king your father is disposed to sleep. 
Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room. 

War. Wilt'ple ease your grace to go along with us? 
P. Hen. No; I will sit and watch here by the king. 

[Exeunt all but P. Henny.

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow, 
Being so troublesome a belifeloud? 
O foolish perturbation! golden care! 
That keepeth yet the parts8 of sleep, and open wide 
To many a watchful night!—sleep with it now! 

Yet not so sound, and half so deep sweetly 
As he, whose brow, with homely beauty, bound, 
Snored out the watch of night. Of majesty! 
When then dost push thy bearer, thou dost sit 
Like a rich armor worn in heat of day, 
That scents with safety. By his gates of breath 
There is a lowly chamber, which stinks not, 
Did he suspect, that light and weightless down 
Perforce must move.—My gracious lord! my father! 
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep 
That from this golden rigid9 hath divorced 
So many English kings. Thy due, from me, 
is tears, and heavy sorrow of the blood; 
When that great prince, how tall and full of tenderness, 
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plentifully; 
My due, from thee, is this imperial crown; 
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood, 
Dervies itself to me. Lo, here it sits. 

[Putting it on his head. 
Which heaven shall guard; And put the world's whole 
Into one giant arm, it shall not force 
This linclal honor from me: This from thee 
Will I to mine leave, as'tis left to me. 

[Exit. 
K. Hen. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence! 
Re-enter Warwick, and the rest. 

Cla. Both the king call! 
War. What would your majesty! How fares your grace! 
K. Hen. Why did you leave me here alone, my 

War. We left the prince my brother here, my liege, 
Who undertook to sit and watch by you. 
K. Hen. The prince of Wales! Where is he? let me see him: 
He is not here. 

War. This door is open; he is gone this way, 
P. Humpf. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd. 
K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow! 
War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here. 
K. Hen. The prince hath taken it hence.—go, seek him out: 
Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose 
My sleep my death! 
Find him, my lord of Warwick; chide him hither. 

[Exit Warwick. 

This part of his conjures with my disease. 
And helps to end me.—see, sons, what things you are! 
How quickly nature falls into revolt, 
When gold becomes her object! 
For this the bold and over-careful fathers 
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care, 
Their bones with industry; 
For this they have the crossed and pilled up 
The chamber'd heaps of strange-achieved gold; 
For this they have been thoughtfull to invest 
Their sons with arts, and martial exercises: 
When, like the bee, tolling9 from every flower 
The virtuous sweets; 
Our thighs packed with wax, our mouths with honey, 
We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees, 
Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste 
Yield his engrossments9 to the ending father. 

[Re-enter Warwick. 

Now, where is he that will not stay so long 
Till his friend sickness hath determined10 me 
War. He, my lord; I found the prince in the next room, 
Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks; 
With such a deep deumner in great sorrow, 
That tyranny, which much never queller blood, 
Would, beholdling him, have wash'd his knote 
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither. 
K. Hen. But wherefore did he take away the crown? 

[Re-enter Prince Henry. 

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry; 
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone. 

[Exeunt Clarence, Prince Humphrey, 
Lords, &c.
Scene IV.

KING HENRY IV.

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again.
K. Hen. Thy wish was safer, Harry, to that thought:
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee,
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honors
Before thee to be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thomas K. I thought to have disdained that thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop; my day is dim.
Therefore, which is good, let us begin the hour,
That we have been below, and since that few hours,
Were thine without offence; and, at my death,
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:*
Thy life did manifest, thou lovest me not,
And thou wilt have me die a case of it,
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts;
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life:
What canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself;
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my heart,
Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head;
Only compound me with begotten dust;
Or thou hast, which I know thou hast,
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form,
Harry the Fifth is crown'd:—Up, vanity!
Down, royal state! Sails upon royal oars, hence!
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!
Now, neighbor confines, purge you of your scum:
Hence, Lex talionis, that will war, drink, dance.
Revel the night: rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways!
Be happy, he will trouble you no more;
England shall be double, and his guilty
For the fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks.
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall dash his tooth, and every inch incense,
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What will thou do, when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

P. Hen. O pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,
Kneeling.
The most impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And that, which is my greatest blessing,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honor, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Which may my most true and hearted duties
Teach't, this prostrate and exterior bending!
Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,
And sound no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! If I do reign,
O, let me in my present wildness die;
And never live to show the incredible world
The noble change that I have purposed!
Come, let us look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,) I spake unto the crown, as having sense,
And thus upbraided it. The care on thee depending, Husbands upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold,
Other, less pine in care; is more precious,
Precious in my heart; couldst thou be bold:
But thou, most fair, most honored, most renowned,
Hast cut thy enter bawr. Thus, my most royal liege,
Accus't, I put it on my head;
To try with it,—as with an enemy,
That had before my face murder'd my father,—
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
ACT V.


Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and Page.

Shal. By cock and pye, sir, you shall not away to-night.—What, Davy, I say?

Davy. You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused.—Why, Davy!

Enter Davy.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy; let me see:—yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry, sir; thus; these precepts cannot be served: and, again, sir,—Shall we sow the headland with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook,—there are no young pigeons.

Davy. Yes, sir.—Here is now the smith's note, for shoewing and plough-rones.

Shal. Let it be cast, and paid:—sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had: And, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wyes, about the sack he lost the other day at Huncleby fair?

Shal. He shall answer it:—some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legged hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kiekskave, tell William cook.

Davy. Both the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yes, Davy, I will use him well; A friend the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are back-bitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well concert, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincet, against Clement Perce of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor; that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship, that he is a knave, sir: but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served my worship truly, sir, these eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is my honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to; I say, he shall have no worse. Look about, Davy. [Exit Davy.] Where are you, sir John! Come, off with your boots.—Give me your hand, master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind master Bardolph:—and welcome, my tall fellow. [To the Page.] Come, sir John. [Exit Shallow.] Davy, I'll follow you, good master Robert Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horses. [Exit Bardolph and Page.] If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermit's staves as is in my hand. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: They, by observing him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into those-servants: their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consort, like some scolding wives. If I had a suit to master Shallow, I would humor his men with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would carry with master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain, that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise and open out of this master Shallow, to keep prince Harry in continual laughter, the wearing- out of six fashions, (which is four terms, or two actions,) and he shall laugh without intercessions. O, it is a thing, that with a sight, and a jest, with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak all laid up.

Shal. [Within.] Sir John!

Fal. I come, master Shallow; I come, master Shallow. [Exit Falstaff.

SCENE II.—Westminster. A Room in the Palace.

Enter WARWICK, and the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

War. How now, my lord chief Justice! whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the king?

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature; And, to our purposes, he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would his majesty had called me with the service that I truly did his life, Hath let me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed, I think the young king loves you.

Ch. Just. I know he doth not; and do arm myself; To welcome the condition of the time; Which cannot look more hideously upon me Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter Prince John, Prince Humphrey, Clarence, Westmoreland, and others.

War. Here comes the heavy issue of dead Harry: O, that the living Harry had the temper Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen! How many nobles then should hold their places, That must strike soul to spirits of vile sort! Ch. Just. Alas! I fear, all will be overturn'd.


P. John. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember; but our argument Is too heavy to admit such talk.

P. John. Well, peace be with us, least we be heavier.

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.

P. John. Though no man be assur'd what grace to find, You stand in coldest expectation: I am the worse; would I were otherwise.

Ch. Just. Well, you must now speak sir John Falstaff fair;

Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, least we be heavier.

P. John. Though no man be assur'd what grace to find, You stand in coldest expectation: I am the worse; would I were otherwise.

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, least we be heavier.

P. John. Though no man be assur'd what grace to find, You stand in coldest expectation: I am the worse; would I were otherwise.

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P. John. Though no man be assur'd what grace to find, You stand in coldest expectation: I am the worse; would I were otherwise.

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, least we be heavier.
King. This new and gorgeous garbment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think,—
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear;
The next thing is the English Turkish court;
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry, Harry: Yet be sad, good brothers,
For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you;
So now so royally in your gowns of noble council,
That I will deckly put the fashion on,
And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad:
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
There is a joint hurdle and a fatal terror
For me, by Heaven, I bid you be assured,
I'll be your father and your brother too;
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.
You keep, that Harry, and will I; But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,
By number, into hours of happiness.
[Exeunt.]

KING.

Scene III.—Gloucestershire. The Garden of Shallows' House.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph, the Page, and Davy.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard: where, in an arbor, we shall eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting, with a dish of carraways, and so forth;

Fal. Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, beggars all. —I'll put you in, good sir.—Spread, Davy; spread, Davy; well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man, and your husbandman.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, sir John.—By the mass, I have drunk too much suck at supper:—A good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down,—come, cousin.

Sil. Hark, sir, this is your quibbling.—Let us do nothing but eat and make good cheer.

Singing.

And praise heaven for the merry year,
When flesh is cheap and female fair,
And lusty lads roam here and there,
So merrily.

And ever among so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart! Good master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Jove, sir, or, in speaking Bardolph and the Page at another table: I'll be with you presently, my sweet sir, sit: Master page, good master page, sit: produce! What you want in meat, we'll have in drink. But you must bear; the heart's all.

[Singing.

Bardolph. Shal. Be merry, master Bardolph:—and my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife's as all;

[Singing.

For woman ere she's, both short and tall;
'Tis merry in hall, when hearts wag all,

And welcome merry, wrong, or true.

Bardolph. Fal. I did not think master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Shal. Who, if? I have been merry twice and once, ere now.

Re-enter Davy.

Davy. There is a dish of leather-coats for you.

[Setting them before BARDOLPH.

Bardolph. Davy. Your worship?—I'll be with you straight.

Singing.

A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine.

And drink unto the lady mine,

And a merry heart lives long a.

FAL. Well said, master Silence.

Sil. And we shall be merry;—now comes in the sweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long live to you, master Silence. Sil. Fill the cup, and let it come;

I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

[Singing.

Summon. Sil. Italians, much good may it do you.

[Apples commonly called rusticines.
Act V.

Enter Beadles, dragging in Hostess Quickly, and Doll Tearsheet. Host. No, that arrant knave; I would, I might die, that I might have thee hanged: thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

1 Bead. The constables have delivered her over to me; and she shall have whipping-sheer enough, I warrant her: there had been a man or two lately killed after her. Doll. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on! I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-swigged rascal; and the child I now go with, do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper faced villain! Host. O Lord, that sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God, the fruit of her womb miscarry! Doll. If I do, you shall have a dozen cushions under your legs; and I'll give you another. Host. Well, that is a bitter thing, why, come, what? and you and Pistol beat among you.

Doll. Come, you fine bloke! I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a coat! I will have you as soundly sworn for this, you blue-bottle rogue! you filthy, distempered corporator! if you be not swung, I'll foresew half your livers.

1 Bead. Come, come, you knave, and come, your lady, I think 'a be; but goodman Puff of Barson.

Doll. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

Host. Ay, come, you starved blood-hound.

Doll. Goodman death! Goodman bones! Doll. Thou atom, thou!

Doll. Come, thou thin thing; come, you nurse! 1 Bead. Very well.

SCENE V.—A public Place near Westminster Abbey.

Enter two Grooms, ac'ompanied by 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 from the coronation: Despatch, despatch.

[Exit Grooms.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph, and the Page.

Fal. Stand here by me, master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace: I will leer upon him, as he comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight.

Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me. If I had hard time to have made new liveries, I would have borrowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. [To Shallow.] But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shall. It doth so.

Fal. It shows my earnestness of affection.

Shall. It doth so.

Fal. My motto.

Shall. If it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience with him.

Shall. It is most certain.

Fal. But to stand staid with travel, and sweating with desire to see him: thinking of nothing else; putting us matters else in oblivion; as if there were nothing else to be done, but to see him.

1 A term of reprehension for a catchpole.

2 To stuff her out to counterfeit pregnancy.

3 Beadles usually wore a blue livery. 4 short cloaks.
And, as we hear, you do reform yourselves,
We will,—according to your strength, and qual-
tics,—
Give you advancement.—Be it your charge, my son.

To see perform'd, the tenor of our word.—

Set on. [Exeunt King, and his Train.

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, sir John; which I beseech you
to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, master Shallow. Do
not you grace at this; I shall be sent for in private
to him: look you, he must seem thus to the world.
Fear not your advancement; I shall be the man
that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how; unless you give me
your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I
beseech you, good sir John, let me have five hun-
dred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that
you heard, was but a color.

Shal. A color, I fear, that you will die in, sir John.

Fal. Fear no colors; go with me to dinner. Come, lieutenant Pistole;—come, Bardolph:—I shall be
sent for soon at night. [Exeunt.

Re-enter Prince John, the Chief Justice, Officers, &c.

Ch. Just. Go, carry sir John Falstaff to the Fleet;
Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord,—

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak: I will hear you
soon.

Take them away.

Pist. St. Ffairme, me tormenta, spera me contenta. [Exeunt Fal, Shal, Pist, Bard, Page, and
Officers.

P. John. I like this fair proceeding of the king's;
He hath intended, list, would followers
Shall all be very well provided for;
But all are banish'd, till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

P. John. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

P. John. I will lay odds,—that cre this year
expire,
We bear our civil swords and native fire,
As far as France: I hear a bird so sing,
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 pardon. If
you look for a good speech now, you unde 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 creature,—Be it known to you (as it is very
well) I was lately here in the east of a displeasing
play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise
but a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with
this speech, as much like an ill-timed speech, as come unexpec-
tively home. I break, and you, my gentle creditors, now.
Here, I promised you, I would be, and here I con-
vinced my body to your mercy: bade me some, and
I will not be false to you, and as most debtors do,
promise you instantly.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquiesce,
will you command me to use my legs? and yet

* * * * *
KING HENRY V.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Henry the Fifth.
Duke of Gloucester.
Duke of Bedford.
Duke of Exeter, Uncle to the King.
Duke of York, Constable of the Realm.
Earls of Salisbury, Westmoreland, and Warwick.
Archbishop of Canterbury.
Bishop of Ely.
Earl of Cambridge, Conspirators against the King.
Sir Thomas Grey.
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Gower, Flitellere, Marmorise, Jamy, Officers in King Henry's army.
Bates, Court, Williams, Soldiers in the same.
Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, formerly Servants to Falstaff, now Soldiers in the same.
Boy, Servant to them.

A Herald.
Chorus.

Charles the Sixth, King of France.
Lewis, the Dauphin.
Dukes of Burgosny, Orleans, and Bourbon.
The Constable of France.
Kambures, and Grandpre, French Lords.
Governor of Harleum.
Montjoy, a French Herald.
Ambassadors to the King of England.
Isabel, Queen of France.
Katharine, Daughter of Charles and Isabel.
Alice, a Lady attending on the Princess Katharine.
Quickly, Pistol's Wife, an Hostess.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and English Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

The SCENE, at the beginning of the play, lies in England; but afterwards wholly in France.

Enter Chorus.

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, gentle all,
The flat unraised spirit, that hath dared
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 the woof of a fair vision? 1
That did at last 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 2 work:
Suppose, within the girdle of these walls,
Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upraised and und/ilting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder.
Fierce out our imperfections with your thoughts,
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance:
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs in the receiving earth:
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings;
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times;
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass; For the which supply,
Admit the Chorus to this history;
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

ACT I.


Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop of Ely.

Cont. My Lord, I'll tell you, that self bill is urgent,
Which, in the eleventh year of the last king's reign,
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,

1 An allusion to the circular form of the theatre.
2 Powers of fancy.
SCENE II. — A Room of State in the same.  

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and Attendants.  

King.  

K. Hen. Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury?  

Sir. Not here in person.  

K. Hen. Send him, good uncle.  

West. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?  

K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin; we would be re-serve his presence: — before we hear him, of some things of weight.  

That task our thoughts concerning us and France.  

Enter the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY and BISHOP of ELY.  

Cent. God, and his angels, guard your sacred throne.  

And make you long become it!  

K. Hen. Please you to proceed;  

And justly and religiously unfail.  

Why the law Salique, that they have in France,  

Or should, or should not bar us in our claim.  

And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,  

Your diocese, or whatever court your reading,  

Or nicely charge your understanding soul!  

With opening titles misdrawn, whose right  

Suit not in native colors with the truth:  

For God did know, how many things of health,  

Shall drop their blood in approbation  

Of what your reverence shall invite us to:  

Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,  

How you smoke the sleeping sword of war;  

We charge you in the name of God, take heed:  

For never two such kingdoms did contend,  

Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops  

Gainst his, whose wrongs give edge unto the swords  

That make such waste in brief mortality.  

Under this conjunction, speak, my lord:  

And we will hear, note, and believe in heart,  

What that you speak is in your conscience wash'd  

As pure as sin with baptism.  

Conf. This is before the gracious sovereignty, and you peers,  

That owe your lives, your faith, and services,  

To this imperial throne: Therefore, —  

To make against your highness' claims to France,  

But this which they produce from Frainand,—  

In terram Salicam motiles ni succentin,  

No ususum salicem in Salicem transigere,  

Which Salique land the French unjustly cloze, &  

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 lies in Germany.  

Between the douts of Saha and of Elfie:  

Where Charles the great, having subdued the Saxons  

There left behind and settled certain French;  

Who, holding in disdain the German women,  

For some dishonest manners of their life,  

Established here the French law to this day  

Should be inheretrix in Salique land;  

Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elfie and Saha,  

Is at this day in Germany called — Messen.  

Thus 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 deduction 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  

Subdued the Saxons, and did send the French  

Beyond the river Saha, in the year  

Eight hundred five.  Besides, their writers say,  

King Pem, which disposed Childeric,  

Died, as far as general, being descended  

Of Bithild, which was daughter to king Clothair,
KING HENRY V.  Act I.

Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also,—that usurped the crown Of Charles the duke of Lorain, sole heir male Of the house and name of Lothair the great,—
To find his title with some show of truth, (Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,) Came to his throne as his right held, Angage, Daughter to Charles, who was the son To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son Of Charles the great. Also king Lewis the tenth, Who was as sole heir to the usurped state, Could not keep quiet in his conscience, Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied That fair queen Isabel, his grandmother, With bride of the Frangre, upon which Daugther to Charles the foresaid duke of Lorain: By the which marriage, the line of Charles the great Was re-united to the crown of France. So that, as clear as is the sun in heaven, King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim, King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear.

To hold in right and title of the female; So do the times of France unto this day:
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law, To bar your highness claiming from the female; And rather choose to hide them in a net, Than amply to inharb 4 their crooked titles Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Hen. May I, with right and conscience, make this question?

But that the Scot on his unpard’l’d kingdom Came pouring, like the tide into a breach, With ample and brim fullness of his force; Girding with grievous siege, castles and towns; That England, being empty of defence, Hath shook, and troubled at the ill neighborhood. Cont. The time has been then more hard’n 4 than harm’d, my liege: For hear her but exampl’d by herself,— When her chivalry had been in France, And she a mourning widow of her nobles, She hath herself not only well defended, But taken, and impounded as a stray, The king of France, and all his land she dote to France,— To fill king Edward’s farm with prisoner kings: And make your chronicle as rich with praise, As is the ozso and bottom of the sea: With such h_v_a’d names and罕见 assurances. West. But there’s a saying, very old and true,—

If that you will France win, Then with Scotland first begin.

For once the eagle England being in prey, To her ungranted nest the wnosly Scot Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs; Playing the mouse, in absence of the cat, To spoil and havoc more than she can cat.

Exc. It follows then, the cat must stay at home: Yet that’s the cat’s and necessity’s
Since we have locks to safeguard necessarys, And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves. While that the armed hand doth tight abroad, The armless head droops itself naked bare: For government, though high, and low, and lower, Put into parts, doth keep in one concet; Congruing 6 in a tall and natural close, A true principle.

Cont. True: therefore doth heaven divide The state of man in divers functions, Setting each reader to his proper count: To which is fixed, as an aim or butt, Obedience: for so work the honey bees; Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach The art of order to the unpolict kingdom. They have a king, and officers of sorts: 9 Where some, like magistrates, correct at home; Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad; Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings. Make boot upon the summer’s velvet buds; Which pillage they with merry march bring home To the tent-royal of their emperor; Who, busied in his majesty, on’s way, The singing masons building roots of gold; The civil citizens kneading up the honey; The poor mechanic porters crowing in Their hard burdens and his narrow space; The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum, Delivering o’re to executors’ pale The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,— That many things, though having full revenue, To one concet, may work contumaciously; As many arrows, skewed several ways, Fly to one mark; As many several ways meet in one town; As many fresh streams run in one self sea; As many lines close in the打扫 centre; So ran a thousand confederates, one and all End in one purpose, and be all well borne Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege, Divide your happy England into four; Where you may take your quarter into France, And you withal shall make all Gallia shake. If we, with thrice that power left at home, Cannot defend our own door from the dog, Let us be warned; and our nation lose The name of hardness, and policy.

K. Hen. Call in the messengers, sent from the dauphin.

[Enter a messenger, The King ascends his throne. Now are we well resolv’d: and,—by God’s help, And yours, the noble signers of our power,— France being ours, we’ll bond it to our awe, And keep it still to pieee: Or else we’ll eat, Ruling in large and ample empire, 8 Of France, and all her almost kingly dukedoms; Or lay these honours in an unworthy urn,

4 Frightened. 5 Agreeing. 6 Diffe.ent degree. 7 Exceptioners. 8 Domin. an.
Tombless, with no remembrance over them: 
Either our history shall, with full mouth, 
Speak freely of our acts; or else our grave, 
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth, 
Not worshipp'd with a word of pith. 

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. 
Am't. May it please your majesty, to give us leave 
Freely to render us without such an charge; 
O: shall we sparingly show you far off 
The dauphin's meaning and our embassy! 
K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king; 
Under whose power grace and values must be 
As are our wretched larder's in our prisons: 
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainness, 
Tell us the dauphin's mind. 
Am't. Thus then, in few. 
Your highness, lately sending into France, 
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right 
Of your great predecessor, king Edward the third. 
In answer of which claim, the prince our master 
Says—that you savoir too much of your youth; 
And bade you be advis'd, there's nothing in France, 
That can be but that which is written in a book; 
You cannot reveal dukedoms there: 
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit, 
The tim of treasure; and, in lieu of this, 
Besides your claim, the dukedoms you claim, 
Hear no more of you. This the dauphin speaks. 
K. Hen. What treasure, uncle? 
Am't. Tennis-balls, my liege. 
K. Hen. We are glad, the dauphin is so pleasant 
With us, 
His present, and our pains: we thank you for: 
When we have match'd our racket to these balls, 
When our game, or any game, play a set, 
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard: 
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a 
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd 
With chances. 
And he understand us well, 
How he comes over us with our wild days, 
Not measuring what use we made of them. 

Enter Chorus. 
Chor. O hear! O hear! All the youth of England are on fire, 
And will maintain in the wars with the French, now 
Now thrive the armers, and honored's thought 
Maintain solely in the breast of every man; 
Thy shall the pastime now, to buy the horse; 
Following the mirror of all Christian kings, 
With winged heels, as English Mercenaries. 
For now sits Expectation in the air; 
And hates a sword, from darts unto the point, 
Which these imperial, crowns and coronets, 
Traised to Harry, and his followers. 
The French advised by good intelligence 
Of this most dreadful preparation, 
Shall in their turn, and with pale policy 
Seek to divert the English purposes, 
O England!—model to thy inward greatness, 
Like little body with a mighty heart, 
What strength's but that, that honor would thee do, 
Were all thy children kind and natural! 
But see thy talents! France hath in them found 
A nest of hollow basins, which he tills 
With treacherous crowns: and three corrupt men— 
One, Richard earl of Cambridge; and the second, 
Henry lord Sceaux of Manchester, the third, 
Sir Robert Grey, knight of Northumberland;— 
Have, for the gift of France, (0 guilt, indeed!) 
Conform'd conspiracy with traitor France; 
And to their lusty France of loves must die, 
(If hell and treason hold their promises)

ACT II.

We never valued this poor seat of England; 
And therefore, living hence, did give myself 
To barbarous cruelties; As 'tis ever common, 
That men are meanest when they are from home. 
But tell the dauphin—I will keep my word— 
Be like a king, and show my son of greatness. 
K. Hen. When I do house 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 own; 
And tell the pleasant prince—this mock of his 
Hath turned his balls to gun-stones; and his soul 
Shall stand sure charged for the wasteful vengeance 
That shall be with them: for many a thousand 
Widows 
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands; 
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down; 
And some are yet unscorn'd, and unborn. 
That shall have cause to curse the dauphin's scorn. 
But this lies all within the will of God, 
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name, 
Tell you the dauphin, I am coming on, 
To venge me as I may, and to put forth 
My rightful hand in a well-barrow'd cause. 
So, set your horses in pace, and with the dauphin, 
His jest will savour but of shallow wit. 
When thousands weep, more than did laugh, at— 
Convey them with safe conduct,—fear you well. 

Exit Ambassadors. 

Enter Chorus. 
Chor. This was a merry message. 
K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush at it. 
Therefore, my lords, unto no happy hour, 
That may give furniture to our expedition: 
For we have now no thought in us but France; 
Save these to God, that ran before our business. 
Therefore, let our proportions for these wars, 
Be soon collected; and all things thought upon, 
That may, with reasonable swiftness, add 
More feathers to our Lyon; for, God secure, 
We'll cause this dauphin at his father's cost. 
Therefore, let every man now task his thought, 
That this far action may on foot be bro't, 
In defeat.
KING HENRY V.

Act II.

I will do as I may; that is my rest, and that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly; and, certainly, she did you wrong; for you were trothed to her.

Nym. I cannot tell; but, as we may say, men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time, knives have no eyes; it must be as it may; though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plot. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter Pistol and Mrs. Quickly.

Bard. Here comes ancient Pistol, and his wife—good corporal, be patient here. How now, mine host Pistol?

Pist. Base take, call'st thou me—host! Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term; nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Quick. No, by my troth, not long; for we cannot lodge a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight. [Nym draws his sword.] O well-a-day, Lady, if he be not drawn now! O Lord! here's corporal Nym's—now shall we have willful adultery and murder committed. Good yeoman Bardolph,—good corporal, offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish! Pist. Pish for thee, iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd car of Iceland! Quick. Good corporal Nym, show the valor of a man, and put up thy sword.

Nym. Will you shog oil? I would have you solus. [Beheading his sword.] Pist. Solus, egregious dog! O nature vile! The solus in thy most marvellous face; the solus in thy teeth, and in thy throat, and in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy; and which is worse, within thy nasty mouth! I do retract the solus in thy bowels: For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up, and flashing fire will follow. I am not as Dobson; you cannot confine me. I have a humor to knock you indifferently well: If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as may be, in fair terms; If you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may; and that's the humor of it.

Pist. O bragard vile, and damned furious wight! The grave doth gap, and doating death is near; Therefore exhale. [Pistol and Nym draw.] Bard. Hear me, hear me, what I say; he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the butt-hole, as I am a soldier. [Draws.] Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.

Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me shall.

Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that is the humor of it.

Pist. Come, garge, that's the word! I thee defy again.

O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to go yet?

No; to the spital go, and from the powdering tub of infancy. Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cresideas's kind. Doth thy name by name, and her espousal have, and I will hold, the quadruple Quickly For the only she; and—Peace, there's enough.

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 nose between these sheets, and do the office of a warmingpan: faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue, Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding of these days; the king has killed his heart. Good husband, come home presently.

[Exit Mrs. Quickly and Boy.

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends! We must to France together; Why, the devil, should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. On news of o'erseas, and foods for food bawn on! Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Of the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have; that's the humor of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound; Push home. Bard. That's the sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have fair course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends; an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too. Pr'ythee, put up. Nym. I shall have my eight shillings, I won of you at betting?

Pist. A noble shall thou have, and present pay. And liquor likewise will I give to thee, and friendship shall continue, and brotherhood: I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me;—is not this just?—for I shall sutter Be unto the camp, and profts will accrue. Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble!

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well, then, that's the humor of it.

Re-enter Mrs. Quickly.

Quick. As you ever came of women, come in quack, quack, quack, quack! A poor heart! he is shaken of a burning quotient, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humors on the knack; it's the envy of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right. His heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king: but it must be as it may. He possesses some humors, and cares.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Southampton. A Council-Chamber.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, and Westmoreland.

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by-and-by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves!

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat, Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty. Bard. That is the king hath note of all that they intend, By interception which they dream not.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedellow, Whom he hath cloy'd and grace with princely,

That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

Trumpet sounds. Enter King Henry, Scroop, Cambridge, Grey, Lords, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.

My lord of Cambridge,—and my kind lord of M三千,—

And you, my gentle knight,—give me your thoughts:

Think you not, that the powers we bear with us, Will cut their passage through the force of France? Doing the confession, and the act, For which we have in head assembled them? Scroop. No doubt, my liege, I trace man do his best. K. Hen. I doubt not that: since we are well persuaded, We carry not a heart with us from hence, That grows not in a fair consent with ours; Nor have not one believing, that doth not wish Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd, and lov'd. Than is your majesty; there's not, I think, a subject, That is not heart-great and awe-serv'd. Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. Even those, that were your father's enemies, Have sleep'd their calls in honey; and do serve you With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

* A coin, value six shillings and eight-pence. 1 Force.
K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness; And shall forget the office of our hand, Sooner than you quit3ce of desert and merit, According to the weight and worthiness. Scoop. So service shall with steed sinews fail; And hair shall renew itself with hope; To do your grace incessantly. K. Hen. We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter, Enlarge the man committed yesterday, That can stand against our present consideration, It was excess of wine that set him on; And, on his more advice, we pardon him. Scoop. That's mercy, but too much security: Let him pull himself together; best example, Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind. K. Hen. 0, let us yet be merciful. Cane. So may your highness, and yet punish too. Grey. You show great mercy, if you give him life, After the taste of much correction. K. Hen. Alas, your too much love and care of me Are heavy crosses against this poor wretch. If little faults, proceeding on distemper, Shall not be wuk'd at, shall we stretch our eye, When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and di5ed. Appear before us!—We'll yet enlarge that man, Though Cambrook, Scoop, and Grey,—in their dear care, And tender preservation of our person,— Would have him punish'd. And how to our French causes; Who are the late commissioners? Crop. One, uncle, have I thought of. Your highness here your paper to ask it for to-day. Scoop. So did you me, my liege. Grey. And me, my royal sovereign. K. Hen. The Lord Richard, earl of Cambridge, there is yours; There yours, lord Scoop of Masham; and, sir knight, Grey of Northumberland, same is yours: Read them; and know, I know your worthiness. My lord of Westmoreland,—and uncle Exeter,— We will abash to-night.—Why, how now, gentle- man, What see you in those papers, that you lose So much complication!—look ye, how they change! Their checks are paper.—Why, what read you there, That hath so cowardly and chaz'd your blood Out of appearance! Con. I do confess my fault: And I submit to your highness' mercy. Grey. Scoop. To which we all appeal. K. Hen. The mercy, that was quick; 2 in us but slow. By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd: You must not dare, nor shame, to talk of mercy; For your own reasons turn into your bosoms, As dogs upon their masters, worrying them.— See you, my princes, and my noble peers, These English monsters! My lord of Cambridge here,— You know, my love, it isapt our love was, to accord To furnish him with all apperiments Belonging to his honor; and this man Bath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspired And sworn unto the practices of France, To kill us here in Harfleur, and there, This knight, no less for bounty bound to us Than Cambridge is,—hath likewise sworn:—But O! What shall I tell you, lord Scoop? thou cruel, Ingratitude, savage, and inhuman creature! Thou, that didst bear the key of all my counsels, That knew'st the very bottom of my soul, That didst first shew true counsels into gold, Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy use? May it be possible, that foreign hire Could out of thee extract one spark of evil, That didst give me true and plain intelligence, That though the truth of it stands off as gross As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it. Treason, and murder, ever kept together. As thou hast swallow'd sworn to either's purpose, Working so grossly in a natural cause, That admiration did not whoop at them: But thou, against all proportion, distrest in Wonder, to wait on treason, and on murder: And whatever cunning friends and kindred That wrought upon thee so piecemeal, If 't had the voice in hell for excellence: And other devils, that suggest by treasons, Do fetch us all; and base, base, base, base.— With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd From glistering semblances of piety; But be the treaper'd base, base thee stand up, gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason, Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor. If that same insolently, by health and fortune, Thou thus, shouldst with his own gait, walk the whole world, He might return to wary Tartar back, And tell the legions—I can never win so sole so soul as soul-slain Micheal; 0, how last thou with jealousy infected The sweetness of alliance! Show men dainties! Why, so didst thou: Seem they grave and learned! Why, so didst thou: Come they of noble family! Why, so didst thou: Seem they religious! Why, so didst thou: Or are they spare in diet; Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or anger; Constant and firm, not serving the blood; Garnish'd and dechrist'd in modest complement; Not working with the eye, without the car, And, but in purged judgment, trusting neither! Such, and such, I didst withhold from them; And thus thy fall hast left a kind of blot To mark the full-forged man, and best indued, With some suspicion. I will weep for thee; For this regard, my love, methinks, I should Another fall of man.—Their faults are open, Arrest them to the answer of the laws,— And God accept them of their practices! 

Erc. I know thee high treason, by the name of Richard earl of Cambridge. K. Hen. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry lord Scoop of Masham. K. Hen. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland. Scoop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd; And I repent my fault, more than my death; Which I beseech your highness to forgive, Although my body pay the price of it. Con. For me—the gold of France did not seduce; Although I did admit it as a motive, The sooner to effect what I intended: But heaven be thanked for prevention; Which I in suffrance heartily will rejoice, Beseeching God, and you, to pardon me. Grey. Never did faithful subjects more rejoice At the discovery of most dangerous treason, Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself, Prevented from a damned enterprise; My fault, not my body, pardons sovereign. K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy! Hear you sentence.

You have conspired against our royal person, Join'd with an enemy proclain'd, and from his coffers Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death; Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter, His princes and his peers to servitude, His subjects to oppression and contempt, And his whole kingdom into desolation. Ton'ning such pernicious plots, we no wise1 think; But we our kingdom's safety must so render, Whose ruin you three sought, that to her laws We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence, Poor miserable wretches, to your death; The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give you patience to endure, and true repentance Of all your dear offended:—Be rid them hence. (Exeunt Conspirators, guarded.)

Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof Shall be to you, as us, like glorious. We doubt not of your heart to Juno bear. Since God so graciously hath brought to light This dangerous treason, lurking in our way, To hinder our beginnings, we doubt not now, not every one is such Kingmaker in life. Then forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver

8 Recompense. 9 Prayers. 10 Lately appointed. 11 Living.
KING HENRY V.

Act II.

Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
No king of England, if not king of France.

[Execut.

SCENE III.—Mrs. Quickly's House in Eastcheap.
Enter Pistol, Mrs. Quickly, Nym, Bardolph, and Boy.

Quick. Prythee, honest sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.
Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.—
Bardolph, be blithe.—Nym, rouse thy vaunting venery.
Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,
And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. 'Would, I were with him, wherefore or he there, in heaven, or in hell!
Quick. 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 christo's child; a ported even just between twelve and one, e'en at turning o' the tide: for after I saw himumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his finger's 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.

Bardolph. 'Tis our 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 made me lay more 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 cold as any stone.

Nym. They say, he cried out of sack.
Quick. Ay, that 'a did.
Bard. And of woman.
Quick. Nay, that 'a did not.

Boy. Yes, that 'a did; and said, they were devils incarnate.

Quick. 'A could never abide carnation: 'twas a color he never liked.

Bardolph. 'A said once, the devil would have him about women.

Quick. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women: but then he was rheumatic and talked of the whom of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose; and 'a said, it was a black soul burning in hell-fire!

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone, that maintained that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog off! the king will be gone from Richmond.

Quick. Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips.

Look to my chattels, and my moveables:
In haste, senseable; the word is, Pitch and pay.

Trust none;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are waxer cakes,
And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck;

Therefore, cedro, 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!

But that is bad but unwholesome food, they say.
Pist. Touch her soft mouth and march.

Bardolph, farewell, hostess. [Kissing her.

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humor of it; but, adieu.

Quick. Let housewifery appear; keep close, I thee command.

Quick. Farewell; adieu. [Execut.

SCENE IV.—France. A Room in the French King's Palace.
Enter the English king attended; the Dauphin, the Duke of Burgundy, the Constable, and others.

Fr. King. Thus come the English with full power upon us;
And more than carefully it us concerns,
To answer royalty in our defences,
Therefore the duke of Berry, and of Bourgogne,

Grief.

Mrs. Quickly means bounty.

Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth,—
And you, prince dauphin,—with all swift despatch
To line, and new repair, our towns of war,
With all manner of courage, and with means despatchable:
For England his approaches makes as free,
As waters to the sucking of a gull.
It fits us then, to be as provident
As fear may teach us, out of late examples
Let by the fatal and neglected English
Upon our fields.

Daup. Most. My most redoubled father,
It is most meet we arm us against the foe:
For peace itself should not so dully a kingdom,
(Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in question)
But that defences, ministers, preparations,
Should be maintained, assembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.

Therefore I say, 'tis meet we all go forth,
To view the sick and leisure parts of France:
And let us do it with no show of fear!
No; with no more, than if we heard that England
Were beset with a strong and desperate enemy:
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, prince dauphin! You are too much mistaken in this king:
With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well supplied with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception, and, withal,
How giddy at confidence of his kingdom.
And you shall find his vanities fore-spent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Daup. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable,
But though we think it so, it is no matter:
In canting defence, 'tis his best to watch
The enemy more mighty than he seems,
So the proportions of defence are hid;
Which, of a weak and negligently projection,
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat, with scarring
A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we king Harry strong;
And, prince, look you strongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been flushed upon us;
And he is bred out of that bloody strain,
That haunted os in our familiar paths:
What with the tempests, our too much memory now,
When Cressey battle fatality was struck,
And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand
Of that black name, Edward black prince of Wales;
Whose head upon his mountain sire,—on mountain standing,
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,—
Saw his heroic seed, and smiled to see him
Mange the work of nature, and dole.
The patterns that by God and by French fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
The native mightness and fate of France.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from king Henry of England do crave admittance to your majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present audience. Go, and bring them.

[Exeunt Mess. and certain Lords.

You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

Daup. Turn head, and stop pursuit: for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths, when they see they are to threaten,
Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short; and let them know
Of what a monarch you are the head;
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sooner
As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with Exeter and Taun.

Fr. King. From our brother England! Ext. From him: and thus he gives your majesty

[Lineage.

9 Render it callous, insensible.
10 In making objections.
Act III. Scene I. KING HENRY V.

He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you direct and lay apart
The borrowed glories, that, by gift of heaven,
By law of nature, and of nations, long
To him, and to his heirs; namely, the crown,
And all the rested honors that pertain,
By custom and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of France. That you may know,
'Tis no sinister, nor any awkward claim,
But all the restor'd honors of your days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion raked,
He sends you this most memorable line,
(Gives a paper.)

In every branch truly demonstrative;
Willing you overlook this pedegree;
And, when you find him every derived
From his most to'md of famous ancestors,
Edward the third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him, the natural and true challenger.
Fr. King. Or else, what follows?

Eex. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will be rake for it;
And therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a love;
(That it requiring fait, he will compel)
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
 Deliver up the crown; and to take mercy
On the other souls, for whose sins this war
Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head
Turns he the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
For hundred rich, for whose loss this war;
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threatening, and my message;
Unless the dauphin be in presence here.
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further;
To-morrow shall you hear our full intent
Back to our brother England.

Dau. For the dauphin,
I stand here for him; what to him from England!

Eex. Surely and defiance; slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misplease
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king; and, if your father's highness
Do not, he grant of all demain of all their days,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer for it,
That crowns and wounds you in France.
Shall shade your trespass, and return your mock
In second accent of his ordinance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair reply,
It is against my will I desire
Nothing but odds with England: to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with these Paris balls.

Eex. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe;
And, be assured, you'll find a difference,
(As we, his subjects, have in wonder found,) Between the promise of his greener days,
And these he masters now: now he weighs time,
Even to the utmost grain; which you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.

Eex. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon despatch'd with fair conditions;
A sight is but small breath, and little pause,
To answer matters of this consequence. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Thus with imag'in'd wing our swift scene flies,
In motion of no less eternity
Than that of thought. Suppose, that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embracing his royalty; and his brave feet
With pace the streamers that the youth of France
Play with your fancies; and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistlet, which doth order give
To those that row, and in whose oar the war
Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head
Turns he the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
For hundreds rich, for whose loss this war;
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threatening, and my message;
Unless the dauphin be in presence here.
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Scene I.—Before Harleuf.

Alarum. Enter King HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, 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,ardy the blood, Disguise fair nature with hard' r' fadge; Then lend the eye a terrible aspect; Let it pry through the portage of the head, Like the transmuted lion, let the brow o'erwhelm it, As fearfully, as doth a galloped rock O'erhang and jutty his confounded base, Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean. Now set the helm, and stretch the nostril wide; Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit To his full height!—On, on, you nobles! English, Whose blood is let from fathers of war-proof! Fathers, that like so many Alexanders, Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought, And sheathed their swords for lack of argument, Dishonor not your mothers; now be those That those, whom you call'd fathers, did heget you!
Be copy now to men of grosser blood, And teach them how to war!—And you, good yeomen, Whose limbs were made in England, show us here The meetle of your pastures; let us swear That you will worth your breeding; which I doubt not:
For there is none of you so mean and base, That hath not noble lustre in your eyes. I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips, Straining upon the start. The game's about; Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge, Cry— God for Harry! England! and saint George! [Exeunt. Alarum, and Chantiers go off.

1 Bank or shore.
2 Sterns of the ships.
3 The staff which holds the match used in firing cannon.
4 Small pieces of ordnance.
5 A mole to withstand the enroachment of the tale.
6 Worn, wasted.
7 Petechia.
8 Matter, subject.
SCENE II.—The same.

Forces pass over; then enter Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy.

Bar. On, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

Nym. Pray thee, corporal, stay; the knocking is too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives: the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plain song of it.

Pist. The plain-song is most just; for, for murders do abound;

Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die;

And sword and shield,

In bloody field,

Both win immortal fame.

Boy. Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

Pist. And I:

If wishes prevail with me,

My purpose should not fail with me,

But futter would I die.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as bird doth sing on bough.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. God's providence!—Up to be preach'd, you rascals! will you not up to the preachings?

[Drumming them forward.]

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould!

Abate thy rage, abate thy manifold rage!

Abate thy rage, great duke!

Good hawkward, tate thy rage! use lenity, sweet chuck!

Nym. These be good humors!—your honor wins bad humors.

[Exeunt Nym, Pistol, and Bardolph, followed by Fluellen.]

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am hoy to them all three: but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me: for, indeed, three such morasses do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-livered, and red-faced; by the means whereof, 'tis faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, 'tis a killing tongue, and a quiet sword; by the means whereof, 'tis breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, 'tis heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he seems to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward; but his few bad words are match'd with a few good deeds: for 'a never broke any man's head but his own; and that was against a post, when he was drunk. They will stand upon any thing and call it purchase. Bardolph store a late-case; bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym, and Bardolph, are sworn brothers in hatching; and in hatching a stile a fire-shovel: I know, by that course of service, the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their clover, or their handkerchiefs; which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket, to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villany goes against my weak stomach.

Re-enter Fluellen, Gower following.

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the duke of Gloucester would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not so sweet to come to the mines: For, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war; the conceivableness of it is not sufficient; for, look you, the adversity (you may discourse into the duke, look you) is digg'd him in four yards under the counterfeit names: by Cheslin, think, 'a will plow up all, if there be not better directions.

Gow. The duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the mines is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman; a very valiant gentleman, faith.

Flu. It is captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. Think'rt.

Flu. By Cheslin, he is an ass, as in the 'orld: I will vary as much in his heart: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the war, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

*Bravest. *Pocket afronts. *Digge. 1

Enter Macmorris and Jame, at a distance.

Gow. Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, captain Jame, with him.

Jame. Captain Jame is a marvelous fair-looking gentleman, with order and good sense, and knowledge, in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge at his directions: by Cheslin, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the discipline of the primitive wars of the Romans.

Jame. I say, gud-day, captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, gud captain Jame.

Jame. Gow. How now, captain Macmorris? have you quitted the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

Mac. By Chrish, I, tisch ill done! This work is give over; I am ship-shape and sound the retreat. By me, I swear, and by my father's soul, the work ill done; it ishe give over: I would have blew up the town, so Chrish save me, la, in an hour. A tisch ill done, tisch ill done; by my hand, tisch ill done!

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I peseche 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, my opinion, and I call it the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point.

Jame. It shall be very gud, gud faith, gud captains both: and I shall quit you with gud dese, I may pick occasion; that shall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me, the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukers: it is no time to discourse. The town is beseech'd, and the trumpet calls us to the breach; and we talk, and, by Chrish, I am like to break one of you.

Jame. Is that the war, is there no hope? is there no chance that we may rescue mine; by the grace of the Lord! I was full fain heard some question 'twixt you yway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of you—

Mac. Of my nation! what ish my nation? ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal! what ish my nation! Who talks of my nation?

Flu. Captain, I would have you know, that if you take the matter fairer 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 so good as you are in the disciplines of war, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself; so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will make each other.

Jame. Au! that's a foul part! [1 Parley sounded.]

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity by the required, part you will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of war; and there is an end.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Before the Gates of Harflor.

Gow.-gentlemen and some Citizens on the Walls; the three forces before. 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 a brother, do not destruction.

Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier, (A name, that, in my thoughts, becomes me best.) If I begin the battle once again, I will not leave the half-sacrificed Harflor, 

*Require, answer.
Scene V.

Till in her ashes she be buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up:
And the flesh'd soldier—rough and hard of heart,—
In liberty of bloody hand, shall range
With certain wide, wide field, moving like grass
Your fresh-air virgins, and your blooming infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war.—
Array'd in thames, like to the prince of fiends,—
Do, with holy stoop, and houpplexion, all felsr
Enkind'd to waste and desolation!
What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
If your puny arms fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold hecubous wickedness,
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
While patience, and your patience's son command
Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil,
As send precepts to the Levithian
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harlequin
Take pity of your town, and of your people.
Whilest ye, my soldiers, are in my command;
Whilest yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of deadly murder, spoil, and villany.
If not, why, in a moment, look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Deild the likes of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards.
And their most reverend heads, dashed to the walls;
Your naked mants spitted upon pikes;
Whilest the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
Do break the clouds, as did the winds of war.
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?
And if your expectation hath this day an end:
The dauphin, whom of snuer we entreated.
Returns us—that his powers are not yet ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, dread king,
With all your town, and live to do your mighty:
Enter our gates; dispose of us, and ours;
For we no longer are defensible.
K. Hen. Open your gates.—Come, uncle Exeter,
Gad, madam, and enter Harlequin; there do sit.
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,—
The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers,—we'll retire to Calais.
To-might in Harlequin will we be your guest;
To-morrow for the march are we address'd.

Flourish. The King, &c, enter the Town.

Scene V.—Rothen. A Room in the Palace.

Enter the French King, the Dauphin, Duke of Bourbon, the Constable of France, and others.

Fr. King. 'Tis certain, he hath pass'd the river
Some.

Con. And if he be not fetched with my lord,
Let us not live in France: let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dan. O Dieu vivent! shall a few sprays of us,
The emptying of our fellows' luxury remain;
Our seons put in wild and savage stock,
Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their gravers!

Bour. Normans, but bastards Normans, Norman bastard's.

Mort de ma vie! if they march along
Unthought withal, but I will sell my dakedown,
To buy a slabbbery and a dirty farm
In that book-sotten isle of Albion.

Con. Dieu de battailles! where have they this mete?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and duff?
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns: I can sodden water,
A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley broth,
Can they no longer do us such vict'ry heat?
And shall our quick blood, spiritied with wine,
Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,
Let us not haste like roaring ivolce.
Upon our houses' thigh, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields;
Poor—we may call them, in their native lords.

Our madmen neek at us; and plainly say,
Our mettle is bred out; and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of English youth.
To new-increase wicked bastard warriors.

Bour. They bid us——to the English dancing schools,
And teach fashionable high, and swift eorantae;—
Saying grace is only in our heels.
And that we are most fully runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy, the herald! sped

Let him greet her majesty with our sharp defiance.—
Up, princes; and with spirit of honor edg'd,
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field—
Charles! Sidney! Bertrand, high constable of France.
You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,
Alencon, Barabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
Jacques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Bourbon, Blaxill, Roussy, and all your numbers,
Foilz, Lestraile, Bourciqault, and Charolais;

Last. 7 Shooting into promontories.

1st. Over-Hidden. 9 Dances.
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,
For your great seats, now quit you of great shames.
But Harry England, that swerves through our land
With poisons painted in the blood of Harlequin:
Kush on his host as doth the melted snow
Upon the vales; whose low vassal seat
The mild Alp dispart and void his thorn upon;
Go down upon him,—you have power enough,—
And in a captive chariot, into Rouen
Bring him our prisoner.

KING. 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,
His heart will flow, and grace him heartily.
And, for achievement, offer us his ransom.
FR. KING. Therefore, lord constable, haste on speed.

And let him say to England, that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give,—
Prince duphyn, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

Duke. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.
FR. KING. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.
Now forth, lord constable, and princes all;
And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—The English Camp in Picardy.

Enter Gower and Fluellen.

Gower. How now, captain Fluellen? come you from the bridge!

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent service committed at the bridge.

Gower. Can the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Macbeth, and a man that I love and honor with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my head, and my last gasp; he is not, (Got be praised, and praised!) any hurt in the 'orld; but keeps the prude most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an ensign there at his head, which I think very conspicuous; he is as valiant as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the 'orld: but I did see him do gallant service.

Gower. What do you call him?

Flu. He is called,—ancient Pistol.

Gower. I know him not.

Enter Pistol.

Flu. Do you not know him? Here comes the man.

Pistol. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favors:
The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise God; and I have merited some love of hands.

Pistol. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart, Of luxum valor, hath,—by earl fate,
And giddy fortune's furiousickle wheel,
The careless blind.

That stands upon the rolling restles stone.—

Flu. By your patience, ancient Pistol. Fortune is painted blind, with a muller before 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 meanest, and variations, and mutabilitie; and her foot, which is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls;—In good truth, the poet make a most excellent description of fortune; fortune, look you, is an excellent moral.

Pistol. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him:
For he hath stol'n a pig, and hanged must 'a be,
A damned death!

Let gallows-gate for dog, let man go free,
And let not hep in his windpipe suffocante:
But Exeter hath given the doom of death,
For as much as of lifetime.
Therefore, go speak, the duke will hear thy voice.
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny curb, and vile reproof:
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will then requite thee.

1 A folio of linen which partially covered the face.
2 A small box in which were kept the consecrated waters.

Flu. Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pistol. Why then, rejoice therefore.

Flu. Ancient Pistol. Why then, to be a thing to rejoice at; for, if look, you were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to executions; for disciplines ought to be used.

Pistol. And die be damned; and figo for thy friendship.

Flu. It is well.

Gower. Why this is an arrant counterfeited rascal; I remember him now; a bad, a cupurse.

Flu. Go to. Sir; you are a utter'd as prances 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, when time is, the song is.

Gower. Why, 'tis a gall, a fool, a rogue: that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself at his return into London, under the form of a soldier. And Frenchmen are perfect in great commanders' names: and they will learn you by rote, where services were done:—at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was not, who discomfited, who term's the enemy stood on; and this they can perfectly in the phrase of war, which they track up with new-turned oaths: And what a heard of the general's cut, as much as the rest of the camp, will do among foaming bottles and ale-wash'd wits, is wonderful to be thought on: but you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellous mis-grounded.

Flu. I tell you what, captain Gower:—I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the 'orld he is; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him. Supper's mind. [Drum heard.]

Duke. Thank you the king is coming; and I must speak with him from the bridge.

Enter KingHenry, Gloster, and Soldiers.

Flu. Got pless your majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen? canst thou from the bridge!

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the bridge: The French is gone off, look you, and there are great names: and they will learn you by rote, where services were done:—at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was not, who discomfited, who term's the enemy stood on; and this they can perfectly in the phrase of war, which they track up with new-turned oaths: And what a heard of the general's cut, as much as the rest of the camp, will do among foaming bottles and ale-wash'd wits, is wonderful to be thought on: but you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellous mis-grounded.

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K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The pertinency of the'atherversity hath been very and very remarkable great; for, for any part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his name is Bardolph; his complexion is to red, and flames of fire; and his lips swells at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes purple, and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his ears are cut.

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders so cut off; and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the people by force, but what is taken but paid for; none of the French upbraided, or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentle gamester is the soonest winner.

[Trumpets sound. Enter Montjoy.

Mont. My liege, I know me by my habit.

K. Hen. Well then, I know thee: What shall I know of thee?

Mont. My liege, my master's mind.

K. Hen. Well now, Montjoy.

Mont. Thus says my king:—Say thou to Harry of England, Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep; Advantage is a better soldier, than rashness. Tell him if his king would have rebuked him at Harlequin; but that we thought not good to bruise an injury, till it were full ripe;—now we speak upon our cue; and our voice is imperial: England shall repent his folly, and answer to our sword, and admire our subduing

1 An allusion to the custom in Spain and Italy of giving poisoned ligs, 2 An entourage hastily thrown up

3 In proper time.
Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested, without impeachment; for, to return, his loss would be worse downwards. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the master of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgraces, we have enriched these, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add—deference: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master; so much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mon. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back.
And tell thy king—I do not seek him now; but could be willing to march on to Calais, without impeachments; for, to say the truth, (though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much unto an enemy of craft and vantage,) my people are with sickness much embittered; my numbers lessen'd; and those few I have almost no better than so many French.

Who, when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did head them down—yet I forgive thee, God,
That I do brag thus!—this thy air of France
Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.
Go, therefore, tell thy master here I am;
My ransom is this trait and worthless truce;
My army, but a weak and sickly guard;
Yet God before, tell him we will come on,
They who their tabernacles against another neighbor.

Stand in our way. There's for thy father, Montjoy;
Go, but thy master well advise himself,
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We shall make the way away with your red blood.
Discolor: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
The sum of all our answer is but this:
We would not seek a battle, as we are;
Nor, if we were, we will not shun it;
So tell your master.

Mon. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness.

Glo. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.
March to the bridge; it now draws toward night—
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves.

And on to-morrow bid them march away. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—The French Camp near Azincourt.

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Rambures, the Duke of Orleans, Dalphin and others.

Con. Tut! I have the best arm of the world.

Wold it were day?

Ori. You have an excellent arm; but let my horse have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Ori. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable,

You talk of horse and armor.

Ori. You are as well provided of both, as any prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this!—I will not choose my horse with any that tread on our pastures. Ca, ha! He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs! le cheval volant, the Pegueus, qui a les marines de feu! When I bestride him, he strikes out so much as to make a hawk's eye; the earth sings when he touches it; the lowest horn of his hoof is more muscoat than the pipe of Hermes.

Ori. He's of the color of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the beat of the guinea. It is a beast for Persians: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness, while his rider mounts him: he is indeed, a horse; and all other jades you may call—beasts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palmyrs; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces honours.

Hinderance. * Then used for God being my guide.

* Alluding to the bounding of tennis-balls, which were stuffed with hair.

Ori. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, so correctly describe the quality; it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: it is a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's horse to ride on; and for the world (familiar to us, and unknown, to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him.) I once write a sonnet in his praise, and began thus: Wondrous nature.

Ori. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my horse, for my horse is my mistress.

Ori. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. My joy! the other day, unthought, your mistress shrewly shook your back.

Dau. So, perhaps, did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. Of! then, beke, she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a kerne 1 of Ireland, your French nose off, and in your strat trowsers. 2

Con. You have good judgment in horsemanship.

Dau. I think it, and you, and therefore I ride and ride not warily, till into foul bogs; I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade. 3

Ori. I am, like a wise, comely, 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. I am red retourné à son propre renommement, et la frise telle au bourbier: you make use of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress; or any such work, so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My lord constable, the armor, that I saw in your tent yesterday, are those stars, or sons, upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously.

Con. Even as your horse bears your prances; 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 him be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty English lances?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight; I'll go arm myself. [Exe. Ori. The day is four hours for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think, he will eat all he kills.

Ori. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Ori. He is, simply, the most active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity: and he will still be doing.

Ori. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow; he will keep that good omen till to-morrow.

Ori. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that by one who knows him better than you.

Dau. What of him? 4

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said, he cared not who knew it.

Ori. He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. I'll call him fool, but it is; never any body saw it but his lackey: 'tis a hooved valor; and, when it appears, it will bite.5

1 Soldier.

2 Trowsers.

3 An equivocal in terms of falconry: he means his valor is hid from everybody but his lackey, and when it appears it will fall off.
Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord high constable, the English lie within seven hundred paces of your tent.

K. Hen. Who hath measured the ground? 

Mess. The Lord Grandpre.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman,—

Mess. With a long bow, and through their idle flames Each battle sees the other's umber'd face; Steed threatens steed, in high and hoastful neighs Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents, The armorers, accommodating the knights, With busy hammers closing rivets up, Give dreadful note of preparation. The court scocks do crow, the clocks do toll, And the third hour of drowsy morning name, Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul, The confident and over-lusty French Do the low-rated English play at dice; And chide the cripple tardy-sailed night, Who, like a fool and ugly witch, doth limp Solaciously away. The poor condemned English, Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires Sit piteously, and pity residually. The morning's danger; and their gesture sad, Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats, Present them unto the gazng moon: So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold The royal captain of this rein'd band, Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent, Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head! For forth he goes and visits all the host; Bids them good-morrow, with a modest smile; And calls them—brothers, friends, and countrymen, Upon his royal face there is no note. How dread an army hath enrobed him; Nor doth he declare one jot of color Unto the weary and all-watch'd night; But firmly looks, and over-ears attention, With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty; That every wretch, prunig and pale before, Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks; A largess universal like the sun. His liberal eye doth give to every one, Thawing cold fear. Then, mean and gentle all, Behold, as many unworthiness define, A little touch of Harry in the night: And so our scene must to the battle fly: Where (O for pity!) we shall much disgrace—

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Now entertain conjecture of a time. When creepung murrain, and the poring dark, Fills the wide vessel of the universe. From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night. The hum of either army still sounds, That the fix'd sentinels almost receive The secret whispers of each other's watch: Firing with fires; and through their idle flames Each battle sees the other's umbr'ed face; Steed threatens steed, in high and hoastful neighs, Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents, The armorers, accommodating the knights, With busy hammers closing rivets up, Give dreadful note of preparation. The court scocks do crow, the clocks do toll, And the third hour of drowsy morning name, Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul, The confident and over-lusty French Do the low-rated English play at dice; And chide the cripple tardy-sailed night, Who, like a fool and ugly witch, doth limp Solaciously away. The poor condemned English, Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires, Sit piteously, and pity residually. The morning's danger; and their gesture sad, Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats, Present them unto the gazng moon: So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold The royal captain of this rein'd band, Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent, Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head! For forth he goes and visits all the host; Bids them good-morrow, with a modest smile; And calls them—brothers, friends, and countrymen, Upon his royal face there is no note. How dread an army hath enrobed him; Nor doth he declare one jot of color Unto the weary and all-watch'd night; But firmly looks, and over-ears attention, With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty; That every wretch, prunig and pale before, Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks; A largess universal like the sun. His liberal eye doth give to every one, Thawing cold fear. Then, mean and gentle all, Behold, as many unworthiness define, A little touch of Harry in the night: And so our scene must to the battle fly: Where (O for pity!) we shall much disgrace—

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armor, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

K. Hen. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foolish cure! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples: You may as well say,—that's a valiant foal, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Then we shall find to-morrow—they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to think, what shall we do about it?

Orl. It is now two o'clock; but let me see,—by ten, We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

ACT IV.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Now entertain conjecture of a time. When creeping murrain, and the poring dark, Fills the wide vessel of the universe. From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night. The hum of either army still sounds, That the fix'd sentinels almost receive The secret whispers of each other's watch: Firing with fires; and through their idle flames Each battle sees the other's umbr'ed face; Steed threatens steed, in high and hoastful neighs, Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents, The armorers, accommodating the knights, With busy hammers closing rivets up, Give dreadful note of preparation. The court scocks do crow, the clocks do toll, And the third hour of drowsy morning name, Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul, The confident and over-lusty French Do the low-rated English play at dice; And chide the cripple tardy-sailed night, Who, like a fool and ugly witch, doth limp Solaciously away. The poor condemned English, Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires, Sit piteously, and pity residually. The morning's danger; and their gesture sad, Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats, Present them unto the gazng moon: So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold The royal captain of this rein'd band, Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent, Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head! For forth he goes and visits all the host; Bids them good-morrow, with a modest smile; And calls them—brothers, friends, and countrymen, Upon his royal face there is no note. How dread an army hath enrobed him; Nor doth he declare one jot of color Unto the weary and all-watch'd night; But firmly looks, and over-ears attention, With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty; That every wretch, prunig and pale before, Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks; A largess universal like the sun. His liberal eye doth give to every one, Thawing cold fear. Then, mean and gentle all, Behold, as many unworthiness define, A little touch of Harry in the night: And so our scene must to the battle fly: Where (O for pity!) we shall much disgrace—

Orl. They might do better at proving, by how much—A fool's bolt is soon shot.

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

The name of Aincourt: Yet, sit and see;

Minding true things, by what their muckeries be.

SCENE I.—The English Camp at Aincourt.

Enter King Henry, Bedford, and Gloster.

K. Hen. Gloster, tis true, that we are in great danger;

The greater therefore should our courage be.

Good-morrow, brother Bedford; God Almighty! There is some soul of goodness in things evil. Would men observingly distil it out; For our sad neighbor makes us early stirring, Which is both healthful and good business; Besides, they are our outward consciences. And preachers to us all; admonishing, That we should dress us fairly for our end, Thus may we gather honey from the weed, And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter Eperingham.

Good-morrow, old sir Thomas Eperingham: A good soft pillow for that good white head Were better than a churchful turf of France.

Epr. Yet so, my liege; this lodging likes me better. Since I may say—now he li a king.

K. Hen. 'Tis good for men to love their present place. Upon example; so the spirit is cased. And, when the mind is quick'en, out of doubt, The organs, though defunct and dead before, Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move With casted slough and fresh leciency. Lead me thy clack, sir Thomas.—Brothers both, Recommend me to the princes in our camp; Do my goodbye and farewell to them, and anon, Desire them all to my pavilion.

Epr. We shall, my liege.

[Exeunt Gloster and Bedford]

K. Hen. Shall I attend your grace?

Epr. Yes, if you will. [Exeunt]

Enter PISTOL.

Pist. Qui va là?

K. Hen. A friend.

8 Calling to remembrance.

9 Which is the skin which serpents annually throw off.

10 Lightness, nimbleness.
Pist. Dispute among us: Art thou officer?

Or art thou base, common, and popular?

K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trailest thou the puissant pike?

K. Hen. Even so: What are you?

Pist. A good a gentleman as the emperor.

K. Hen. Then you are a better than the king.

Pist. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame.

K. Hen. The king is in good, of list most valiant:
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-string
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

K. Hen. Look here, what's thy name?

Pist. Le Roy'. A Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?

K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Then must thou Fluellen?

K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate,
Upon saint David's day.

K. Hen. Do not you wear your daggers in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Hen. And his kinman too.

Pist. The face for thee then!

K. Hen. I thank you: God be with you.

Pist. My name is Pistoll called. [Exit.

K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter FLEUILLER and GOWER, severally.

Gower. Captain Fluellen!

Pist. What name of Cheshu Christ, speak lower.

It is the greatest adumbration, in the universal 'ord, when the true and ancient prerogatives and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the war, but to examine the wars of Pompey, the Great, you shall find. I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle, or puddle pabble, in Pompey's camp, I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars and the care of it, and the forms of it, and the subterfice of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gower. Why, the enemy is loud; you heard him all night.

Fluellen. If the enemy is an ass and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb; in your own conscience now?

Gower. I will speak lower.

Fluellen. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will.

[Exit Gower and FLEUILLER.

K. Hen. Thou dost appear to be a man of fashion, There is much care and valor in this Welshman.

Enter BATES, COURT, and WILLIAM.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I take it to: but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

K. Hen. I wonder the beginning of the day, but, I think, we shall never see the end of it.—Who goes there?

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?


Will. A good old commander, and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. Hen. He thinks we are men wroth with a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?

K. Hen. Nor it is not meet he should. For, thou say'st, he patterns me: I think, the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the element shows to him, as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions; his eye, the smartness in his weakness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing; therefore, when he sees reason of fear, of ourselves, of our men, we should be of some relish as ours are: Yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

K. Hen. What do you say here, sir?

Fluellen. But every coward courage he will: but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in the Thames up to the neck: and so I would he, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quite here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king: I think, he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then, 'twere he were here alone; so should he not be more to be ransom'd, and a many poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say, you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone; howsoever you speak this, to show other men. I think you wish him any where so contented as in the king's company; his cause being just, and his quarrel honorable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. A great nother would we could seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects; if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

K. Hen. At the same time be not the case, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopp'd off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all,—We died at such a place; some swear, some, crying; some, for a surgeon; some, upon their wives left poor behind them; some, upon the debts they owe; some, upon their children rawly² let. I am assured there are few the well, that die in battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument! Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; when they to disobey, were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So, it a son that is by his father sent about merchandise, to sinfully marcy upon the sea, the universe of his reckoning, such a matter, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assaulted by robbers, and he in making his escape, and unexpected, be killed, what the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation:—But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the king is not now his servant: for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitration of swords, can try it out with all unsported soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bul-wark, that have before cored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have dealt the law, and outrun native punishment, the king's majesty, and order of his boot, they may dispose of them as they please; if they deal by God's law, they may dispose of them as they please. I am awestruck at the number of the soldiers, the men who have borne arms, or been borne away; and where they would be safe, they perish: Then if they die unpardoned, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gain'd; and, in him that escapes, it may be, he may think that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head, the king is not to answer for it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say, he would not be ransom'd.

Will. As I would so, to make us fight cheerfully; but when our throats are cut, he may be ransom'd, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. 'Mass, you'll pay him then! That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun, that a poor and pri-

²Suddenly.

³C. Punishment in their native country.

⁴To pay here signifies to bring to account, to punish.
vate displeasure can do against a monarch! You
may as well go about to turn the sun to ice, with
fanning in his face with a peacock’s feather. You’ll
never trust his word after! come, ’tis a foolish
saying.
K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round; I
should be angry with you if the time were conve-
nient.
Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.
K. Hen. I embrace it.
Will. How shall I know thee again?
K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will
wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou dar’st ac-
knowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.
Will. Thither’s glove; give me another of thine.
K. Hen. There.
Will. This I will also wear in my cap: if ever
thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, This
is my glove, by this hand, I will take thee a box on the
car.
K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.
Will. Thou dar’st us well be hanged.
K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in
the king’s company.
Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.
Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends; we
have French quarrels enough, if you could tell
how to reckon.
K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty
French crowns to one, they will beat us; or they
bear them on their shoulders: but it is an English
trick to cut French crowns; and, to-morrow, the
king himself will be a clipper. [Exeunt Soldiers.
Upon the king! let us live, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives, our children,
And our sins, lay on the king;—we must bear all.
O hard condition! twin born with greatness,
Subjected to the breath of every fool,
Whose sense no more can feel but his own wring-
ing!
What infinite heart’s ease must kings neglect,
That wise men enjoy!
And what have kings, that private have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony!
And what art thou, thou idle ceremony!
What kind of god art thou, that suffest more
Of mortal grieves, than do thy worshippers?
What art thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth.
What is the soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy being feared
Than in they fearing.
What drink’st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison’d slaty? O, be sick, great greatness,
And why ceremony give they the cure?
Thinkst thou, the very liver will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to texture and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command’st the beggar’s knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play’st so subtly with a king’s repose;
I am a king, that find thee; and I know,
’Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
That have enjoyed, lord the king.
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in head majestical.
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave;
Who, with a body full, and vacant mind,
Can ruminate with distrestful bread;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eyes of Phoebus, and all night,
Sleeps not in Elysium; nor doth rise
Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;
And follows so the ever-running year
With profitable toil, to his grave:
And thus from birth to age, such a stretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
Had the face-hard, and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country’s peace,

Enjoy it; but in gross brain little wails,
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Enter ERINGHAM.
Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your ab-
sence,
Seek through your camp to find you.
K. Hen. [Exit]
Erp. I shall not, my lord. [Exit
K. Hen. O God of battles! steel my soldier’s
hearts!
Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them!—Not to-day, O Lord,
O not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!
I Richard’s body have interred now:
And on it have bestow’d more contrite tears,
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither’d hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chapels, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still my father’s soul: more will I do:
Though all that I can do, is nothing worth:
Since that my peniteince comes after all,
Imploiring pardon.

Enter GLOSTER.
Glo. My liege?
K. Hen. My brother Gloster’s voice!—Ay;
I know thy errand. I will go with thee:—
The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.

Enter DACPHY, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, and others.
Orli. The sun doth gild our armor; up, my lords.
Dau. Monziez a cheval!—My horse! valet! lac-
te!—
Orli. O brave spirit!—
Dau. Voulez vous—les eaux et la terre—
Orli. Bien puis-je?—l’a se et le sole—
Dau. Cet! rousin Orleans.—

Enter CONSTABLE.
Now, my lord constable!
Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service
 neigh.
Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their
feet.
Orli. Their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And don’t they with superfluous courage: Ha!
Rum. What, will you have them weep our horses?
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 to
horse!
Do but behold you poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men,
There not work ur soul’s.
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins,
To give each naked cutlet-caxe a stain,
That our French gallants shall may draw out,
And sate for lack of sport: let us but blow on
them.
The vapor of our valor will o’erturn them.
’Tis positive against all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys, and our peasants—
Who, in unnecessary action, swarm
About our squares of battle,—were enough
to prove this field of such a battle-line here;
Though we, upon this mountain’s basis by,
Took stand for idle speculation:
—but our honors must not.
What’s to say?
Very little of this we do,
And all is done.
Then let the trumpet sound
The tucket-monendance, and the note to mount;
For our approach shall so much dare the field,  
That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter GRANPpE.

Gr. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?  
You island carriages, desperate of their horses,  
Dread that, to-day by your heads, to-morrow;  
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,  
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.  
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar's retreat,  
And blantly through a rasty beaver peeps.  
Their horses sit like fixed candlesticks,  
With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jade  
Lod down their heads, dropping the hides and hips;  
The gun down-roping from their pale-dead eyes;  
And in their pale dull mouths, the gimlet-bit  
Lies soul with chew'd grass, still and motionless;  
And their executors, the knavish crows,  
Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.

Description cannot suit itself in words,  
To demonstrate the life of such a battle  
In life and death as it played itself.

Cn. They have said their prayers, and they stay  
For death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinner, and fresh  
And give their fasting horses provender,  
And after fight with them?

Cn. I stay but for my guard; on, to the field!  
I will the banner from a trumpet take,  
And use it for my haste. Come, come away!  
The sun is high, and we outwear the day.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—The English Camp.

Enter the English Host; GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, SALISBURY, and WESTMORELAND.

Gr. Where is the king?

Exe. This day he cries aloud, "Gloster! gloster!"  
To view their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full three-score thousand.

Exe. There's five to one: besides, they all are fresh.

Sat. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.

God be wi' you, princes all; I'll go to my charge:

If we no more meet, till we meet in heaven,
Then let it be my noble Lord of Bedford,—  
My dear lord gloster,—and my good Lord Exeter,—  
And my kind kinsman,—warriors all, advice!  
Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with you.

Exe. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day:  
And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of it,  
For thou art framed of the firm truth of valor.

[Enter SALISBURY.

Bed. He is as full of valor as of kindness:  
Princely in both.

West. O that we now had here

Enter KING HENRY.

But one tenth thousand of those men in England,  
That do no work to-day!

K. Hen. What's he that wishes so?  
My cousin Westmoreland!—No, my fair cousin!  
If we are mark'd to die, we are enough  
To do our country's loss; and if to live,  
The fewer men, the more to do honor.  
God will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.  
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;  
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost;  
It earnestly, not, if men my carriages wear:  
Such outer things dwell not in my desires:  
But, if it be a sin to covet honor,  
I am the most offending soul alive.  
Not that I disdain to wear a crown from England:  
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honor,  
As one man more, methinks, would share from me.  
For the best hope I have, O, do not wish one more:  
Rather grew him, Westmoreland, through my host.

That he, which hath no stomach to this fight,  
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,  
And crowns for convey, put into his purse:  
We would not die in that man's company,  
That fears his fellowship to die with us.

This day is called—the feast of Crispian:  
He, that outlives this day, and comes safe home,  
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,  
And rise the most valiant hero in the name of Crispian:  
He, that shall live this day, and sees old age,  
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,  
And say—'tis-morrow is Saint Crispian:  
Then will he strip his body baret,  
And show his scars, and say these wounds I had on Crispian's day.  
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,  
But he'll remember, with advantages,  
What feats he did that day: Then shall our names  
Familiar in their mouths as household words,—  
Hurry the king, Bedford, and Exeter,  
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—  
In their shoes is the living present; and remember'd:  
This story shall the good man teach his son;  
And Crispian Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
From this day to the ending of the world,  
But we in it shall be remembered:  
We wew, we happy few, we band of brothers;  
For he, to-day, that sheds his blood with me,  
Shall be my brother; he he ne'er so vile,  
This day's strat'gy gentle his condition:  
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,  
Shall think themselves accurs'd if they were not here;  
And hold their handsmocks cheap, while any speaks  
That fought with us upon Saint Crispian's day.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:  
The French are bravely in their battle set,  
And will with all expedition charge on us.

K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from England, cousin?  
West. God's will, my hege, 'would you and I alone,  
Without more help, might fight this battle out!  
K. Hen. Why, have you now but unwish'd five thousand  
Which likes me better, than to wish us one—  
You know your places: God be with you all!

Tuckel. Enter MONTAIG.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, king  
K. Hen. What hast sent thee now?  
Mont. The constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back;  
Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.

Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?  
The man, that once did sell the lion's skin  
While the beast ly'd, was kill'd with hunting him.  
A many of our bodies shall, without a day's stay,  
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 dunes;  
They shall be fame'd; nor there the sun shall greet them.

And draw their lances reeking up to heaven;  
Let them, without ceremony, shake their elms,  
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.  
Mark then a bounding valor in our English;  
That, being dead, like to the bull'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 gaiety, and our pride, are out of our head.  
With rainy marching in the painful field:  

63. 6 i. e. This day shall advance him to the rank of a gentleman.  
63. 6 Remind. 63. 6 Gilding. 63. 6 Soiled.
There’s not a piece of feather in our host, (Good argument, I hope, we shall not fly.) And time hath worn us into snovery: 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 labor; Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald; Thou canst not pluck a law but these my points Which if they have as I will leave ‘em to them, Shall yield them little, tell the constable. Mont. I shall, king Harry. And so fare thee well: Thou hast traded to hear 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 beg the heading of the Howard?

K. Hen. Take it, brave York.—Now, soldiers, march away:— And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day! [Exit.

SCENE IV.—The Field of Battle.


Pist. Quality, call you me!—Construe me, art thou a gentleman? What is thy name? discuss. Fr. Sol. O Seigneur Dieu! Pistolet ou traite, monsieur应当 be a gentleman:— Perpend my words, O signeur Dew, and mark: O signeur Dew, thou diest on point of fox, except, O signeur, thou give to me Exousious ransom. Fr. Sol. O, prenez misericorde! assez petit de moy. Pist. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty mous; For I will fetch thy rim out of thy throat, In drops of crimson blood. Fr. Sol. Est-il impossible d’eschapper le force de ton brus.

Pist. Brass, cur! Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat, Offerst me brass! Fr. Sol. O pardonnez moy!

Pist. Sir, yield so me thou so is that a ton of mous?— Come hither, boy; Ask me this slave in French, What is his name. Boy. Ecoutez! Comment estes vous appeles? Fr. Sol. Monsieur le Fer. Boy. He says his name is—master Fer. Pist. Master Fer, I’ll fer him, and fire him, and ferret him—discuss the same in French unto him. Boy. I do not know the French fer, nor ferret, and ferret, and fire.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat. Fr. Sol. Que dit-il, Monsieur?

Pist. Il me commande de vous dire que vous rentez vos prest, car ce soldat lez est disposte toute heure de couper votre gerge. Pist. Qui, couper gerge, par ma foi, jespéant. Une, thou givest me the crowns, brave crowns; Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword. Fr. Sol. O, je vous supples pour l’amour de Dieu, me pardonnez! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maine, guerres ma vie, et je vous donneray deux cents escus.

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prayes 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 I take.

Fr. Sol. Petit maistre, que dit-il?

Boy. Even que l’il est contre son jurement, de preterer aucun prisonnier; meantouz, pour les corps, qu’ils ayez feur; promis, il est content de vous donner la libertie, le jurement.

Fr. Sol. Sur mes genoux, je vous donne mille remerciements: et je n’estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d’un chevalier, je pense, le plus courageux, et très distingué seigneur d’Angleterre.

Pist. Expound unto me, Boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks, that he did himself die; inly he hath fallen into the hands of (as he thinks) the most brave, valorous, and three-worthy signeur of England.

Fr. Sol. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.— Follow me, cur. [Exit Pistol. Boy. Suivez vous le grant capitaine. [Exit French Soldier.]

I did never know so full a voice issued from an empty heart: but the saying is true,—The empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bardolph, and Nym, had ten times more valor than this roaring devil Pike old play, that every one may rave heads with a wooden dagger; and they are both hanged; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the lugubruce of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it but boys. [Exit.

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field of Battle.

Alarums. Enter DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, BOURBON, CONSTABLE, RAMBOURS, and others.

Con. O diable! Ort. O Seigneur!—le jour est perdu, tout est perdu.

Dum. M’sieu ma vie!—tous est confonne, all! Reproach and everlasting shame Sits mocking in our plumes.—On seek this fortune! [A short Alarum. Ort. Why all our ranks are broke, Diane. O perdurable! shame!—let’s stab ourselves. Be these the wretches that we played at dice for! Ort. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom! Bour. Shame, Diablerie, and eternal shame, nothing but shame! Let us die instant: Once more back again; And he that will not follow Bourbon now, Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand, Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door, Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog, His base quarreller is contaminates. Con. Disorder, that hath spilt us, friend now! Let us, in heaps, go offer up our lives Unto these English, or else die with fame. Ort. We are enough, yet living in the field, To another English in our throng, If any order might be thought upon. Bour. The devil take order now; I’ll to the throng; Let life be short; rise, shame will be too long. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter KING HENRY, and Forces; Exeunt, and others.

K. Hen. Well have we done, three valiant countrymen; But all’s not done, yet keep the French the field. Exe. The duke of York commends to your highness, K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle! thrive, within this hour, I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting; From mount to mount, all blood he was. Exe. In which array, (brave soldier,) doth he lie, Larding the plain: and by his bloody side, (Yoke-fellow to his honor-owing wounds,) The noblest of Suffolk also lies there. Suffolk first died: and York, all haggled over, Comes to him, where in gore he lay steed’d, And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes, That had so did wound upon his father’s war, And cries aloud.—Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk! My soul shall thine keep company to heaven; That soul so sweet, for mine, then fly o’er earths; As, in this glorious and well-fighten field, We keep together in our charity! Upon these words I came, and chever’d him up: He would me in the face, raught me his hand, [Lasting. *t. e. Who has no more gentry. * Reached
And, with a beele grape, says,—Dear my lord, Command my service to my sovereign. So did he turn, and over Soutlook's neck He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips; And so consum'd to death, with blood he seal'd A testament of noble-ending love. The pretty and sweet manner of it forced Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd; But I was not so much of it, as much as But all my mother came into mine eyes, And gave me up to tears. K. Hen. I blame you not; For, hearing this, I must perform a promise With mischief eyes, or they will issue too.— [Alarum.]

But, hark! what new alarum is this same? The French have reinforcement their scatter'd men; Then every soldier kill his prisoner; Give the word through. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter Fluellen and Exeunt.

Flu. Kill the pays and the luggage! 'tis expressly against the laws of arms: his as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you mark, now as, can be haid in the 'orld: in your conscience now, is it not! Goe. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive; and that we truely raiseth, that the little, have done this slaughter: besides, they have burnit, and carried away all that was in the king's tent: wherefore the king, most worthy, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 'tis a gallant king! Flu. Ay, he was born at Monmouth, captain Gower. What call you the town's name, where Alexander the pig was born? Goe. Alexander the great.

Flu. Why, pray you, is not pig great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, of the many one reckoning, shape a phrase a little variations.

Goe. I think, Alexander the great was born in Macedon; his father was called—Philip of Macedon; as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in Macedon, where Alexander is born. I tell you, captain,—if you look in the maps of the 'orld: 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 in Monmouth; it is called Wy, at Monmouth; but it is out of my way to present what is the name of the other river; but 'tis one, 'tis like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. You mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is none after indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander, (God knows, and you know,) in his rages, and his furies, and his o'time stirs, and his choler, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little inordinate in his pains, did, in his ales and his angers, look out, his kindest, Clytus. Goe. 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 takes out of my mouth, ere it is made an end and finished, I speak but in the figures and comparisions of it: As Alexander is kill his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgments, is turn away the fat knight with the great pelly-doubt; he was full of jests, and mopes, and knaves, and nacks: I am forget his name.

Goe. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. Thus: I can tell you there is good men born at Monmouth. Goe. Here comes his majesty. Alarum. Enter King Henry, with a part of the English Forces; Warwick, Gloster, Exeter, and others.

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France Until this instant.—Take a trumped, herold; Ride thou into the horsemen on yon hill; If they will fight with us, but them down, Or with the field; they do offend our sight: If they'll do neither, we will come to them; And make them skirn's away as swift as stones Enforced from the old Assuran sages: Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have; And not a man of them, that we shall take, Shall taste our mercy.—Go, and tell them so.

Enter Montjoy.

Exe. Here comes the Herald of the French, my lord. Goe. His eyes are humbler than they used to be. K. Hen. How now, what means this, herald? Exe. know'st thou not, That I have lined these bones of mine for ransome? 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 book our dead, and then to bury them; To sort our nobles from our common men; For many of our princes (worse the while) Lie drown'd and sash'd in mercenary blood; (So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs In blood of princes) and their wounded steeds Fret jetlock deep in gore, and, with wild rage, Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters, Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king, To view the field in safety, and dispose Of their dead bodies.

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald, I know not, if the day be ours; or no; For yet a many of your horsemen per, And gaplock o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours. K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength for— What is this castle call'd, that stands hard by? Mont. They call it—Agincourt. K. Hen. Then call we this—the field of Agincourt, Fought on the day of Cristo Crompanus. 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 many a victory battle here in France. K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true: If your majesty is remember'd of it, the Welshmen did gout service in a garden where hicks did grow, wearing lecks in their Monmouth caps; which your majesty knows to this hour, is an honourable Note of the service, and, I do believe, your majesty takes no scorn to show the deck up so early one day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honor: For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman. Flu. All the water in Wy cannot wash your majesty's Western face; there's no lack of yon, I can tell you that: Gest pless it and preserve it, as long as it praises his grace, and his majesty too.

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman. By Go, by thee, captain; but as your countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld: I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praise had be, Go; 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 vender fellow sober.) [Points to Williams. Exeunt Montjoy, and others.]

Exe. 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 gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive. K. Hen. An Englishman! Will. An't please your majesty, a rascal, that swagger'd with me last night; who, if a live, and not ever dare bold a fellow above, I have sworn to take him a box of the ear; or, if I can see my hand in his cap, (which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear, it alive,) I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you captain Fluellen is it fit this soldier keep his oath! Flu. He is a craven1 and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience. K. Hen. It may be, his enemy is a gentleman of great sort,2 quite from the answer of his degree. 1Scour. 2Coward. 3High rank.
But though he be as gentle a gentleman as the devil is, as Lucifer and Beelzebub himself, it is necessary, take your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is so plain, and a Jack-arsa’s as ever his plack shoe trod upon God’s ground and his earth, in my conscience, fa.

K. Hen. The keep thy vow, sirrah; when thou meet’st the fellow.

Will. So will I, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who servest thou under!

Will. Under captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a good captain; and is good knowledge and literature in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I’ll call him, sir. [Exit.]

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear this favor for me, and stick it in thy cap: When Alencon and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his hand: if any man challenge this, this is a friend to Alencon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost love me.

Flu. Your grace does me as great honors as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects; I would run see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrieved at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once, an please God of his grace, that I might see it.

K. Hen. Knowest thou Gower!

Flu. He is my near friend, an please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him.

K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick,—and my brother Gloster,

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels;
The glove, which I have given him for a favor, May, impure, purchase him a box of your ear: It is the soldier’s; I, by bargain, should Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick; If that the soldier strike him, (as, I judge By honest bearing, he will keep his word,) Some sudden mischief may arise of it;
For I do know Fluellen valiant, And, touch’d with choler, hot as gunpowder, And quickly will return an injury: Follow, and see there be no harm between them.— Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.—Before King Henry’s Pavilion.

Enter Gower and Williams.

Williams, it is to knight you, captain.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Gower’s will and his pleasure, captain, I perceive you now, come apace to the king: there is more good toward you, and development, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove! I know the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it.

Flu. Shun, an arrant traitor, as we’re in the universal lord, or in France, or in England.

Gower. How now, sir! you villain! What do you think I’ll be far-sown?

Flu. Stand away, captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That’s a lie, thy throat;—I charge you, in his majesty’s name, apprehend him; he’s a friend of the duke Alencon.

Enter Warwick and Gloster.

War. How now! how now! what’s the matter?

Gloster. My lord of Warwick, here is (praises he Got for it) the most contagious disputation, I come to light, look you, as you should desire in a summer’s day. Here is his majesty.

Enter King Henry and Exeter.

K. Hen. How now, how’s the matter?

Ex. Here, my lord, here is a villain and a traitor, that, you look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alencon.

Will. My leg, this was my glove: here is the fellow of it: and he, that I gave it to in change,

promised to wear it in his epy; I promised to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty, hear now, (saving your majesty’s permission) a bond that an arrant, as ever his plack shoe trod upon God’s ground and his earth, in my conscience, fa.

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier; Look, here is the fellow of it: ? Was I, indeed, thou promisedst to strike; and thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. It is thine, your grace; and my majesty, I have an answer for it, if there is any martial law in the order.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All omissions, my liege, come from the heart; never can see any from hence, that might offend your majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Flu. I could not come to take like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witnesses the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no omission; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with the trifle.

And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow; And wear it for an honor in thy cap, Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns;— And let him of the best needs be friends with him.

Flu. 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 your peace; if you be not, pray God peace, and quarrels and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a good will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes; Come, wherefore should you be so pushish! your shoes is not so good: 'tis a good sifting, 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.

K. Hen. The prisoners of both parties are taken, uncle!

Exe. Charles duke of Orleans, nephew to the king.

John duke of Bourbon, and lord Bourgulaît;
Of other lords, and barons, knights, and squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. He that doth tell me of ten thousand French,

That in the field lie slain: of princes in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, they lie dead,
One hundred twenty-five hundred added to the list.

Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred: of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday didst’khy’d:
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;
The rest are—princes, barons, lords, knights, squares,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those thier nobles that lie dead,— Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France; Jacques de Chattillon, admiral of France; The marquess of Breslau, of meshoes, lew squires; Great-master of France, the brave sir Guiscard Duqupin; John duke of Alencon; Antony duke of Brabant,
The brother to the duke of Burgundy; And Edward duke of Bar; of insty earls, Grandpré, and Roussi, Faneobuck, and Fox, Beaumont, and Marie, Vaudemont, and Lestale; Here was a royal fellowship of dead,
Where is the number of our English dead?

[Enter Herald presents another paper.]

Edward the duke of York, the earl of Solloule,
Sir Richard Ketley, Denny Gam, and
None else of name: and, of all other men,
Bet five-and-twenty. 0 God, thy arm was here,
And not to us, but to thy arm alone.

Asse we all.—When, without strangling,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
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
He 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-vocet the deep-mouth'd
Which, like a mighty whiffer*d spore 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 vanities and self-glorious pride;
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,
Quite from himself, to God. But you behold,
In this his action, a working-house of thought:
How London doth pour her citizens!
The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,—
Lilliput's back return again to France.
With the plebeans swarming at their heels—
Go forth, and let their conquering Caesar in:
As, by a lower but by loving likelihood;*
Were now the general of our gracious empress?—
(As, in good time, he may) from Ireland coming.
Bringing rebellion broached* on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him! much more, and much more cause.

Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;
(As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the king of England's stay at home:
The emperor's coming in behalf of France,
To order peace between them;) and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanced,
Tell Harry's back-return again to France;
There must we bring him; and myself have play'd
The interim, by remembering you—this part,
Then brook abridgment; and your eyes advance
After your thoughts, straight back again to France.
[Exit.

SCENE I.—France. An English Court of Guard.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint David's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things; I will tell you, as my friend Captain Gower. The rascally, scald, bawdy, leonine, pragging knave, Pistol,—which you and yourself, and all the world, know to be no better than a fillow, look you now, of no merits—he is come to me, and brings me pease and salt yesterday, look you, and put me eat my leek: it was in a place where I could not breed no contem- tions with him; but I will be sobold as to wear in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

*An officer who walks first in processions.
†i.e. To order it to be borne.
‡Similitude.
§The earl of Essex in the reign of Elizabeth.
¶Spilted, transfixed.

Enter Pistol.

K. Hen. Yes, captain, but with this acknowledgement, That God taught for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites?

Let there be sung Non nobis, and Te Deum, The dead with charity enclos'd in clay.
We'll then to Calais: and to England then;
When ne'er from France arrived more happy men.

[Exeunt.

K. Hen. Yes, captain, but with this acknowledgement, That God taught for us.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his turkey-cocks,—Got pless you, ancient Pistol! you scurdy, leonine, Pistol! you scurry! you scurvy, leonine, scurvy, scurvy, Pistol! you scurry! you scurvy, scurvy, Pistol! you scurry! you scurvy, scurvy, Pistol! you scurry!

Flu. Ha! art thou Bedlam? dost thou think, base Trojan.
To have me told up Parca's fatal web?

Flu. I perceive you heartily, scurvy, leonine, knife, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek; because, look you, you do not love nor nourish your actions, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Flu. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

Flu. There is one soul for you. [Strikes him.] Will be so good, scald knife, as eat it?

Flu. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knife, when God's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your vitals; come, there is sauce for it. [Strikes him again.] You called me yesterday, mountain-squire; but I will make you to-day a square of low degree. I pray you, all to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Flu. Enough, captain: you have astonished him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will best his gale four days.—Pist, I pray you; it is good for your green wound, and your bloody coxcomb.

Flu. Must Iathe?

Flu. Yes, certainly; and out of doubt, and out of questions too, and ambiguities.

Flu. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge; I eat, and eke I swear.

Flu. Eat, and eke I swear. Will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Flu. Quiet thy endage: thou dost see, I eat.

Flu. Such good do you, scald knife, heartily.

Flu. Nay, 'pray you, throw none away; the skin is good for your proked coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hercæfer, I pray you mock at them; that is all.

Flu. Good.

Flu. Ax, leeks is good—Hold you, there is a great to heat your pale.

Flu. Me a great!

Flu. Yes, verily, and in truth you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Flu. T think it great, and amazeth me.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in endages; you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but endages. God be wi'you, and keep you, and heal your pale.

Flu. All hell shall star for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition,—began upon an honorable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of deceased valor,—and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and gailing at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English endage: you find it otherwise; and henceforth, let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well.
You are assembled; and my speech entreats,
That I may know the let,* why gentle peace
Should expec. these inconveniences,
And bless us with her former qualities.
K. Hen. If, duke of Burgundy, you would the
peace,
Whose science 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, consider briefly, in your hands.
Bar. The king had them; to which, it the
as yet,
There is no answer made.
K. Hen. Well then, the peace,
Which you before so urged, lies in his answer
Fr. King. I have but with a cursorv eye
Over the articles: pleased with what you
To appoint some of your council presently
to sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-examine, we will, suddenly,
Pass our accept, and peremptory answer.
K. Hen. Brother, we shall,—Go, uncle Exeter,—
And brother Clarence,—and you, brother Gloster,
Warwick,—and Huntingdon,—go with the king:
And take with you free power to ratify
Agreement, or alter, as your wisdoms best
See shall advantageous for our dignity,
Any thing in, or out of, our demands.
And will consult beto.—Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?
Q. Iss. Our gracious brother, I will go with them;
Hen. I will not. He may do what place
When articles, too nicely urged, be stood on.
K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here
With us;
She is our capital demand, comprised
Within the fore-rank of our articles.
Q. Iss. She hath good leave.
Exeunt all but HENRY, KATHARINE, and her Gentlewoman.
K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair!
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as well at a lady's ear.
And put your love-vow to her gentle heart!
Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot
speak your England.
K. Hen. O fair Katharine, if you will love me
soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to
hear you confess it brokenly with your English
tongue. Do you like me, Kate?
Kath. Pas bonne vue, j'aimotetut vaist—likeem. K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate; and you are
like an angel.
Kath. Que dit-il que je suis semblable à tes angels?
Alice. Ouy, fragment, (sont votre grace,) ainsi
dit-il.
K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine; and I must
not have him.
Kath. O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont
pleines des tromperies.
K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that
the terrors of men are full of deceits.
Alice. Ouy; dat de longues de de maus is be full
of deceits; dat is de princes.
K. Hen. The princess is the better Englishwoman.
Earth, Kate, my wandering is fit for thy
understanding: I am glad, thou canst speak no
better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst
find me such a plain king, that thou couldst think
I hath no need to buy thy crown. I know no
ways to mince it in love, but directly to say—I love
you then, if thou urge me further than to say—Do
you love me? and, I wear out my suit. Give me thy
answer; Kate, do, and so clap hands and a
bagman: How say you, lady?
Kath. Sont vosvre honoher, me understand well.
K. Hen. The princess is the better Englishwoman.
Dum, Kate, my wandering is fit for thy
understanding: I am glad, thou canst speak no
better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst
find me such a plain king, that thou couldst think
I hath no need to buy thy crown. I know no
ways to mince it in love, but directly to say—I love
you then, if thou urge me further than to say—Do
you love me? and, I wear out my suit. Give me thy
answer; Kate, do, and so clap hands and a
bagman: How say you, lady?
thine; come will never cannot shall love for a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose thee is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy court, never breathe of it, and should hold me love me for this, take me: if not to say—

that I shall de, is true; but—for thy love, by the Lord, I am too too, and while thou live, dear Kate, take a fellow-man in my thoughts, and thy life an ed2 constancy; for he perchance must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to win others in places; for all that love to talk, that they may rhyme themselves into ladies' favors—they canst not be reasonable, and reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black be

will; a curled gate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and moon; or rather the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me: And take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king: And what sayes thou of my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I should love de enemy

of France?

K. Hen. No; it is not possible, you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have, Kate, Saint Denis be my mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate! I will tell thee in French; which, I am sure, will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife upon her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. 

J'ai par la possession de France, et quand vous avez la possession de moi, vous pouvez voir, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!—donc vous est France, et vous est mine. It is as easy for me to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. Suf, ma noble dame, le Francais que vous parlez, est meilleur que l'Anglais (bien que je parte). K. Hen. No, faith, is not, Kate: but in knowing my tongue, and I think, most truly, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, I will have thee understand thus much English: Canst thou love me?

kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbors tell, Kate? I'll let them tell. Let them tell at night when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will, to disperse those parts in me, that mean, resembling a plain mask of metal, which has not yet received any impression. *Fall away, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now bestowed my Father's ambition: he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I courted of yours, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, the old age, which ill-lay of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face, than I dost thee, at the worst; and thou shalt weare me, if thou weare me, better and better; and therefore tell me, most fair Katherine, will you have me? But off your maidenly blushes, and I'll do my courtship with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say—Harry of England, I am thine: which words thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud; England is thine, and France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken: therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English, Wilt thou have me?

Kath. But is, as it shall please de ray mone.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him.

kath. Den it shall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I will kiss your hand, and I call yours—my queen.

Kath. Les dames, et demoiselles, pour lire autresbefore leur mope, il n'est pas la costume de France.

K. Hen. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat is not de be fashion pour lesdoyfes of France. I cannot tell what is better, en English. K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty entendre better que moy.

K. Hen. It is not the fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. Ouay, fragment.

K. Hen. 0, Kate, nice customs, crafty to great Kings, Dear Kate, 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 from hence, is as broad as the mouths of all fand- talks; as I will do yours, for uprightness, for English fashion of your country, in denying me a kiss; therefore, patiently, and yielding. [Kissing her.]

kath. If you have won my love, you have won more than you seek. Your tendre, Kate, is more eloquence in a sugar touch, than, in the tongue of a French counsel; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your lord. Enter the French King and Queen. BURGUNDY. BURGUNDY. BEAUMARCHAIS, GUESTER, EVERT, MASTROBERT, and other French and English Lords.

Discover. God save your majesty! my royal cousin, touch you our princess English!

K. Hen. I would have her hear, my fair cousin, 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 noise nor the diction, that, with the better 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 do not suspect, when 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 closed over with these egrets 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 maid to consent to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink, and yield; and love is blind, and endures. 2Slight barrier. 3Temper.
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 to winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning; for maids, when 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 will catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so; and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness; who cannot see many a fair French city, for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turned into a maid; for they are all girded with maiden walls, that war hath never entered.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of, may wait on her: so the maid, that stood in the way of my will, shall show me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is't so, my lords of England?

West. The king hath granted every article: his daughter, first; and then, in sequel, all, according to their firm proposed natures.

Exc. 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 filz

Henry, roy d'Angleterre hérédier de France: and thus in Latin,—Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus rex Angior, & frères Francie.

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied, but your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you, then, in love and dear alliance,

Let that one article rank with the rest:
And, thereupon, give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son; and from her blood raise up

*Application.

Issue to me: that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred: and this dear conjunction
Plant neighborhood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Now welcome, Kate;—and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.

Q. Inst. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spouse,
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league:
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other!—God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage:—on which day,
My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers, for surety of our leagues.—
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me!
And may our oaths well kept and prospérous be!

[Exeunt.

Enter Choruses.

Thus far, with rough, and all unable pen,
Our bending' author hath pursu'd the story;
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time, but, in that small, most greatly liv'd
This star of England: fortune made his sword;
By which the world's best garden* he achieved,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the sixth, in infant hands crown'd king
Of France and England, did this crown succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France, and made his England bleed:
Which o'th' stage hath shown; and for their
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.  [Exit.

* i. e. Unequal to the weight of the subject.  *France
FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
DUKE OF GLOSTER, Uncle to the King, and Protector.
DUKE OF BEDFORD, Uncle to the King, and Regent of France.
THOMAS BEAUFORT, Duke of Exeter, great Uncle to the King.
HENRY BEAUFORT, great Uncle to the King, Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal.
JOHN BEAUFORT, Earl of Somerset; afterwards Duke.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, eldest Son of Richard, late Earl of Cambridge; afterwards Duke of York.
EARL OF WARWICK.
EARL OF SALISBURY.
EARL OF PERTH.
LORD TALBOT, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.
JOHN TALBOT, his Son.
EDWARD MORTIMER, Earl of March.
Mortimer's Keeper, and a Lawyer.
SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.
SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

SIR WILLIAM GLANDSDALE.
SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE.
MAYOR OF LONDON.
WOODVILLE, Lieutenant of the Tower.
VERNON, of the White Rose, or York Faction.
Basset, of the Red Rose, or Lancaster Faction.
CHARLES, Duke of Gloster, and afterwards King of France.
REIGNIER, Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.
DUKE OF BERKSHIRE.
DUKE OF ALBION.
GOVERNOR OF FRANCE.
BASTARD OF ORLEANS.
Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his Son.
General of the French Forces in Bourdeaux.
A French Sergeant.
A Porter.
MARGARET, Daughter to Reignier; afterwards married to King Henry.
COUNTESS OF AUTEUIL.
JOAN LA PUCelle, commonly called Joan of Arc.
Lords, Warders of the Tower, Herald, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and several Attendants both on the English and French.

SCENE, partly in England, and partly in France.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Westminster Abbey.

Upon a wooden coffin we attend;
And death's dishonorable victory
Will our stately presence glorify.

Like captives bound to a triumphal car,
What? shall we curse the planets of mischance?

Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurors and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magic versus have contrived his end?

Wife. He was a king blest of the King of kings.

Unto the French the dreadful judgment-day
So dreadful will not be, as was his sight.
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:
The Church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo. The church! where is it! Had not churchmen prayed?

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 overawe.

Wife, Gloster, what'er we like, thou art protector;
And lookest to command the prince, and realm.
The wife in proud; she holdeth thee in awe.

More than God, or religious churchmen may.

1 There was a notion long prevalent, that life might be taken away by metrical charms
By three-and-twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon;
So that there had he his enmark of his death.
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of hedges,
They pitched in the ground confusely,
To keep the horses off from his men in fight.
More than three hours the light continued;
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundred thousand fell, and none durst stand him,
Here, there, and every where, enraged he slew:
The French exclaim'd the devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood aghast on him:
His soldiers, spying his undaunted form,
A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bawds of the battle.
Here they conceived the conquest fully been'd up,
If sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward;
He being in the yawning (placed behind
With purpose to relieve and follow them.)
Cowardly fed, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre.
Enclosed were they with their enemies:
A base Wallon, to win the dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;
Whom all France, with their chief assembled
strength,
Durst not presume to look once in the face.
Talbot, is Talbot slain? then I will say myself,
For living idly here, in pomp and ease.
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foes-man be betray'd.
I must go to, he lives; but is took prisoner,
And lord Sciles with him, and lord Hungerford;
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took likewise.
Talbot's his ransom there is none but I shall pay;
I'll ha' the dauphins head and needful from the French;
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend;
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.—
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I;
Bounties in France fortwith I am to make,
To keep our great saint George's feast withal:
Ten thousand soldier with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.
3 Mess. He had need; for Orleans is besieg'd;
The English army is grown weak and faint:
The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mess. Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischief:
France is revoluted 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;
Regnier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The Duke of Alencon fleeth to his side.

Exe. The dauphin crowned king! all fly to him! O, whether shall we fly from this regnet?

Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies' threats:
Belvoir, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.
Befster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
An army have I musterd in my thoughts,
Wereith therefore already France is over-run.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 Mess. My gracious lords,—to add to your la-
ments,
Wherein you now bedew king Henry's hearse,—
I must inform you of a dismal sight.
Betwixt the stout lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What! wherein Talbot overcome! is't so?

3 Mess. No, my wherein lord Talbot was over-
thrown:
The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
The leath of Angoust lost, this dreadful lord,
Regnier fell in the siege of Orleans.
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,

Nurse was anciently so spelt.

2. e. Their miseries which have had only a short intermission.
Scene III.  KING HENRY VI.

And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarum; we will rush on them.

Now for the honor of the forlorn French:
Hunt if I gave my death, that killeth me,
When he sees me go back one foot, or fly.

[Exeunt.

Alarum; Excursions; afterwards a Retreat.

Re-enter CHARLES, ALIGNON, REIGNER, and others.

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I!—
Dogs! cowards! dastards!—I would never have held,
But that they left me 'midst their hungry war.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
Fie lighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alen. Froissard, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Oliver's and Rowland's bred,
During the time Edward the Third did reign.

More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Sansons, and Goliasse,
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Leon raw-bow'd, rauced! who would ever suppose
They had such courage and audacity!

Char. Let's leave this town; for they are hair-brained slaves.
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager;
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down, then forsake the siege.
Reig. I think by some odd gimme's or device,
Their arrows play like clocks, still to strike on;
Else never could they hold out so, as they do.

By my consent, we'll even let them alone.

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bast. Where's the prince dauphin? I have news for him.

Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.
Bast. Methinks, your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd;
Hath the late overthrow brought this offence?
Be not dismaz'd, for succor is at hand:
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,
Ordained to raise these tedious sieges,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome;
What can past, or what's to come, she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her? Believe my words;

Char. Go, call her in. [Exit Bastard. But, first,
Put on her mitre, put her robe of skill,
Reignier, stand thou as dauphin in my place;
Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern:
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

[Re-enter La Pucelle, Bastard of Orleans, and others.

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous feats?

Pue. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the dauphin?—come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart:
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave a while.
Reig. Malevolent, so I hear. Pue. Dauphin,
I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit as bright in any kind of art,
Heaven, and our lady gracios, hath it pleas'd To shine on my contemplative estate;
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lamb's,
And saw the bright red ray display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appease her to me;
And, in a vision full of majesty,
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity:
Her aid she promised and assured success:
In complete glory she reveal'd herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before, With three clear rays which she infused on me,
That beauty am I bless'd with, which you see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:
My courage by my looks, if thou dar'st,
And then shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this? Thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou consent to try my wakile mate.
Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms;

Only this proof I'll of thy valor make,—
In single combat thou shalt buckler with me:
And, if thou vanquish'st, thy words are true;
Otherwise, I renounce all confidence.

Pue. I am prepared: here is my keen-edg'd sword,
Deck'd with the flower-de-luces on each side;
The which at Tournay, in saint Katharine's churchyard,
Out of a deal of old iron I chose forth.
Char. These arms, I warrant, are the sword of Deborah.

Pue. And, while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

[They fight.

Char. Stay, stay thy hands; thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

Pue. Christ's mother helps me, else I was too weak.

Char. Who'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help thyself.
Impatiently I burn with thy desire;
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant, and not severen be;
'Tis the French dauphin suiteth to thee thus.

Pue. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession's sacred from above;
When I have closed all thy foes and thine
Then will I think upon a recompense.

Char. Mean time, look gracious on thy prostrate foster.

Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

Alen. Doubtless he shrixes this woman to her snock;
Else never could she so long protract his speech.

Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?

Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do know.

These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reig. My lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we go over Orleans, or no?

Pue. What? no, I say, no; fruitful recreants!
Fright till the last gasp; I will be your guard.

Char. What she says, I'll confirm; we'll fight it out.

Pue. Assuredly, and to the English scourge.

This night must one of us perish and die;

Expect saint Martin's summer! halyon days,
Since I have entered into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.
With Henry's death, the English circle ends;
Dispersed are the glories it included.

Now am I like that proud insultting ship,
Which Cesar and his fortune bare at once.

Char. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?
Thou with an eagle art inspired them.
Helen, the mother of Crete, Constance,
Nor yet saint Philip's daughters', were like thee.
Bright star of Venus, raise 'em on the earth,
How many rescue upon her by your staff.

Alen. Leave off delay, and let us raise the siege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honors;
Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.

Pue. Freely at first we'll try;—come, let's away about it:
No prophet will I trust if she prove false. [Exeunt.

Scene III.—London. Hill before the Tower.

Enter, at the Gates, the Duke of Gloucester, with his Serving-men, in blue Coats.

Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this day;
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.

[To the Guard.

2Be firmly persuaded of it.

1 Expect perpetuity after unfortunate.

3 Meaning the four daughters of Philip mentioned in Acts. xxx. 1.
Where be these warders, that they wait not here? 
open the gates; Gloster it is that calls.  

[Servants knock.
1 Ward. [Within.] Who is there that knocks so 
impertinently?
1 Serv. It is the noble duke of Gloster.
2 Ward. [Within] Whoe'er he be, you may not 
be let in. 
Serv. Answer you so the lord protector, villains?  
1 Ward. [Within] The Lord protect him! so we 
answer him:

Do we no other service than we are will'd.

Servants rush at the Tower Gates. Enter, to the 
Gates, WOODVILLE, the Lieutenant.

Wood. [Within] What noise is this? what trai-
ors have we here?

Glo. Lieutenant, is it you, whose voice I hear? 
Open the gates; here's Gloster, that would enter.

Wood. [Within] Have patience, noble duke; it 
may not be done.

The cardinal of Winchester forbids:
From him I have express commandment, 
That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in. 

Glo. Fault-hearted Woodville, prizest thou 'fore 
me!

Arrogant Winchester? that haughty prelate, 
Whom Henry our late sovereign, me'c'd could break: 

Thou, friend to God, or to the state.  

Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

1 Serv. Open the gates unto the lord protector; 
Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not 
quickly.

Enter WOODVILLE, attended by a Train of Ser-
vants, in service Coats.

Win. How now, ambitious Humphrey! what 
means this?

Glo. Plead 'prest, dost thou command me to be 
shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping prodigy, 
And not protector of the king or realm.

Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator; 
Thou, that art contriv'd to murder our dead lord. 
Thou, that giv'st wolves indulgences to sin: 

I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat, 
If thou passest in this thy insolence. 

If I may, stand thou back, I will not.budge a foot. 

This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain, 
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

Glo. I will not stay thee, but I'll drive thee back: 
Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing-cloth, 
I'll use, to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do what thou dar'st; I beard thee to thy own 
utterance.

Glo. What? am I da'rd, and bearded to my face? 

Draw, men, for all this privileged place; 

Blue-coats to twain-coats. Priest, beware your 
beard!

[GLOSTER and his men attack the Bishop.

I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly: 

Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat; 
In spite of pape or dignities of churchmen.  
Here by the checks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloster, thou'lt answer this before the pope.

Glo. Winchester goose! I cry—a rope! a rope!

Now beat that hence: Why do you let them 
stay?— 

Thou'lt chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's-array. 
Out, twain-coats!-out, scarlet! hypersen.

Here a great tumult. In the midst of it, enter 
the Council of London, and Officers.

May. Eye, lords! that you, being supreme mag-
istrates, 

Thus contumeliously should break the peace! 

Glo. Peace, mayor; thou know'st little of my 
wrongs;

Here's Beaumont, that regards nor God nor king, 
Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

Enter, to the Tower, GLOSTER, a letter, on a 
letter; 

One that still motions war, and never peace, 

O'churching your free purses with large limes; 

Alluding to his shaven crown.  

4. A strumpet.  

An allusion to the Bishop's habit. 

That seeks to overthrow religion, 

Because he is protector of the realm:
And would have armure here out of the Tower, 

To cut away all losse, 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 tumultuous 

But to make open proclamation—

Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canst.

Off. All manner of men, assembled here in arms 
this day, against God's peace and the king's, we 

Chambers, and assembled thee, in his highness' name, 

to repair to your several dwelling-places; and 
not to wear, handle, or use, any sword, weapo-

dor dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law: 

But we will boldly and break our minds at the 

Win. Gloster, we'll meet; to thy dear cost, be sure: 

Thy heart-blood I will have, for this day's work.

May. 'Till I call for clubs: if you will not away:— 

This cardinal is more haughty than the devil.

Glo. Mayor, farewell; thou dost but what thou 

Must. All sensible Gloster! guard thy head; 

For I intend to have it ere long. 

[Exeunt. May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will 

depart.

Good God! that nobles should such stomachs bear! 

I myself fight not once in forty year.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.---France. Before Orleans.

Enter on the Walls, the Master-Gunner, and his Son.

Glo. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is 

besieged: 

And how the English have the suburbs won. 

Son. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them, 

However, unfortunate, I miss'd my aim. 

Glo. But now thou shalt not. Be thou ruler 

by me:

Chief master-gunner am I of this town; 

Now must I must do to procure immediate 

The prince's escape! have inform'd me, 

How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd, 

Wont, through a secret grate of iron bars 

To yonder tower, to overpower the city; 

And thence discover, how, with most advantage, 

They may vex us, with shot, or with assault. 

To intercept this inconvenience, 

A piece of ordnance assign'd it I have placed; 

And fully even these three days have I watch'd, 

If I could see them. Now boy, do thou watch, 

For I can stay no longer. 

If thou seest any, run in and bring me word; 

And thou shalt find me at the governor's.

[Exit. 

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 Mayor and Master, Sir WILLIAM GLASSBAILE, 
Sir THOMAS GARBRAVE, and others.

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd! 

How well thou handled, being prisoner! 

Or by what means, and thou to be releas'd? 

Disconsolate, I pr'ythee, on this turret's top.

Tal. The duke of Bedford had a prisoner, 

Called,—the brave lord Ponton de Santrailles; 

Of whom I was exchanged and ransom'd. 

But with a base man of arms by far, 

Once, in contempt, they would have harnett'd me: 

Which I, dissembling, scorn'd: and craving death 

rather than I would be so pilled in deem'd. 

In fine, redeem'd I was as I desired. 

But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart! 

Whom with my bare fists I would execute, 

If I could hold him brought into my power.

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert enter-

tain'd? 

Tal. With scolds, and scorns, and contumelious 

In open market-place produced they me, 

To be a public spectacle to all; 

Here, said they, to the terror of the French, 

The courage of the English, all our children so. 

Then broke I from the officers that led me; 

And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground, 

That is, for peace-officers arm't with clubs or staves. 

Pride. 

[Spies. 

So stripp'd of honors.
To hurl at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly comeliness made others fly;
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls as they deemed me 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 passions of across my cell.

Where a guard of chosen shot I had,
That walk'd about me minute-while;
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready was my sword to shoot me to the heart.

I spare to hear what torments you endure:
But we will be revenged sufficiently.
Now is it supper-time in Orleans?
Here is a ghastly gate, I cannot 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 Glendale,
Let me have your express opinion on this:
Where is best place to make our battery next.

Gar. I think, at the north gate; for there stand lords.

Glenn. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enticed.

[Shot from the Town. Salisbury and Gargrave fall.

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!
Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woeeful man!
Tal. What chance is this, that suddenly hath
Speak Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak;
How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men!
One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's side struck off!
Accursed tower! I accursed fate hath
That hath contriv'd this woeeful tragedy!
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame:
Henry the Fifth he first triumph'd to the wars;
Who could such trumpet did sound, or drum struck up,
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.
Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury! though thy speech doth
One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace:
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.
—Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive.
It Salisbury wands mercy at thy hands.
Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it—
Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;
Thou shalt not die, whites—
He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me;
As who should say, When I am dead and gone,
Remember to avenge me on the French.—
Placentia, I will, and a-Nernisken.
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched shall France be only in my name.

[Exeunt; afterwords on Alarum.

What stir is this? What tumultus in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord, the French have gath-
A manifold, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,—
A holy prophetess, new risen up,—
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[Salisbury eaves.

Tal. Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth groan;
It rips his heart, he cannot be revivify'd.
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you—
Pucelle or jujice, dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a spagnum of your mangled brains.
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we'll try what bastard Frenchmen dare.

[Exit. Exeunt, hearing out the Bottles.

SCENE V.—Before one of the Gates of Orleans.

Alarum. Skirmishings. Talbot pursueth the
Dauphin, and driveth him in: then enter Joan
la Pucelle, driving Englishmen before her.

Then enter Talbot.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valor, and my
forces!
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;
A woman, clad in armor, chaseth them.


Enter La Pucelle.

Here, here she comes:—I'll have a bout
with thee;
Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

Puc. Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace thee.

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail!
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder;
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

Puc. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:
I must go virtual Orleans withth.
O'ertake me, if thou canst; I see thy strength.
Go, cheer up thy languish'd-starved men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament;
This day is ours, as many more shall be.

[PUCELLE ENTERS THE TOWN, WITH SOLDIERS.

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;
I know not where I am, nor what I do;
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannah,
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists:
So bees will smoke, and doves with noisome stench,
Are from their hives, and houses, driven away.
They call us, for a blessed, English dogs;
Now, like to whoels, we crying run away.

[Alarum. Another Skirmish.

It will not be—Retire into your fencings;
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none could withstand his stroke in his revenge.

Pucelle is entered into Orleans,
In spite of us, or aught that we could do.
O, would I were to die with Salisbury!

The shame be not will make me die by thy head.

[Alarum. Retreat. Exeunt Talbot and his Forces, &c.

SCENE VI.—The same.

Enter on the Walls, Pucelle, Charles, Reignier,
Attencion, and Soldiers.

Puc. Advance our waving colors on the walls;
Rescue'd is Orleans from the English wolves:
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

Char. Diviner creature, bright Astraea's daugh-

ter!
How shall I honor thee for this success!
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day blushing bear, and fruitful be the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious promises!

Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
More blessed hap had ne'er betell our state.

Reg. Why ring not out the bells throughout the town?

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets.
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Att. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they shall hear how we have play'd the

Char. This Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;
For which, I will divide my crown with her:
And all the present and future in my realm
Shall, in procession, sing her endless praise.
A stately pyramid to her I'll rear,
Than Rhodope's, or Memphis', ever was:
In memory of her, when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious,
Than the rich jewel's coiffer of Darius,
Transported shall be at high festival
Before the kings and princes of France.

No longer on saint Denis we'll cry;
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint
Come in; and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory.

[Flourish. Exeunt.

The superstition of those times taught, that he
who could draw a witch's blood was free from her power.
ACT II.

SCENE I.—The same.

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 courtward.
1 Ser. Sergeant, you shall.

[Exit Sergeant, thus are poor sentinels
(When others sleep upon their quiet beds)
Construed 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 redoubled Burgundy,
By whose approach, the regions of Artois,
Wallon, and Picardy, are friends to us,—
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carous’d and banqueted;
Embrace we then this opportunity.

As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contriv’d by art and balfool sorcery.

Bed. Coward of France!—how much he wrongs his force,
Despairing of his own arm’s fortitude,
To join with witches, and the help of hell.

Bar. Traitors have never other company.—

But what’s this Puckler, whom they term so true?
Tal. A maid, they say.

Bed. A maid! and be so martial!
Bar. Pray God, she proves not masculine ere long;
If underneath the standard of the French,
She carry armor, as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with sports;
God is our fortress: in whose conquering name,
Let us resolve to scatter their flinty buctars.

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 your corner.

Bar. And 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! and all enter by the Town.

Sent. [Within.] Arm, arm! the enemy doth make assault!

[The French leap over the walls in their shirts. Enter several ways, Bastard, Alencon, Burgundy, half ready, and half unready.

Alen. How now, my lords! what, all unready so?

Bast. Unready? ay, and glad we escape so well.

Reig. Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,

Hearing alarms at our chamber doors.

Alen. Of all exploits, since first I followed arms,
Ne’er heard I of a warlike enterprise
More venturous, or desperate than this.

Bast. I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

Reig. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favor him.

Alen. Here cometh Charles; I marvel how he escap’d.

[Enter CHARLES and LA PUCHELE.

Bast. Tutt! holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Chars. Is thy thynning, thou deceitful dame?

Didst thou at first, to Lutter not well,
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!—

4 The same as guard room.

Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have taught.

Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default;
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Dull is to be honor to that weighty charge.

Alen. Had all your quarters been as strictly kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surpriz’d.

Bar. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my lord.

Char. And, for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,
I was employ’d in reasoning to and fro.

About relieving of the sentinels:
Then how, or which way, should they first break in?

Puc. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How, or which way; ’ns sure, they found some place

But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
And now here rests no other shift but this,—
To gather our soldiers, scatter’d and dispersed,
And lay new plotters to embarrass them.

Aurum. Enter an English Soldier, crying A Talbot! A Talbot! They fly, leaving their Clothes behind.

Sold. I’ll be so bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—Orleans. Within the Town.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundy, a Captain, and others.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil’d the earth,
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

[Retreat sounded.

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury;
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town.

Now I have paid my vow unto his soul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
There hath at least five Frenchmen died of night.
And, that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen’d in revenge of him,
Within their clearest temple I’ll erect
A tomb wherein his corpse shall be inter’d;
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav’d the sack of Orleans;
The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a traitor I had been to France.

But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I must we met not with the dauphin’s grace;
His new-com champion, virtuous Joan of Arc;
Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. ’Twixt thought, lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Rouse’d on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did, amongst the troops of armed men,
Leap o’er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bar. Myself (as far as I could well discern,
For smoke, and dusky vapors of the night)
Am sure I scorch’d the dauphin and his train.
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,
That did not leave the water’s edge all day.
After that things are set in order here,
We’ll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! which of this princely train
Call you this Sir Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?

Tal. Here is the Talbot; who would speak with him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, countess of Auvergne,
With modesty adorning thy renown,
By me entreats, good lord, thou wouldest vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies;—

6 Plans, schemes
7 Wonder.
8 Dews.
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars
Will turn into a peaceful comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encountered with—
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for, when a world of
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rule'd:
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks;
And this submission will attend her:
Will not your honors hear me company?

Bed. No, truly, it is more than manners will:
And I ha' heard it said,—Unbidden guests
As wise a welcome when they are come.

Tal. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.
Come hither, captain. [Whispers.]—You perceive
Capt. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Aurvergne. Court of the Castle.

Enter the Countess and her Porter.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge:
And what you have done so, bring the key to me.

Port. Madam, I will.

Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As that old Thomas by Gyr-card withal.
Great is the rumor of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account;
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure of this rare reports.

Enter Messenger and Talbot.

Mess. Madam,
According as you wish your ladyship desired,
By message craved, so is lord Talbot come.

Count. And he is welcome. What is this the man?

Mess. Madam, it is,
Count. Is this the sconce of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,
With that name the mothers still their babies;
I see report is fabulous and base;—
I thought, I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf;
It cannot be, this weak and wretched shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you;
But, that my hand hath not been idle,
I'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now!—Go, ask him what he goes.

Mess. Stay, my lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Martyr, 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 the shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery the picture lies.
But now 'tis substance shall endure the like;
And I will chain these legs and arms of thee,
That fast by tyranny, these many years,
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captive.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha!

Count. Art thou, wretch, me, to whom thou art thine?

Tal. I am indeed.

Count. Then have substance too.

Tal. No, no, no, 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 spurious charic pitch,
Your rods (save one) are not sufficient to contain it.

Count. This is a radius, or mercer's for the nonce;
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contraries agree?

Tal. I'll show you presently.

He waves a horn. Drum's heard; then a Dial of Ordnance. The Gates being forced, enter Soldiers.

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded,
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,
With which he yokes all 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 there is no less than mine in them well.
And more than may be gathered by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am sorry, that with reverence
I did not return the fair interpreter.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done hath not offended me;
No other satisfaction do I crave.
But only (with your patience) that we may
Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;
For solid things are always seen among them well.

Count. With all my heart: and think me honored
To feast so great a warrior in my house. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—London. The Temple Garden.

Enter the Earls of Sомерсет, Suffolk, and Warwick; Richard Plantagenet, Vernon, and another Lawyer.

Plan. Great lords, and gentlemen, what means this conference?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth!

Suf. within the Temple wall we were too loud;
The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. We say at our leisure, if I found you the truth;
Or, else, was wrangling Somerset in the error?

Suf. Faith, I have been a truant in the law;
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And now, therefore, frame the law to my will.

Suf. Judges, you my lord of Warwick, then betwixt us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher to speak,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horses, doth he bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the fairest eye,
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment: But in these nice sharp quiblets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a law.

Plan. Madam, but here is a matter of forbearance:
The truth appears so nailed on my side, That any purblind eye may find it out.

Suf. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so strong, and so evident.

War. That it will glimmer through a blunt man's eye.

Plan. Since you are tongue-tay'd and so leathen'd,
In dumb significant presumes your thoughts:
Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honor of his birth,
If he suppose that we pleased to unmask,
From oil this brat pluck a white rose with me.

Suf. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from all this thorn with me.

War. I love no colors; and, without all color Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose, with young Somerset;
And say withal, I think he held the right.

War. 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.

Suf. Good master Vernon, it is well objected: If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

3 For a purpose. 4 Noise, reported. 5 Deceit; a play on the word. 6 Proposed.
Plan. And I.
Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side,
Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;
Lest you wound me in your zeal to show me rose red,
And fall on my side so against your will.
Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt.
And keep like wounder where still I am.
Som. Well, well, come on: Who else?
Law. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you hold, was wrong in you;
In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.
Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?
Som. Here is my scabbard, meditating that,
Shall die yours, let it be a rose in a blood red.
Plan. Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.
Som. No, Plantagenet,
'Tis not for fear, but anger,—that thy checks
Blush for pure shame at our counterfeits;
And yet thy tongue will not express the terror.
Plan. Hath not thy rose a colder, Somerset?
Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?
Plan. A sharp and piercing to maintain his truth;
While thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.
Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.
Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy fashion, percy boy.
Suf. Turn not thy scorn this way, Plantagenet.
Plan. Proud Poole, I will; and soon both him and thee.
Suf. I'll throw to my part thereof into thy throat.
Som. Away, away, good William De-la-Poole!
We grace the yeoman, by conversing with him.
War. Now, by God's will, thou wrongest him,
Somerset;
His grandfather was Lionel, duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward king of England;
Spring restless yoremen? from so deep a rest?
Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege; Or dust not, for his craven heart, say thus.
Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my
On any plot of ground in Christendom:
Was not thy father, Richard, earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late king's days? And his, his treason, started not the country,
Corrupted, and exempt 1 from ancient genius;
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be restored, thou art a yeoman.
Suf. It is a shame my father was attached, and attained;
Condemn'd to die for treason, but not traitor:
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset.
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will,
For your partaker Poole, and you yourself,
I'll note you in my book of memory,
To secure you for this apprehension?
Look to it well; and say you are well warn'd.
Som. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still:
And know us, by these colors, for thy foes;
For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear,
This pale and angry rose, as insigniance of my blood-drinking hate.
Suf. Go forward, and be choky'd with thy ambition!
And so farewell, until I meet thee next. [Exeunt.
Som. Live, live at peace, Poole— Farewell, true Richard. [Exeunt.
Plan. How I am branded, and must perforce en-
War. This blot, that they object against your house.
Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament,
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster:
And, if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Mean time, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset, and William Poole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose:
And keep it on me—This brand I burn!
Grown to this faction, in the temple garden,
Shall send between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.
Plan. I'll take a mastic-vein: I cannot send to
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.
Ver. In thy behalf still will I wear the same.
Law. And so will I.
Plan. Thanks, gentle sir.
Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say,
This quarrel will drink blood another day.
[Exeunt.
SCENE V.—A Room in the Tower.
Enter Mortimer, brought in a Chair by two Keepers.
Mort. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself—
Even like a man new hated from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment:
And these grey locks, the pursuivants 2 of death,
Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,
And the end of Edward and Mortimer.
These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their exquit: 3
Weak shoulders, overborne with burdens' grief,
And yearly years, and like to a wither'd vine,
That drops his sapless branches to the ground:
Yet are these feat,—whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay,—
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have—
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?
1 Kind. Richard Plantagenet, my friend! Is he come?
Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignorantly used,
Your nephew, late-dispised Richard comes.
Mort. Direct mine ears, I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:
O, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,
What may that kind dispise of men's miseries,
With sweet enlacement doth dismiss me hence;
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter Richard Plantagenet.

1 Keep. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.
Mort. Kind Richard Plantagenet, my friend! Is he come?
Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignorantly used,
Your nephew, late-dispised Richard comes.
Mort. Direct mine ears, I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:
O, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,
What may that kind dispise of men's miseries,
With sweet enlacement doth dismiss me hence;
That so he might recover what was lost.
Why dash thou say—of late thou wert despis'd?
Plan. Nay, my uncle, I have lean thine aged back against mine arm!
And, in that case, I'll tell thee my disease. 4
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew twixt Somerset and me.
Among which terms he used his lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death;
Which obloquiy sets bars before my tongue,
To settle with the like I was not valiant, and
Therefore, good uncle,—for my father's sake,
In honor of a true Plantagenet,
And for all fires sake,—declare the cause
My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head.
Mort. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,
And hath detain'd me, all my flow'ring youth,
2 Pursuivants are officers who attend upon heralds.
3 Exquist:;—exquisite.
4 I.e. Those who have no right to arms.
5 The Temple, being a religious house, was a sanctuary.
6 Opinion.
7 Exquist:;—exquisite.
Within a losthouse dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his decease.
Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was:
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.
Meth, I will; if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, hagardly to this king,
Depost's his cousin Richard, Edward's son,
The most,-begotten, and not to be outdone.
Of Edward king, the third of that descent:
During whose reign, the Percy's of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavor'd to advance me to the throne:
The case mov'd their warlike lords to this,
Was—for that (young king Richard thus remov'd,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body)
I, from the next by birth and parentage;
By my mother I derived an
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骇alous great attempt,
They labored to plant the nightful heir,
I, how they libery, and they so res.
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,
Lose an arm, an eye, a leg, lost the use of them,
And half install'd me in the diadem:
But, as the rest, so tell that noble earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whose descent the branch which I descended.
Plan. Of which, my lord, your honor is the last.
Mor. True; and thou seest, that I no issue have:
And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Then art my heir; the rest, I wish thee gather:
But yet be wary in the studious care.
Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me:
But yet, as I think, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.
Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic;
Strong-fix'd is the house of Lancaster,
And, like a star, to this must not be mov'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. My uncle, would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age!
Mor. Thou dost then wrong me; as the slaughter
Which gaveth many wounds, when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only, give order for my funeral,
And so birewell, and fare all thy hopes!
And prosperous be thy life, in peace, and war!

Plan. And peace, no war, beth thy parting soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage.
And, like a hermit, overpass'd thy days.—
Well, I will hence the dungeon in my list;
And what I do imagine, let that rest—
Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.—

[Excus' keepers, bearing out Mortimer.]
Here dies the dusky torso of Mortimer.
Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort—
And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
That have been suffer'd, and the wrongs which have been cause,
I doubt not, but with honor to redress,
And therefore haste I to the parliament;
Latter to be restored to my blood,
Or make my title the advantage of my good. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Parliament House.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Gloucester, Warwick, Somerset, and SpaceXke; the Bishop of Winchester, Richard Plantagenet, and others. Glouster offers to put up a Bill;* Wincheste snatches it, and tears it.

Win. Com'est thou with deep premeditated lines,
With very deep pendants of studious devise,
Humphrey of Gloucester! if thou canst accuse,
Or ought intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention suddenly;
As with sudden and extraneous speaking
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.
Glo. Presumptuous priest! this place commands
my patience,
Or thou shouldest find thou hast disdoin'd me.
Think not, although in writing I prefer'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Teritrium to rehearse the method of my pen;
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestilential, and desultious pranks,
That very masts prattle of thy pride.
This is not most perilous, without example
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well becomes
A man of thy profession, and degree;
And thus for treachery, what's more manifest;
In that thou hadst a trap to take my life,
As well at London bridge, as at the Tower!
Besides, I charge thee, if thy thoughts were sithen,
The king thy sovereign, is not to excuse
From infamous malice of thy swelling heart.
Win. Glover, I do defy thee,—Lords, vouchsafe
to give me hearing what I shall reply.
I, if it were covetous, ambitions, or worse,
As he will have, me how am I so poor?
Or how haps it, I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
And for dissension, who precrieth peace?

*Thinking.·

ii. c. Articles of Accusation.

More than I do,—except I be provok'd!
No, good my lords, it is not that offend'ss;
It is not that, that hath men's'd the duke:
It is, because no one should sway but he;
No one, but he, should be about the king;
And that he consider'd his persons in his last;
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know, I am as good—
Glo. Thou bastard of my grandfather!—
Win. Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray,
But one impious in another's throne?
Glo. Am I not the protector, saucy priest?
Win. And am I not a prelate of the church?
Glo. Yes, as an outlaw in a cause keeps,
And is'th it to patronage his theft.
Win. Unreverent Gloucester!—
Thou art reverent
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.
This Rome shall remedy.
Win. I answer not; doth,
Ream thither, then.
Sum. My lord it were your duty to forbear.
Win. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne;
Sum. Methinks, my lord should be religious,
And know how to preserve that belongs to
Methinks, his lordship should be humbler;
It fitted not a prelate so to plead.
Sum. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.
Win. State holy, or unholy, what of that?
Is not he thy protector to the king?
Plan. Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue;
Lost it be said, Speak, sirrah, when you should;
Methinks, it is better left with lords. Else would I have a line at Winchester. [Aside.

K. Hen. Unles of Glover, and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English west;
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearty love and a prayer,
O, what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye should jar!
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil dissension is a virupus worm,
That gnaw the bowels of the commonwealth.—

[28x218]A noise within: Down with the tawny coats!]

What tumult’s this?

War.

An uproar, I dare warrant,

Begun through malice of the bishop's men.

[34x195]A noise again; Stones! Stones!]

Enter the Mayor of London, attended.

May. O, my good lords,—and virtuous Henry, 

Put the city of London, put us! 

The bishop's and the duke of Gloster's men, 

Forbidden late to carry any weapon.

Have fill’d their pockets full of pebble-stones; 

And, banding themselves in contrary parts, 

Do part at last on another’s prey. 

That many have their giddy brains knock’d out. 

Our windows are broke down in every street. 

And we, for fear, commend’d to shut our shops.

Enter, skirmishing: the Returners of Gloster and 

Winchester, with bloody Harry.

K. Hen. We charge you, on allegiance to ourselves, 

To hold your slaughter’d hands, and keep the peace.

Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife. 

1 Serv. Nay, if we be

Forbidden stones, we’ll fall to it with our teeth.

2 Serv. Do what ye dare, we are as resolute. 

[Skirmish again.

Glo. You of my household, leave this peevish broil, 

And set this unaccustom’d fight aside.

3 Serv. My lord, we know your grace to be a man 

Just, and a prince of war, and, for your real birth, 

Inferior to none but to his majesty: 

And ere that we will suffer such a prince, 

So kind a father of the commonwealth, 

To be dishearten’d by an inkhorn man. 

We, and our wives, and children, all will fight, 

And have our bodies slaughter’d by your foes, 

If ever, ay, and the very parings of your nails 

Shall pluck a field, when we are dead.

[Skirmish again.

Glo. And if you love me, as you say you do, 

Let me persuade you to forbear a while.

K. Hen. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul! 

Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold 

My sighs and tears, and will not once relent! 

Who should be pitt’d, if not yourself? 

Or who should study to preserve a peace 

If not so delightfully disputable? 

War. My lord protector, yield;—yield, Winchester:—

Except you mean, with obstinate replies, 

To stay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.

You see what mischief, and what murder too, 

Hath been enacted through your enmity; 

That is at peace, except ye thirst for blood, 

War. Sir, I will yield, or I will yield the worst. 

Glo. Compassion on the king commands me stop! 

Or, I would see his heart out, ere the priest 

Should ever get the privilege of me. 

War. Behold, my lord of Winchester, the duke 

Hath bandish’d moody, discontented fury, 

As by his smoothed brows as doth appeal! 

Why look you still so stern, and truculent?

Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

K. Hen. Fyce, uncle Beaumont! 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. Sweeter King!—the bishop hath a kindly gird

For shame, my lord of Winchester! relent

What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

Glo. O, the fair, young, princely, dutiful, 

Richard, the duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee, 

Love for thy love, and hate for hate’s sake! 

Glo. Ay; but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.—

See here, my friends, and loving countrymen;

This tedious and a fit hour of truce, 

Betwixt ourselves, and all our followers; 

So help me God, as I dissemble not! 

Win. So help me God, as I intend it not. [Aside.

K. Hen. How, how, how!—his loving uncle, and his partaker, 

How joyful am I made by this contract!—

Away, my masters! trouble us no more: 

But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

1 Serv. Content! I’ll fit to the surgeon.

2 Serv. 

And so will I. 3 Serv. And I will see what physic the tavern 

affords. 

[Exeunt Servants, Mayor, &c. 

War. I hope the scroll, most gracious sovereign, 

Which, in the right of Richard Plantagenet, 

We do exhibit to your majesty.

Glo. Well urged, my lord of Warwick:—for, 

If an your grace mark every circumstance, 

You have great reason to do Richard right:

Especially, for those occasions 

At Elthamplace I hold 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. I hope Richard be restored to his blood; 

So shall his father’s wrongs be recompens’d.

Win. As will the rest, so willich Winchester. 

K. Hen. If Richard will be true, not that alone, 

But all the whole inheritance I give, 

That doth belong unto the house of York, 

From whence you spring by local descent.

Plon. Thy humble servant vows obedience, 

And humble service, till the point of death.

K. Hen. Stoop then, and set your knee against 

my foot;

And, in the name of that duty done, 

I girt thee with the valiant sword of York, 

Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet; 

And rise created princely duke of York.

Plon. And so thrive Richard, as thy fays may tell! 

And as my duty springs, so perish they 

That grudge one thought against your majesty! 

Alt. Well done, high prince, the mighty duke of York! 

Som. Perish, base prince, inglorious duke of York! 

[Aside.

Glo. Now will it best avail your majesty, 

To cross the seas, and to be crow’d in France: 

The presence of a king engenders love 

Amongst his subjects, and he loyal friends; 

As it disanthesates his enemies.

K. Hen. When Gloster says the word, king Henry 

goes; 

For friendly counsel cusscd off no foes.

Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.

[Exeunt all but Exeter.

Exe. Ay, we may march in England, or in France, 

Not seeing what is likely to ensue.

This late disension, grown betwixt the peers, 

Burns under sequestred ashes of forlorn love, 

And will at last break out into a flame: 

As feaster members revolt but by degrees, 

Till bones, and dust, and sinews, all away, 

So will this base and envious discord breathe. 

And now I fear that fatal prophecy, 

That time shall subdue the son of Henry, named the fifth, 

Was in the mouth of every sucking babe, 

That Henry, born at Mountfitchet, should win all; 

And Henry, born at Windesred, should lose all: 

Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish 

His days may finish ere that hapless time.

[Exit.

Scene II.—France. Before Rouen.

Enter La Pucelle disguised, and Soldiers dressed 

the Countrymen, with Sacks upon their backs.

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen, 

Trough which our policy must make a breach: 

Take heed, be wary how you place your words; 

Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men, 

That come to gather money for their corn. 

If we have entrance, (as, I hope, we shall,) 

And that we find the slothful watch but weak, 

I’ll by this barefoot soldier, and his men, 

That Charles the dauphin may encounter them.

1 Sold. Our sacks shall be a mean to soak the city, 

And we be lords and rulers over Rouen; 

Therefore we sell knock’d, (as you say.) 

[Knocks. 

Guard. [Within.] Qui est là?

Puc. Paissans, pauwres gens de France: 

Poor market-decks, that come to sell their corn. 

Guard. Enter, go in: the market-lot is run. 

[Opens the Gates.

Recompense.
Scene III.  

KING HENRY VI.

Puc. Now Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.  
(Proc. &c., enter the City.)

Enter CHARLES, Bastard of Orleans, ALÉCION, and Forces.

Char. Saint Deus bless this happy stratagem! And on once again we'll sleep securely in Rouen.

Bur. Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practisants.  
Now she is there, how will she specify  
Where is the best and safest passage in?  

Char. So if we thrust out a torch from the tower;  
Which once discern'd she that her meaning is—  
No way to that; for weakness, which she enter'd.  

Enter LA PUCELLE on a Battice: holding out a Torch burning.

Puc. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch,  
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen;  
But burning fatal to the Talbotties.

Bur.  
Bast. See, noble Charles! the beacon of our friends,  
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.  
Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,  
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!  
Aien. Before the time. Delays have dangerous ends;  
Enter, enter, the chapel!—presently.  
And then to execution on the watch.  
(They enter.

Alarums. Enter TALBOT, and certain English.

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears.  
If Talbot but survive thy treachery,—  
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,  
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,  
That hardly we escaped the pride of France.  
(Exit to the Town.

Alarum; Excursions. Enter from the Town BEDOLLE, BURGUNDY, and the English Forces. Then enter, on the Walls, LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, BASTARD, ALÉCION, and others.

Puc. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?  
I think, the duke of Burgundy will fast,  
Before he'll buy again at such a rate:  
Taxes full of damsel! Do you like the taste?  
Bur. Bred on, vile bent, and shameless conse-  
tezan!  
I trust, you long, to choke thee with thine own,  
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.  
Char. But, our grace may starve, perhaps, before  
that time.

Bed. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason!  
Puc. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,  
And run a tilt at death within a chair?  
Tal. Fool's fiend of France, and bag of all desire,  
Engrossed with this false and villainous be  
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,  
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?  
Danel. I'll have a bout with you again.  
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

Puc. Are you so hot, sir?—Yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace.

If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow,—  
(Talbot, and the rest, consult together.)

God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?  
Tal. Bare ye come forth and meet us in the field?  
Bur. Believe, your lordship takes them for fools,  
To try it if our own be ours, or no.  
Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate,  
But unto thee, Alécion, and the rest;  
Will ye, like soldiers, come and light it out!  
Alein. Signior, no.

Tal. Signior, hang!—base mulcteurs of France!  
Like peasant butt-boys do they keep the walls;  
And there will we to see such cuffs as gleam in chains.

Puc. Captains, away; let's get us from the walls;  
That Talbot means no goodness, by his looks,—  
God be wi! you my lord! we came, sir, but to tell you  
That we are here.  
(Exeunt LA PUCELLE, &c., from the Walls.

Tal. And there will we, or two, or three, or four,  
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!—

Vow, Burgundy, by honor of thy house,  
(Prick'd on by public wrongs, sustains'd in France,)  
Either to get the town again, or die;  
And I— as sure as English Henry lives,  
And as his father here was conqueror;  
As sure as in this late betrayed town  
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried;  
So sure I'll do to get the town, a better place,  
Fitter for sickness, and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not dishonor me;  
Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen,  
And will the partner of your valour, or else  
Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read,  
That stout Pendragon, in his litter, set  
Came to the field, and vanquished all his foes:  
Methinks, I should revive the soldiers' hearts,  
Because I ever found them as myself.  
Tal. To save the morning 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 English enemy.  
(Exeunt BURGUNDY, TALBOT, and Forces,  
leaving BEDFORD, and others.

Alarum: Excursions. Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE, and a Captain.

Cap. Whitchurch away, sir John Fastolfe, in such haste!  
Fadl. Whither away? to save myself I fly;  
We are like to have the overthrow again.  
Cap. What! will you fly, and leave lord Talbot!  
Fadl. Nay, all the Talbots in the world to save my life.  
Exe. Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee!  
(Exeunt.  
Retreat: Excursions. Enter from the Town, LA PUCELLE, ALÉCION, CHARLES, &c., and exclaiming.

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please;  
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.  
What is the trust or strength of foolish men?  
They, that of late were dreading with their scouts,  
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.  
(Exeunt, and is carried off in his Chair.

Alarum: Enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and others.

Tal. Lost, and recover'd in a day again!  
This is a double honor, Burgundy.  
Yet, heavens have spared this victory!  
Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy  
Endures thee in his heart; and there crests  
Thy noble deeds, as valor's monument.  
Tal. Thinks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?  
I think, her old familiar is asleep;  
Now where's the Bastard's branches, and Charles his sleek?  
What, all a-mort? Rouen hangs her head for grief,  
That such a valiant company are fled.  
Now will we take some orders in the town,  
Placing therein some expert officers;  
And then depart to Paris, to the king:  
For there young Harry, with his nobles, lies,  
Bur. Which was left with Talbot, prieur of Burgundy.  
Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget  
The noble duke of Bedford, late deceased,  
But see his exequies^{4} fulfilled in Rouen;  
A brave soldier never reached far from a center 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 the City.

Enter CHARLES, the Bastard, ALÉCION, LA PUCELLE, and Forces.

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,  
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered:  
Care is not in our hands; we may try too long.  
For things that are not to be remedied.  

^2 Scoffs.  
^3 Quite disparited.  
^4 Make some necessary dispositions.  
^5 Funeral rites.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,  
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;  
We'll pass his plumes, and take away his train,  
If dauntn, and the rest, will be but rul'd.  

Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,  
And of thy cunning had no difidence;  
One hundred feod shall never breed dissent.  
Bust. Search out thy wit for secret policies,  
And we will make thee famous through the world.  

Alen. We'll set thy statute in such a tryal place,  
And have thee reverence like a blessed saint;  
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.  

Puc. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:  
By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,  
We will entice the duke of Burgundy  
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.  

Char. Ay, marry, sweetening, if we could do that,  
France hath no place for Henry's warriors;  
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,  
But be extripated from our provinces.  

Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd from  

And not have title to an earldom here.  

Puc. Your honors shall perceive how I will work,  
To bring this matter to the wished end.  

[Drums heard.  

Hark! by the sound of drum, you may perceive  
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.  

An English March. Enter, and pass over at a distance, Talbot and his Forces.  

There goes the Talbot, with his colors spread;  
And all the troops of English after him,  

A French March. Enter the Duke of Burgundy, and Forces.  

Now in the rearward comes the duke, and his;  
Fortune, in favor, makes him lag behind.  
Summon a parley, we will talk with him.  
[Parley sounded.  

Char. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.  

Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?  

Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.  


Char. Speak, Pucelle; and enchant him with thy words.  

Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!  
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.  

Bur. Speak on; but be not overbold.  

Puc. Look on thy country, look on France,  
And see the cities and the town defaced  
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe!  
And marks on thy mother's lowly bane,  
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,  
See, see, the pinning malady of France;  
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,  
Which thou thyself hast given her woeful breast!  
O, turn thy edged sword another way;  
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help:  
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom,  
Should give thee more than streams of foreign gore;  
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,  
And wash away thy country's stained spots!  

Bur. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,  
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.  

Puc. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee.  
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny,  
Who join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation,  
That will not trust thee, but for profligate sake.  
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,  
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,  
Who then, but English Henry, will be lord,  
And thou by his command'd, like a fugit,  
Call we to mind,—and mark but this, for proof;—  
Was not the duke of Orleans thy foe?  
And was he not in English prisoner!  

[Expelled.  

But, when they heard he was thine enemy,  
They threw him free, without his ransom paid,  
In spite of Burgundy, and all his friends.  
See then! thou fight'st against thy countrymen,  
And join'st with them to be thy slaughters-men.  
Come, return, thou false contrast:  
Burgundy, and all the rest, will take thee in their arms.  

Bur. I am vanquished; these haughty words of hers  
Have harden'd me like roaring cannon-shot,  
And made me almost yield upon my knees.  
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!  
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:  
My forces and my power of men are yours;  
So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.  

Puc. Done like a Frenchman, turn, and turn again!  
Char. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us fresh.  

Bust. And doth beget new courage in our breasts,  
Alen. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,  
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.  
Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers;  
And seek how we may prejudice the foe.  

[Exeunt.  


Enter King Henry, Gloster, and other Lords, Vernon, Basset, &c. To them Talbot, and some of his Officers.  

Tal. My gracious prince,—and honorable peers,—Hearing of thy arrival in this realm,  
I have a while given truce unto my wars,  
To do my duty to my sovereign;  
In sign whereof, this arm,—that hath reclamation'd  
To your obedience witty fortresses,  
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,  
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem.  
Let fall thy haughty word before thy highness' feet;  
And with submissive loyalty of heart,  
Answers the glory of his conquests got,  
First to thy god, and next unto your grace.  

K. Hen. In this the famed lord Talbot, uncle  
Gloster,  
That hath so long been resident in France!  

Glo. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.  

K. Hen. Welcome, brave captain, and victorious lord!  

When I was young, (as yet I am not old,)  
I do remember how my father said,  
A stouter champion never handled sword;  
Long since we were resolved of thy truth,  
Your faithful service, and your toil in war;  
Yet never have you tasted our reward;  
Or helm, sword, or cuirass, will so much as thanks,  
Because till now we never saw your face;  
Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,  
We here create you earl of Shrewsbury;  
And in our coronation take your place.  

[Exeunt King Henry, Gloster, Talbot, and Nobles.  

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,  
Disgracing of these colors that I wear  
In honor of my noble lord of York,—  
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st!  

Bos. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage  
The vicious barking of your saucy tongue  
Against my lord the duke of Somerset.  

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honor as he is.  

Bos. Then, what is he? as good a man as York.  

Ver. Haark ye; not so, in witness, take ye that.  

[Strikes him.  

Bos. Villain, thou know'st not the law of arms is such,  
That, when thou receiv'st a sword, the present death;  
Or else this blow should branch thy deepest blood.  
But I'll unto his majesty, and crave  
I may have liberty to wound this wrong:  
When thou shalt see, I'll invent thee to thy cost.  

[Exeunt.
ACT IV.


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. Wis. God save king Henry, of that name the steward!  
Glo. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath.—

[Governor kneels.]

That ye elect no other king but the present one; and
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 he be your righteous God!

[Exit Gov. and his Train.

Enter Sir John Fastolfe.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais, To hasten unto your coronation, A letter was deliver'd to my hands, Whence 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 garland from thy craven' d leg.

[Plucking it off.]

(Which I have done,) because unworthy wrong.
Thou wast install'd in that high degree—
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:
This daunt'd 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,
Were there surpriz'd, and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
Or whether that such cowardly ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea, 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 faithful courage,
Such as were grown to erict by the wars;
Not rating death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.
Here, thou art not for't, in this sort,
But dost usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honorable order; And should (if I were worthy to be judge) Be quittance degraded, like a base scurril, To that doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. Hen. Stain to thy countrymen! thou hastst thy doom;
Be packing, therefore, thou wasst a knight; Henceforward ween thee blush, on pain of death.—

[Exit Fastolfe.

And now, my lord protector, view the letter Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What means his grace, that he hath changed his style? [Vowing the superscription.

No more but, plain and bluntly,—To the king:
Hast he forgot, he is his sovereign! Or doth this churlish superscription
 Pretend some alteration in good will?
What's here!—I have, upon especial cause,—

M'liit with compassion of my country's wretch,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,—
Forever your peripherals, and
And join'd with Charles, the rightful king of France.
On monstrous treachery! Can this be so;
That in alline, vanity, and oath
Thereshould be found such false disssembling guile.

K. Hen. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?
Glo. He doth, my lord; and is become your foe.

Glo. Is that the worst, this letter doth contain?
It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.
K. Hen. Why then, lord Talbot there shall talk with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse:—
My lord, how say you! are you not content?
Tal. Content, my liege! Yes; but that I am prevented.
I should have been't I might have been employ'd.
K. Hen. Then gather strength, and march unto his tent.
Let him perceive, how ill we brook his treason; And when offence is, it to flout his friends.
Tal. I go, my lord; in heart desiring still,
You may behold contusion of your foes.

[Exit.

Enter Vernon and Baset.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign! Bas. And me, my lord; grant me the combat too! York. This is my servant; Hear him, noble princes.
Som. And this is mine; Sweet Henry, favor him!
K. Hen. Be patient, lords; and give them leave to speak.
Say, gentilmen, What makes you thus exclaim? And wherefore crave you combat! or with whom?
Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.
Bas. And with him; for he hath done me wrong.
K. Hen. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?
First let me know, and then I'll answer you.
Bus. Crossing the sea from England into France, This fellow here, with envious earping tongue, Upbrad me about the nose I wear;
Saying—thou base son of the color of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbly he did repugn the truth,
About a certain question in the law,
Argued me at the duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In contutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms,
Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord; For though he seem, with forged counterfeit, To set a gloss upon his bold intent.
Yet know my lord, I provok'd by him; And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing—that the paleness of this flower Bewray'd the fairness of my master's heart.
York. None but this make, Somerset, be let.
Som. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will out;
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.
When, for so slight and frivolous a cause,
Such factions emulations shall arise!
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset, Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.
York. Let this dissension first be tried by fight; And then your highness shall command a peace.
Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone; Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.
York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.
Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.
Bus. Confirm it so, mine honorable lord.
Glo. Confirm it so! contemned be your strife, And perish ye, with your audacious pride! Presumptuous vassals! are you not ashamed, With this immodest clamorous exclamation, To trouble and disturb the king and us! And you, my lords,—methinks, you do not well, To bear with their perverse objections;
Much less, to take occasion from their mouths To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves;
Let me persuade you take a better course.

[Exeunt.]

K. Hen. Come hither, you that would be combattants;
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter but by death:
For, I protest, we are well fortified,
And strong amongst to issue out thy flight:
If thou retire, the dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the staves of war to tangle thee:
On our side there are those who will pack thee,
To walk thee from the liberty of flight:
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And strength, that now begins to join,
Finish the process of this sandy shore,
These eyes, that see thee now well colored,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.

[Drawn after Eff.

Hark! hark! the dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;
And mine shall ring thy dire depois.'

[Enter York, with Forces; to him a Messenger. York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
That doseg't the mighty army of the dauphin?
Mess. They are return'd, my lord; and give it out,
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
To fight with Talbot: As he march'd along,
Ily by your espials were discovered
Two sanguine troops than that the dauphin led:
Which slaughtered him, and made their march for
Bourdeaux.
York. A plague upon that villain Somerset;
That thus delays my promised supply
Of Englishmen, that were levied to this siege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid;
And I am lov'd by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in his 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,
Spar to the presence of the noble Talbot;
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim destruction:
To either hand no like duke! to either York!
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honor.
York. O God! that Somerset—who in proud heart
Doth stop my cornets—were in Talbot's place!
So would we save a valiant gentleman,
By inflicting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ice, and wrathful fury, makes me weep,
That this we die, while remiss traitors sleep.
Lucy. I see some succeed to hollow lord!
York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word:
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
All long of this vile traitor Somerset.
Lucy. Then, God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul!

[Exeunt.
KING HENRY VI.

And on his son, young John; whom, two hours since,
I met in travel toward his warlike father.
These seven years did not Talbot see his son;
And now they meet where both their lives are done.
Lucy, Art thou what joy shall noble Talbot have,
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sadden'd friends greet in the hour of death.—
Lucy, Art thou not now at my father's tomb?
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.—
Maine, Blos, Pouchers, and Tours, are won away,
Long all of Somerset, and his delay.
[Exit.

Lucy, while the vulture of solitude
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglects dot betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,
That even our king to-day may know'st his son.
Henry the Faithful: Whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honors, lands, and all, hurry to loss. [Exit.

SCENE IV. — Other Plaints of Gascony.

Enter Somerset, with his Forces; an Officer of Talbot's with him.

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now;
This expedition was by York, and Talbot,
Too rashly plotted; all our general force
Might with a silly of the very town
Be buckled with: the over-laning Talbot.
Both said and all his grace of former days.
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure
York set him on to fight, and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

Here is not innumerable fortune, who with me
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth to aid.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Som. How now, sir William! whither were you sent?
Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold
lord Talbot;
Who, ranc'ring about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions.
And whiles the honorable captam there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-weary limbs,
And, in advantage, ring ing, looks for rescue.
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honor,
Keep off about with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep you away,
The level succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds.
Other the Bastard, Charles, and Talbot,
Alencon, Reinhimer, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on, York should have sent him aid.
Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;
Swearing that you withheld his levied horse,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies; he might have sent and had the horse:
I love him little, but less love,
And take but slight, to own him on sending me.
Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Bath now on't, 'tisry the noble-minded Talbot:
Never to England shall he bear his life;
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strike.

Som. Come, go; I will despatch the horsemen straight.
Within six hours they will be at his aid.
Lucy. Too late comes rescue: he is ta'en or slain:
For by he could not, if he would have fled;
And if he did not, and Talbot never, then he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot then was true!
Lucy. His name lives in the world, his shame in you.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—The English Camp near Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot, and JOHN his Son.

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee,
To tutor thee in stratagem of war;

That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,
When sea and tower, and each castle wall shall curse,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But,—0 munificent and ill-boding stars!—
Now thou art come into a fast of death,
A terrible and unavow'd danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse;
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight; come, daily haste; be gone.

John. Father, I am too young for Talbot's blood,
That barely fled when noble Talbot stood.
Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.
John. He, that flies so, will never return again.
Tal. If love, or duty, he that both together are to die.
John. Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly:
Your loss is great, so your regard's should be;
My worth pakenish, no less is known in me.

[John, his son, enters, and exits.

Enter shortly the Duke of Exeter, with 20 horsemen.

Exe. The vulture of Talbot mounts his prey;
His face with rage and scorn is contemned;
And, from the pride of Gallia rescued thee.
The irreverent bastard Orleans—that drew blood
From thee, my boy; and had the mainhooden
Of thy first fight,—I soon encountered;
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace,
Bespoke him thus: Contaminat, bas, 2

2 For unavoidable
3 Your care of your own safety.

[End of Scene.]
FIRST PART OF

Act IV.


CHAP. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in.

We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bust. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging mad.

Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!

Puc. Once I encountered him, and thus I said,

To have taken youth, he vanquished by a maid.

But Talbot's blood, majestic in his scorn—

He answer'd thus: Young Talbot has not born
To be the pillow of a giant's wench; so

In the bowels of the French, he fought proudly, as unworthy light.

Durst, doubtless, he would have made a noble knight,

To see, where he lies inherited in the arms Of the most bloody murder of his harms.

Bust. Hiew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder;

Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. O, no; forbear: for that which we have fled During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir William Lucy, attended, a French Herald preceding.

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the dauphin's tent; to know Who hath obtained the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission, dauphin! 'tis a mere French word.

We English warriors not what it means.

Char. I can see what prisoners thou hast taken; And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners ask' st thou! hell our prison

But tell me whom thou seek'st.

Lucy. Where is the great Alceis of the field, Vanquish lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury—

Created, for his rare success in arms,

Great earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence; Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinhelf, Lord Strange of Blackmore, lord Verdon of Alton, Lord Llewellyn, lord Furnival of Hennefiel, The three victorious lords of Falconbridge; Knight of the noble order of saint George, Worthy Michael of Acre, and the golden fleece, Great marshall to Henry the Sixth,

Of all his wars within the realm of France?

Puc. Here is a sily stately style indeed!

Thou see'st that two hundred fifty knights hath, Writes not so tedious a style as this—

Him, that thou最大 with all these titles, Stingy and flyed, lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Towering-slain! the Frenchmen's only scourge.

Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis! O, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd, That I, in rage, might shoot them at your faces! O, that I could but call these dead to life!

It were enough to fright the realm of France:

Were but his picture left among you here, I would amaze the proudest of you all.

Give me their bodies that I may bear them hence.

And give them burial as seems their worth.

Puc. I think, this usurper is old Talbot's ghost, He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit, For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them hence.

They would but sink, and putrefy the air.

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence But from their ashes shall be reared A phalanx that shall make all France afraid.

Char. So we be rid of them, do with 'em what thou wilt.

And now to Paris, in this conquering vein; All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain.

[Exeunt.]
ACT V.


Enter King Henry, Gloster, and Exeter.

K. Hen. Have you perus’d the letters from the pope,
And the emperour, and the earl of Armagnac?
Glo. I have, my lord; and their intent is this,—
They humbly sue unto your excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of,
Between the realms of England and of France.
K. Hen. How doth your grace affect their motion?
Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop confusion of our Christian blood,
And establish quietness on every side.
K. Hen. As, marry, uncle; lor I always thought,
It was both monstrous and unnatural,
That such immunities and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.
Glo. Beside, my lord,—the sooner to effect
And surer bind, this knot of amity,—
The earl of Armagnac,—near knout to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,—
Profers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.
K. Hen. Marriage, uncle, alas! my years are young;
And fitter is my study and my books,
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet, call the ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answer every one:
I shall be well content with any choice,
Tends to God’s glory, and my country’s weal.

Enter a Legate, and two Ambassadors, with Wincheste, in a Cardinal’s Habit.

Exe. What is my lord of Winchester install’d,
And call’d unto a cardinal’s degree?
Then, I perceive, that will be verified,
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy,—
If once he come to be a cardinal,
He’ll make his cap equal with the crown.
K. Hen. My lords ambassadors, your several suits
Have been consider’d and debated on.
Your purpose is both good and reasonable:
And, therefore, are we certainly resolv’d
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
Which, by my lord of Winchester, we mean
Shall be express’d present unto France.
Glo. And for theprofers of my lord your master,
I have inform’d his highness so at large,
As—liking of the lady’s virtuous gifts,
Herculean beauty, and the value of her dowry,—
He doth intend she shall be England’s queen.
K. Hen. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, [To the Amb.] pledge of my affection,
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded,
And safely brought to Dover; where, insip’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 receive
The sum of money, which I promised should be deliver’d to his holiness;
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.
Leg. I will attend upon your lordship’s leisure.
Win. Now, Winchester will not submit, I traw,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,
That neither in birth, nor in authority,
The bishop shall be overborne by thee;
The other make thee stoope, and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—France. Plains in Anjou.

Enter Charles, Burgundy, Aleyson, La Pucelle, and Forces, Marching.

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits.

1Inhumanity.

2Chars worn about the person.

3The north was supposed to be the particular habitation of bad spirits.
Puc. A plagueing mischief light on Charles, and thee! And may ye both be suddenly surprised! By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds! Yours a self-borning? ha? enchantress, old thy tongue; 

Puc. I pray thee, give me leave to curse a while. Your grace, so miscreant, when thou comest to the stage, 

Exit: 

Actor. Enter Suffolk, leading to Lady Margareet. 

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner. [Gazes on her.] 

O fairest beauty, do not fear, nor flout For that I am a man of peace but with decent hands, And lay them gently on thy tender side.

I kiss these fingers [Kissing her hand] for eternal peace: Who art thou? art thou that I may honor thee. 

Margaret. My name and name; and daughter to a king,
The king of Naples, whose' thou art.

Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.

Be not offended, nature's miracle,

Thou art ador'd to be taken by me: 

So doth the swan her downy cygnet save,

Keep not the prisoners under with her wings. Yea, if this service usage once offended,

Go, and be free again as Suffolk's friend,

[She turns away as going.]

O, stay!—I have no power to save her pass;

My hand would free her, but my heart says—no. As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,

Twinkling another counterfeited beam,

So doth this gorgeous beauty adore thy honor, given my life to view her face, 

Fain would I woe her, yet I dare not speak; I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind: Fye, de la Poodle! disable not thyself; 

Just not a tongue! Is she not here thy prisoner! Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight? Ay, beauty's primacy is such, Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough. 

And Suffolk, all thy name be so,—What ransom must I pay before I pass? 

For I perceive, I am thy prisoner. 

Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit, Before thou make a trial of her love? 

Mar. Why speak'st thou not what ransom must I pay! 

Suf. She's beautiful; and therefore to be woud: 

She is a woman; therefore to be won. 

[Aside.] Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yen, or no? 

Suf. Fond man! remember that thou hast a wife; Then how can Margaret be thy paramour! [Aside.] Mar. Methinks she were best leave him for he will not hear. 

Suf. There all is mard; there lies a coding card. Mar. He talks at random; sure the man is mad. 

Suf. I will ask of Suffolk, what occasion thou may be had. 

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me. 

Suf. I will win this lady Margaret. For whom? 

Why dost thou win my king? Tush! that's a wooden thing: 

Mar. He talks of wood: it is some carpenter. 

Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied, 

And peace established between these realms, But there remains a scruple in that too: For though her father be the king of Naples, Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor, And our nobility will scorn the match. 

Mar. He, Henry, captivate! I see not at a loss! 

Suf. It shall be so, disdain them better so; 

Reny is youthful, and will quickly yield.——

[Aside.] 

Maham I have a secret to reveal. 

Mar. What though I be enthralld! he seems a knight, 

And were not any way dishonour me. 

[Aside.] Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say. 

Mar. Perhaps, I shall be rescued by the French; And then I need not crave his courtesy. 

Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause. 

Mar. Tush! women have been captivate cre. 

[Aside.] 

Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so! 

Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but guilt for guilt. 

Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose 

Your bondage happy, to be made a queen? 

Mar. To be a queen in bondage, is more vile, Than a slave in base servitude; 

For princes should be free. 

Suf. And so shall you 

If happy England's royal king be free. 

Mar. Why, what concurs his freedom unto me? 

Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen, 

To put a golden sceptre in thy hand, And a precious crown upon thy head, If thou wilt condone to be my— 

Mar. What? 

Suf. His love. 

Mar. So unworthy to be Henry's wife. 

Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am 

To woo so fair a dame to be his wife, And have no portion in the choice myself. 

How canst thou desire; are you so content? 

Mar. An if my father please, I am content. 

Suf. Then call our captains, and our colors forth 

And, madam, at your father's castle walls 

We'll crave a parley, to confer with him. 

[Troops come forward.]

A Parley sounded. Enter Reignier, on the Walls 

See, Suf, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner. 

Reig. To whom? 

Suf. To me. 

Reig. Suffolk, what remedy? I am a soldier; and unapt to weep, Or to exclaim on fortune's unheaviness. 

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord: Consider this, and thy queen's honor. Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king; Whom I with pain have woud and won thereto, And this her easy-hand imprisonment Hath paid thy daughter princely liberty. 

Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks! 

Suf. Fair Margaret knows, That Suffolk doth not flatter, nor deceive. 

Reig. That is thy ransom. I deliver her! 

To give thee answer of thy just demand. 

[Exit from the Walls.]

Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?

Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity;
That was begotten by the villain's kiss.

I am with child, ye bloody homicides;
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hate me to a violent death.

York. What the heavens foreordain! the holy maid with child!

War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought:
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

York. She and the dauphin have been in a juggling;
I do imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to; we will have no bastards live;
Especially since Charles must father it.

Puc. You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his:
It was Alençon that enjoy'd my love.

York. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!
It dies, as if it had a thousand lives.

Puc. Then lead me hence; with whom I have no choice but death.

May never glorious sun reflect his beams
Upon the country where you make abode!
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Shall now be your companions; and thou, too,
Drive to your break your necks, or hang yourselves!

York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
The foul accursed minister of hell!

Enter Cardinal Beaufort, attended.

Char. Lord regent, do I greet your excellence
With less complacency from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Moved with remorse of these outrageous bruis's,
Have earnestly implor'd a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;
And here at hand the dauphin, and his train,
Approach, to confer about some matter.

York. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many pupils?
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Must I at last conclude an ignominious peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great praetors, who had conquer'd
O, Warwick, Warwick! I breathe with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York; if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants,
As little may the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter Charles, attended; Alençon, Bastard, Regnier, and others.

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful truce should be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that lasting peace must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler
Chokes the hollow passage of my poison'd voice,
By which the ears of these our lawful enemies.

Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That—in regard king Henry gives consent,
Of more compassion, and of lenity. To ease the country of distress and war,
And suffer you to breathe in peaceful truth—
You shall become true liege-men to his crown:
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
to pay in tribute, and to submit to me.
Thou shalt be placed as vicegerent under him,
And shall enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alençon must he be then a shadow of himself?
Adorn his temple with a coronet.⁴

⁴ Compassion. ⁵ Coronet is here used for crown.
And yet, in substance and authority, Rehearsed out of his present thoughts! This prolifer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. This known, already, that I am possess’d With more than half the Gallien territories, And there not reverenced for their lawful king: Shall I, for love of the rest unvanquish’d, Detract so much from that prerogative, As to be called but vency of the whole? Not an ambassador, I’ll rather shew That which I have, than, coveting for more, Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting: Charles hath by secret means Used me, and press’d to obtain a league; And, now the matter grows to compromise, Stand’st thou aloof upon comparison? Either accept the title thou usurp’d, Or benefit proceeding from our king; And not of any challenge of desert, Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstancy To cavil in the course of this contract: If once it be neglected, ten to one, We shall not find like opportunity.

Allen. To say the truth, it is your policy, To save your subjects from such measure: And ruthless slaughter, as are daily seen By our proceeding in hostility; And therefore take not what compact of a truce, Although you break it when your pleasure serves. [Aside to Charles.]

War. How sa’st thou, Charles! shall our condition stand? Char. It shall: Only reserve’d, you claim no interest In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty; As thou art knight, never to disdain, Nor rebel to the crown of England, Thou not thy nobles, to the crown of England— [Cred. gives letters of legity.] So, now dismiss your army when you please; Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still, For here we entertain a solemn peace. [Exit.]

SCENE V.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Elder King Henry in conference with Suffolk; Glosstor, and Exeter, following.

K. Hen. Your wondrous rare description, noble earl, Of beauties, your Margaret hath astonish’d me: Her virtues, grace with external gills, Do breed love’s settled passions in my heart: And like as rigor in tempestuous gusts Provideth the utmost bulk against the tide; So am I driven by beauty’s howling wind, Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive Where may have fruition of her love.

Suff. Tush! my good lord! this superficial tale Is but a preface of her worthy praise: The chief perfections of that lovely dame, Did sufficient skill to utter them; Would make a volume of cutting 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 virtues, chaste intents, To love and honor Henry as her lord.

Suff. Therefore, my lord protector, give consent, That Margaret may be England’s royal queen.

Glo. Sir, should I give consent to fatter sin? You know my kindred, and my private affections. Yonder lady, whose beauty is betwixt’D unto another lady of esteem: How shall we then dispense with that contract, And with the honor your word with reproach! Suff. As doth the son of Henry, her protector. Or one, that, at a triumph having vowed

**"Be content to live as the benefactor of our king."**

A triumph then signal’d a public exhibition; such as a mask, or revel.

To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists By reason of his solitary odds.

A poor earl’s daughter is unequal odds: And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glo. Way, what, I pray, is Margaret more than

Her father is no better than an earl.

Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suff. Yes, my good lord, her father is a king, The kindred of the Nazzadion and Jerusalem.

And of such great authority in France, As his alliance will confirm our peace, And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glo. Nay, so the chief of Armagnacs may do, Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant liberal dowry.

While Reigmier sooner will receive, than give.

Suff. A dowry, my lord’s! 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.

Suff. He will, but whom his grace affects, Must be companion of his nuptial bed, And therefore, lords, since he affects her most, It must of all these reasons bindeth us, In our opinion be should be a prudent. For what is wedlock forc’d, but a fraud, An age of discord and continual strife! Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss, And is a pattern of celestial people.

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 assured, I feel such sharp disposition in my breast, Such fierce alarms both of hope and fear, As I am sick with working of my thoughts. Take, therefore, shipping: post, my lord, to France; Agree to any even’st, and prepare, That lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come To cross the seas to England, and be crown’d King Henry’s faithful and appointed queen; For you, expenses a sufficient charge. Among the people gather up a tenth. Regen. I say; for, till you do return, I rest peace her fit for none, but for a king, And you, good uncle, banish all allience, If you do censure me by what you were, Not what you are, I know it will excuse. This sudden execution of my will; And so conduct me, where from company, I may resolve and ruminate my grief. [Exit.

Glo. Ay, grief, I bear me, both at first and last. Your cousiness, and friends, Suffolk, and Exeter. [Exit.

Suff. Thus Suffolk hath prevail’d; and thus he goes, As did the youthful Paris once to Greece, With hope to find the like event in love, But prosper better than the Trojan did. Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king; But I will rule both her, the king, and realm.

[Exit Judge.]
SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
Humphrey, Duke of Gloster, his Uncle.
Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, great Uncle to the King.
Edward and Richard, his Sons.
Duke of Somerset.
Duke of Suffolk.
Duke of Buckingham, of the King's Party.
Lord Clifford.
Young Clifford, his Son.
Earl of Salisbury.
Earl of Warwick, of the York Faction.
Lord Scales, Governor of the Tower.
Lord Say.
Sir Humphrey Stafford, and his Brother.
Sir John Stanley.
A Sea-Captain, Master, and Master's Mate, and
Walter Whitmore.
Two Gentlemen, Prisoners with Suffolk.
A Herald.
Vaux.

Hume and Southwell, two Priests.
Bolingbroke, a Conjuror.
A Spirit raised by him.
Thomas Howker, an Armurer.
Peter, his Son.
Clerk of Chatham.
Mayor of Saint Alban's.
Shipcock, an Imposter.
Two Murderers.
Jack Cade, a Rebel.
George, John, Dick, Smith the Weaver, Michael, &c. his Followers.
Alexander Iden, a Yorkshire Gentleman.
Margaret, Queen to King Henry.
Eleanor, Duchess of Gloster.
Margarth Jourdain, a Witch.
Wife to Shipcock.
Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Petitioners, Abbeys, &c. Bishops, Senators, and Officers; Citizens, Protectors, Falconers, Judges,Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

SCENE, dispersedly in various Parts of England.

ACT I.


Flourish of Trumpets; then Huzzays. Enter, on
one side, King Henry, Duke of Gloster, Salisbury, Warwick, and Cardinal Beaufort; on the other, Queen Margaret, led in by Suffolk; York, Somerset, Buckingham, and others, following.

Suf. As by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge, at my departure for France,
As procurator to your excellency,
To marry princess Margaret for your grace;
So in the famous ancient city, Tours,—
In presence of the kings of France and Scil,
The dukes of Orleans, Calabar, Bretagne, Alençon.
Seven cardinals, twelve barons, twenty reverend bishops,—
I have perform'd my task, and was espoused:
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England, and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
To your most gracious hands, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent;
The happiest gift that ever marquis gave,
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

K. Hen. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, queen Margaret:

I can express no kinder sign of love,
Than this kind kiss.—O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!
For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

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 bedchamber—
With you, none other-fairest sovereign,
Makes me the holier to salute my king
With tender 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. 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.

Beloved above all things.
Glo. [Reads.] Imprimis, It is agreed, between the French King, Charles, and William de la Pole, marquis de Boussac, that the queen, Queen Henry, king of England,—that the said Henry shall espouse the lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier, king of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem: and crown her queen, and sit upon the throne of the Heretick 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, now 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 further. But I will lay these papers to one side, and read on. Car. Item,—It is further agreed between them,—that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered to the queen, her father; and she sent over of the king of England's own proper cost and charges, without having dowry.

K. Hen. They please us well.—Lord marquess, We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk, And girt thee with the sword.—

Cousin of York, we here discharge thy grace From being regent in the parts of France, Till term of eighteen months be full expired.—

Thanks, uncle Winchester, Gloster, York, and Buckingham,

Somerset, Salisbury and Warwick; We all thank thee for this great favor done, In entertainment to my princely queen. Comforted in this, and with all special proviso To see her coronation be performed.

Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state, To you, Duke Humphrey most unkind my grieve, Your grief, the common grief of all the land. What! did my brother Henry spend his youth His valor, soul, 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 mend his brother, that Henry, grieve? Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham, Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick, Reced'd deep scars in France and Normandy! Or with my uncle Beaufort, and myself, With all the learned council of the realm, Studied so long, sat in the council-house, Early and late, deliberating to and fro, How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe! And hath his highness in his infancy Become so strong, in despite of men? And shall these labors, and these honors, die? Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance, Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die? 1 peers of England most unkind is it for their labor and trouble? Faith! this marriage, cancelling your fame: Bittling your names from books of memory: Razing the characters of your renown; Dealing extremities of conquer'd France; Undoing all, as all had never been! Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse? This peroration with such circumstance?

For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can; But if we cannot, we should give Suffolk, the new-named duke that rules the roost, Hath given the duchies of Anjou and Maine, Into the poor king Reignier, whose large style And greatness is the comfort of his name. Anjou and Maine, myself did win them both; Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer: And are the cities that I got with wounds, Doth not I again with peacefull words! Mort Dieu! York. For Suffolk's duke—may he be suffocate

This speech, crowded with so many circumstances of aggravation.

That dimed the honor of this wakilde isle! France should have torn and rent my very heart, Before I come to this place, I saw it in my never read but England's kings have had Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives: And our king Henry gives away his own, Tearing him with all that lyings in his manus. Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before, That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteen, For cost and charges in transporting her! She should have stay'd in France, and star'd in France.

Car. My lord of Gloster, now you grow too hot: It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

Glo. My lord of Winchester, I know your mind; 'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike, 'Tis my delat'ry deliver'd to the duke your father; and she sent over of the king of England's own proper cost and charges, without having dowry.

Car. Item. Here, our ancient bick'ring,—

Lightnings, lawsuit, and, what is most, I am gone; I prophesied—France will be lost ere long. [Exit.

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage. 'Tis known to you, he is mine enemy: Nay, more, an enemy unto you all: And no great friend, I fear me, to the king. Consider, lords, he is the next of blood, And heir apparant to the English crown; Had he not an arm bearing by his majestie, And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west, There's reason he should be displeas'd at it, Look to it, lords! let not his smoothing words Slew the hearts of us with wise and weighty compeas! What though the common people favor him, Calling him—Humphrey, the good duke of Gloster; Clapping their hands, and giving his league, With—God preserve the good duke Humphrey! I fear me, lords, for this full flattering gloss, He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buck. Why should he then protect our sovereign, He being of age to govern himself? Cousin of Somerset, join you with me, And with me, with the duke of Somerset, We'll quickly hoise duke Humphrey from his sent.

Car. This weighty business will not brook delay; I'll to the duke of Suffolk presently. [Exit.

Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride, And greatness of his place, be grief to us, Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal; His insolence is more intolerable Than all the princes in the land beside; If Gloster be displaced, he'll be protector.

Buck. If Somerset and Gloster be protector, Despite duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.

Exeunt Buckingham and Somerset.

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him. While he labors to the publick weal, Believes it to us for the labor of the realm. I never saw but Humphrey duke of Gloster Did bear him like a noble gentleman, But have I seen the haughty cardinal— More like a soldier, than a man of 'the church, As stout, and proud, as he were lord of all,— Never a man but a dare-devil, and menace him! Unlike the ruler of a commonwealth, Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age! Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping, To keep Humphrey the greatest favor of the commons, Excepting none but good duke Henry;— And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland, In bringing them to civil discipline; What can we to braid and suit the pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal, When thou wert regent for our sovereign, Have made thee fear 'dand honord of the people; Join we together, for the publick good; In what we can to bridge and suit the pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal, The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal, With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition; And, as we may, cherish duke Humphrey's deeds, While they do and the profit of the land,

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land, And common profit of his country!

York. And so says York; for he hath greatest cause.

Sal. What's make haste away, and look unto the main.

War. Unto the main! O father, Maine is lost; *Stranglings.
That Maine, which by main force Warwick did
And would have kept, so long as breath did last:
Maine, father, you meant; but I meant Maine;
Which I will win from France, or else I'll die.
[Exit Warwick and Salisbury.
York. AnHon and Maine are given to the French;
Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
Shall be a prey, and all the hopes they are gone:
Suffolk concluded on the articles;
The peers agreed; and Henry was well pleas'd,
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I think they blainc them all; What is't to them?
To thine give they away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their
W-armd and purchase friends, and give to courtezans,
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone
While as the silly owner of the goods
Weepeth over, and wring's his hapless hands;
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is star'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 burden'd for, and sold,
Methinks, the realms of England, France, and
Irland, 
Bear they a swelling on my flesh and blood,
As did the fatal brand of Arragon burn'd,
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.
Andown and Maine, both given out to the French!
York, the eyes of the lords of France, and
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 Nevill's part,
And make a show of love to proud Humphrey,
And, when I spy advantage, claim we crown,
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit:
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold his sceptre in his children's hand,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like honors fit not for a crown.
Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve;
And hold thy peace, and waken, 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
live upon,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:
Then will I raise the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed;
And I shall bear the standard of York,
To cradle with the house of Lancaster,
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath castl'd England abroad.

SCENE II.—A Room in the Duke of Gloster's
House.

Enter Gloster and the Duchess.

Duch. Why doops my lord, like ever-risen'd eorn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit his brows,
As frowning at the manners of the day?
Why are these eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
Gazing on which seems to dim thy sight?
Wilt thou then there! King Henry's diadem,
E'en'd with all the honors of the world?
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face.
Until thy head be cireled with the same.
From thy head by hand, reach to the glorious gold—
What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine:
And, having both together head'y it up,
We'll both together hit our heads to heaven;
And never so more abuse our sight so low,
As to vanquish one glance up-ward.
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 in his child is the king,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
My troubous dream this night doth make me sad,
"For Richlieh.
"Maecenas; whose life was to continue only so long as a certain fire-brand should last. His mother, when having thrown it into the fire, expired in torment."

Duch. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll
require it.

With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.
Glo. Methought, this staff, mine office-badge in

Scene 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
There were直观 the heads of all the dukes of some sort,
And William de la Pole first duke of Suffolk.
This was my dream; what it doth bode, God knows.
Duch. Tis, this was nothing but an argument
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 cardinal's chair, and Wentworth,
And in that chair where kings and queens are

crownd;
Where Henry and dame Margaret, kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the diadem.

Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:
Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd Eleanor!
Art thou not second woman in the realm?
And the protector's wife, would I not lack,
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou now to my upbraiding hearken,
To tumble down thy husband, and all else,
From top of honor to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.
Duch. What, what, what, that art so cholie
With Eleanor for telling but her dreams?
Next time, I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not becheck'd.
Glo. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord protector, 'tis his highness' plea-
sure,
You do prepare to ride unto Saint Albans,
Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.
Glo. I go, I go, sweet Nell, thou comest with us.
Duch. Yes, good my lord, I'll follow presently.
[Exit Gloster and Messenger.

Follow I must, I cannot go before,
While Gloster bears this base and cumbard mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
And smooth my way upon their headless necks:
And, being a woman's wife, I could not lack
To play my part in fortune's pageant.
Where are you there! sir John? say, fear not, man,
We are alone; here's none but thee, and I.

Enter Hume.

Hume. Jesu preserve your royal majesty!
Duch. What say'ist thou, majesty? I am but grace.
Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's
advice,
Your grace's title shall be multiplied.
Duch. What say'ist thou, man! hast thou as yet
confer'd
With Marjory Jourdain, the cunning witch;
And Roger Boleingroke, the conjurer;
And will they undertake to do me good?
Hume. This they have promised,—to show your
highness
A spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,
That shall make answer to your majesty,
As by your grace shall be propounded him.
Duch. It is enough; I'll think upon the questions:
When from Saint Albans we do make return,
We'll see the things agreed to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
With thy condescend in this weighty cause.
[Exit Hume.

Hume. Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold;
Marry, and shall. But how now, sir John Hume?
Seal up your lips, and give no words but—mum—
The business is asked aye and nay, whether Dame Eleanor gives gold, to bring the witch;
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
Yet have I done this for another coast:
I dare not stay from the rich cardinal;
And from the great and new-made duke of Suffolk;
Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,
They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring humor,
Where. "A title frequently bestowed on the clergy."
Have hired me to undermine the duchess,
And buzz these conjurations in her brain.
They say, a crafty knife does need no broker;
Yet these Suckldog and the cardinal's broker,
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
Well, so it stands; And thus, I fear, at last,
How will the day's work end with the day's wreck;
And her attainut will be Humphrey's fall:
Sorh how it will, I shall have gold for all. [Exit.

SCENE III.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter Peter, and others, with Petitions.

1 Pet. My masters, let's stand close; my lord protector will come this way by-and-by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.

2 Pet. Marry, the lord protect him, for he's a good fellow; then bless him! (Reads.)

Enter Suffolk, and Queen Margaret.

3 Pet. Here's a comes, methinks, and the queen with him: I'll be the first, sure.

2 Pet. Come back, last; this is the duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

Suf. How now, fellow! wouldnst anything with me?

1 Pet. I pray my lord, pardon me! I took ye for my lord protector.

Q. Mar. [Reading the superscription.] To my lord protector! are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them; What is thine?

2 Pet. Mine is, an 't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife, and all, from me.

3 Pet. That is something indeed.—What's yours?—What's here! [Reads.] Against the Duke of York, for encroaching the counties of Merkhit!—How now, sir knave?

2 Pet. Aha, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Pete. [Presenting his Petition.] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, That the duke of York hath a false heir to the crown.

Q. Mar. What say you?—DID the duke of York say, he was rightful heir to the crown! ?

2 Pet. That my master was! No, forsooth: my master said, That he was, and that the king was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there? [Enter Servants.]—Take this fellow in, and send by his master with a pursuivant presently:—we'll hear more of your matter before the king. —[Exeunt Servants with Petition.

Q. Mar. And as for you, that love to be protected Under the wings of our protector grace, Begin your suits anew, and sue to his grace for your king is old enough.

[Enter Petitioners. Tears the Petition.

Away, base cullions! Suffolk, let them go. All gone, let's be gone. —[Exeunt Petitioners.

Q. Mar. My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,
Is this the fashion in the court of England?
Is this the government of Britian's isle,
And this the royalty of Albion's king?
What, shall king Henry be a pupil still,
Under the surly Gloucester's government?

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 canst a title in honor of my love.
And stol'st away the ladies' hearts in France;
If thou hadst been a king, they had resembled thee,
In courage, courtship, and proportion:
But all his mind is bent to holliness.
The noble Alc-Maries on his heads;
His champions are—the prophets and apostles;
His weapons, holy swords of sacred writ;
His study is his tilled-yard, and his loves
And tales of canonized saints.
I would, the college of cardinals
Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,
And set the triple crown upon his head;
That the world should see a state of purity.
Suf. Madam, be patient: as I was cause
Your highness came to England, so will I
In England work your grace's full content.

Q. Mar. Besides the hateful protector, have we Beauchamp,
The imperious earl-in-chambers; Somerset, Buckinghaim.
And grumbling York and not the least of these, but can do more in England than the king.
Cardinal Drummond, that great lord, that great master of all,
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils;
Salisbury, and Warwick, are no simple prens.

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, More high than simple; than duke Humphrey's strew.

Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns her poverty:
She won't live not to be avenged on him:
Contemptuous base-born callas as she is,
She vaunted amongst her minions other day,
The very train of her worst wearing-gown Was worth more than all my father's lands.
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

Suf. Madam, myself have hied a bush for her;
And placed a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to the lutes,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her rest: and, madam, list to me;
For I am base, and counsel you in this.
Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him, and with the lords,
Till we have brought duke Humphrey in disgrace.

Q. Mar. What, the Duke of Albion?—this last complaint
Will make but little for his benefit:
So, one by one, we'll wean them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Enter KING HENRY; YORK, AND SOMERSET CONFERRING.

K. Hen. For my part, noble lords, I care not what Somerset, or York, all's one to me.
York. If York have the hain deinai duce in France, Then let him be deny'd the regentship.
Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place, Let any other regent, I will yield to him.
War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea, or no, Dispute not that: York is the worthier.
Carr. Ambitious Warwick, let thy better speak.
War. The cardinal's not the better in the field. Buck. All in this presence, are thy betters, WarwicK.
War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.
Som. And—som—show some reason;—Buckingham.

Why Somerset should be prefer'd in this.
Q. Mar. Because the king, forsooth, will have it so. God save the king, is the motto of the realm.
To give his censure: these are no woman's matters.
Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your censure?
To be protector of his excellence?
Gla. Madam, I am protector of the realm;
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.
Suf. Resign it then, and leave thine influence.
Q. Mar. I say, I will resign it.
Gla. Because thou wert king, (as who is king but thou?)
The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck:
The dauphin hath prevaid beyond the seas;
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.
Carr. The commonans hast took a' the
English bags
Are landed and lean'd with thy extortions.
Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
Have cost me more of public treasury.
Buck. Thy cruelty in execution,
Upon outlanders, hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.
Suf. This was the virtue of our sovereigns in France,—
If they were known, as the suspect is great,—
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[Exit Gloucester. The Queen drogs her fan.

Give me my master's letter, what, stand in the street?
[Give the Duchess a box on the ear. I cry you mercy, madam; Was it you?
Buck. Wasn't I, yea, it was, proud Frenchman?

Madam, husband!"

3 But, truc.
4. c. e. The complaint of Peter, the armorere's man, against his master.
5. Denied.
6. Censure here means simple judgment or epigram.
Scene IV.]

KING HENRY VI.

Could I come near your beauty with my nails, I'd set my ten commandments in your face. [Exeunt.

K. Hen. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will. [Exit.

Duck. Against her will! Good king, look to't in time; She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby: The worst place most masterless no noble cares, She shall not strike dame Eleanor unrevenged. [Exit DUCHESS.

Duck. Lord Cardinal, I will follow Eleanor, And like a yelling Hymne... I'll have my ends. She's tickled now; her tune can need no spurs, She'll gallop last enough to her destruction. [Exit BUCKINGHAM.

Re-enter Gloster.

Glo. Now, lords, my choler is blown over, With walking once about the quadrangle, I come to talk of commonwealth affairs. As for your spiteful false objections, Prove them, and I'll be open to the law: But God in mercy so deal with my soul, As I in duty love my king and country! But, to the matter that we have in hand— I say, my sovereign, York is meteest To be your regent in the realm of France.

Suf. Before we make election, give me leave To show some reason, of no little force, That York were most unmerry at the present. York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmerry First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride: Next, if I be appointed for the place, My kinsman Somerset will keep me here, Without discharge, money, or furniture, Till France be won into the damphin's hands. Last time, I danced attendance on his will, Till Pans was burnt, I scarce had leisure. War. That I can witness, and a faster fact Did never traitor in the land commit. Suf. Peace, head-strong Warwick! Don't use me like a prude, why should I hold my peace?

Enter SERVANTS OF SUFFOLK, bringing in HORNER and PETER.

Suf. Becase here is a man accus'd of treason: Pray God the duke of York excuse himself! York. Dost any one accuse York for a traitor? K. Hen. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me: What are these? Suf. Please it your majesty, this is the man That did accuse him of his master's crime: His words were these;—that Richard, duke of York, Was rightful heir unto the English crown; And that your majesty was an usurper. K. Hen. Horne, was he, man, were these words? Hor. An, I shall please your majesty, I never said nor thought any such matter: God is my witness, I was never so much accused by the villain. Pet. By these ten hands, he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my lord of York's arms. York. Base dunghill villain, and mechanical, I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech— I do beseech your royal majesty, Let me have all the rigor of the law. Hor. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be just with me: I have go'd I witness of this; therefore, beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

K. Hen. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law? Glo. This doom, my lord, if I may judge;— Let Somerset he regent o'er the French, Because in York this breeds suspicion; And let us have a French league at home For single combat in convenient place; And for the oath witness of his servant's malice; Then the law, and this duke Humphrey's doom. K. Hen. Then be it so. My lord of Somerset, We make your grace lord regent o'er the French. Sum. I humbly thank your royal majesty. Hor. And I accept the combat willingly. Pet. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake, pity my case! the spite of man prevail'd—The marks of her fingers and thumbs.

against me. O Lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow: O Lord, my heart! Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd. K. Hen. Away with them to prison, and the day of combat shall be the last of the next month.— Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—The Duke of Gloucester's Garden.

Enter MARGERY JOUardin, Hume, Southwell, and BOLINGBROKE.

Hume. Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises. Boling. Master Hume, we are therefore provided: Will her ladyship behold and hear our execrations. Hume. Ay; What else? fear you not her courage. Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: But it shall be convenient, master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be below and make her believe, even, as we have done. [Exit Hume. Mother Jouardin, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth:—John Southwell, read you; and let us to our work.

Enter DUCEess, above.

Duck. Well said, my masters; and welcome all. To this gear? the sooner the better. Boling. The time, fair lady; we will know your times: Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night, The time of night when Troy was set on fire; The time when speck-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl, And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves, That time best fits the work we have in hand. Madam, sit you, and fear not; we shall prove wise, We will make fast within a hollow'd verge. [Here they perform the ceremonies appurtenant, and make the circle; BOLINGBROKE, or SOUTHWELL, reads Conjurio etc., &C. 'TWERE MAD, and lights evilly; then the spirit rack'd.

Spire. Adsum. M. Jouardin. Asteth, 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. Spire. Ask what thou wilt—That I had said and done! Boling. First, of the King. Whel shall of him declare the treason! [Reading out of a paper. Spire. The duke yet lives that Henry shall dispose; But him outlive, and die a violent death. As the spirit speaks, SOUTHWELL wond'reth the cause.


Enter YORK and BUCKINGHAM, hastily, with their Guards, and others.

York. Lay hands upon these traitors, and their traitors. Beldamme, I think we watch'd you at an inch.— What, madam, are you there! the king and commons Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains: My lord protector will, I doubt it not, See you well guard'd it for these good deserts: And let us have a Jacob's ladder at home For single combat in convenient place; And for the oath witness of his servant's malice; Then the law, and this duke Humphrey's doom. K. Hen. Then be it so. My lord of Somerset, We make your grace lord regent o'er the French. Sum. I humbly thank your royal majesty. Hor. And I accept the combat willingly. Pet. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake, pity my case! the spite of man prevail'd—The marks of her fingers and thumbs.

*By exercise, Shakespeare invariably means to raise spirits and not to lay them.

**Matier or business. **Watch-dogs. **Rewarde.
SECOND PART OF

We'll see your trinkets here all coming—
All.—Away!

[Exeunt Guards, with Southwell, Bolingbroke, &c.

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd this well:
A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!
Now pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.
What have we here? [Reads.]

The duke yet lives; that Henry shall depose,
But hid offire, and die a violent death.
With this it is just; [Aside.]

Tell me, what foil awaits the duke of Suffolk?
By water shall he die, and take his end.
What shall besieve the duke of Somerset?
Let him shun castles;
Sofer shall he be upon the sandy plains.

Then where castles mounted stand.
Come, come, my lords;
These oracles are hardly attain'd,
And have understood.
The king is now in progress towards Saint Albans,
With him, the husband of this lovely lady:
Thinker go these news, as fast as horse can carry
A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

York. 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.—Saint Albans.

Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Gloster, Cardinal, and Suffolk, with Falconers, bowing.

Q. Mar. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook?
I saw not better sport these seven years past:
Yet, by my troth, for chase, 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
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!—
To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yea, man and birds, are full of climbing high.
So merry, as it lies your majesty.
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;
They know their master loves to be aloof,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.
God's own lord, his but a base wretch 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 treaury of everlasting joy!
Car. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts
Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart;
Pleasing protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal.
Glo. What, cardinal, is thy priesthood grown
Peremptory?
Tantons auter legationes are!
Churchmen so hot! good uncle, hide such malice;
With such holiness can you do it!
Suf. No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel, and so high a peer.
Glo. As who, my lord?
Suf. Why, as you, my lord;
And'think your lordly lordship-protectorship.
Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloster.
K. Hen. P'rily, peace, my lord;
Good queen; and what not on these famous peers,
For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.
Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud protector with my sword!
Glo. What, holy uncle, wouldst thou come to that?
[Aside to the Cardinal.
Car. Marry, when thou dost.
[Aside.]
Glo. What dost thou mean to number for the matter,
In thine own person answer thy abuse.
[Aside.]
Car. Ay, where thou dost not peep; an it thou dost.
This evening on the east side of the grove.
[Aside.
K. Hen. How now, my lords!
Car.
Believe me, cousin Gloster,
Had not your man put up the wolf so suddenly.
We had no more sport—Come with thy two-handed sword.
[Aside to Gloster.

The falconer's term for hawking at water-soul.

This is the York:—

Then, where castles mounted stood.
Come, come, my lords;
These oracles are hardly attain'd,
And have understood.
The king is now in progress towards Saint Albans,
With him, the husband of this lovely lady:
Thinker go these news, as fast as horse can carry
A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

York. 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.]

Glo. True, uncle.
Car. Are you advis'd?—the east side of the grove?
Glo. Excellent. I am with you.[Aside.

K. Hen. Why, how now, uncle Gloster?
Glo. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.—
Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your grace's beard.
Or all my fence[1] shall fail.
Car. Medici, telipsum:
Protector, see to I well, protect yourself.[Aside.

K. Hen. The wind's gone high; so do your stomachs, lords.
How irksome is this music to my heart!
When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter an Inhabitant of Saint Albans, crying, A Miracle!

Glo. What means this noise?
Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?
Inhab. A miracle! a miracle!
Suf. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.
Inhab. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine.
Within this half hour, hath receiv'd his sight;
A man, that ne'er saw in his life before.
K. Hen. Now, God be praised! that to believing
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair.

Enter the Mayor of Saint Albans, and his Brethren; and Sixcoxe, borne between two Persons in a Chair; his Wife, and a great multitude following.

Car. Here come the townsman on procession,
To show your magnificence with his brightness.
K. Hen. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.
Glo. Stand by, my masters, bring him near the king.
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.
K. Hen. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?
Simp. Born blind, an't please your grace.
Wife. Ay, indeed was he.
Suf. What woman is this?
Simp. His wife, and I will like your worship.
Glo. Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst have better told.
K. Hen. Where went thou born?
Simp. Alban's in the north, like your grace.
K. Hen. Poor soul! God's goodness hath been great to thee.
Let none of our noblest unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Q. Mar. Tell me, good fellow, canst thou see him by chance?
Or of delicious to this holy shrine?
Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
A hundred times, and other, in my sleep
By good Saint Alban; who said,—Simpex, come;
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.
Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many times and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

a Fence is the art of defence.
Enter Buckingham.

K. Hen. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.

Enter Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.


Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick. Our simple supper ended, give me leave.

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick. In this close walk, to satisfy myself,

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick. In craving your opinion on my issue:

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick. Which is unsuitable to England's crown.

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick. Sol. My lord, I long to hear it at full.

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick. War. Sweet York, begin; and if thy claim be good,

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick. The Nevells are thy subjects to command.

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick. York. Then thus:

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick. Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick. The first, Edward the Black Prince, prince of Wales;

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick. The second, William of Huttfield; and the third,

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick. Lionel, duke of Clarence; next to whom,

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick. Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster:

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick. The fifth was Edmund Langley, duke of York:

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick. The sixth, Edward, duke of York;

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick. The seventh, Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloster.

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick. William of Wiindor was the seventh and last,

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick. Edward, the Black Prince, died before his father;

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick. And left but him Richard, his only son, Who after Edward the Third's death, reign'd dressing:

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick. Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster,

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick. The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt;

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick. Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth, seiz'd on the realm; deposed the rightful king:

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick. Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came.

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick. And him to Ponthiet; where, as all you know,

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick. Harms Richard was murder'd traitorously.

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick. War. Father, the duke had told the truth;

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick. Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick. York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right;

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick. For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick. The issue of the next son should have reign'd.


Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick. A company.

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick. Wickedly.

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick. Weigh.
York. The third son, duke of Clarence, (from whose line
I claim the crown,) had issue—Philippe, a daughter,
Who married Edmund Mortimer, earl of March:
Edmund had issue—Roger, came to March.
Roger had issue—Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.
Sed. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
And married Eleanor Glendevon, and been king,
Who kept him in captivity till he died.
But, to the rest.
York. His eldest sister, Anne,
Married Richard, earl of Cambridge; who was son
To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son.
By her I claim the kingdom; she was heir
To the third part of Lancashire; who was son
Of Edmund Mortimer; who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel, duke of Clarence:
So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am king.
War. What plain proceedings are more plain
than this!
Henry both claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
It lasts not yet; but flourishes in thee,
And满意 his sons; but lands, in heire.
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we both together;
And in this private plot? be we the first,
That shall salute our rightful sovereign,
With bold and mighty right to the throne.
Both. Long live our sovereign Richard,
England's king!
York. We thank you, lords. But I am not your
Shall I be crown'd; and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster.
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd;
But with fair advice and silent secrecy.
Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,
Wink at the duke of Suffolk's insinuation.
At his noble's doing, at Somercotes' death,
At Buckingham, and all the eyes of them,
Till they have mars'd the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good duke Humphrey:
'Tis they that seek: and they, in seeking that,
Shall find their deaths, if York can prohpye.
Sed. My lord, break we off; we know your
Myself am the earl of Warwick.
York. And Nevil, this I do assure myself,—
Richard shall live to make the earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England, but the king.

SCENE III.—A Hall of Justice.

Trumpets sounded. Enter King Henry, Queen
Margaret, Gloucester, York, Suffolk, and Salisbury;
the Duke of Gloucester, March, Grey Jour-
Dain, Southwell, Hume, and Bolingbroke, under
guard.

K. Hen. Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham,
In sight of God and us, your guilt is great;
Receive the sentence of the law for sins
Such as by God's book are adjug'd to death.—
You four, from hence to prison shall go.

[To Journais. Etc.

From thence unto the place of execution:
The witch in mankind shall be hurl'd to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.
You, madam, for you are more noble born,
Despoiled of your honor in your life,
Shall die, three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here, in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.
Duck. Welcome is banishment, welcome were
The way to thine own wits.

Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged thee;
I cannot justify whom the law condemns.—

[Exeunt the Duchies, and the other Prisoners,

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief;
Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age
* Squeezed spot.

Will bring thine head with sorrow to the ground!—
I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.

K. Hen. Stay, Humphrey, duke of Gloucester: ere
Give up thy staff; Henry will to himself
Protecter be; and shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet;
And, when the crown of Henry, my Humphrey, is
Then when thou wert protector to thy king.
Q. Mar. I see no reason why a king of years
Should be to be protected as a child,—
But that God and Henry govern England's helm.
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

Glo. My staff!—here, noble Henry, is my staff
As willingly do I the same resign.
As a prince, let me lay aside mine arm;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell, good king: When I am dead and gone,
My honorable peace attend thy throne!—

Q. Mar. Why, now is Henry king, and Marga-
ret queen;
And Humphrey, duke of Gloucester, scarce himself,
That bears so shrewd a main: two pullets once,—
His lady banish'd, and a limb loos'd off;
This staff of honor raught:—These let it stand,
Where it is planted, for it shall be a
Saj. Thus drops the lotts syne, and hangs his
sprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.
Marry, let this be his book go—Peter, to thy majesty
This is the day appointed for the combat;
And ready are the appellant and defendent,
The armorier and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.
Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord; for purpose therefore
Leit I the court, to see this quarrel tried.
K. Hen. O God's name, see the lists and all
Here let them end it, and God defend the right!—
York. I never saw a fellow worse bested;
Or a more courageous, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armorier, my lord.

Enter, on one side, Horner, and his Neighbors,
Drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and
He enters bearing his staff with a small-fog fas-
tened to it; a drum before him; at the other side,
Philadelphia, a drunkard and a similar staff; accom-
panied by Prentiss drinking to him.

1 Neigh. Here, neighbor Horner, I drink to you
in a cup of sack; And fear not, neighbor, you shall
do well enough.

2 Neigh. And here, neighbor, here's a cup of
chance.

3 Neigh. And here's a pot of good double beer,
neighbor; drink, and fear not your man.

Hor. Let me ease my brain, and I'll pledge you all;
And a fif for Peter!

Pren. Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be
not afraid.

2 Be. Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy mas-
ter; fight for credit of the prentises.

Peter. I thank you all; drink and pray for me,
I pray you; for, I think, I have taken my last
drink in this world—Here, Robin, if I die,
I give thee my apron; and, will thou shalt have my
hammers—here, Tom, take all the money that I have.
O Lord, bless me; I pray God for
It may be to the use of my master, he hath
beheld so much fence already.

Set. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to
blows.—Nay, what's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forestall.

Set. Peter! what more?

Peter. Thump.

Set. See yon fellows then 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 think, as well as death, I never meant him any ill,
or the king, nor the queen; And, therefore,
Peter, have at thee with a downright bow, as Bevis
of Southampton fell upon Ascapart.
York. ow this—that this knife a tongue begins to
double.

* Wishes for.
+ Reached.
* A sort of sweet wine.
Sound trumpets, stellari to the combatants.  
[Act III. Scene I.  
KING HENRY VI.  
415  
Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason.  
Died.  
York. Take away his weapon:—Fellow, thank God, and drink the good wine in thy master's way.  
Peter. O God!  
Hor. I do confess, O Peter, thou hast half victorious in this presence! O Peter, thou hast half victorious in this presence!  
K. Hen. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;  
For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt:  
And God, in justice, hath reveal'd it;  
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow  
Which he so thought to have murder'd wrongfully,  
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.  
[Exeunt.  
SCENE IV.—A Street.  
Enter Gloster and Servants, in mourning clack.  
Glo. Thus, sometime, hath the brightest day a  
And, after summer, ever more succeeds  
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold,  
So cares and joys abound as seasons fleets.  
Saw what's o'clock?  
Ten, my lord.  
Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me.  
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess:  
I hope, good lady, she endureth the horrid heat,  
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.  
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook  
The abject people, gazing on thy face,  
With evious looks, still laughing at thy shame;  
That cast did follow thy proud chariot wheels,  
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.  
But, soft! I think she comes; and I'll prepare  
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her misery.  
[Exeunt.  
Enter the Duchess of Gloster, in a white sheet,  
With her.  
Glo. No, sir not, for your lives; let her pass by.  
Duch. I come you, my lord, to see my open shame!  
Now thou dost have peace, too. Look, how they gaze!  
See, how the giddy multitude do point,  
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!  
A Master, hide thee from their hateful looks!  
And, in thy closet pen'd, rue my shame,  
And bare thine offences, both mine and thine.  
Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.  
Duch. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself:  
For, whilst I think I am thy lawful married,  
And thou a prince, protector of this land,  
My thoughts, I should not thus be led along,  
My heart afield, with papers on my back;  
And follow'd with a rouble, that rejoice  
To see my tears, and hear my deep lol'gone.  
The ruthless dint doth out my tender feet;  
And, when I start, the evious people laugh,  
And bid me be advis'd how I tread.  
Ali. Humphrey, can I hear this shameful yoke!  
Trot'st thou that e'er I'll look about the world;  
Or count them happy, that enjoy the sun?  
So; dark shall be my light, and night my day;  
To think upon my pomp, shall be my hell.  
Sometimes, thus, I am dake Humphrey's wife;  
And be a prince, and ruler of the land:  
Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,  
As he stood by, whilst, I, his lawful duchess,  
Was made a wonder, and a point-stock,  
To every idle rascal follower,  
But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame;  
Nor sit at nothing, till the axe of death  
Hang over thee, as it shortly will.  
For Sullok,—he can that do all in all  
With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all,—  
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,  
Have all, in their malicious design,  
To betray thy wings,  
And, dy thou how thou canst, they' ll tangle thee:  
But fear not thou, until thy foot be snared,  
Nor ever seek prevention of thy foes.  
Glo. Ah, now, forbear; thou almost all away;  
I must offend, before I be attained:  
And had I twenty times so many foes,  
And each of them all twenty times their power,  
All these could not procure me any more safety;  
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.  
Wouldst thou have me rescue thee from this reproach?  
Why, yet thy scandal is not yet all away,  
But I in danger for the breach of law.  
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell;  
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience!  
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.  
[Exeunt.  
Enter a Herald.  
Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month.  
Glo. And my consent me'er ask'd herein before!  
This is close dealing,—We'll, I will be there.  
My Nell, I take my leave,—and, master sherib.  
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.  
Sher. Story, please your grace, here my commission stays:  
And sir John Stanley is appointed now,  
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.  
Glo. Must you, sir John, protect my lady here?  
Slay. So am I given in charge, may't please your grace.  
Glo. 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.  
Duch. What, gone, my lord; and bid me not farewell!  
Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot but speak.  
[Exeunt Gloster and Servants.  
Duch. Art thou gone too! All comfort go with thee!  
For none abides with me: my joy is death;  
Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid,  
Because I wish'd this world's eternity,—  
Stanley, I pray thee, and tell them to take precedence;  
I care not whither, for I beg no favor,  
Only convey me where thou art commanded.  
En. Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man;  
There to be used according to your rank.  
Duch. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach.  
And shall I then be used reproachfully!  
Slay. Like to a duchess, and duke Humphrey's lady.  
According to that state you shall be used.  
Duch. Sherib, farewell, and better than I fare;  
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame!  
Sher. It is my office, madam, pardon me.  
Duch. Ay, ay, farewell, thy office is discharged.  
Come, Stanley, shall we go!  
Slay. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet  
And so we to attire you for our journey  
Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet.  
No, it will hang upon my richest robes,  
And show itself; attire me how I can.  
Go, lead the way; long to see my prison.  
[Exeunt.  

*  

ACT III.  

SCENE I.—The Abbey of Bury.  
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:  
Not easily. Curse.  
Deep-fretted. Wonder.  

\'Tis not his wont to be the humdest man,  
What'er occasion keeps him from us now.  
Q. Mar. Can you not see! or will you not observe?  
The strangeness of his altered countenance?  
With what a majesty he bears himself;  
\nHarm, mischief.  
Conductor.
How in solemn of late he is become,
How proud, pertinacious, and unlike himself?
We know the time since he was mild and amiable;
And, as it seems, we did but glance a facetious 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 news away,
He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,
And passeth; by with stiff unbowed knee,
Desdaining duty to us belongs.
So now it is not regarded, we think they grin;
But great men tremble when the lion roars;
And Humphrey is no little man in England.
First, and next, he is near you in descent;
And should you fall, he is the heir that will mount.
Me seemeth, then, it is no policy,—
Respecting what a ravenous mind he bears,
And a sixpence tax following your decease,—
That he should come about your royal person,
Or be admitted to your highness' council.
By flattery he won the common heart;
And, when he pleases to make commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd, they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,
And fill the herds for want of wanton feed.
The reverent care, I bear unto your lordship;
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
If he be so kind, call it a woman's fear;
Which, though sincere, it may well be, I think,
I will subscribe and say—'I wrong'd the duke.'
My lord of Suffolk,—Buckingham,—and York,—
Reprove my allegations, if you can;
Or else conclude my wishes were well
Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this duke,
And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
I thought I should have told you treach'rous tale.
The duchess, by his subornation,
Upon his lie, began her devilish practices:
Or if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet in his repenting of his high descent, (As next the king he was successive heir,) And such high vanities of his nobility,
Yet instigate the brain-sick Duke by means to frame our sovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;
And in his simple show he harbors treason.
The treach'rous plot, when, he would steal the lamb.
No, no, my sovereign; Glaster is a male
Un-souled yet, and full of deep deceit.
Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Declare death for small offences done?
York. And did he not, in his own phrase,
Levy great sums of money through the realm,
For soldiers pay, in France, and never sent it!
By passing and the towns each day resolved.
Buck. Tutt! these petty faults to Emils unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth duke
K. Hen. My lords, at once: The care you have of us,
To more down thorns that would annoy our seat,
Is worthy of all reward. But shall I speak my conscience!
Our kinsman Glaster is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person,
As is the sweet lamb, or harmless doe.
The duke is virtuous, and all his heart is given,
To dream on evil, or to work my downwital.
Q. Mar. Ah, what's more dangerous than this traitor?
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 incresed; as are the raven's fellows.
Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit!
Take heed, my lord; the wealse of all
Hangs on the cutting short that fhandard man.

Enter SOMERSET.

SOM. All health unto my gracious sovereign!
K. Hen. Welcome, lord Somerset. What news from France?
SOM. That all your interest in those territories
Is now betrayed; all is lost.
K. Hen. Cold news, lord somerset: But God's will be done!

Enter GLOSTER.

GLO. All happiness unto my lord the king! Pardon, my liege, that I have said so long.
SOM. No, Sir; Glaster, know, that thou art come too soon.

Enter GLOSTER.

GLO. All happiness unto my lord the king! I do discern high treason here.
GLO. Well, Suffolk, yet thou shalt not see me blush.
No change my countenance for this arrest;
A private suit is not so easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so soon dispelled.
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign:
Who can accuse me? wherein and I guilty?
York. 'Tis thought so; and what are they that think it?
I never rob'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So virtuous, God, as I have watch'd the night.—
Aye, night by night,—in studying good for England,
That doit that e'er I wrested from the king,
And to the law, I heard'd to my use,
Be brought to answer me at my trial day!
No! many a pound of mine own proper store,
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, to say so much.
Glo. I say no more than truth, so help me God!
For I did devise Strange tortures for offenders, and did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, and did devise
That England was daint'd by tyranny.
Glo. Why, 'tis well known, that whiles I was
Pity was all the fault that was in me;
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were reason for their fault.
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious theft that fled poor passengers,
I never gave them condemnation punishment.
Men of the land, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
Above the idea, or what trespass
Suf. My lord, these faults are easy & quickly answer'd.
But murder crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do assure you in his highness' name;
And here commit you to my lord cardinal
To be kept, until your further time of trial
K. Hen. My lord of Glaster, 'tis my special hope
That you will clear yourself from all suspects;
My conscience tells me, you are innocent.
Glo. All, gracious lord, these days are dangerous!
Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
And charity chased hence by rancour's hand;
Our subornation is predominant,
And every exulting, every highness, man.
I know, their complot is to have my life;
And, if my death might make this island happy,
I would do a service of my tyranny.
I would expend it with all willingness.
But mine is made the prologue to their play;
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will conclude as bad prospectors;
Beantors' red sparkling eyes blash't his heart's smale;
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his storey hate;
Sharpe Buckingham emburnd with his tongue;
The face that lies upon the face of my tyrant.
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon.
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
By false accuse dough level at my head:
And my my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgrace on my head.
And, with your best endeavor, have stur'd up
My courage to be my enemy mine.
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together,
"Glo. Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,..."
Myself had notice of your contentions, And think they make away with distrust, I shall not want false witness to condemn me; Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt; The ancient proverb will be well avowed,— And they are quickly found to beat a nest To guard the chicken from a hungry kite, As place Duke Humphrey for the king's protector! So the poor chicken should be sure of

Suf. Madam, 'tis true: And were't not madness then, To make the fox surveyor of the fold? Who being accused a crafty murderer, His guilt should be but idly posted over, Because his purpose is not executed. Nay, for his death, nor twit him die, in that he is a foe. 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 for such. Do not let me leave to cide: Be it by guns, by stakes, by subtlety, Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how, So he be dead; for that is good deceit Which makes him first, that first intends deceit.

Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,— Were't not a hard and sudden death of her, To guard the chicken from a hungry kite, As place Duke Humphrey for the king's protector! So the poor chicken should be sure of

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SECOND PART OF

ACT III.

That, henceforth, he shall trouble us no more.
And so break off; the day is almost spent:
Let Gloster, you, and I must talk of that event.
York. My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,
At Bristol I expect my soldiers;
For there I'll ship them all for the mainland.
Suf. I'll see it truly done, my lord of York.
[Exit all but York.]
York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful
thoughts,
And change mis doubt to resolution:
Beseech thou hest to be; or what thou art
Resign to death, it is not worth the enjoying:
Let them be dead that weep over the wretched man,
And bid no harbor in a royal heart.
Faster than spring-time-showers, comes thought
on thought;
And not a thought, but thinks on dignity.
My brain, more busy than the laboring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
Weel, notices, well, their piteously done.
To send me packing with an host of men:
I fear me, but warm the starved snake,
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your
hearts.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me:
I take it kindly; yet, be well assured
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
While I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will not cross me in England some black storm.
Shall bow ten thousand souls to heaven, or hell:
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit on my mind,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.
And for a munition of my intent,
I have seduced a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer,
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of kerns;
And sought so long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine;
And at the end being rescu'd, I have seen him
Caper upright like a wild Marcus.
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kene,
Hath he conversed with the enemy:
And undiscover'd come to me again,
And given me notice of their villainies.
This ever ready man, to do a statute:
For that John Mortimer, which nonsense is dead,
In face, in guilt, in speech, he doth resemble;
By thus I shall perceive the commons' mind,
How they shall reflect the house and home.
Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortured:
I know, no pain, they can inflict upon him,
Will make him say—I mov'd him to those arms.
Say, they shall thrive, as's great like he will,
Why then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd:
For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—Bury. A Room in the Palace.

Enter certain Murderers, hastily.

1 Mur. Run to my lord of Suffolk; let him know,
We have the duke's body commanded to.
2 Mur. O, that it were to do!—What have we done?
Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter Suffolk.

1 Mur. Here comes my lord.
Suf. 

1 Mur. Now, sirs, have you
Dispatch'd this thing?
2 Mur. Ay, my good lord, he's dead.
Suf. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my
house.
I will reward you for this venturous deed.
And the king and all the peers are here at hand:
—Have you hith fair the bed! are all things well,
According as I gave directions!
1 Mur. 'Faith, my good lord.
Suf. Away, gone!—

[Exit Murderers.

A violent gust of wind.
A Moor in a morris dance.

Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Cardinal
Beaufort, Somerset, Lords, and others.

K. Hen. Go call my uncle to our presence
straight.
Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 'tis published.
Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble lord. [Exit.
K. Hen. Masters, take your places;—And, I pray
you all,
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster,
Than from true evidence, of good esteem,
He affirmed it in the practice culpable.
Q. Mar. God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a noblesman!
Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion!
K. Hen. I thank thee, Margaret; these words
content me much.—

Re-enter Suffolk.

How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest
 thou?
Where is our uncle? what is the matter, Suffolk?
Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.
Q. Mar. Marry, God forego him!
Car. God's secret judgment,—I did dream
to-night,
The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

Enter The King.

Q. Mar. How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the
king is dead.
Suf. Hear, hear his body; wring him by the nose.
Q. Mar. Marry, he'll help, help,—O, Henry, one
thine eyes!
Suf. He doth revive again,—Madam, be patient.
K. Hen. O heavenly God!—
Q. Mar. How fares my gracious lord?
Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry,
comfort!
K. Hen. Why, what doth my lord of Suffolk comfort
me?
Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bend my vital powers;
What, is he, that the chiming of this bell,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
Hole not thy poison with such sugar'd words,
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;
Their touch affrights me, as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny
Sits in thy majesty, to fright the world;
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding;
Yet do not go away,—Come, banish,
And let the innocent fairy gaze with thine eye.
For in the shade of death I shall find joy!
In life, but double death, now Gloster's dead.
Q. Mar. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk
thus?
Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he, most christian-like laments his death:
And for myself,—see as he was to me.
Might liquid tears, or heart-dilating groans,
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primeval, with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known, we were but hollow friends;
It may be judged, I made the duke away;
Soon shall I know, who was the man bound,
And princes' courts be till'd with my reproach.
This get I by his death;—Ah me, unhappy!
To a queen, and crown'd with infamy!
K. Hen. Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched
man!
Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than
that.
What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?
I am no worthless leper, look on me.
What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
He puts his ear, and kill thy lord and queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?
Why, then dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy;
Erect his statue then, and worship it,
And make mine image but an alter-sign.
Was I, for this, such wretched' upon the sea;
And twice by awkward wind from England's bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this, but well-warreng wind
Scene II.  
KING HENRY VI.  

War.  See how the blood is settled in his face  
Oil, have I seen a timely-parted ghost;  
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,  
Being all descended to the limping heart;  
Who, in the conflict that holds with death,  
Attracts the same name for violence against the shame,  
Which with the heart there-cools and ever returneth  
To blush and beauty the cheek again.  
But, see, his face is blosted, and his blood decays;  
His eyes ball, turn out farther than he liv'd,  
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man:  
His hair upright, his nostrils stretch'd with struggle,  
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd  
And tug'd for life, and was by strength subdued.  
Look on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking;  
His neck is crown'd with murder's bloody billiard,  
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodge'd.  
It cannot be, but he was murder'd here;  
The least of all these signs were probable.  

Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke  
To death!  

Myself, and Beaufort, had him in protection;  
And we, I hope, sit, are no murderers.  
War. But both of you were vow'd duke Humphrey's foes;  
And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep;  
'Tis like, you would not least him like a friend;  
And thus I think he was murder'd.  

Q. Mar. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen  
As guilty of duke Humphrey's timeless death.  
War. That was no doubt, at first, to discern;  
But now I find the better dead, and bleeding fresh.  
And sees last by a butcher with an axe,  
But will suspect, twas he that made the slaughter!  
Who linger'd in the prison in the prince's nest,  
But may imagine how the bird was dead,  
Although the kite soar with unbleached blood.  
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.  

Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? where's your kith!  
Is Beaufort term'd a kite? where are his talons?  
Suf. I sect with those who make the slaughter!  
But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,  
That shall be scor'd in his remorseless heart.  
That shadrers me with murder's crimson badge;  
Say, if thou dost, proud lord of Warwick's hire,  
That I am faulty in duke Humphrey's death.

[Exit CARDINAL SOMERLEY, and others.  

War. What doth not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?  
Q. Mar. He doth not dare his continuance in spirit  
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller.  
Though the next day, from twelve to two or three times.  
War. Madam, be still; with reverence may I say;  
For every word, you speak in his behalf,  
Is slander to your royal dignity.  
Suf. Unwrought lord, ignoble in demeanor!  
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,  
Thy mother took into her blameful bed  
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock  
Was worth with eras-trous'p; whose fruit thou art,  
And never of the Nevill's noble race.  

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,  
And I should rob the deathswain of his ice,  
Quitting the treasure of thy thousand shames,  
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,  
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee  
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,  
And say 'tis that they were thy better that thy self,  
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy;  
And, after all this false hommage done,  
Give thee the hire, and send thy soul to hell.  

Pertinacious butcher of sleeping men!  
Suf. Thou shalt be waking, I sheld thy blood,  
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.  
War. Away, even now, or I will drag thee hence.  
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,  
And do some service to duke Humphrey's ghost.

[Exit SUFFOLK AND WARWICK.  

K. Hen. What stronger breastplate than a heart  
Untainted!  
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just;  
And he but naked, though look'd up in steel,  
Whose conscience with indignation is corrupt.  

[A noise within.  

*The body of one who had died a natural death.
Q. Mar. What noise is this?

Re-enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their weapons drawn.


Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?

Why, what tumultuous clamor have we here?

Suf. The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Bury.

Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Noise of a Crowd within. Re-enter Salisbury.

Sul. Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your mind.

[Speaking to those within.]

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me, Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death, Or let fair England's territories,

They will by violence tear him from your palace,

And torture him with grievous lingering death.

They say, by him the good duke Humphrey died;

They say, in him they hear your highness' death;

And mere insistence of love, and loyalty,

Free from a stubborn opposite intent.

As being thought to contrive your liking,

Makes them thus forward in his blasphamish,

They say, in care of your most royal person,

That, if your highness should intend to sleep,

And when I swear, it is irrevocable.

Yet notwithstanding such a strat exercise,

Were there a serpent seen, with torch'd tongue,

That swiftly glided towards your majesty.

It were but necessary, you were waked;

Lost, being suitor'd, in that harmless slum;

The man of war might make the deep eternal;

And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,

That they will guard you, who'er you will, or no.

From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;

We will these curse-crowned and fatal stings,

Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,

They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commans. [Within.] An answer from the king,

To the lord of Suffolk.

Suf. To think the commons' rude unpardonable

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 honor Salisbury hath won,

Is that he was the lord ambassador,

Sent from a host of tunkers to the king.

Commans. [Within.] An answer from the king,

Or we'll break in.

K. Hen. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,

I don't pretend for them to take their care:

And had I not been 'setted so by them,

Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;

For sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy

My home unto my sovereign by Suffolk's means.

And therefore,—by his Majesty I swear,

Whose fair unworthy deputy I am,—

He shall not breathe infection in this air

But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[Exits 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.

If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found

On any ground that I am ruler of,

That any, not without my warrant, may be

Come, Warwick, come good Warwick, go with me:

I have great matters to impart to thee.

[Exit K. Hen. Warwick, Lords, &c.

Q. Mar. Mischiefe, and sorrow go, and sorrow along with you!

Heart's discontent and sour affliction,

Be fellowes 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 excreations, And where thy Suffolk take his heavy peace.

Dexterous.

Company.

Q. Mar. Fye, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch! Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies! Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?

Would curses kill, as doth the madman's groan,

I would invent as biting-searching phras,

As cruel, as harsh, and horrible to hear.

Delver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,

With full as many signs of deadly hate,

As lecherous E_mutex, in her lascivious cave.

My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words

Mighty eyes should sparklie like the beaten flint;

My hair be 'nx'd on end, as one distract;

Ay, every point should seem to curse and ban:

And even now my burden'd heart would break;

Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink! Gull, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste! Their sweetest shade shall be a grove of bitter trees:

Their choicest prospect, murdering巴士heaks!

Their softest touch, as sharp as lizard's stings!

Their music, fright their serpent's hiss!

And bloody vengeful owls make the concert full.

All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st thyself;

And those dread curses,—like the sun 'gainst glass,

Or like an overcharged gun— recoil,

And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. I am made melancholy; and will you had me leave! Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,

Well could I curse away a winter's night,

Though standing nank on a mountain top. Where, if cold eyes would never leaves 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 dwell it with my mournful tears;

Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,

To wash away my woeful monuments,

O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand! [Kisses his head.

That thou mightst think upon these by the seal,

Through whom a thousand signs are breath'd for thee!

So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;

'Tis not surmise's doth whilst thou art standing by.

As one that surfeits thinking on a want.

I will repeat thee, or, be well assur'd,

Adventure to be banished myself:

And banished I am, if but from thee.

Go, speak not to me; even now be gone.

O, go not hence! Even thus two friends condemn'd Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,

Leather a hundred times to part than die.

Yet now farewell! and farewell live with thee!

Suf. Go, I am poor Suffolk ten times banish'd.

Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.

'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;

A wilderness is populous enough.

So Suffolk had thy seven times connayy.

For were thou art, there is the world itself,

With every pleasure in the world;

And where thou art, desolation.

I can no more—live thou to joy thy life;

Myself no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

Easter Vaux.

Q. Mar. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news I pr'ythee?

Vaux. To signify unto his majesty,

That cardinal Beaufort is at point of death.

For suddenly a great and sudden sickness took him,

That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,

Blessing him, and cursing men on earth. Sometimes, he talks as if two Humphrey's ghost

Were by his side; sometimes, he calls the king,

And whispers to his pillow, as to him, The secret of his overcharged soul:

And I am to tell him this majesty.

That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Mar. Go, tell this heavy message to the king.

[Exits Vaux.

Ah me, what is this world? what news are these?

But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss, omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure? Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,

And with the southern clouds content in tears?
KING HENRY VI

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Kent. The Sea-shore near Dover.

Firing heard at Sea. Then enter a boat a Captain, a Master, a Master's Mate, Walter Whitmore, and others; with them Suffolk and other Gentlemen, Prisoners.

Cap. The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day is crept into the bosom of the sea; And now loud-bellowing waves arouse the jades That drag the tragic melancholy night; Who with their drowsy, slow, and slumbering wings Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws, Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air. Therefore, bring forth, the soldiers of our prize; For, whilst our pinions' anchors in the Downs, Here shall they make their ransom on the sand, Or with their blood slaim this discon'd shore.— Master, this prisoner freely give I thee; And those that are his mate, make bent of this;— The other, [Pointing to Suffolk.] Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

1 Gent. What is my ransom, master? let me know. Most. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head. Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes the prize.

Cap. What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns, And bear the name and part of gentleman?— Cut through the veins of their throats—for die you shall: The lives of those which we have lost in sight, Cannot be counterpois'd with such a petty sum. 1 Gent. I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life. 2 Gent. And will I, and write home for it straight.

Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard, And therefore to revenge it, shall thou die; And so should these, if I might have my will. Cap. Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.

[Whereas.  Pitiful. A ship of small burden,

Cer. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure. Enough to purchase such another island, So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain. K. Hen. Ah, what a sign, it is of evil life, When death's approach is seen so terrible! War. Be it so, Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee. Cer. Bring me unto my trial when you will. Died he not in his bed? where should he die? Can I make men live, or they will not or no?— O! torture me no more, I will confess. Alive again! then show me where he is; I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him,— He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them. Comb down his hair! look! look! it stands upright, Like time-wings set to catch my winged soul.— Give me a draught of water, and let the apothecary Bring the strong poison that I bought of him. K. Hen. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens, Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch! O, beat away the busy meddling fiend, That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul, And from his bosom purge this black despair! War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin. Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably. K. Hen. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasures be! Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss, Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope,— He dies, and makes no sign; O God, forgive him. Whit. Who had a death argues a monstrous life. K. Hen. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all,— Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close; And let us all to meditation. [Exeunt.]
SECOND PART OF

ACT IV.

This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy hated tongue.
Whit. Speak, captain, shall I stab the traitor swain?

Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Round sheave! thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

Cap. Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side
Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy own.

Cap. Ay, Poole! Poole?

Suf. Poole? sir Poole? lord? Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.

For thousands have thy yarrow vawned,
For swallowing the treasure of the realm;

Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground;

And thou, that split'st at good duke Humphrey's death,

Against the senseless winds shall grin in vain,
Who, in content, shall hiss at thee again:

And wellest be thou to the hags of hell.

For daring to ally
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,

Hast thou either subjected, wealth, or freedom.

By devilish policy art thou grown great,

And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorged
With goblets of thy mother's bleeding heart.

By the sword thou dost advance thy name, and say to France:
The false revolting Normans, thorough thee,

Disdain to call us lord; and Picardy
Hath slain their governors, surplis'd our forts,

And, making the ragged wounded home
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all—

Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain—

As laving thee, are rising up in arms:

And now the house of York—thrust from the crown,
By shameless murder of a guiltless king,

And lusty proud encroaching tyranny—

Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colors

Advance our half-faced son, still to remain shine,

Under which is writ—Jovis nobius.

The commons here in Kent are up in arms:

And, conclude, reproach and beggary

Is crept into the palace of our king:

And all by thee—Away! convey him hence.

Suf. O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
Upon these palace, servile, adjures drones!

Small things make base men proud; this villain here,

Being captain of a prance, threatens more

Than Baggush the strong Hyrian pirate.

Danger not this bloody, oft-revenged race:

It is impossible, that I should die

By such a lowly assail my self.

Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me:

I go no further from the queen to thy king;

I charge thee, wait me safely cross the channel.

Cap. Walter,

Whit. Come, Poole, I must warth thee to thy death.

Suf. Non tam timor occupat artus: his I fear.

Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I leave thee.

What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

1 Gent. My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,

So that I am bound, unask'd, to account to my favor.

Far be it, we should honor such as these.

With humble suit: no, rather let my head

Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any

Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;

And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,

Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar grooms.

True nobility is exempt from fear—

More can I bear, than thou dare execute.

Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

Suf. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can;

That may my death never may be forgot!

Great men of die by the hands of

A Roman swordier and banditof slave,

Murder'd sweet Tully; Brustus' bastard hand

Shall shake his head, with glaring Cesar; savage standers,

Pomey the great: and Suffolk dies by pirates.

Exit. [See Whit. and others.

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart—

Therefore come you with us, and let him go. [Exit all but the first Gentleman.

Re-enter Whitmore, with Suffolk's Body.

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body lie;

Until the queen his mistress bury it.
[Exit.

I Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle!

His body will I bear unto the king:

If he revenge it not, yet will my friends;

So will the queen, that living held him dear.

[Exit, with the Body.

SCENE II.—Blackheath.

Enter George Bevis and John Holland.

Geo. Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a hallow staff, thou mayst have been up these two days.

John. They have the more need to sleep thus now.

Geo. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clother means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new map upon it.

John. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I say, it was never merry work in England, since gentlemen came up.

Geo. O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in handymen's.

John. The nobility think scorn to go in leather apparel.

Geo. Nay more, the king's council are no good workmen.

John. True; And yet it is said,—Labor in thy vocation, and it is much to thy advantage; —let the magistrates be laboring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Geo. Thou hast hit it: for there's no better sign of a blessing than a hard hand.

John. I see them! I see them! There's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham.

Geo. He shall have the skins of our enemies, to make good his head, and habiliments.

John. And Dick the butcher.

Geo. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity thrust out like a calf.

John. And Smith the weaver.

Geo. Argo, their thread of life is spun.

John. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Dram. Enter Cade, Dick the Butcher, Smith the Weaver, and others in great number.

Cade. We, John Cade, so termed of our supposed father.

Dick. Or rather, of stealing a cackle of herring. [Aside.

Cade.—for our enemies shall fall before us, inured to the spirit of putting down kings and princes,—Command silence.

Dick. Silence! Cade. My father was a Mortimer.

Dick. He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet.

Dick. I knew her well; she was a midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies.

Dick. She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces.

Smith. But, now of late, not able to travel with her turred pack, she washes b lackes here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honorable house.

Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honorable;

And there was he born, under a hedge; for his father had never a house, but the cage.

Cade. Valiant, and Smith. A must needs; for beggary is valorant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that; for I have seen him slide three market days together.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of thick leather.

Dick. But, methinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt in the hand for stealing sheep.

Cade. Be brave, then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be, in England, seven halfpenny leaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make

A barrel of herrings.
it felony, to drink small beer; all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my pulsey 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 livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me 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 at the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment be used to write upon a man? Some say, the bee stingt; but I say, 'tis the bee's wax: for I did but seat 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. He's a book in his pocket, with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write and seal.

Cade. I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, on mine honor; 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; 'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone.—Bost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I think God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confessed: away with him; he's a villain, and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say: hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck.

[Execute some with the Clerk.

Enter MICHAEL.  

Michael. Where's our general!

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Michael. Fly, fly, sir! Humphrey Stafford and his brother are far by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll tell thee down; he shall be encountered with a man as good as himself: he's but a knight, is 'a?

All. No, so.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently;—Rise up, sir John Mortimer. Now have at him.

Enter Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD and WILLIAM his Brother, with Drum and Fores.

Staff. Rebellion holds the fifth and second of Kent, Mark'd for the gallows,—by your weapons down, Home to your cottages, forsake this gage;—The king is merciful, if you revolt.

W. Staff. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood, If you go forward: therefore yield, or die.

As for these silken-crested shafts, I pass not; If you dare, good people, then I will take you, O'er whom, in time to come, I hope to reign; For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staff. Villain, thy father was a platerer; All that thyself a wear, Art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

W. Staff. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this;—Edmund Mortimer, earl of March,

Married the duke of Clarence' daughter; Did he not?

Cade. Ay, sir.

Staff. By her, he had two children at one birth.

All. Staff. This false.

Cade. Ay, there's the question, but, I say, 'tis true; The elder of them, being put to nurse, Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away; And an ignorant man of the boy that I should embrace, Became a bricklayer, when he came to age: His son am I; deny it, if you can.

* I say them no regard.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore deny it not.

Staff. And will you credit this base drudge's words?

That speaks he knows not what!

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

W. Staff. Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught you false.

Cade. He lies; for I invented it myself. [Aside. —Go to, sirrah. Tell the king from me, that— for his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time he went to span-counter for French chamber, an content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

Dick. And, furthermore, we'll have the lord Say's head for setting the dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is England maimed, and kin to go with a start, but that my presence holds it up. Fellow knaves, I tell you, that that lord Say hath gilded the commonwealth, and made it an emnuch: and more than that, he can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.

Staff. O gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer if you can: The Frenchmen are our enemies: go to, then, I ask but this; Can he, that speaks with the tongue of an enemy, be a good counsel, or no?

All. No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

W. Staff. Well, see, gentle words will not prevail, Assault them with the army of the king.

Staff. And, throughout every town, Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade; That those, which fly before the battle ends, May, even in their wives' and children's sight, Be hang'd up for a sample at their doors.

And you, that be the king's friends, follow me.

[Execut the two Staffords, and Forces.

Cade. And you, that love the commons, follow us.

Now show yourselves men, 'tis for liberty.

We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:

Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoon; For they are very thrify, honest men, and such.

As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march toward us.

Cade. But there are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come, march forward. [Execute.

SCENE III.—Another part of Blackheath.

Alarums. The Two Parties enter and fight, and both the Staffords are slain.

Cade. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavest thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house; therefore thus will I reward thee. I command thee, that shall he as soon as it is; and thou shalt have a license to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, though thou deservest no less, This monument of the victory will I bear; and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse's heels, till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword to hold us up.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols, and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London. [Execute.

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter KING HENRY, reading a Supplication; the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Say with him:—at a distance, Queen Margaret, mourning over Suffolk's Head.

Q. Mar. Oft have I heard—that grief softens the mind.

But when I saw it, it was more full of dejection;

Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep. But who can cease to weep, and look on this!

Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast: But when I think of the body that I must punish, I buy. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

* Shoes.
SECOND PART OF

ACT IV.

K. Hen. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat:
For God forbid, so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
Rather than bloody war should cut them short,
Will parley with Jack Cade their general.—
But stay, I'll read it over once again.
Q. Mar. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
Laid, like a wandering planet, over me;
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same!
K. Hen. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have
they keep.
Say. Ay, but hope, your highness shall have his.
K. Hen. How now, madam! Still longing
And mourning over Suffolk's death?
I fear, my love, that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.
Q. Mar. My love, I should not mourn, but die
For thee.

Enter a Messenger.

thon in such haste!
Mess. The rebels are in Southwark; Fly, my lord!
Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer,
Descended from the duke of Clarence' house:
And calls your grace usurper, openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
His army is a nagged multitude
Of kings and peasants, rude and merciless;
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
Both grieving them heart and courage to proceed:
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call—false caterpillars, and intend their death.
K. Hen. 0 graceless men! they know not what
they do.
Buck. My gracious lord, retire to Kenelworth,
Unpretentiou5 be content to put them down.
Q. Mar. Ah! were the duke of Buckingham now alive,
These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd.
K. Hen. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,
They mean to be avenged to us at Kenelworth.
Say. So might your grace's person be in danger;
The sight of me is odious in their eyes:
And therefore in this city will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mess. Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge;
the citizens
Fly and forsake their houses:
The trusty people, thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear,
To spoil the city, and your royal court.
Buck. Then linger not, my lord away, take horse.
K. Hen. Come, Margaret; God, our hope,
will succor us.
Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceased.
K. Hen. Displeas'd with me? (To Lord Say.) I trust
not the Kentish rebels.
Buck. Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.
Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—The Tower.

Enter Lord Scales, and others, on the Walls.
Then enter certain Citizens, below.
Scales. Now how! is Jack Cade slain?
1 Cit. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for the rebels, by the bridge, killing all those that withstand them: The lord mayor craves aid of your honor from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.
Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command;
But I am troubled here with them myself.
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower,
But yet you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And that I will send you Matthew Gough:
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;
And so haste you, for I must hence. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—Cannon Street.

Enter Jack Cade, and his Followers. He strikes his Staff on London-stone.

Cade. Norr is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone and command, that of the city's cast, the passing-conduct run not matter but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than—lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running.

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!
Cade. Knock him down there. [They kill him.
Scales. Oh, how is your grace here, Sir John? if ever you call 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.—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 masts of court; with down with them all.
DICK. I have a suit unto your lordship.
Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that wood.
DICK. Only that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.
John. Mass, I'll be sure law, then; for he was
thirsty after the mouth with a spear, and it's not whole yet. [Aside.
Smith. 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. Then we are like to have being statutes,
unless his teeth be pulled out. [Aside.
Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my price, a price! here's the lord
Say, which sold the townsmen in France; he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens a, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter GEORGE BREVY, with the LORD SAY.
Cade. Well, he shall be hecules'd for it ten times.
Ah, thou say; thou sergey, say, 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 monarch Basauri, and the spoiling of France? But up, and 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 basauri traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm, in creating 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 foot-bolt, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?
Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honest men rather than thou go in their hose and doublets.
DICK. And work in their shirt, too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.
Say. You, then, speak out.

DICK. What say you of Kent?

2 A fifteen was the fiftieth part of all the movables or personal property of each subject.
3 Say, or rather, of a large and command, that of the city's last, the passing-conduct run not matter but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than—lord Mortimer.
4 i.e. Because they've not claim the benefit of clergy.
5 A kind of housing which covered the body of the horse.
SCENE VIII.  KING HENRY VI.

Say. Nothing but this: Tis houa terra, mata gens.  
Cade. Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin.  
Say. Hear me but speak, and be me where you will.  
Kent, in the commentaries Caesar writ,  
Is term'd the devil's last place in all this isle:  
Sweet is the country, because it doth cherish;  
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;  
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.  
I sold to Maino, I lost not mine.  
Yet to recover them, would lose my life.  
Justice with favor have I always done;  
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, life could never.  
Where my good lady is? What now? What now?  
Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?  
[Exeunt.  

SCENE VIII.—Southwark.  

Abarum. Enter Cade, and all his Rabblement.  
Cade. Up Fish-street! down Saint Magnus' corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames!—[A Parley sounded, then a Retreat.]  
Buck. Away, they be that dare and will disturb thee:  
Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king  
Unto the common sheathed, who thou hast murdered;  
And here pronounce free pardon to them all,  
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.  
Cif. What say ye, country men? I will ye recant,  
And yield to mercy, whilst ye solicit you;  
Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?  
Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,  
Rising up to his auxiliary—god save his majesty!  
Who hath him, and honors not his father!  
Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,  
Shake his weapon at us, and pass by.  
Cif. God save the king! God save the king!  
Cade. What, Buckingham, and Chilpord, are ye so brave!—And you, base peasants, do ye believe him! will ye nobles be hang'd with your pardons  
About your necks? hath thy sword therefore broke  
through London gates, that thou should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark! I thought, ye  
would never have given out these arms, till you  
had recover'd your ancient freedom; but you are all  
recreants, and dastards; and delight to live in  
slavery to the nobility. Let them break your locks  
with burdens, take your horses over your heads,  
 Modules, before your faces before your faces:  
For me,—I will make shat for one; and so—God's curse light upon you all!  
All. We follow Cade, we'll follow Cade.  
Cif. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,  
That thus do you exclaim,—you'awl go with him!  
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,  
And make reconciliations? you ears and dukes!  
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to!  
Nor knows how to live, but by the spoliol,  
Unless by robbing of your friends, and us.  
Cade. I'll tell ye no such story.  
Say. Strick the valor, and strike his head!  
Cade. Where are you? most that ye seek my death!  
These hands are fere from guiltless blood-shedding.  
This blood came not from his father's bloodshedding thoughts.  
Let me live!  
Cade. I feel remorse in myself with his words:  
but I'll bide it; he shall die, an it be but for peace!  
Away with him! he has a hampden cape, and  
the pap of a hatchet.  
Duck. Why dost thou quiver, man?  
Say. The palsey, and not fear, provoceth me.  
Cade. Say, he nods at us; as who should say,  
—I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head will stand  
steadily on a pole, or no: Take him away, and  
believe me.  
Say. Tell me, wherein I have offended most?  
Have I affronted wealth, or honor? speak!  
Are my chest full'd up with extorted gold?  
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?  
Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?  
These hands are fere from guiltless blood-shedding.  
This blood came not from his father's bloodshedding thoughts.  
Let me live!  
Cade. I feel remorse in myself with his words:  
but I'll bide it; he shall die, an it be but for peace!  
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Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?  
Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?  
These hands are fere from guiltless blood-shedding.  
This blood came not from his father's bloodshedding thoughts.  
Let me live!
SCENE IX.—Kenilworth Castle.

Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, and SIR JOHN 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 crested out of my cradle, But I was made a king at nine months old: Was never subject born d to be a king, As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and CLIFFORD.

Buck. Health, and glad tidings, to your majesty! K. Hen. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor, Cade, Or is he but retir’d to make himself strong?

Enter, below, a great number of Cade’s Followers, with Hollers about their Necks.

Clif. He’s fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield; And humbly thus, with hollers on their necks, Expect your majesty’s doom of life, or death.

K. Hen. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates To enter in my vows of thanks and praise! Soldiers, this day have you redeem’d your lives, And shew’d how well you love your prince and country.

Continued 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 gallows-knaves, and stout kerns,* Is marching hitherward to my royal array; And still proclameth, as he comes along, His arms are only to remove from thee. The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

K. Hen. Thus stands my state,** Twixt Cade and York distress’d:

Like to a ship, that, having escape’d a tempest, Is straightway calm’d and boarded with a pirate; But now* is Cade driven back, his men dispers’d; And now is York in arms to second him.— I pray thee, Buckingham, go forth and meet him; And let me know, as soon as thy report, 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.

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 should redound unto your good.

K. Hen. Come, with, let’s in, and learn to govern

For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

SCENE X.—Kent. Iden’s Garden.

Enter CADE.

Cade. Fye on ambition! fye on myself; that have a sword, and yet am ready to finish! These five days have I lab’d in these woods; and durst not peep out; for all the country is hay’d for me; but now am I so hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick-wall I have climbed into this garden; to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man’s stomach this hot weather. And, I think, he that was able to do me good for, many a time, but for a sallet,* a kind of helmet.

* Two order’d of foot soldiers among the Irish.

** Only just now.

= A kind of helmet.

had been cled with a brown bill; and, many a time, while I did feel dry, and breasts, and brat, murrning, it hath serv’d me instead of a quart-pot to drink int: and now the word sallet must serve me to feed on.

Enter Iden, with Servants.

Iden. Lord, who would live tarnished in the

And may enjoy such quiet walks as these! This small inheritance, my father left me, Conteth me, and is worth a monarch’s joy. I seek and wax great by others’ waning; Or rather wealth, I care not with what envy; Sufficeth, that I have maintained my state, And sends not poor well pleased to my gate.

Cade. Here’s the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the king for carrying my head to him; but I’ll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pie ere thou and I.

Iden. Why, rascal companion, whatso’er thou be, I know thee not; why then should I betray thee? Is’t not enough, to break into my garden, And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds, Climbing my walls in spite of me, the owner? But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms!

Cade. Brave thee! ay, by the best blood that ever was brood’d, and heard thee too. Look on me well! I have not eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-nail, I pray God, I may never be so loose to two men as ever.

Iden. Nay, let it never be said while England stands, That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent, Took ods to combat a poor famish’d man, Oppose thy steadfast-swinging eyes to mine, See if thou canst outface me with thy books, Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser; Thy bush is but a twigs, and the wind too. Thy leg a stick compared with this truncheon; My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast; And if mine arm be heated in the Air, Thy brave is digg’d already in the earth. As for more words, whose greatness answers words.

Let this thy sword report what speech forbeareth.

Cade. By my valor, the most complete champion that ever I heard,—Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the barby-boned clown in chimes of beef and fowl, then leap at me; by the hair of God on my knees, thou may’st be turned to holnails. [They fight. CADE falls.] O, I am slain! famine, and no other, hath slayn me; let ten thousand devils in my stead, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I’ll defy them all. Wither, garden: and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquer’d soul of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is’t Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor! Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed, And song; and the noise of my tomb when I am dead: Ne’er shall this blood be wiped from thy point; But thou shalt wear it as a herald’s coat, To embalm the honor that thy master got.

Cade. Iden, Irewed of thee! and beheld of thee victory: Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never failed any, am vanquish’d by far, not by valor.

Iden. How much thou wrong’st me, heaven be my judge, Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee! And as I thrust thy body in with my sword, So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell, Henceforth, I say, I dragst thy headlong into the ditches, Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave, And there cut oft thy most ungracious head; Which I will bear in triumph to the king, Leaving thy trunk for crowns to feed my

Exit, dragging out the Body.
KING.

The King's Camp on one side. On the other, enter York, attended, with Drum and Colors: his Forces in the Distance.

York. From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:
King, bell, abbot; burn, boutiques, clear and bright,
The uncertain great England's lawful king.
Ah, sancta majestas! who would not buy thee dear?
Let them obey, that know not how to rule!
This hand was made to handle明亮 but gold:
I cannot give due action to my without his leave,
Except a sword, or sceptre, balance it.
A sceptre shall it have, have a soul;
On which I'll toss the slower-duce-of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me.
The king hath sent him, sure; I must dissemble.

Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I'll greet thee with

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,
Shall I oppose so great a power without his leave, or
dare to bring thy force so near the court?
York. Sure can I speak, my choler is so great;
O, I could bow up rocks, and fight with lint,
I am so angry at these abject terms;
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
on sleep or even could I spend my fury!
I am far better born than the king;
More like a king, more kindly in my thoughts:
But I must make fair weather yet a while,
Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.

Buck. That is much presumption on thy part;
But if my arms he to no other end,
The king hath yielded unto thy demand;

York. Then Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers—

Buck. Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,
You shall have pay, and every thing you wish.

York. I know them. I am your sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son,—nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my frailty and love,
I'll send them all as willing as I live;

Buck. That is his use, so Somerset may die.

York. On thine honor, is he prisoner!
Buck. Upon mine honor, he is prisoner.

York. Then Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers—

Buck. And 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 thee 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 have the traitor Somerset from hence;
And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter Cade, with Cade's Head.

Iden. If one so rude, and of so mean condition,
May pass into the presence of a king.
Lc, I present you 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, a friend, art thou the man that slew him?
Iden. I was, an't like your majesty.
K. Hen. Thou art thus call'd and what is thy degree?
Iden. Alexander Iden, 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. Iden, Iden, kneel down! [He kneels.]
Rise up a knight.
We give thee for reward a thousand marks;
And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.
Iden. May I 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. Thus all the 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, though thy long-envy'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart,
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?—
False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which I will 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 enrich these brows of mine;
Whose smart and crown, 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 not more
O'er him, whom heaven created for thy ruler.

Som. 0 monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason against the king and crown;
Buck. Observe, audacious traitor; kneel for thy treason.
York. Wouldn'st have me kneel! first let me ask of thee,
If they can brook I bow a knee to man,—
Strath, call in my sons to be my bail.

[Exit an Attendant.

I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
They'll pawn their swords for my confinement.
Q. Mar. Call hither Clifford; bid him come to me.
To say, it that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.
York. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
The sons of York, thy better in this earth,
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to thee
That for my surety will refuse the boys.

Enter Edward and Richard Plantagenet, with Forces, on one side; and the other, with Forces also, old Clifford, and his son.

See, where they come; I warrant they'll make it good.
Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.
Clif. Let Henry and all happiness to my lord the king.
York. I thank thee, Clifford: Say, what news with thee!
Nay, do not fright us with an angry look.

[Exit an Attendant.

York. What true and true and true is not true
Our reason is, and true is true and true.

Costly, confinement.
We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
For thy mistaking me, we pardon thee.
Cliff. This is my king, York, I do not mistake;
But at this first, and thence doth all begin:
To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?
K. Hen. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious
humor
Makes him oppose himself against his king.
Cliff. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,
And chop away that lascivious pate of his.
Q. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey;
But he will give their words for him.
York. Will you not, sons?
Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.
Rich. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.
Cliff. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here?
York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so;
I am thy king, and thou a false-heat-traitor.—
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
That, with the very shaking of their chains,
They may astonish these fell lurking curs;
Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come to me.

Drams. Enter Warwick and Salisbury, with Forces.

Cliff. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
And muzzle the bear-wards in their chains;
If thou dar'st bring them to the bait-place.
K. Hen. Or have I seen a hot o'erwarming cur
Run back and bite, because he was withheld;
Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paws,
Had marked both his tail between his ears, and cried:
And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match lord Warwick.
Cliff. Hence, hear of wrath, fool indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!
York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anen.
Cliff. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.
K. Hen. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
Old Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad misleader of thy braun-sick son!—
What wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?
O, where is faith? where, where is loyalty?
If it be bash'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbor in the earth?
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And shame thine honorable age with blood
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.
Salisbury, lord, I have considered thyself
The title of this most renowned duke;
And in my conscience do repute his grace
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.
K. Hen. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?
Sat. I have.
K. Hen. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?
Sat. It is great sin, to swear unto a sin;
But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath.
Cliff. Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To receive the orphan of his patrimony,
To win from his father's favor a right;
And have no other reason for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?
Q. Mar. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.
K. Hen. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.
York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast.
I am resolved for death or dignity.
Cliff. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.
War. You were best to go to bed, and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.
Cliff. I am resolved to bear a greater storm,
* The Nevils, earls of Warwick, had a bear and vagracy staff for their crest.
* Bear-keeper.

Then any thou canst conjure up to-day;
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might it but know thee by thy household badge.
War. Now, by my father's badge, old Neville's
crest,
The rampant bear chair'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear about my burgonet,
(As in a mountain-top the cedar shows,
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,
Even to almighty thee with the view thereof).
Cliff. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tear off thy face, without all conceit.
Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear.
Y. Cliff. And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebel, and undo their complices.
Rich. Fee! charity, for sake! speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with Jesus Christ to-night.
Y. Cliff. Foul stigmatic, that's more than thou canst tell.
Rich. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.
[Exeunt severally.

SCENE III.—Saint Alban's.

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 every man's crease doth fill the empty air,
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter York.
War. Of one or both of us the time is come.
York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other combatant.
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 unsaddled! [Exit Warwick.

Cliff. What seest thou in me, York! why dost thou pause!
York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.
Cliff. York, should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
But that's shown ignobly and in treason.
York. So let it help me now against thy sword,
If I in justice and right express it in.
Cliff. My soul and body on the action both!—
York. A dreadful lay!—address thee instantly.
[They fight, and Clifford falls.

La fin commence les œuvres.
War. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.
Peace with his soul, Heaven, if it be thy will! [Exit.

Enter Young Clifford.

Y. Cliff. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout,
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell
Whom angry heavens do make thy minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance.—Let no soldier fly:
He that is truly dedicated to war,
Hath no self-love; nor he that loves himself,
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valor.—O, let the vile world end,
[Seeing his dead Father.
And the precocious flames of the last day
Burnt and have been together?
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds.
To cease!—Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
* Foul.stigmatic.
* One on whom nature has set a mark of deformity, a stigma.
* A dreadful wager, a tremendous stake.
* Sent before their time.
KING HENRY VI.

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 youthful battle!—Even at this sight,
My heart is turned to stone; and, while I die mine,
It shall be stony. Yorik not our old men spaces;
No more will his babies: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclains,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and daz.
Henceforth, I will not have to do with pity:
Meet I an instant of the house of York,
Into as many goblets will I cut it,
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house;
As did Aeneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
But then Aeneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. [Exit.

Enter Richard Plantagenet and Somerset, fighting, and Somerset is killed.

RICK. So be thou there!—
For, underneath an alcoine's paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death,—
Sword, hold thy temper: heart, be wrathful 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,
A. Mar. Can we outrun the heavens! good Margaret,
stay.
Q. Mar. What are you made of! you'll not fight,
now fly.
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 off.

If you be taken, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes: but if we happily escape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect,) We shall to London get; where you are lov'd;
And while this breath, now in our fortunes made,
May readily be stopp'd.

Enter Young Clifford.

Y. Cliff. But that my heart's on future mischief set,
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;
But if you must; uncurable discount.

Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away. for your relief! and we will live
To see their day, and then our fortune give:
Away, my lord, away! [Exit.

SCENE III.—Fields near Saint Alban's.

Alarum: Retreat. Flourish; then enter York, Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, and Soldiers, with Drum and Colors.

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him;
That winter, who, in race, forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time?
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion! this happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

RICK. My noble father,
Three times to-day I help him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him, thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act:
But still, while danger was, still there I met him.
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body,
But, noble as he is, look, where he comes.

Enter Salisbury.

SAL. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought
to-day:
By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you, Richard,
God knows, how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleas'd him, that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.—
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have:
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.
I know, our safety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament.
Let us pursue him, ere the wins go forth:
What saves lord Warwick? shall we after them?
War. After them? nay, before them, if we can.
Now by my faith, lords, 'twas a glorious day:
Saint Alban's battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eternal'd in all ages to come—
Sound, drums and trumpets—and to London all:
And more such days as these to us befall! [Exit.

1 For parliaments. 2 i. e. The gradual detrition of time, 3 i. e. The height of youth; the brow of a hill is its summit.

5 i. e. We have not secured that which we have acquired.
6 i. e. Being enemies that are likely so soon to rally and recover themselves from this defeat.
THIRD PART

OF

KING HENRY VI.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
EDWARD, Prince of Wales, his Son.
LEWIS THE ELEVENTH, King of France.
DUKE OF SOMERSET.
DUKE OF KENTER.
EARL OF OXFORD.
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.
EARL OF WESTMORELAND.
LORD CLIFFORD.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.
EDWARD, Earl of March, afterwards King Edward the Fourth, his Sons.
EDMUND, Earl of Rutland.
GEORGE, afterwards Duke of Clarence.
RICHARD, afterwards Duke of Gloster.
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
MARQUIS OF MONTAGUE.
EARL OF WARWICK.
EARL OF PEMBROKE.
LORD HASTINGS.
LORD STAFFORD.
HENRY, Earl of Richmond, a Youth.

SIR JOHN MORTIMER,
SIR HUGH MORTIMER,
LORD RIVERS, Brother to Lady Grey,
SIR WILLIAM STANLEY,
SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY,
SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE,
TUTOR TO RUTLAND,
MAYOR OF YORK,
LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER,
A NABED MAN,
TWO KEEPERS,
A HUNTSMAN,
A SON THAT HAS KILLED HIS FATHER,
A FATHER THAT HAS KILLED HIS SON.
QUEEN MARGARET.
LADY GREY, afterwards Queen to Edward the Fourth.
BONA, sister to the French Queen.

SOLDIERS, and other ATTENDANTS ON KING HENRY, and KING EDWARD, MESSENGERS, WATCHMEN, &c.

SCENE, during part of the third act, in France; during all the rest of the play, in England.

ACT I.


Deus. 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 escaped our hands.
York. While we pursued the horsemen of the north.
He slyly stole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland, Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat, Cheered up the drooping army; and himself, Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all a-breast, Charged our main battle's front, and, breaking in, Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.
Edw. Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham, Is either slain, or wounded dangerous: I cleat his beaver with a downright blow; That this is true, father, behold his blood.

[Showing his bloody Sword.
Mont. And, brother, here's the earl of Wiltshire's blood.
[To York, showing his.
Whom I encounter'd as the battle join'd.
Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.
[Throwing down the Duke of Somerset's Head.
York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons:—
[What is your gene dead, my Lord of Somerset?—

Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!
Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head.
War. And so do I.—Victorious prince of York, Before I see thee seated in that throne Which now the house of Lancaster usurps, I vow by heaven, these eyes shall never close. This is the palace of the leal 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 For hither we have broken in by force. Norf. We'll all assist you; he that thee, shall die. York. Thanks, gentle Norf.,—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 thanks we shall be of her council: By words, or blows, here let us win our right. Rich. And as we are, let's stay within this house. War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd:— Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king:
KING HENRY VI

Scene I

And bashful Henry's, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.
York. They leave me not, my lords; be resolute;
I must have the possession of my right.
War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
The protest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dies in a wing, if Warwick shake his bell.
I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares—
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.
[War. leaves 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 thee, Lord Chorlton; and you both have vow'd
On him, his sons, his favorites, and his friends.
North. If I be not, heaven be revenged on me!
Cly. The hope thereof makes Chilford mourn in velvet.
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.
Cly. Patience is for politians, and such as he;
He durst not sit there had your father liv'd.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let them be used the family of York.
North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin; be it so.
K. Hen. Ah, know you not, the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck!—
Exe. But when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.
K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's
To make a shambles of the parliament-house!
Cousin of Exeter, trowns, words, and threats,
Shall be the war that Henry means to use—
[They advance to the DECK.
Thou factious duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;
I am thy sovereign.
York. Thou art deceiv'd, I am thy prince.
Exe. For shame, come down; he made thee duke of York.
York. I was my inheritance, as the carkid was.
Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.
War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this usurping Henry.
Cly. Whom should he follow, but his natural king?
War. True, Clifford; and that's Richard, duke of York.
K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?
York. It must and shall be. Content thyself.
War. Be duke of Lancaster, let him be king.
West. He is both king and duke of Lancaster;
And the lord of Westmoreland shall be king.
War. And Warwick shall dispise it. You forget,
That we are thine, which chas'd you from the field,
And slew your fathers, and with colors spread
Marched through the city to the palace gate.
North. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.
West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,
Thy kin, and thy friends, I'll have more lives
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.
Cly. Urg'te it no more; lest that, instead of words,
A sudden Warwick, such a messenger,
As shall revenge his death, I, before I stir.
War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!
York. Will you, or shall we show our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.
K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York:
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of March;
Hawks had sometimes little bells hung on them, perhaps to drape the birds; that is, to fright men from rising.

I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the dauphin and the French to stoop,
And send'd upon their towns and provinces.
War. Didst thou not, traitor, think to have raised it all?
K. Hen. The lord protector last it, and not I;
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.
Rich. You are old enough now, and yet methinks you
Father, fear the crown from the usurper's head.
Edw. Sweet father, do; set it on your head.
Mont. Good brother, [To York] as thou lov'st crown;
Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.
Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will.
York. Sons, peace! K. Hen. Peace thou! and give king Henry leave
to speak.
War. Plantagenet shall speak first:—hear him, lords,
And be ye silent and attentive too.
For he, that interrupts him, shall not live.
K. Hen. Think'st thou, that I will leave my kingly throne,
Wherein my grandsire, and my father, sat?
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
Ay, and all her colors,—often borne in France;
And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow,—
Shall be my winding sheet. Why haunt you, lords! My title's good, and better than his.
War. Heaven grant it, Henry; and thou that shalt be King.
K. Hen. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.
York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.
War. That was not what to say my title's weak.
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?
K. Hen. What then?
K. Hen. An it he may, then am I lawful king.
For Richard, in the vessel of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth;
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.
York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And makes pretensions to his crown per se.
War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstr'd,
Think you, 'twere prejudicial to his crown?
Exe. No! for he could not so resign his crown, but that his next heir should succeed and reign.
K. Hen. Art thou against us, duke of Exeter?
Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
York. Why whipper you, my lords, and answer not?
Exe. My conscience tells me, he is lawful king.
K. Hen. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.
North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not, that Henry shall be so depos'd.
War. I do possess he shall be, in despite of all.
North. This art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy southern power
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent.—
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud.—
Can set the duke up in despite of me.
Cly. King Henry, by thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence;
May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!—
K. Hen. 0 Clifford! how thy words revive my heart:
York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown:—
What thing dost thou, or what claim expresseth thee?
War. Do right unto this princely duke of York: Or I will fill the house with armed men.
And over the chair of state where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.
[He stamps, and the soldiers show themselves.
K. Hen. My lord of Warwick, hear me but one word:
Let me know my life-time, reign as king.
York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou livest.
K. Hen. In an content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.
Cly. What wrong is this unto the prince your son?
War. What good is this to England and himself?
West. Base, earl, and despairsing Henry!
Cly. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us.
West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.
North. Nor I.
Cliff. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.

West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold blood no spark of honor bides!

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bonds for this unmanly deed!
Cliff. To wreak that dreadful war mayst thou be overcome!
Or live in peace, abandon'd and despis'd?

[Exeunt Northumberland, Clifford, and Westmoreland.]

War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.
Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.

K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!
War. Why should you sigh, my lord?
K. Hen. Not for myself, lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unjustly shall disinherit.
But, be it as it may—I here entreat
The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,
To honor me as thy king and sovereign;
And neither by treason, nor hostility,
To seek put me down, and reign by thyself.
York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.
[Coming from the Throne.]
War. Long live king Henry—Plantagenet, cousin.
K. Hen. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!
York. Now, York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.
Exe. Accord'd be he, that seeks to make them base.
[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 Norfolke, with my followers.
Mont. And I into the sea, from whence I came.
[Exeunt York, and his Sons, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, Soldiers, and Attendants.

Enter Queen MARGARET, and the PRINCE OF WALES.

Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger,
I'll steal away:
K. Hen. Exeter, so will I.

Q. Mar. Nay, so from me, I will follow thee,
K. Hen. In pity, gentle queen, and I will stay
Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such extremes? Arial, wrethet man! would I had died a maid.
And never seen thee, never borne thee son.
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unmindful of thy father
Hath he deserv'd to loose 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 heart-blood there,
Rather than made that savage duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me:
If you be king, why should I not succeed?
K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret;—pardon me, sweet son;
The earl of Warwick and the duke enforced me.
Q. Mar. Enforced thee! art thou king, and wilt be forced?
I shan't be heard, 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 into the crown,
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,
And creep into it far, and slumber there.
Warwick is chancellour, and the lord of Calais;
Sterl Falconbridge commands the narrow seas;
The duke is made protector of the realm;
And yet shall thou and thy son lose thy lands
The trembling lamb, environ'd with wolves.
Had I been there, which was a silly woman,
The soldiers have sold thee; go on their pikes,
Before I would have granted to that act.

But thou priferr's thy life before thine honor:
And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
And that act of parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my son is disinherited.
The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colors,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread;
And, when 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's ready; come, we'll after them.
K. Hen. Ah, stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.
Q. Mar. Then hast spoke too much already; get thee gone.
K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me!
Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.
Princes. When I return with victory from the field,
I'll see your grace: till then, I'll follow her.
Q. Mar. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.

[Exeunt Queen MARGARET and the PRINCE.

K. Hen. Poor queen! how love to me, and to her son
Hadst thou not broke out into terms of rage!
Revenge may she be on that hateful duke!
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will cost my crown, and, like an empty eagle,
With the fresh flesh of sincere men, and of my son;
The loss of those three lords torments my heart;
I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair;
—Come, cousin, thou shalt be the messenger.
Exe. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

SCENE II.—A Room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire.

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and MONTAGUE.
Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.
Edw. No, I can better play the orator.
Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter York.
York. Why, how now, sons and brother, at a strife?
What is your quarrel? how began it first?
Edw. No quarrel but a slight contention.
York. About what?
Rich. About that which concerns your grace, and us.
The crown of England, father, which is yours.
York. Mine, boy! not till king Henry be dead.
Rich. Your right depends not on his life, or death.
Edw. Now you are hear, therefore enjoy it now:
By grace of God, and of Lancaster, and of York,
It will outrun you, father, in the end.
York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.
Edw. But, for a kingdom, any oath may be broken;
I'll break a thousand oaths, to reign one year.
Rich. No; God forbid, your grace should be forsworn.
York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.
Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.
York. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.
Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority over him that swears;
Henry had none, but did usurp the place;
Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
There is no harm, and, father, do but think,
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets reign of bliss and joy.
Why do we hinder thee? I cannot guess.
Until the white rose, that I wear, be dyed
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.
York. Come, Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.—Brother, to shalt unto London prostrate,
And what on Warwick to this enterprise.—
Thou, Richard, shalt unto the duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.—
You, Edward, shall unto my lord Cobham, With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise: In them I trust; for they are soldiers, Wise and well-disposed; and, as I hear, full of spirit.— While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more, But that I seek occasion how to rise; And yet the king not privy to my drift, Nor any of the house of Lancaster, Enter a Messenger.

But, stay; What news! Why com'st thou in such post! 

Mess. The queen, with all the northern earls and lords, Intend here to besiege you in your castle: She is hard by with twenty thousand men; And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

York. What, with thy sword! What, think'st thou, That fear we them!—

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;— My brother Montague shall post to London; Let noisè Warkes, Cobham, and the rest, Whom we have left protectors of the king, With powerful policy strengthen themselves, And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths. 

Mont. Brother, I go. I'll win them, fear it not: And thus most humbly do I take my leave.[Exit. 

Enter Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer. 

York. Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles,

You are come to Sandal in a happy hour: The army of the queen may be seen in force. Sir John. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the field.

York. What, with five thousand men? 

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need. 

A woman's general; what should we fear? 

Enter. I hear their drums; let's set our men in order; And issue forth, and bid them stand straight. 

York. Five men to twenty!—though the odds be great, I doubt not, uncle, of our victory. Many a battle have I won in France, When as the enemy hath been ten to one: Why should I not now have the like success? 

[Alarm. Exeunt. 

SCENE III.—Plains near Sandal Castle. 

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Rutland, and his Tutor. 

Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly to scape their hands! Ah, tutor! look, where bloody Clifford comes! 

Enter Clifford, and Soldiers. 

Cliff. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life. 

As for the brat of this accursed duke, Whose father slew my father,—he shall die. 

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company. 

Cliff. Soldiers, away with him. 

Tut. Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent child, Lest thou be hated both of God and man. [Exit; forced by Soldiers. 

Cliff. How now! is he dead already! Or is it fear, That makes him close his eyes? [To Tutor. 

Rut. So looks the pent-up hon o'er the wretch That trembles under his devouring paws: And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey; And when he comes, to rend him to pieces,— Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword, And not with such a cruel threatening look. 

Sweet Chaplain, hear me speak before I die;— I am too mean a subject for thy wrath, Be thou revenged on men, and let me live. 

Cliff. In vain thou speakest, poor boy; my father's blood 

Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter. 

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again; He will revive, and Clifford, come, revile him. 

Cliff. And I by thine brethren here, their lives, and thine Were not revenge sufficient for me; 

No, if I died up thy forefathers' graves, And hung their rotten collars up in chains, It could not make mine ease, nor ease my heart. 

The sight of any of the house of York 

Is as a fury to torment my soul; 

And till I foot out their accursed line, And leave not one alive, I live in hell. 

Then Clifford, lift up mine hand, 

Rut. O, let me pray before I take thy death;— To thee I pray; Sweet Clifford, pity me! 

Cliff. Such pity as my rapier's point affords. 

Rut. I know not how to bid thee harm; Why will thou slay me! 

Cliff. Thy father hath. 

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born. Thou hast one son, for his sake spare me; 

Lost in revenge thereof,—sith God is just,— He be as miserably slain as I. 

Ah, let me live in prison all my days; And when I give occasion of good 

Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause. 

Cliff. No cause! 

Thy father slew my father; therefore, die. 

[Cliff. pull him. 

Rut. But this thy son's blood cleaning to my blade, Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood, Conceal'd with this, do make me wipe off both. 

[Exit. 

SCENE IV.—The same. 

Alarums. 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 pursued by hungry-starved hounds, My sons,—God knows what has bechanc'd them: But this I know—they have demean'd themselves Like men born to renown, by life or death. 

Three times do Clifford make a lunge to meet me, And thrice cried,—Courage, father! fight it out! 

And full as off came Edward to my side, With purple falcon, painted to the full, In blood of their enemies that encountered him: And when the hardiest warriors did retire, Richard cried,—Charge! and give no foot of ground! And cried,—A crown, or else a glorious tomb! 

A scep'rule, or an earthly sepulchre! 

With this, we charged again: but, out, alas! We bodged; again: as I have seen a swan With bootless labor swim against the tide, And spend her strength with overmatching waves. [A short Alarum within. 

Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue: And I am math, and cannot fly their fury. 

And were I strong, I would not shun their fury: The saucy are number'd that make up my life; Here must I stay, and here my life must end. 

Enter Queen Margaret, Clifford, Northumberland, and Soldiers. 

Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland,— I dare your quenchless fury to more rage I am your batt, and I abide your shot. 

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet. 

Cliff. Ay, to such mercy, as a heartless arm. 

With downright payment, show'd unto my father, Now Phantos hath tumbled from his car; 

And made an evening at the noontide pack. 

York. My ashes, as the thornax, may bring forth 

A bird that will revenge upon you all: 

And, in that hope, I throw mine eyes to heaven, Soorning and praying, that he may affer more 

Why come you not! what! multitudes, and fear? 

Cliff. So cowards fight, when they can fly no further; 

So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons; 

So despairs the brave, that hopeless are their lives, Breathe out invectives against the oligers. 

York. O Clifford, but bethink thee once again, 

And in thy thought o'er-run thy former time; 

And, if thou canst not slay, take thy reward; 

And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice. 

Whose feast hath made thee faint and fly ere this. 

Cliff. I will not, nor will I see thee with the coward. 

But buckle with thee blows twice two for one. 

[Drums. 

* Heaven grant that this may be your greatest boast! 

* Obed. Edict. 

* E. W. boggle'd, falled. 

* Yeavind point on the dial.
Q. Merv. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes,
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life—
Wraith makes him deaf: speak thou, Northumberland.
North. Hold, Clifford; do not honor him so much,
To pick thy finger, though to wound his heart!
What value were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spare him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages;
And ten to one is no impediment.
[They lay hands on York, who struggles.
Cliff. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.
North. So doth the common-styled in the net.
[York is taken prisoner.
York. So triumph thieves upon their conquered booty;
So true to wary wolves, with robbers so e'er matched.
Q. Merv. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come make him stand upon this molehill here,
That rauft on mountains with outstretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand,—
What! was it not that would be England's king?
Was't you that revel'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now?
The way's Edward, and the lawful George?
And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky, your boy, that with his grumbling voice,
Was you to cheer his dad in mutiny?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York; I stain'd this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
Made is from the bosom of the fury.
And, if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Ah, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should have preyed upon the miserable state
I pry'thee, grieve, to make me merry, York;
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
What, hath thy fiery heart so much thine entraids,
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st be mad;
And, I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Then would'st thou be fed, I see, to make me sport;
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown,—
A crown for York; and, lords, how low to him—
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on—
Putting a paper Crown on his Head.
Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!—
This is he that took king Henry's chair;
And this is he was his adopted heir,—
But how is it that great Plantagenet's
Is dipp'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
As I think, he was not fit to be king,
Till our king Henry had shook hands with death.
And, when you bare your head in Henry's glory,
And robb'd his temples of the diadem,
Now in his lie, against your holy oath?
O, 'tis a fault too, unpardonable!
Off with the crown; and with the crown, his head;
And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.
Cliff. That is my office, for my father's sake.
Q. Merv. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he Wilt take.
York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,
Whose tongue more poison than the adder's tooth! How that declining is it in thy sex,
To triumph like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes, whom fortune captivates!

But that thy face is, visor-like, unchanged.
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make the blush:
To tell the face thou canst, of whom d'vrest,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not
shameless.
Thy father bears the type of kind of Naples,
Of both the Sibyl, and Jerusalem.
Yet not so worthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boote thee not, proud queen;—
Unless the adage must be verified,—
That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.
'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;
But, Cliff, thou know'st, that share them but a small;
'Tis virtue, that doth make them most admired;
The contrary doth make thee wondering at;
'Tis government, that makes them see divine;—
The want of wives thee about unclesable;
Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septpuration.
O, tiger's heart, wrap'd in a woman's hide,
How could'st thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes within,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and weak;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bid'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish:
Would'st have me weep? why, now thou hast thy wish.
For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And, when the race allays, the rain begins.
These clouds may effect Rutland's obsequies;
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,—
'Gainst thee, tell Clifford,—and thee, false Frenchwoman.
Northward, be me, but his passions move me so,
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.
York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd his face.
But you are more inhume, more inexcusable,
O, ten times more,—than tigers of Hyrcania.
Sicciis, 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 hoist of this:
[He gives back the Heuvelchif.
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 pitious deed;
There, take the crown, and with the crown, my curse;
And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee.
As now at the too cruel edict of our land;
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 many sorrow graspeth his soul.
Q. Merv. What, weeping rife, my lord Northumberland;
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.
Cliff. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's oath.
Q. Merv. What, here's and here's to right our discontented king.
[Stabbing him.
York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!—
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out ease.
[Dies.
Q. Merv. Off with his head, and set it on York gates;
So York may overlook the town of York. [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. — A Plain near Mortimer's Cross in
Hertfordshire.

Drama. Enter Edward and Richard, with their Forces, marching. —

Edw. I wonder, how our princely father 'scape
Or whether he 'scape away or no.
[Reaches. * Impale, encircle.

From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit;
Had he been on't, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Had he been taken, we should have heard the news;
The happy tidings of his good escape.—
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

To weep, is to make less the depth of grief.

 Tears, for the habes, for remorse, and love for me?—

 Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy death,
 Or die renowned by attempting it.

 Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with
 his dukedom and his chair with me is left,
 I think, it is no more. How fair lords!—

 Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
 Show then the stand of all by gazing against thee:
 For chair and dukedom, throne and majestious sound:
 Or that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

 March. Enter Warwick and Montague, with Forces.

 War. How now, fair lords! What fare! what news?

 Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recount
 our baleful news, and, at each word's deliverance,
 stab poor foolish flesh till all were told,
 The words would add more anguish than the
 wounds.

 O valiant lord, the duke of York is slain.

 Edw. O Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet
 Which held thee dearly, as his soul's redemption,
 Is by the stern lord Columbia done to death.

 War. Ten days ago I drownd these news in the
 tears and joy.

 And now, to add more measure to your woes,
 I come to tell you things since then befell us.
 After the victory by Wakefield fought,
 Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
 Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
 Were brought me of your loss, and his depart.
 I then in London, keeper of the city spoke,
 Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of men,
 And very well appointed, as I thought,
 March'd towards Saint Albans to intercept the queen,
 Bearing the king in my behalf along:
 For by my scouts I was advertised,
 That she was coming with a full intent
 To dash our late decrees, in part revenge,
 Touching king Henry's oath and your succession.

 Short tale to make,—we at Saint Albans met:
 Our battles joined, and both sides fiercely fought:
 But, whether twas the coldness of the king,
 Whose look'd full gently on his warlike queen.
 That robb'd my soldiers of their hated sprey;
 Or whether twas report of her success;
 Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigor,
 Who thunders to his captives—blood and death,
 I cannot judge; but, to conclude with truth,
 Their way was the lightest gazing camp and hunt;
 Our soldiers—like the night's—lift light sleep;
 Or like a lazy thrasher with a tail—
 Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends,
 I cheer'd them on with justice of victory,
 With promise of high pay, and great rewards:
 But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
 And we, in them, no hope to win the day,
 So that we fled the king unto the queen;
 Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
 In haste, post-haste, are come to join you;
 For in the marches here, we heard you were,
 Making another head to fight again.

 Edw. Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle
 Warwick?

 And when came George from Burgundy to Eng-
 land?

 War. Some six miles off the duke is with
 the soldiers:
 And for your bearer, he was lately sent
 From your kind aunt, duchess of Burgundy,
 With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

 Rich. Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick
 brake.
 Of late I have heard his praises in pursuit,
 But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.

 War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou
 hear.
 For thou shalt know this strong right hand
 of mine,
 Can pluck the diadem from saint Henry's head,
 And write the awful sceptre from his hand;
 Were he as famous and as bold in war;
 As he is famed for mildness, peace, and prayer.

 Rich. I know it well, lord Warwick; blame me not;
Third Part of

Third Part of

Enter, Montague. Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen, with Clifford, and the haughty Northumberland, and of their feather many more proud birds, how that their eyes melting 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, fair to London will we march again, and once again besride our lading steeds, and once again cry—Charge upon our foes! But never once again turn back and fly. Rich. Ay, how, methinks, I hear great warwick speak: Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day, that cries—Retire, if Warwick bid him stay. Edu. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean; and when thou fall'st, (as God forbid the hour!) Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forbid! War. No longer earl of March, but duke of York; the next degree is, England's royal throne; for king of England shalt thou be proclaimed in every borough as we pass along; and he that throws not up his cap for joy, shall for the fault make forfeit of his head. King Edward,—valiant Richard,—Montague,—stay we no longer dreaming of renown, but sound the trumpets, and about our task. Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel. (As thou dost show it flinty by thy deeds,) I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine. Edu. Then strike up, drums;—God, and saint George, for us! Enter a Messenger War. How now! what news! Jess. The duke of Norfolk sends you word by me, the queen is coming with a puissant host; and craves your company for speedy counsel. War. Why then it sorts! brave warriors! Let's away. [Exeunt.]

Scene II.—Before York. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, the Prince of Wales, Clifford, and Northumberland, with Forces. Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York. Wonder'd he that seed-encumbr'd with your crown: Dost not the object cheer your heart, my lord? K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their own. To see this sight, it irks my very soul.—Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault, not withstanding I have intrusted my vow. Grace is gracious base, this too much lenity, And harm'd by party, and by blood. To whom do men cast their gentle looks? Not to the beast that would usurp their dun. When base is that the forest borrow'd lack? Not him, that spoils her young before his face. Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting! Not he, that sets his foot upon her back. That princely eagle, now will turn, now hooded 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:—

* Why then this are as they should be.

He butt 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, Dost thou not show the majesty of thine reigns? Which argued thee a most unloving father. Unreasonable creatures feed their young: And though man's face be fearful in their eyes, If for the last, say—Ay, and to no other: Warr. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out; And therefore comes my brother Montague. 

Enter Edward, George, Richard, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, and Soldiers. Edu. Now, perjur'd Henry! wilt thou kneel for And set thy diadem upon my head; or bite the mortal fortune of the field! Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy! Becoming thee to be thus bold in terms, Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king! Edu. I am his king, and he should bow his knee; I was adopted heir by his consent. Since then his son, mine was broke: for this I hear, you—that are king, though he do wear the crown— Have caused him, by new acts of parliament, To blot me out, and put his own son in. Cill. And reason too: Who should succeed the father, but the son? Rich. Are you there, butcher!—I, O, I cannot speak! Tilg. Ay, crook-hack; here I stand to answer thee, and be the professed cutty of thy son. Rich. Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?—)

* Foolishly. 4. i.e. Arrange your order of battle.
Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.
Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.
War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?
Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongued Warwick! When you and I met at Saint Albas last, your legs did better service than your hands. War. Then 'twas my turn toily, and now'tis thine. Clif. I said so much before, yet you red.
War. Twas not your valor, Clifford, drove me thence.
North. No, nor your manhood, that durst make a stay.
Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently;—
Break off the parole: for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big sconia heart
Under that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.
Clif. I slew thy father: Call'st thou him a child?
Rich. Ay, like a dartast, and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland; But ere sunset, I'll make thee curse the deed.
K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.
Q. Mar. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.
K. Hen. Yet thee, give me no limits to my tongue: I am a king, and privileged to speak.
Clif. My leges, the wound, that bred this meeting here,
Cannot be cured by words; therefore be still.
Rich. Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword: By Him that made us all, I am resolv'd,
That either manhood helps thy language.
Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have thy right, or no?
A thousand men have broken their oaths to-day;
That ne'er shall done, unless thou yield the crown.
War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head.
For York in justice puts his armor on.
Prince. If that be right, which Warwick says is right.
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.
Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands:
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.
Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire, nor dam;
But like a foul mis-shapen spectres, Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom loads, or lizards' dreadful stings.
Whose father bears the title of a king,
(As if a channel should be call'd the sea,) Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extract'd.
To let thy language detect thy base-born heart?
Edw. A wise of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make thee shameless call'd! know her self—
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menechus;
And 'er was Aegamemnon's brother wrong'd
By this base woman, this king by thee.
His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tamed the king, and made the dauphin stop;
And had he match'd according to his state,
Had he the kept that glory to-day: But, when he took a beasr to his bed,
And grace thy poor sire with his bridal day;
Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,
That washed his father to give him his crown of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath brook'd this tumult, but thy pride!
Hast thou been meek, our title still had slept;
And in pity of them gentle ladies,
Had spipp'd our claim until another age.
Geo. But, when we saw, our sunshine made thy spring,
And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root:
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We will have heart to make this gentleman's blood.
Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee;—
Not willing any longer conference,
Since we are brought about in your house to speak—
Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colors wave!—
And either victory, or else a grave.

Edw. No, wrangling woman; we'll no longer stay; These words will cost ten thousand lives to-day. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A Field of Battle between Tewton and Saxton in Yorkshire.

Alarms. Excursions. Enter Warwick.
War. Forspent with toil, as runners with a race, I lay me down in a little while to hide my heart.
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have rob'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And, spite of spine, needs must I rest awhile.

Enter Edward, running.
Edw. Sing, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle death.

For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.
War. How now, my lord! what hap! what hope of good!

Enter Grosvenor.
Geo. Our hap is loss; our hope but sad despair;
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:
What counsel give you, whither shall we fly?
Edw. Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings; And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter Richard.
Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?—
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Breach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance:
And in its very pangs of death, he crède,—
Like to a distant chaser heard from land,
Warwick, revenge brother, revenge my death! So underneath the belly of their steeds,
That signal weep the timbers 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 played in jest by country victors?—
Here on my knees I vow to God above,
I'll never pause again, never stand still,
Till either death hath clo'd these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. at 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 bands, mine eyes, my mouth to thee,
Thou sett'st up and pluck'st down of kings,
Beseeching thee,—if with thy will it stands,
That to my foes this body must be prey,—
Yet that my brazen gates of hearty blood close up,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!—
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven or on earth.
Rich. My brother, give me thy hand;—and, gentle Warwick,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:—
1. that did never weep, now meet 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 this leaf to fly that will not stay:—
And call them pillars, that will stand to us;—
And if we strive, promise them such rewards
As victors wear at the Olympian games;
This may plant courage in our quailing breasts;
For yet is hope of life, and victory,—
Forsake no longer, make we hence again. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. THE same. 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. Nay, that is hard, thou know'st what thou alone;—
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York;—
And this the hand that stabb'd thy brother Rutland;—
And here's the heart that triumphs in their death,
Third Part of Act II.

And cheer these hands, that slew thy sire and brother,
To execute the like upon thyself;
And so have at thee.

[ Fight. Warwick enters; Clifford flies.

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase; For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [Exit.]

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field. Aalarum. Enter KING HENRY.

K. Hen. This battle fares like to the morning’s war,
When dying clouds contain with growing light;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his pipes,
Call’d to the gate; night, as it might,
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
Forced by the tide to combat with the wind:
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
Forswear by the virtue of the west wind:
Sometime, the flood prevails; and then, the wind;
Now, one the better; then, another best;
Both tugging to be victors; breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered:
So is the equal pace of this fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down,
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret, my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chide me from the battle; swearing both,
They prosper best of all when I am lane.
When time, in God’s good will so far:
For what is in this world, but grief and woe?
O God! methinks, it was a happy life,
To be no better than a honest swain;
To end my days in mirth, and to how,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Therby to see the minutes how they run:
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day?
How many days will musher up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours must I tend my book;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my eyes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor tools will wear;
So many years ere I shear the fleece;
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
Pass’d over to the end they created.
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gaunt! how thy handeworn such a dower’s badge
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider’d canopy
To kings, that fear their subjects’ treachery.
Oh, what a life! a thousand-fold it was;
And to conclude,—the shepherd’s homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather boote,
His wondert sleep under a fresh tree’s shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoy’d;
Is far beyond a prince’s delicats,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason, wait on him.

Aalarum. Enter a Son, that has killed his Father,

Thy brother and the dead Duke.

Son. Ill blows the wind, that profits nobody—
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in light,
May be possess’d with some store of crowns; And may yet haply take them from his hand.
May yet ere night yield both my life and thee
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.—
Who’s this?—O God! it is my father’s face,
Witness how much I resemble him and kill’d
0 heavy times, breasting such events!
From London by the king I was press’d forth;
My father, being the earl of Warwick’s man,
Carried the part of York, press’d on this master;
And I, who at his hands receiv’d my life,
Have by my hands of life bereav’d him.—
Pardon me, God, I know not what I did;
And if I have, I ask, or I know not why.
Alas! my tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
And no more words, till they have flow’d their fill.
K. Hen. What pretends us bloody times?
While lies his war, and battle for his deities,
Poor unarmed hands abide their cunnry.—
Weep, wretched man, I’ll aid thee fear for fear;
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o’er charg’d with grief.

Enter a Father, who has killed his Son, with the Body in arms.

Path. Thou that so sternly hast resisted me,
Give him back, if thou hast any
For I have bought it with an hundred blows,—
But let me see,—is this our father’s face?—
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!—
Ah, boy, if any lie be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye; see, see, what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!—
O, pity, pity, gentleman, have mercy!—
Path. What stratagems, how hell, how butchery,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural.
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!—
Boy, if I fall, let thy mother come with thee.
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!—
K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!—
O, my son, would you have thought so long to have stood these ruthless deeds!—
O, pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!—
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The total colors of our suffering houses:
The one, his purple blood right well resembles; The other, his pale cheeks, methinks, present: Wither one rose, and let the other flourish! If you contend, and ever live, I must watch.
Son. How will my mother, for a father’s death,
Take on with me, and ne’er be satisfied?
Path. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
Shed tears upon a hill, as ne’er before. K. Hen. How will the country, for these woful chances.
Methinks the king, and not be satisfied!—
Son. Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.
Son. I bear thee hence, why should I weep my fill?—
[Exit with the Body.]
Path. These arms of mine shall be thy whining-wax.
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre;
For from my heart thine image ne’er shall go.
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so obsequious’ will thy father be;
Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
I’ll bear thee hence; and let them light that will,
For I have murder’d with my own hand.
[Exit with the Body.]

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overcome with care,
Here sit, being more woful than you are.

Aalarum: Excursions. Enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE OF WALES, and EXETER.

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chained bull;
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.
Q. Murt. Mark you, my lord, towards Berwick post a man;
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds,
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With angry eyes, springing for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp’d in their irclful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.
Exeunt. Warwick’s vengeance comes upon them:
Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed,
Or else come after, I’ll away before.
K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeunt;
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the quinquirs contend. Forward! away!—

SCENE VI.—The same.

A loud Aalarum. Enter Clifford, wounded.

Cliff. Here burns my candle out, ay, here it dies,
Which while it lasted, gave kindling-light.
O, Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow,
More than my body’s parting with my soul.
My love, and fear, glued many friends to thee;
And so I fall, thy truest companions met.
Imperial Henry, strong in musk-proud York,
* i.e. Dreadful events.
* careful of obsequies, or funeral rites.
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his illbeseeming haggetts
Shall fall and fade, and make no more his cry.
And who shall know but Henry's enemies!
O Phæbus! hadst thou never given consent
That Phæton should check thy fertil streams,
The earth had never had sweet showers to feed:
And Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
Or as thy father, and his father did,
Give none to gouge unto the house of York!
They never thought they came like summer flies;
I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our death,
And thou this day hast kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity!
Bootsless are plaints, and curseless are my wounds;
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much of blood doth speak the words—
Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest;
I stabb'd your father's bosoms, split my breast,
[He faints.]

Act III. Scene I.  

KING HENRY VI.

The common people swarm like summer flies;  
And whether they flit east, or west, or north,  
And who shines now but Henry's enemies!  
O Phæbus! hast thou never given consent  
That Phæton should check thy humpy streams,  
The earth had never had sweet showers to feed:  
And Henry, hast thou sway'd as kings should do,  
Or as thy father, and his father did,  
Give none to gouge unto the house of York!  
They never thought they came like summer flies;  
I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,  
Had left no mourning widows for our death,  
And thou this day hast kept thy chair in peace.  
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?  
And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity!  
Bootsless are plaints, and curseless are my wounds;  
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:  
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,  
And much of blood doth speak the words—  
Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest;  
I stabb'd your father's bosoms, split my breast,  
[He faints.]


Enter two Keepers, with Cross-bows in their hands.  

1 Keep. Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves.  
For through this haunt anon the deer will come;  
And in this covert will we make our stand,  
Calling the principal of all the deer.  

2 Keep. I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.  
1 Keep. That cannot be; the noise of this cross-bow  
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.  
1 Keep. Here comes a man, let's stay till he be past.

King Henry, disguised, with a Prayer-book.  

K. Hen. From Scotland am I, sultan, even of pure love,  
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.  

No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;  
Thy place is ill-fid, thy sceptre wrong from thee,  
Thy balm wash'd o'er, wherewith thou wast anointed;  
No bending knee we can all thee Corpus stand,  
No humble suitors press to speak for right,  
No, not a man comes for redress of thee,  
How canst thou help them, and not myself?  

1 Keep. Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's live:  
This is the quadratum king; let's seize upon him.  

K. Hen. Let me embrace these sore adversities:  
For wise men say, it is the wisest course.  
2 Keep. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.  

K. Hen. I hear aBah! we'll hear a little more,  
K. Hen. My queen and son, are gone to France for aid;  
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick  
Is thither gone to crave the French queen his sister  
To wife for Edward: If this news be true,  
Poor queen and son, your labor is but lost;  
For Warwick is a subtle orator,  

* Sour words: words of asperity,
And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.
By this account, then, Margaret may win him;
For she's a woman to be pitied much:
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;
Her tears will make a more sad heart;
The tiger will be mild, while she doth mourne;
And Nero will be taint with remorse.
To hear, and see, her plaints, her brimful tears.
Ay, Lewis, but come to be elsewise alive.
Sue, on his left side, cravvng and for Henry;
He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says—her Henry is deposed;
Her Edward says—his Edward is dead.
That she, poor wretch, for grant can speak no more:
Whites Warwick tells his titles, smooths the wrong,
Inference 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.
0, Lewis, thus 'tis said; but, thou, poor soul,
Art thus forsaken as thou went'st a land.
2 Keep. Say, what art thou, that talk'st of kings and queens?
K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than 1 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. But thou sitt'st in thy crown.
K. Hen. Why, so I am, in mind; and that's enough.
2 Keep. But if thou be a king, where is thy crown?
K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head:
Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian stones,
Not 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 current, and you, must be contented
To go along with us: for, as we think,
You are the king, King Edward hath deposed;
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will not be his enemy when he is crown'd.
K. Hen. But did you never swear, and break an oath?
2 Keep. No, never such an oath, nor will not now.
K. Hen. Why, whilst 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?
2 Keep. No, never.
For we were subjects but while you were king.
K. Hen. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a soul?
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,
Obeis 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 entry shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be command'd;
And you his 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 seat'd as king Edward is.
1 Keep. We charge you in God's name, and in the king's.
To go with us unto the officers.
K. Hen. In God's name lead; your king's name
be obey'd:
And what God will, then let your king perform;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto.
|Scene II.—London. A Room in the Palace.|

Enter King Edward, Glover, Clarence, and Lady Grey.
K. Edw. Brother of Glover, at Saint Albots' field
This lady's husband, Sir John Grey, was slain,
His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror;
Her suit is now, to repossess those lands;
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The world more meanly did lose his life.
Glo. Your highness shall do well to grant her suit;
It were dishonour, to deny it her.
K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.
Glo. You call it so I see, the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit,
Glo. Speak on, my prince, the game: How true he keeps
the wind?
K. Edw. Silence! [Aside.]
K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit;
But come no longer time, to know our mind.
L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:
May it please your highness to resolve me now;
And know that your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.
Glo. [Aside.] Ay, widow! then I'll warrant you all your lands,
An if it please him, shall please you;
Right close my wayes; for good faith, you'll catch a blow.
Clar. I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.
Glo. God forbid that! for he'll take vantages.
Clar. I think, he means to beg a child of her.
Glo. Nay, with me then; he'\'ll rather give her two.
L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.
Glo. You shall have four, if you be ruled by him.
K. Edw. Twoe pity they should lose their master's land.
L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.
K. Edw. Lords, give us leave; I'll try this widow's suit.
Glo. Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave,
Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.
[Clar. and Clarence retire to the other side.]
K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?
L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.
K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good?
L. Grey. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.
K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.
L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.
K. Edw. Tell you how these lands are to be got,
L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.
K. Edw. That service will thou do me, if I give them?
L. Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.
K. Edw. But you will take exception to my boon.
L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.
K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst not do what I mean to ask.
L. Grey. Why, then I will do what your grace commands.
Glo. He pleases her hard; and much rain wears
the marble.
Clar. As wet as fire! may, then her wax must melt.
L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?
K. Edw. No easy task: 'tis but to love a king.
L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.
K. Edw. The king, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.
L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.
Glo. To whose wish is made; she seals it with a curtisy.
K. Edw. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.
L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving lady.
K. Edw. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.
What love, think'st thou, I saw so much to get?
L. Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks,
That love which virtue begs, and virtue grants.
K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.
L. Grey. Why then you mean not as I thought you meant.
K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.
L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive your highness as at, if I am right.
K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I am to lie with thee.
L. Grey. To tell thee plain, I had rather lie in prison.
K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.
L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my flower.
For by that loss I will not purchase them.
K. Edw. Therin thou wrong'st thy children mightily.
L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my suit;
Please you, dismiss me, either with ay, or no;
K. Edw. Ay; if thou wilt say ay, to my request:
Not if thou dost say no, to my demand.
L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.
Glo. The widow likes him not; she knits her brows.
[Aside.
Clare. He is the bluest wooer in Christendom.
[Aside.
K. Edw. [Aside.] Her looks do argue her repeate
with modesty;
Her words do show her wit incomparable;
All her perfection challenges sovereignty;
Ay, as much or more as her complexion.
And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—
Say, that king Edward take thee for his queen?
L. Grey. The better said than done, my gracious lord.
I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.
K. Edw. Yet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that is to enjoy thee for my love.
And that no more than I shall yield unto:
I know, I too mean to be your queen;
And yet too good to be your concubine.
K. Edw. You civil widow, did I mean your queen.
L. Grey. Twill grieve your grace, my son
should call you—father.
K. Edw. No more, than when thy daughters call thee mother.
Then to a widow, and thou hast some children; And, by my god's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.
Another no more, for thou shalt be my queen.
Glo. The ghostly father hath done his devi.
[Aside.
Clare. When he was made a shaver, 'twas for shift.
K. Edw. Brothers, you must what we two have had.
Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks sad.
K. Edw. You'd think it strange if I should marry her.
Clare. To whom, my lord?
K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.
Glo. That would be ten days' wonder, at the least.
Clare. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.
Glo. By so much the wonder in extremes.
K. Edw. Wilt, jest on, brothers, I can k2! you both.
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.
Enter a Nobleman.
Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken, And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.
K. Edw. Save me that he be convey'd unto the Tower,— And go we, brothers, to the man that took him, To question of his apprehension.—
Widow, go you along and write, use her honorable,
Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honorably.
'Would he were wasted, narrow, bones, and all, That from his looks 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 lustful Edward's title buried.)
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward, And all the issue of that race of bodies, To take their rooms, ere I can place myself: A cold premeditation for my purpose!
Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty;
Like one that stands at a cross-roads,
And spares a far-off shore where he would tread, Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;
And chides the sea; that sends him from thence, Saying—'tis not safe for me 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'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities.
My eye's too quick, my heart overweeneth too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Yet, well, say, I have no kingdom then for Richard; What other pleasure can the world afford?
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap, I'll deck my body in gay ornaments, And watch sweet ladies with my words and looks. O miserable thought! and more unlikely,
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns! Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb: And, for I could not deal in her son's laws, She did corrupt frail nature with some braze To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub; To make an ensiven mountain on my back, Where sick-dercity to mock my body. To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unkind bear-shelph, That carries nothing like his own form. And am I then a man to be belov'd?
O, monstrous fault, to harbor such a thought! Then, since this earth affords no joy to me, But to command, to check, to o'erstrict such. As are of better person than myself, I'll make my heaven—to dream upon the crown; And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell, Until my golden thought, that begetteth me, Be round impaled with a glorious crown. And yet I know not how to get the crown, By many, or many can stand between me and home: And—like one lost in a thorny wood. 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 have my mind out with a bloody sword. Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile; And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart, And wet my eyes with artificial tears, And force my face to wear a livid occasion. 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 princes than Machiavel to school, Can I do this, and cannot get a crown? Tut! were it further off, I'd 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 her Son, and the Earl of Oxford.
K. Lew. Fair queen of England, worthy Margaret, Sit down with us; if ill behits thy state, And birth, that thou shouldst stand, while Lewis doth sit.
Q. Mar. Most mighty king of France; now Margaret Must strike her sail, and learn to serve, Where king doth command. I was, I must confess, Great Alphonse's queen in former golden days; But now mischance hath trod my title down, And with dishonor laid me on the ground, Where I must take like seat unto my fortune, And to my humble seat conform myself. [Exeunt.
K. Lew. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?
Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears and my heart with sorrow,
And stops my tongue, while heat is drown'd in cares,
K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit by thee; yea, I yield not thy neck.
[Seats her by him.]
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still be a shield the truth over all men's heads;
Be plain, queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eas'd, if France can yield her grief.
Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,—
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is, of a king, become a banish'd man,
And forced to live in Scotland a forlorn;
While proud ambitious Edward duke of York,
Usurps the regal title, and the seat
Of England's true-annointed lawful king.
This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret,—
With this my son, prince Edward, Henry's heir,—
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
And, if thou dost us, all our hope is done:
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
Our people and our peers are both misled,
Our treasures seiz'd, our soldiery put to flight,
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.
K. Lew. Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,
While Orpheus means to break it off.
Q. Mar. The more we stay, the stronger grows our sorrow.
K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I'll succor
Q. Mar. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow;
And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.
Enter Warwick, attended.
K. Lew. What's he, approacheth boldly to our presence?
K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings you hence to France?
[Descending from his state. Queen Margaret rises.]
Q. Mar. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
For this is news that both shall put to flight.
War. From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come,—in kindness, and unquenched love,—
First, to your presence, and the royal person;
And, then, to crave a league of amity, and,
Lastly, to confirm that amity
With mutual knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That worthy lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.
Q. Mar. If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.
War. And, gracious madam, [To Bona] in our king's behalf,
I am commanded, with your leave and favor,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart,
Where fate, late entering at his beclouded eyes,
Hath placed thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.
Q. Mar. King Lewis—and Lady Bona,—hear me speak,
Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-mean'd honest love,
But from deceit, bred by necessity.
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
To prove him true, this reason may suffice,—
That he hath made the people, and enfranchis'd,
Yet here prince Edward stands, king Henry's son.
Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonor:
For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,
Yet heaven's are just, and time suppresseth wrong.
War. Injurious Margaret, this.
Prince. And why not queen?
War. Because thy father Henry did usurp;
And thou no more art prince, than she is queen.
Oxf. Then Warwick displays great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And after this his crown, Henry the fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his prowess conquer'd all France:
From hence our Henry manfully descended.
War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,
You told not, how Henry the Sixth had lost
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten?
Methinks, these peers of France should smile at that,
But for the best,—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
Whom thou obeyest thirty-and-six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?
War. Can Oxford, that did ever hence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame, leave Henry, and call Edward king.
Oxf. Call him my king, by whose injuries doom
My elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death, and mine English father,
Even in the downfall of his meiow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death!
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
The house of Lancaster shall not be checquered.
War. And I the house of York.
K. Lew. Queen Margaret, prince Edward, and
Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside,
While I use further conference with Warwick.
Q. Mar. Heaven grant that Warwick's words
be with him not?
[Retiring with the Prince and OXFORD.]
K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,
Is Edward thy true king? for I were loath,
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.
War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honor.
K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's eye?
War. I'll say, that Henry was unfortunately,
K. Lew. Then further,—all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.
War. Such is it seems,
As may beseen a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say, and swear,—
That he to all his love, and outward plant,
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue and good,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun;
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the lady Bona, quit his lawful female.
K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.
Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine.
Yet I confess, [To WAR.] that often cre this day,
When I did overhear your king's love, so pronounced,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.
K. Lew. Then, Warwick, thus,—Our sister shall be Edward's!
And now with this shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must make,
With which her dowry shall be counternom'd:
Draw near, queen Margaret; and be a witness,
That henceforth she be his lawful wife to the English king.
Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.
Q. Mar. Decentful Warwick! it was thy device
By thee thou wast 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 thy 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 you may have the crown of England.
War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease;
Where having nothing, nothing he can lose.
And as for you yourself, our quadrant queen,—
You have a rather able to maintain your suit.
And better were you troubled than France.
Q. Mar. Peace, impudent and shameless War-
wick, peace!
 Proud serpent, and puller-down of kings!
I will not hence, till with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make king Lewis behold
ACT IV. SCENE I.  KING HENRY VI.

Thy sly conveyance, and thy lord's false love; For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us, or thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, Warwick, these letters are for you;

Sent from your brother, marquis Montague. These from our uncle, marquis of Somerset.

And, madam, these for you; from whom I know not.

To MARGARET. They all read their Letters. Oft. I hear say, 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 unhoped joys.

War. Mine, full of sorrow, and heart's discontent.

K. Lew. What! has your king married the lady Grey?

And now, to soothe your fury and his, Sends me a paper to persuade me patience! Is this the alliance that he seeks with France! Dare I presume to second you in this match? Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much before: This proved Edward's love, and Warwick's honesty.

War. To my uncle Lewis, I protest, in sight of heaven, And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,— That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's; No more my king, for he doth dishonors me; But most himself, if he could see his shame.— Did I forget, that by the house of York My father came unhurt 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 guardian'd at the last with shame? Shame to me, and my desert for my desert! And to repair my honor lost for him, I here renounce him, and return to Henry: My noble queen, let former grudges pass, And friends with me, I am thy true servitor; I will revenge his wrong to lady Bona, And replace Henry in his former state.

Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love; And I forgive and quite forget old faults, And joy that thou becom'st king Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unenfeigned friend, That, if king Lewys vouchsafe to furnish us With some new bands of chosen soldiers, I'll undertake to lend them on our coast, And force the tyrant from this seat by war.

'Tis not his new-made bride shall succor him: And as for Clarence,—as my letters tell me, He's very likely now to fall from him; For matching force for wanton lust than honor, Or than for strength and safety of our country. Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be revenged, But by thy help to this distressed queen?

Q. Mar. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live. Unless thou rescue him from soul despair? Bona. My quarrel, and this English queen's, are one.

War. And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with yours.

K. Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and Margaret's. Therefore at last, I firmly am resolv'd, You shall have aid.

Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lew. When England's messenger, return in post;

And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,— That Lewis of France is sending over maskers, To revel it with him and his new bride: Thou seest what's past, go hear thy king withal. Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly, I'll wear the silken garland for his sake.

Q. Mar. Tell him, My mourning weeds are laid aside, And I am ready to put armor on. War. Tell him from me, That he hath done me wrong;

And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.

There's thy reward: begone! Thou art—

[Exit Mess. K. Lew. But, Warwick, thou, And Oxford, with five thousand men, Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle: And, as occasion serves, this noble queen And prince shall follow with a fresh supply. Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt:— What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty? War. This shall assure my constant loyalty:— That if our queen and this young prince agree, I'll join mine eldest daughter, and my joy, To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion:—

Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous, Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick: And, with this hand, thy faith irrevocably. That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine. Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it; And here to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

[He gives his hand to WarwicK. K. Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied, And thou, lord Hastings, our high admiral, Shall wait them over with our royal fleet.— I long, till Edward fall by war's mischance, For mocking marriage with a dame of France. [Exeunt all but Warwick. War. I came from Edward as ambassador, But I return his sworn and mortal foe: Host of marriage was the charge he gave me, But dreadful war shall answer his demand, Had he none else to make a stake? but me! Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow. I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown, And I'll be chief to bring him down again: Not that I pity Henry's misery, But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—London. A Room in the Palace. Enter GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, MONTAGUE, and others.

Glo. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you Of this new marriage with the lady Grey?

Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

Clar. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to France; How could he be till Warwick made return? Soon. My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, attended; LADY GREY, as QUEEN; PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, HASTINGS, and others.

Glo. And his well-chosen bride.

Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice? That you stand passive, as half malcontent! Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the earl of Warwick; Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment, That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

* Frighten.  * A walking-horse, a jest.
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.

What answer makes king Lewis unto these letters? Mess. My sovereign liege, no letters; and few but such as without your special pardon, dare not relate. K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in confidence.

Tell me, your majesty, whom you shall have for your queen.

And, which shall it be? K. Edw. Lewis, so brave a helme, he thinks me Henry. But what said lady Bona to my marriage? Mess. Those were her words, uttered with mild dissemblance.

Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly, I'll wear the widow garnish for his sake. K. Edw. I'll blame not her, she could say little less.

She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen? For I have heard that she was there in place. Mess. We, in more secret and familiar conference, Warwick's letters are done, and I am ready to put armor on.

K. Edw. Behold, she minds to play the Amazon. But what said Warwick to these importunities? Mess. He, more incensed against your majesty Than all the rest, discharged me with these words: Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong; And therefore, I'll usurp him, I'll be done. K. Edw. Ha! burst the traitor breathe out such proud words! Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd: They shall not hazard me, nor pay for their presumption.

But stay, is Warwick friends with Margaret? Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign, they are so link'd in their affections.

That young prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter. Clar. Behold, 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 have love without the danger to yourself. You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.

Exit CLARENCE, and SOMERSET follows.

Glo. Not I; My thoughts had it in a further matter: I Stay not for love of Edward, but the crown. [Aside. K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick! Yet and 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 ready, or, quickly will be landed; Myself in person will straight follow you. [Exeunt PEMBROKE and STAFFORD.]

But, ere I go, I must see Clar. 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, I'll 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 shall never have you in suspect.

Mont. So God help Montague, as he proves true! [Aside. K. Edw. As, hast and Hastings, as he favors Edward's suit. Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand it. K. Edw. Why so? then am I sure of victory. Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour, Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power. [Exeunt]
SCENE I.—A Plain in Warwickshire.

Enter Warwick and Oxford, with French and other Forces.

War. Trust me, my lord, all Hithergo goes well;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter Clarence and Somerset.

But, see, where Somerset and Clarence come;—
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends!

Cl. No, my lord, I have not an embassy From You, and I have not ambassador,
Nor how to be contented with one wife;
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;
Nor how to study for the people's welfare;
Nor how to shroud myself.

K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?

But, then, for Your mind's be Edward England's king:

Takes ey' his crown.

But here, now shall wear the English crown,
And be true king indeed; then say in his name—
My lord of Somerset, at my request,

Warwick! See that forthwith duke Edward be convey'd

Unto my brother, archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I'll follow you, and tell what answer

Lewis, and the lady Bona, send to him:
Now, for a while, farewell, good king of York.

K. Edw. What later impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

Enter King Edward, led out; Somerset with him.

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:
For Warwick and his friends, God and saint George!

[Exit.

SCENE III.—Edward's Camp near Warwick.

Enter certain Watchmen, to guard the King's Tent.

Watch. Come, on, my masters, each man take his stand;
The king, by this, is set him down to sleep.

Watch. What, shall we lie to bed?

Watch. Why, no: for he hath made a solemn vow Never to be and take his natural rest.
Till Warwick, or himself, be quite emphasi'ed.

Watch. To-morrow then, ye all, shall be the day,
If Warwick be so near as men report.

Watch. But say, I pray, what not-leman is that, That makes the king here rest on his tent?

Watch. Tis the lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.

Watch. O, is it so? But why commands the king,
That his chief followers lodge in towns and hamlets, While he himself keepeth in the cold field?

Watch. Tis the more honor, because more danger.

Watch. Ay: but give me warship and quietness,
I like it better than a dangerous honor.

Watch. Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
Tis to be doubted, he would waken him.

Watch. Unless our habillets did shut up his passage.

Watch. Ay, wherefore else guard we his royal tent, But to defend his person from night-goes?

Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, and Forces.

War. This is his tent; and see, where stands his guard.

Cl. Courage, my masters; honor now, or never!

War. Follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

Watch. Who goes there?

Watch. Stay, or thou diest.

War. Warwick! and the rest, cry all—Warwick! Warwick! and set upon the guard; who fly, crying—Arm! Arm! Warwick! and the rest, following them.

The Drum beating, and trumpets sounding, re-enter Warwick, and the rest, bringing the king out in a gown, sitting in a Chair; Glaston and Hastings fly.

Som. What are they that fly there?

War. Richard, and Hastings: let them go; here's the duke.

K. Edw. The duke! why, Warwick, when we parted last,

Thou call'st me king.
Leaf out to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiepest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case: You know, our king, my brother,
Is prisoner in the bishop's house, 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 dethroned him by secret means.
That if about this hour, he make this way,
Under the color of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman.

Hunt. This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.

K. Educ. Nay, this way, man; see, where the huntmen stand.—
Now, by the blissful, glorious Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close, to steady the bishop's deer!
Glo. Bishop, the brother, and case requir'd haste;
Your horse stands ready at the park corner.
K. Educ. But whither shall we then?
Hun. To Lyon, my lord, and ship from thence to Flanders.
Glo. Will, I do indeed, believe me; for that was my meaning.

K. Educ. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.
Glo. But wherefore stay we? 'Tis no time to talk.
K. Educ. Huntsman, what say'st thou? will thou go along?
Hunt. Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.
Glo. Come then, away; 'tis have no more ado.
K. Educ. Bishop, Farewell; shield thee from Warwick's crown;
And pray that I may repossess the crown. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—A Room in the Tower.

Enter King Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset, Young Richmond, Oxford, Malcolm, Lieutenants 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 an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majesty.

K. Hen. For what, lieutenant? for well using me?
Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure;
Ay, 'tis a pleasure to be in thy grace.
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
At last, by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty.—
But, Warwick, after God, thou seest me free,
And chieflly therefore I thank God and thee.
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,
By living low where fortune cannot hurt me;
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punished with my thwarting stars;
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee.
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your grace hath still been favored for virtues;
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By suff'ring and avoiding fortune's malice,
For few men rightly temper with the stars?
Yet in some thing let me blame your grace,
For choosing me, when Clarence is in place;—
Clare. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,
Adjoin'd an olive branch, to thy crown.
As likely to be blest in peace, and war;
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I choose Clarence only for protector.
K. Hen. Warwick, and Clarence, give me both your hands;
Now join your hands, and with your hands, your hearts,
That no dissension hinder government:
Two men confirm their temper to their destiny.
Present.

I make you both protectors of this land;
While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.

How answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

Clare. That he consents, if Warwick yield content:
For on that condition I repose myself.

War. Why then, though loath, yet must I be content;
We'll make together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place:
I mean in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honor and his ease.
And, Clarence, now it is more than needful,
Forthwith that Edward be pronounced a traitor,
And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

Clare. What else? and that succession he deter from.

War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief
Let me entreat, (for I command no more,)—
That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,
Be sent to France, to learn from France with speed:
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

Clare. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

K. Hen. My lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
Of whom ye seem to have so tender care?

Som. My father, my lord, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.

K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope: If secret powers
Lay his head on his head, and suggest but truth to my divining thoughts.
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss. His looks are full of peaceful majesty; his head by nature framed to wear a crown, His heart and mind to wield a sceptre; and his temper
Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.

War. Make much of him, my lords; for this is he,
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger.

War. What news, my friend!—
Mess. That Edward is escaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

War. Un savory news: but how made he escape?
Mess. He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloster,
And the lord Hastings, who attended him.
In secret ambush on the forest side,
And from the bishop's huntsman he was rescu'd.
For hunting was his daily exercise.
War. My brother was too careless of his charge;
But let us, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may beude.
[Exeunt King Henry, War., Clare., Li eut.,
And Attendants.

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's;
For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help;
And we shall have more wars, before's be long.
As Henry's late preposing prophesy
Dul glad my heart, with hope of this young Richard's mind;
So doth his heart misgive me, in these conflicts
What may befall him, to his harm, and ours:
Therefore, lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we'll send him hence toBrittany,
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay, for, if Edward repossess the crown,
'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall stand.
Som. It shall be so; he to Brittany;
Come therefore, let us without a day—

SCENE VII.—Before York.

Enter King Edward, Gloster, Hastings, and Forces.

K. Educ. Now, brother Richard, lord Hastings, and the rest;
Yet shall your fortune make us amends.
And says—that once more I shall interchane
My wasted state for Henry's regal crown.

—Afterwards Henry VII.
SCENE VIII.  KINGS HENRY VI.

Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
And brought desired help from Burgundy;
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravenspurg haven before the gates of York,
But that we enter, as into our dukedom!
Glo. The more's the fact—Brother, I like not this;
For man to man, that stumbe at the threshold,
Are well foretold—that danger lurks within.
K. Edw. Tush, man! abominations do now
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 his Brethren.

May. My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.
K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
Yet Edward, at the least, is duke of York.
May. And my good lord; I know no more.
K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom;
As being well content with that alone.
Glo. But when the fox hath once got in his nose,
He'll soon tind means to make the body follow.

Answer. 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

[Exeunt from above.

Glo. A wise stout captain, and a persauded soon.
Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 'were not long of him; but, being enter'd,
I doubt not, 1, but we shall soon perceade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Re-enter the Mayor and two Aldermen, below.

K. Edw. So, master mayor: these gates must

not be shut,
But in the night, or in the time of war,
What! fear not man, but yield me up the keys;

[The Mayor and Aldermen present the keys.

For Edward will defend the town and thee,
And all those friends that desire to knowe.

Drum. Enter MONTGOMERY and FORGES, trumpeting.

Glo. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.
K. Edw. Welcome, sir John! But why come you now?
Mont. To help king Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.
K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery. But we

now lordship,
Our title to the crown; and only claim
Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.
Mont. Then fare you well, I will orise again
I came to serve a king, and not a duke,—
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

[March begun.

K. Edw. Nay, stay, sir John, a while; and we'll

debate,
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.
Mont. What, talk you of debating? in few words,
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I'll serve you to your soule, and be gone;
To keep them back that come to succour you;
Why should we fight, if you pretend no title?
Glo. Why, brother, wheresoeever stand you on nice
K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim:
Till then, his wisdom to conceal our meaning.
Hast. Way with scrupul's with! new arms must rule.
Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto

K. Edw. Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The breach thereof will bring you many friends.
K. Edw. Then be it as you will: for 'tis my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.
Mont. AV, I now my sovereign speakeh like myself;
And now will I be Edward's champion.

Enter HASTINGS, Sound, trumpet; Edward shall be here proclaim'd.
Come, fellow-soldier, make thy proclamation.

[Give's him a paper. Flourish.

Sold. [Reads.] Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland, &c.
Mont. And whose'ever gainsays king Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

[ Throws down his Gauntlet.

All. Long live king Edward the Fourth!
K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery; and them unto you all.
If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let's harbor here in York:
And, when the morning sun shall raise his car
 above the border of this horizon,
We'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates;
For, well I wot, that Henry is no soldier.—
Ah, forward Clarence!—how evil it becometh thee,
To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother!
Yet, as we may, we'll meet both the and Warwick,
Come on, brave soldiers; doubt not of the day;
And that, once gotten, doubt not of large pay.

SCENE VIII.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, Warwick, Clarence, Montague, Exeter, and Oxford.

War. What council, lords! Edward from Belisia,
With haste and armed, and holp unto this end
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march aman to London;
And many, many people flock to him.
Exef. Let many men, and cast him back again.
Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.
War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends;
Not mutiny in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I musteur up—and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir, in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent.
The kinging of gentlemen to come with thee:
Thou, brother Moutague, in Hertfordshire,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st:
And thou, brother Oxford, and others well belov'd,
In Oxfordshire shall muster up thy friends.

—My sovereign, with the loving citizens,—
Like to this island, girt in with the ocean,
Or modest Duna, circled with her nymphs;
Shall rest in London, till we come to him.
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.—
Farewell, my sovereign.
K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.
Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.
K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!
Shout, TQUENCY!—O lord! and so take my leave.
Ozj. And thus: [Kissing Henry's hand.] I seal
my truth, and bid adieu.
K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.
War. Farewell, sweet lords; let's meet at Coventry.
K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest a white,
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship-up?
Methinks, the power that Edward hath in field,
Should not be able to encounter mine.
Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.
K. Hen. Methinks it's not my fear, my mour'd hath got me fame.
I have not stop'd my mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays:
My youth hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath alloy'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dry'd their water-floiving tears:
I have not been deguised of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenue, though they much err'd;
Then why should they love Edward more than me?
No, Exeter, these are not the challenge grace:
And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[Sound behind. A Lancaster! A Lancaster! Exe. Hurrah! Lord! what should these be?

Enter King Edward, Gloster, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-faced Henry, bear him hence,
A pack of cards was formerly termed a deck of cards.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Coventry.

Enter upon the Walls, Warwick, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers, and others.

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford? How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow? 1 Mess. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward. War. How far off is our brother Montague? Where is the post that came from Montague? 2 Mess. By this at Daintree, with a praiseful friend.

Enter Sir John Somerville.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son? And, by the guess, how high is Clarence now? Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces, and do expect him here some two hours hence. War. Then Clarence is at hand; hear his drum. Som. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies; the drum your honor hears, marcheth from Warwick. War. Who should that be? believe, unlock'd for friends. Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

Drums. Enter King Edward, Glover, and Forces, marching.

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle. Glo. See, how the sly Warwick mans the wall. War. O, unbrid spirit! is sportful Edward come? Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduced, that we could hear no news of his repair? K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou open the city gates? Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee!—Call Edward—king, and at his hands beg mercy, and he shall pardon thee these outrages. War. Nay, rather wilt thou draw thy forces hence, confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down!—Call Warwick—patron, and be pacient, and thou shalt still remain the duke of York. Glo. I thought, at least, he would have said the king; or did he make the jest against his will? War. Is not a dudelor, sir, a goodly gift? Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give; I'll do thee service for so good a gift. War. Twas I, that gave the kingdom to thy brother. K. Edw. Why, then, 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift. War. Though I set my Atlee for so great a weight; and, whiles he thought to steal the single ten, The king was shily finger'd from the deck! You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace, and, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower. K. Edw. I troth I was even so; yet you are Warwick still.

Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time, kneel down, kneel down; Nay, when I sit now, or else the iron cools. War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,

And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than hear so low a saw, to strike to thee.

K. Edw. Sait how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend;
This hand, last wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, when the head is warm, and now cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood.—
Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.

Enter Oxford, with Drum and Colors.

War. O cheerful colors! see where Oxford comes.


[Oxford and his Forces enter the City. Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.

K. Edw. So other sides may set upon our backs;
Sotion in good array; for they, in our doubt,
Will issue out again, and bid us battle;
If not, the city, being but of small defence,
We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.


Enter Montague, with Drum and Colors.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster! He and his Forces enter the City. Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason

Even with the dearest blood thy bodies bear.

K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory;
My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

Enter Somerset, with Drum and Colors.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster! He and his Forces enter the City. Glo. Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset, Have sold their lives unto the house of York; And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter Clarence, with Drum and Colors.

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 calls, Cler. [To Warwick] Warwick, know you what this means?

Taking the red rose out of his Cap.

Look here, I throw my enemy at thee:
I will not run my father's hand,
Who gave his blood to line 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 impolicy
Than Jephtha's, when he sacrificed his daughter
I am so sorry for my trespass made,
That to deserve well of my brother's hands,
I here profess myself thy mental father.
With resolution, where'er I meet thee,
[As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad.] To plague thee for thy soul 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 drown upon my faults.
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more below'd,

Than if I should but deserv'd our hate.
Glo. Welcome, good Clarence; this brother-like,

Inensible.
War. O passing traitor, perjure, and unjust! 

Warwick. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the good and fair land?

War. Alas, I am not cooped here for defence; I will away towards Barnet presently, and bid farewell to Edward, if thou dost not.

K. Edu. 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. 

[Enter King Edward, Warwick, and Montague; and Warwick and Montague fight; the former wounds and slays the latter.]

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 manaced body shows, my blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows, That I must yield my body to the earth, And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe. Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge, Whose strength, to save shelter to the wandering eagle, Under whose shade the ramping lion slept; Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree, And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind. These eyes that now are dimm'd with death's black veil, Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun, To search the secret treasures of the world: The wrinkles in my brows, now filled with blood, Were Ienk'd to no kingly sepulchres; For who lov'd king, but I could dig his grave! And who durst smile, when Warwick bent his brow? Lo, now my glory smarr'd in dust and blood! My parks, my walks, my manors that I had, Even now forsook me: and, of all my lands, Is nothing left me, but my body's length. Why, what is pump, rule, reign, but earth and dust! And live we how we can, yet die we must.

[Enter Oxford and Somerset.]

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick!wert thou as we are, We might recover all our loss again! The queen from France hath brought a puissant power; Even now we heard the news: Alas, couldst thou die!

War. Why, then I would not die.—Ah, Montague, If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand, And with thy lips keep in my soul a while! Thou lovest me not; for, brother, if thou didst, Thy tears would wash this cold concealed blood, That glues my lips, and will not let me speak. Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breath'd his last; And to the latest gasp, cried out for Warwick, And said, Command me to my valiant brother. And more he would have said; and more he spoke, Which sounded like a cannon in a vault, That might have beaten strongest; but at last, I well might hear delivered with a groan,— O, farewell, Warwick! 

War. Sweet rest to his soul! — Fly, lords, and save yourselves: for Warwick dies. You all farewell, to meet again in heaven.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Field. 

[Enter King Edward in triumph; with Clarence, Gloucester, and others.]

K. Edu. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course, And we are graced with wreaths of victory. But in the midst of this bright-shining day, I spy a black, suspicion, threatening cloud, That will encounter with our glorious sun, Ere he attains his eastern bed. I mean, my lords,—those powers that the queen Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast. And, as we hear, march on to fight with us. [chorus. A cloud will soon disperse that cloud, And blow to the source from which it came: Thy very beams will dry those vapors up; For every cloud engenders not a storm. Holofernes is valued thirty thousand strong, And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her: If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd, H[is] faction will be as strong as ours. K. Edu.] War. But who can he that is advanc'd by so many friends, That they do hold their course towards Tewksbury? We, having now the best at Barnet field, Will thither straight, for willingness ride way; And, as we see, our strength will be augmented in every county as we go along,— Strike up the drum; cry—Courage! and away.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Plains near Tewksbury. 

March. Enter Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, Somerset, Oxford, and Soldiers.

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail the loss; But cheerly seek how to redress their harms. What though the mast be now blown over-board, The cable broke, the holding anchor lost, And half our sailors scarr'd in blood! Yet lives our pilot still: I' th' meet that he Should leave the helm, and, like a fearless lad, With tearful eyes add water to the sea, And give more strength to that which hath too much: Whiles, in his crew, the ship splits on the rock, Which industry and courage might have sav'd! Ah, what a soul is this! had a task of this! Say, Warwick was our anchor; What of that! And Montague our top-mast; What of him! Our slaughtered friends the tackles; What of these! Why, is not Oxford but our brother? And Somerset another godly mast! The friends of France our shrouds and tackling's! And, though unskill'd, why not Ned and I! For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge! We will not from the helm, to sit and weep; But keep our course, though the rough wind say—

From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck, As good to chide the waves as speak them fair. And what is Edward, but a ruthless sea? What Clarence, but a quirk and pleasant scent? And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock? All these the enemies to our poor bark. Say, you can swim after, be the tide aneath! Tread on the sand; why there you quickly sink: Beside the rock; the tide will wash you off, Or else you perish, that's a thousand death. This speak I, lords, to let you understand, In case some one of you would fly from us, That there's no hope—no 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 she hear her master say these words, Infuse his breast with mancanimity, And make him, naked, bold 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; Lost, in our need, he might infect another, And make him of like spirit to himself. If any such be here, as God doth permit, Let him depart, before we need his help.

Som. Women and children of so high a courage! And warrour's heart! And valiant! And perpetual shame,— O, brave young prince! thy famous father Both live again in thee; Long mayst thou live, To bear his image, and renew his glories! Som. And he, that will not light 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 hand, Ready to fight; therefore he resolve.
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 your forwardness.
Oxf. Here pitch our battle, hence we will not budge.
March. Enter at a distance, King Edward, Clarence, Gloster, and Forces.
K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which by the heaven's assistance, and your strength,
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 light, and to it, lords.
Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say,
My tears gainsey; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes,
Therefore no more but this—Heny, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd;
His house, his house, his house; his servants slain,
His statutes cancelled, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.
You light in justice: then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the light!
[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. Nor here a period of tumultuous broils,
Away with Oxford to Hamnes' castle straight:
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence: I will not hear them speak.
Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.
Som. Nor; but stop with patience to my fortune.
[Exeunt Oxford and Somerset, guarded.
Q. Mar. So part we safely in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in a sweet Jerusalem.
K. Edw. Is proclamation made,—that, who finds Edward,
Shall have a high reward, and he his life?
Glo. It is known, 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 thane 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, ined them,
Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldest have me answer to.
Whence is the work, that thy father had been so resolv'd?
Glo. That thou mightest still have worn the petti-
coat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancastre.
Prince. Let Essex fail in a winter's night;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.
Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.
Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.
Glo. For God's sake take away this captive scold.
Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.
K. Edw. Peace, willful boy, or I will charm your tongue.
Prince. Untutor'd, thou art too malapert.
Prince. I know my duty; you are all undutiful;
Lascivious Edward,—and thou perjur'd George,—
* Know,
A castle in Percy.
The prince calls Richard, for his crookedness, Essex.

And thou mis-shapen Dick,—I tell ye all,
I am your better, traitors as ye are;—
And thou usurp'd my father's right and mine.
K. Edw. Take that, the likeness of this racer here
[Stab him.
Glo. Swear'st thou can take, that end thy agony.
[Stab him.
Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury.
[Stab him.
Q. Mar. O, kill me too!
Glo. Yes, and shall.
[Offers to kill her.
K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold, lor we have done too much.
Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with wrong?
Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother;—
I'll hence to London on a serious matter.
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.
Clar. What! what!
K. Edw. To overthrow the Tower! [Exit.
Glo. Q. Mar. O, Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!
Canst thou not speak!—O traitors! murderers!—
They that stab'd Caesar, shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame.
If this foul deed were by, to equal it.
He was a man: this, in respect, a child;—
And I will swear what is my heart may burst.
What's worse than murder, that I may name it?—
No, no; my heart will burst, an I speak;—
And I will speak, that this my heart may burst;—
Butchers and villains, bloody ey'd, bloody
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd?
You have no children, butchers! if you had,
The thought of them would have stirr'd up premonish:
But, if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
As, deathmen, you have bid this sweet young
K. Edw. Away with her; go bear her hence perforce.
Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, despacht me
Here, beneath thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:
What! wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.
Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much case.
Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do, sweet Clarence, do thou do it.
Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear, I would not do it?
Q. Mar. Nay, but thou usest to forgery thyself;—
'Twas sin before; but now 'tis charity.
What! wilt thou not? where is that devil's butcher,
Hard-favor'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?
Thou prince, and sends: Murder is thy all-embrace;
Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back.
K. Edw. Away, I say; I charge ye bear her hence,
Q. Mar. What! came to you, and yours, as to this prince!
[Exit, led out forcibly.
K. Edw. Where's Richard gone!
Clar. To London all in post: and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.
K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence: discharge the common sort
With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,
And see if mechanic queen how well she fares;—
By this, I hope, she hath a son for me.
[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—London. A Room in the Tower.
King Henry is discovered sitting with a Book in his hand, the Lieutenant attending. Enter Gloster.
Glo. Good day, my lord! What, at your book so serious?
K. Hen. Ay, my good lord: My lord, I should
say rather;—
'Tis said to father, good was little better;
Good Gloster, and good devil, were alike,
And both postreverent; therefore, not good lord.
Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must con-
fer. [Exit Lieutenant.
K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf:
So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat into the butcher's knife.
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act!
Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind:
The thief doth fear each blush an officer.
* She alludes to the desertion of Clarence.
K. Hen. The bird, that hath been lined in a bush,
With trenchets warm, which doth make every bush; And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where in the poor young was lined, was caught, and fled.

Glo. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a wolf!
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.
K. Hen. I, Dedalus; my poor boy, Learus; Thy father, Mimos, that deniéd our course;
The sun, that saw'd the wings of my sweet boy,
Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,
Whose curious gulf did swallow up his life.
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my eyes that tragic history.
But wherefore dost thou come! is't for my life?
Glo. Think'st thou, I am an executioner!
K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art; 1
If murdering innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy son I kill'd, for his presumption.
K. Hen. Had'st thou been kill'd, when first thou
Hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine, and thus propheisy,—that many a thousand,
Which thou hast join'd to the mangled fear; And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye;
Men for their sons', wives for their husbands' fate,
And parents for their parents' timeless death,— Shall see the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cried, abounding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and feline lances shot down trees;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung,
That mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
To wit,—an indigest deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth harder than in thy head, when thou wast born,
To signify,—thou canst not but the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard, This canst do.
Glo. I'll hear no more;—Die, prophet, in thy speech;
Stabs him. [Aside.]
For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.
K. Hen. And, for such more slaughter hereafter, O God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [Dies.]
Glo. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster Sink in the ground! I thought it would have
Seem, how my sword weeps for the poor king's death! O, may such purple tears be always shed;
From those that wash the downfall of our house!— If I have mark of his body yet remain,
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; As 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 ha'p'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;

* Childish
  To seek signified to lodge on any thing,
And this word—love, which grayheards call divine, Be residing more the one and other.
And not in me; I am myself alone.—
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light;
But I will sour a patchy day for thee:
For I will buy 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, Ned, for this I have another, and best; 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.—A Room in the Palace.
KING EDWARD is discovered sitting on his Throne;
QUEEN ELIZABETH with the infant Prince. CLAIDENCE, 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 foo-men, like to autumn's corn,
Have we now'd down, in tops of all their pride?
Three dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions.
Two Chidors, as the father and the son,
And two Northumberlands; two braver men
Never spair'd their courser's at the trumpet's sound;
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fetter'd the kindly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roa'd.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstock of security.—
Come, hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy;
Young Ned, for this I have another, and the rest,
Have in our arms watch'd the winter's light;
Went all a-foot in summer's scalding heat;
That thou might'st reposest the crown in peace.
And of our labors thou shalt reap the gain.
Glo. I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back.— Work thou the way,—and thou shalt execute.

K. Edw. Clarence and Gloster, love my lovely queen;
And kiss thy princely nephew, brothers both.
Clar. The duty, that I owe unto thy majesty,
I seal on the lips of this sweet babe.
K. Edw. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother,
Brother, thanks.
Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence thou
stamn'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit;—
To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master;
And cried—\(\text{aside}^\)—when as he meant—
\(\text{all harm;}\)
K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.
Clar. What will your grace have done with Margare?
Reignier, her father, to the king of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And father have they sent for it her reason.
K. Edw. Away with her, and wait her hence to France.
And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, nuptial comic shows,
Such as beset the pleasures of the court?—
Sound, drums, and trumpets!—farewell, our army! For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [Exit.]
LIFE AND DEATH OF

KING RICHARD III.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.
EDWARD, Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward V. 
RICHARD, Duke of York, Sons to the King.
RICHARD, Duke of Clarence.
RICHARD, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards King Richard III., Brothers to the King.
A young Son of Clarence.
HENRY, Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.
CARDINAL BOURCHIER, Archbishop of Canterbury.
THOMAS ROTHERHAM, Archbishop of York.
JOHN MORTON, Bishop of Ely.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
EARL OF SURREY, his Son.
EARL OF RIVERS, Brother to K. Edward’s Queen.
MARQUIS OF DORSET, and LORD GREY, her Sons.
EARL OF OXFORD.
LORD HASTINGS.
LORD STANLEY.
LORD LOVEL.
SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.

SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.
SIR WILLIAM CATHEY.
SIR JAMES TYRREL.
SIR JAMES BLOUNT.
SIR WALTER HERBERT.
SIR ROBERT BRACKENBURY, Lieutenant of the Tower.
CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, a Priest.
Another Priest.
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 Gloucester.
LADY ANNE, Widow of Edward, Prince of Wales, Son to King Henry VI.; afterwards married to the Duke of Gloucester.
A young Daughter of Clarence.

Lords, and other Attendants; two Gentlemen, a Pursuivant, Scriver, Citizen, Murderer, Messengers, Ghosts, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE.—England.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. A Street.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds, that low’d upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings;
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged war hath smooth’d his wrinkled front;
And now,—instead of mounting barbed steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—
He capes mildly in a lady’s chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a hale
But I,—that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp’d, and want love’s ma-

That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;—
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time;
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity;—
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,—
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days,—
Plots have I laid, inducements 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.
Dare, thoughts, down to my soul! here Clarence
comes.

Enter Clarence, guarded, and Brackenbury.

Brother, good day; What means this armed guard
That waits upon your grace?

Clar. His majesty,
Tendering my person’s safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

* Preparations for mischief.
Scene II. King Richard III.

Enter Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

Glo. As much unto my good lord chamberlain! Well are you welcome to this open air.

Hast. How bath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must;

But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks,

That we are the force 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 you.

Hast. More pity that the eagles should be mow'd,

White kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What news abroad?

Hast. Nay, news so good to report, as this at home;

The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy.

And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glo. Now, by all Paul, this news is bad indeed.

Hast. His lord, the wretch, and his physician,

And over-much consumed his royal person;

Tis very grievous to be thought upon.

What, is he in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you. [Exit Hastings.

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,

Till George be prick'd with post-haste to heaven.

I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence.

With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;

And, if I fail not in my deep intent,

Clarence hath not another day to live:

Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,

And leave the world for me to bustle in!

For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter:

What thou wilt do of her husband and her father;

The readiest way to make the wench amends,

Is—To become her husband, and her father;

The which should I: not all so much I love,

As for another secretly to invent,

By marrying her, which I must reach unto,

But yet I run before my horse to market:

Clarence doth breathe; Edward still aives, and reigns;

When they are gone, then must I count my gains.

[Exit.

Scene II.—Another Street.

Enter the earl of King Henry the Sixth, borne

in an open sight; gentleman bearing Hatherell,

to guard it; and lady Anne as mourner.

Anne. Set down, set down your honorable load;

It honor may be shrouded in a hearse:

Whilst I a while obsequiously lament

The uniting full of virtues done Lancaster;

Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!

Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!

Then bloody remainder of that royal M'd;

Be it lawful that I invoke the thy ghost!

To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,

Thy wife to Edward, to thy slaughtered son,

Shabb'd keep thine ail-same hand that made these wounds!

Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,

I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes:

O, cursed be the hands that made these holes!

Cursed the heart, that had the heart to do it!

Cursed the blood, that let this blood from hence!

More direful hap beenad be that wretched,

That makes us wretched by the death of thee,

Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads.

Or any creeping venom't thing that lives!

If ever he have child, abortive be it,

Prodigies, and unutterably brought to light,

Whose ugly and unnatural aspect

May fright the hopeful mother at the view;

And that be her to unhappiness!

If ever he have wife, let her be made

More miserable by the death of him,

Than I am made by my young lord, and thee—

Come, now, toward Chester with your holy load.

Taken from Paul's secret chambered city;

And still, as you are weary of the weight,

Rest you, white I lament king Henry's horse.

[The Bearer's take up the corpse, and advance.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. Stay you that bear the corpse, and set it down

With becoming reverence for the dead.
Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend, 
To make such horrible and charitable deeds? 
Glo. Villains, set down the curse; or, by saint Paul, I'll make a curse of him that disobeys.
I'ent. My lord, stand back, and let the confine pass.
Glo. Unhappy dog! stand then when I command:
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast, 
Or, by saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot, 
And spur upon thee, beggar, for thy belonging.
[The Beavers set down the Coffin.
Anne. What, do you trouble? are you all afraid? 
Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal, 
And mankind eyes cannot endure the devil. —
Avant, thou dreadful minister of hell! 
Thou hast but power over his mortal body, 
Heart, soul, will, and understanding; not have; yet have not: become.
Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curt.
Anne. Foil devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;
For thou hast made this unhappy heart fly, 
Ful'd it with cursing cares, and deep execrations.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds, 
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries: —
Glo. Gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds, 
Open their concealed mouths, and bleed afresh! —
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity; 
For 'tis thy presence that exalts this blood 
From cold and empty veins, where blood doth dwell; 
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural, 
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.
O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge thy death!
O God, which this blood drained, shed thy death! 
Either, Heaven, with lightning strike the murderer dead; 
Or, earth, 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.
Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man; 
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.
Glo. Beast? no; a woman, and therefore am no beast.
Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth! 
Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry. —
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman, 
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave, 
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.
Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man, 
For these known evils, but to give me leave, 
By circumstance, to excuse thy cruelty.
Glo. Fainter than tongue can name thee, let me have 
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.
Anne. Foul'er than heart e'en think thee, thou 
estake make 
No excuse current but to hang thyself.
Glo. By such despair, I should do thee mine.
Anne. And, by expiring, shalt thou stand ex- 
cused;
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself, 
That didst unmercifully slaughter upon others.
Glo. Say, that I slew them not? 
Anne. Why, then, they are not dead: 
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.
Glo. I did not kill your husband.
Anne. Then, why, he is alive.
Glo. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.
Anne. In thy soul's throat hast thou heat: queen 
Marlet saw 
Thy murd'rous faction smoking in his blood; 
The which thou once didst bend against her breast, 
But that thy brothers bore it, and sometime 
Glo. I was provoked by her sand-turning tongue, 
That laid his guilt upon my guiltless shoulders. 
Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind, 
That thou didst bend against her heart; but butcheries 
Dost thou not think this king? 
I grant ye. 
Glo. Anne. Dost grant me, hedgehog? then God 
vouchsafe 
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed. 
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.
Glo. The inferior of the kingdom of heaven that hath him. 
Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come. 
Glo. Let him thank me, that help to send him 
For he was fitter for that place, than earth. 

— Act I. 

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell. 
Glo. Anne. Place else, if you will hear me name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.
Glo. Anne. Your bed-chamber. 
Anne. 'Tis set beside the chamber where thouliest! 
Glo. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.
Anne. I hope so. 
Glo. Anne. I know so.—But, gentle lady Anne,— 
To leave thee this keen encounter of our wars, 
And fall somewhat into a slower method, —
Is not the cause of the timeless deaths 
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward, 
As hangmen as the executioner. 
Anne. Thou wast the cause and most accru'd effect.
Glo. Anne. Thy beauty was the cause of that effect; 
Your beauty which did haunt me in my sleep, 
To undertake the death of all the world, 
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom. 
Anne. It is not your duty to be here, I fear thee, 
Herculean. These nails should rend that beauty from my 
checks.
Glo. Anne. These eyes could not endure that beauty's 

You should not bless me if it I stood by: 
As all the world is cherish'd by the sun, 
So by that; it is my day, my life.
Anne. Anne. I might overshad'y this thy day, and death 
thy life!
Glo. Anne. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both. 
Glo. Anne. This is not true, to be, that I am ever on thee.
Glo. Anne. It is a quarrel most unnatural, 
To be revenged on him that loveth thee.
Anne. Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable, 
To be revenged on him that kill'd my husband.
Glo. Anne. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband, 
Did it to help thee to a better husband. 
Anne. Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the breath.
Glo. Anne. He lives, that loves you better than he could. 
Anne. Anne. Name him.
Anne. Anne. Why, that was he. 
Glo. Anne. The self-same name, but one of better nature. 
Anne. Anne. Where is he?
Glo. Anne. Here: [She spits at him.] Why 
dost thou spit at me?
Anne. Anne. 'Twould be mortal poison, for thy sake!
Glo. Anne. Never came poison from so sweet a place. 
Anne. Anne. Never hang poison on a fouler toad, 
Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.
Glo. Anne. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine. 
Anne. Anne. Why, could they be bashfuls, to strike thee dead!
Glo. Anne. I would they were, that I might die at once; 
For now they kill me with a living death.
These eyes of thine from mine hate draw salt 
tears, 
Shamed their aspects with store of childish drops: 
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear; —
Nor when my father's heart and Iward wept, 
To hear the piteous man that Rutland made, 
When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him; 
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child, 
Told the sad story of my father's death; 
And twenty times made pause, to sob and weep, 
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks, 
Like meek children, wept with them. in the day time, 
My manly eyes did scorn a humble tear; 
And what these sorrows could not hence exhaile, 
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with Weep- 
ing. 
I never sued to friend, nor enemy; 
My tongue could never learn sweet soothing word, 
But how thy beauty is propos'd my heart, 
My proper dream on, and groan'd with a tongue to speak. 
She looks sorrowful at him, 
Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made 
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt. 
If thy revenge ye want cannot forgive, 
Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword; 
Which it thou please to hide in this true breast, 
And the soul for that, that Desire thee, 
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke. 
And humbly beg the death upon my knee. 
[He breaks his Breast open; she offers it with his Steward. 
* Pitying.
Scene III. King Richard III.

Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King Henry;—
But 'twas thy beauty, that provoked me.
Nay, how couldst thou speak so? I that stabb'd young Edward—
She again offers at his Breast.
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

[She is full the Sword.

Take up the sword again for me.

Anne. Arise, desuncler; 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.

Glo. That was in thy rage,
Speak it again, and, even with the word, This hand, which for thy love, did kill thy love, Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love,
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.

Anne. I would, I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are false.

Glo. Then man was never true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say thou, my peace is made,
Anne. That shall you know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Anne. To take, is not to give.

[She puts on the Ring.

Glo. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger
Even so thy breast encompasseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy proud servant may but beg one favor at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it?

Glo. That it may please you leave these sad disasters
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby-place?
Where—after I have solemnly interred,
At Chelsey monastery this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,—
I will with all expedient duty see you.
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me too,
To see you become so penitent.

Tressel, and Berkley, go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve;
But, since you teach me how to flout you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.

[Exit Lady Anne, Tressell, and Berkley.

Glo. Take up the corpse, Sirs,
Towards Chetsey, noble lord;—

God. No, to White Frars; there attend my coming.

[Exit the rest, with the Corpse.

Was ever woman in this honor won?
Was ever woman in this honor won?
I'll have her,—but I will not keep her long.

What! that he'll kill her husband, and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate;
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by;

With God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil and desuncler looks,
And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing!

But that she forgo'd already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I some three months since
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury!
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,—
Freaded in the person of his love,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,—
The spacious world cannot again afford:
And will she yet abuse her eyes on me?
That clasp'd the golden prince of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed?

On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety!
On me, that halt, and am misshapen thus!
My dukesdom to a beggary deriner,8
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,

* In Bishopsgate-street.
8 A small French edn.

Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I'll beat charges for a looking-glass;
And entertain a score of two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body;
Since I am crept in favor with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost,
But, first, I'll turn you low 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.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen Elizabeth, Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey.

Ric. 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 betide of 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 comforter, when he is gone.

Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young; and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Glositer,
A man that loves not me, nor honour well.

Ric. 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 grace.

Stan. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!

Q. Eliz. The countess Richmond, good my lord of Stanley,
To your good prayer will scarcely say amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And lovers not you, be you, good lord, assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stan. I do beseech, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Boar with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Q. Eliz. Saw you the king to-day, my lord of Stanley?

Stan. But now the duke of Buckingham, and I,
Are come from visiting his majesty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lord?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you confer
With him?

Buck. Ay, madam, he desires to make atonement
Between the duke of Glositer and your brothers,
And between them and my lord chamberlaine;
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 Glositer, Hastings, and Dorset.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.

Who are they, that complain unto the king,
That I, forsorth, am stern, and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly.
That fill his ears with such dissonant rumors.
Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French moss, and aspish courtesy,
I must be held a rancious enemy.
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?9

Grey. To whom, in all this presence speaks your grace?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor grace.
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?

* Low follows.
LIFE AND DEATH OF

Act I.

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! Can you not, in a breath, dispense with it? But must you trouble him with i' the court complaints.

Q. ELIZ. Brother of Gloster, you must take the charge.

The king, of his own royal disposition, And provok'd by no such suitor else: Aiming, belike, at your inferior hatred, That it may drive your own outward show off, Against my children, brothers, and myself, Makes him to send; that thereby he may rather The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

Q. ELIZ. Gist!—The world is grown so bad, That wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch. Since every Jack become a gentleman, There's many a genteel person made a Jack.

Q. ELIZ. By him that rais'd me to this careful height From that contented hap which I enjoy'd, I never demean'd his majesty Against the duke of Clarence, but have been An earnnest advocate to plead for him. My lord, you do me shameful injury. Falsely to draw me in these vile suspicions. GLO. You may deny that you were not the cause Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Rich. She may, my lord; I know not.

Glo. She may, my lord, Rivers!—why, who knows not so? She may do more, sir, than denying that: She may declare how she helps you in your enterprises; And then deny her aiding hand therein. And lay those honors on your high desert. What may she not? She may!—say, marry may she.

Rich. What, marry, may she be?

Glo. What, marry, marry she may! marry with a king, A bachelor, a handom-strapping too; I will be such a husband to you and a match for his. Q. ELIZ. My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne Your blunt upbraiding, and your bitter scoffs: By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty, Of these bold tutors I often have immur'd. I had rather be a country servant-maid, Than a great queen with this condition— To be hoot'd, scold'd, ad, and spurn'd! Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, behind.

Q. MAR. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech thee!

Thy honor, state, and seat, is due to me. Glo. What! threat ye me with telling of the king? Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said I will avouch, in presence of the king; I will adventure to send to the monarch at play.

Rich. To sin, to speak, my pains are quite forgot. Q. MAR. Out, devil! I remember them too well! Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower, And left me, with my son, to perish, at Peckham. Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband kingly, I was a jack-horse in his great affairs; A freed-man of his enemies and adversaries, A liberal rewarder of his friends; To royalize his blood, I split mine own.

Q. MAR. Ay, and much better blood than his, or his.

Glo. In all which time, you, and your husband sly, Were factious for the house of Lancaster:— And, Rivers, so were you;— was not your husband In Marguerite's battle at Saint Alban's slain? Let me put in your minds, if you forget,

† Rojo, ignorant. * A error rated at 68. ‡ Think. What you have been ere now, and what you are; Within, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. MAR. A murd'rous villain, and so still thou art. Glo. To light on Edward's party, for the crown; And, for his need, poor lord, he is new't up! I would to God, my heart were shut like Edward's, Or Edward's heart, and pitiful, like mine own. I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. MAR. Hee thee to hell for shame, and leave this world.

Thou couldst not banish; there thy kingdom is. Rich. My lord of Gloster, in those busy days, Which here you urge to prove us enemies, We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king; So did you, and yours should be our king.

Glo. I'll be should be! I had rather be a pedlar: Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof! Q. ELIZ. A little joy, my lord, as you suppose You should enjoy, were you this country's king; As little joy you may suppose in me, That I enjoy, being the queen thereof. For I am she, and altogether joyless.

I can no longer hold me patient. [Advancing.] Hear me, you wrangling prates, that fall out So sharply that I have put it to your mouth: Which of you trembles not, that looks on me; It not, that I, being queen, how you look; Yet that, by you deposed, you quake like rebels!— All, all, you prates, do not turn away. Glo. Fool wrinkle witch, what mak'st thou in my sight! That market repetition of what thou hast marr'd; That will I have, before I let thee go.

Glo. Wert thou not banished on pain of death? Q. MAR. I was; but I do find more pain inishment, Than death can yield me here by my abode. A husband, and a son, thou ow'st to me,— And thou a kingdom;—all of you allegiance: This scorn I shall with right good content with thee; And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee, When thou didst crown his warlike head with paper, And with the word, the name, draw new streams from his eyes; And then to dry them, gav'st the duke aulent, Steep'd in the infault blood of pretty Rutland;— His curses, then from bitterness of soul For their confounded abominations, are all fall on thee; And God, not we, hath plighted thy bloody deed. Q. ELIZ. So just is God, to right the innocent. Hadst thou the foulest deed to say that babe, And the most merciful, that ever was on thee; Rich. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported. Dost thou now, unbridled by right revenge for it. Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. MAR. What! were you snarling all, before I came.

Ready to catch each other by the throat, And turn you all your hatred now on me? Did York's deep stead cause prevail so much with heaven, That I could die, my lovely Edward's death, Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment, Could all but answer for that peevish brat!— Thyself, I saw thee in the clouds of my curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven?—Why, that is hate, thus many dill, cloud, to my quick curses!— Though not by war, by surfeite die thy king, As our last murder, to make him a crown, Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales, For Edward, my son, that was prince of Wales, Die in his youth, by like unimine violence! Thyself, I saw thee, for that was war, revenge, Ottive thy glory like my wretched self! Long mayst thou live, to wait thy children's loss; And see another, as I see thee now. Dost thou think, that neck, as thou art stol'n 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, if you were sisters, Dost thou think, that neck, as thou art stol'n in mine! And so wast thou, lord Hastings,— when thy son Was stab'd with bloody daggers; God, I pray him, * Corrupt devil. † Pillagel.
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unklow'd accident cut off!
Glo. Have done thy charm, thou handlewither'd ha;
Q. Mar. and leave out thee: stay, dog, for thou
Halt hear me.
If heavens have any treausre plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
Let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,
And let thy pride go down their indignation.
On thee, the troubles of the woorl'd peace's
The worm of conscience still be gnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And seek deep traitors for thy dearest friends.
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Afores thine with a hell of ugly devils.
The foolish-small-ard, abortive, holk dog
Thou that wast scald'd in thy nativity.
The slave of nature, and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy wond's
Our afores buildeth in the father's top!
Thou raz of honor: thou destitute—
Glo. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard;

Q. Mar. 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 for no reply;
O, let me make the pened to my curse.
Glo. 'Tis done by me; and ends in—Margaret.
Q. Exeunt
This have you breath'd your curse against yourself.
Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune
Why strav'sh thou sugar on that botteld spider
Whose deadly web oersareth thee about?
Foot, food! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.
The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me
To relish this peace this nought-hunch-back'd head.
Fust. False-bodning woman, end thy frantic curse;
Lest, to thy harm, we move our patience.
Q. Mar. Foolish shame upon you! you have all
Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your duty.
Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:
Glo. I, and much more: but I was born so high,
Our awny buds in the father's top.
And duffle with the wind, and scorns the sun.
Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade; alas! alas!
Witness, my son, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness fold'd up.
Your airy buildeth in our airy's nest—
Glo. God, that seizt it, do not sue it any more.
Q. Mar. Peace, master marquis, you are nullapart;
Your fire-new stamp of honor is scarce current.
Q. That, your young nobility could judge,
Which might have lost some or miserable
They that stand high, have many blasts to shake them:
And, if they, tall they dress themselves to pieces.
Glo. Good counsel, marry;—learn it, learn it,
marquis.
Dors. It touches you, my lord, as much as mine.
Glo. Ay, and much more: but I was born so high,
Our awny buds in the father's top.
And duffle with the wind, and scorns the sun.
Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade; alas! alas!
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Q. That, your young nobility could judge,
Which might have lost some or miserable
They that stand high, have many blasts to shake them:
And, if they, tall they dress themselves to pieces.
Glo. Good counsel, marry;—learn it, learn it,
marquis.
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though I should traverse the world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

**Brack.** What was your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell me,

Clare. I thought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Gloster:
With all the rest of my attendants and me,
I tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; thence we look'd toward England,
And cired up a thousand heavy tunes.

During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befaln us. As we paced along,
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Mark how the foster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay his board,
Into the tumbling bowls of the main.

O heaven! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within strange eyes!
Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wounds;
A thousand men, that fires shone up on;
With a sight of gold, great pinches, kaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalu'd jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes
Where e'er did once inhabit, there came crept
(As were in scorn of eyes) reclining gems,
That would the sly bottom of the deep,
And mark'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brack. Had you no such lesse to make of mine death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clare. Methought, I had; and often did I strive
To rend the ghost; but still the carousal flood
Kept in my soul; and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and winding air;
But another of its own Return did rise
With a, purpose to be seek'd in the sea.

**Brack.** Awak'st thou not with this sore agony?

Clare. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after late;
O, they began the tempest to my soul,
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poes write of,
Usurping the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did meet my strange soul,
Was my great bath-in-law, renowned Warwick,
Who cry'd afraid—What scarege for perjury
Can this dark moment afford?—afford false Clarenc-
And so he vanish'd: Then came a view by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shriak'd out aloud.—
Clarence, deceitful, false, fleeing, perjur'd Clarenc-

That slabb'd me in the field by Tacksworthes;
Seize on him, fires, take him to your tormentors,
And brand him in the streets of London:
Sound'st up his name, and how the legions soul
Finds environd, and howling at mine ears,
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
Could scarce believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream.

**Brack.** No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clare. O, Brakenbury, I have done these things—
That now give evidence against my soul,—
For Edward's sake; and, see how he requisites
But—

**God!** if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone—
O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children—

I pray thee, gentlekeeper, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I think would sleep.

**Brack.** I will, my lord; God give your grace good rest!—

**Clarence repose himself on a chair.**

Sorrow bereav'd me, and repose, it seems,
Makes the night morning, and the day night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honor and an inward toil;
And for such dispensations,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So but between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward name.
ACT II. SCENE I.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter KING EDWARD, [died in sick], QUEEN ELIZA-
BETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM,
GRAY, and others.

K. Edw. [To DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, 
GRAY, and others]: Why, so—now have I done a good 
day's work?—
You peers continue this united league:
I every day expect an embassage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And more in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Inquest, jury, on the part.

K. Edw. If you do love my brother, hate not me:
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are bared for meed; go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloster;
Who shall reward you better for my life:
Than Edward will for tiding of my death.
2 MURD. You are deceived; your brother Gloster 
hates you.

K. Edw. O, no; he loves me, and he holds me dear:
Go you to him from me.

Both MURD. Ay, so we will.

K. Edw. Tell him when that our princely father York 
Bless'd him from his three sons with his victorious arm,
And armed him from his charge to look to each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship:
Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

MURD. Ay, mull-stones; as he bade us to work.

MURD. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

MURD. Right, as snow in harvest—Come, you 
deceive yourself;
'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

K. Edw. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,
And hugged me in his arms, and swore, with sohs,
That he would labor my delivery.

1 MURD. Why so doth he, when he delivers you 
From this earth's thraldom to the joys of heaven.

2 MURD. Make peace with God, or you must die, 
my lord.

K. Edw. He holds that holy feeling in thy soul, 
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blin.
That thou wilt war with God, by my railing me?

Ah, sir, consider, he that set you on.
To do this deed, wilt thou for the deed.

K. Edw. What shall we do?

1 MURD. Relent, and save your souls.

2 MURD. Relent, and save your souls.

1 MURD. Relent! 'tis cowardly, and womanish. 

2 MURD. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devi.

Which of you, if you were a prince's son, 
Being sent from liberty, as I am now,—
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,— 
Would not entreat for life?—

MURD. My friend, I spy some pity in th' looks; 

if thine be not, 

Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my distress,
A begging prince what begetteth pities hot!

1 MURD. Look behind you, my lord.

1 MURD. Take this, and that; if all this will not do,
I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

[Exit with the body.

2 MURD. A bloody deed, and desperately des.

spatch'd! How soon, like Pilato, 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 shack 
you have been.

2 MURD. If you had knew, that I had sav'd his 
brother!

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say
For I repeat me that the duke is slain.

Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the duke give order for his burial:
And while I have my meed, I will away;
For this will out, and then I must not stay.

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I every day expect an embassage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And more in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Inquest, jury, on the part.
LIFE
Come, this
I will pray thee, Hastings;—I will never
more remember
Our former hatred; so thrive, and mine,
K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him,—Hastings, love
lord marquis.
Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be inviolable.
Hast. Then, Ebrampes Dorsett.
K. Edw. Now princely Buckingham, seal thou
this league,
With thy embraces to my wife’s allies,
And make me happy in thy undertaking.
Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your grace, [To the QUEEN,] but with all
loving kindness,
Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherons, and full of guile,
Be he unto me! this do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in love to you or yours.
[Enter RIVERS, &c.]
K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart?
There wanteth now our brother 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 sovereign king, and
your proud lords;
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!
K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the
day:
The brother, we have done deeds of charity:
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate.
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.
Glo. A blessed labor, my most sovereign liege,—
Among this princely heap, it any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe; if unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have thought committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace
This, so death to me to speak of 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 dutieous service;—
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham.
If ever any grudge were lodg’d between us;
Of you, lord Rivers,—and, lord Grey, of you,
That all without desert have frown’d on me—
Dukes, ears, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive,
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night.
I thank my God for my humility.
Q. Eliz. A holy-day shall this be kept hereafter.
I would to God, all strifes were well compounded.—
My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
To take our brother Gloucester to your goodness,
Glo. Why, madam, have I offered love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not, that the gentle dukes are dead?
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I thank my God for my humility.
Bade me rely on him, as on my father. 

And he would love me dearly as his child. 

**Duck.** Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes. 

And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice! 

He is my son, ay, and therein my shame. 

Yet from my dog he did not this deceit. 

**Son.** Think you, my uncle did dissemble, grandam? 

**Duck.** Ay, boy. 

**Son.** I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this! 

**Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, distractedly; RIVERS and DESIER, following her.** 

**Q. Eliz.** Ah! who shall hinder me to walk and weep! 

To chide my fortune, and torment myself! 

I'll join with black despair against my soul, 

And bless myself become an arrant fool. 

**Duck.** What means this scene of rude impatience? 

**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? 

Whither not the leaves, that want their sap? 

If you will live, lament; if die, be brief; 

That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's; 

Or, like obedient subjects, follow him. 

To his new kingdom of perpetual rest. 

**Duck.** Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow, 

As I had title in thy noble husband. 

I loved not a worthy husband's noble death, 

And 'd look on his images: 

But now two mirrors of his princely semblance 

Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death; 

And for comfort have but one false glass. 

That grieves me when I see my shame in him. 

Thou art a widow: yet thou art a mother, 

And hast the comfort of thy children left thee: 

But death hath snatch'd all my happiness in my arms, 

And plac'd two crutches from my feeble hands, 

Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I, 

That am not being but a misery of my grief, 

To over-go thy plants, and drown thy cries! 

**Son.** Ah, aunt! you wept not for our father's death; 

How can we weep with you and our kindred tears? 

**Duck.** Our fatherless distress was left unmourn'd, 

Your widow-dolor likewise be unwept! 

**Q. Eliz.** Give me no help in lamentation, 

I am not barren to bring forth laments: 

All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes, 

That I, being governed by the watry moon, 

May send forth pleurant tears to drown the world! 

Ah! no, my dear Edward! 

**Chil.** Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence! 

**Duck.** Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence! 

**Q. Eliz.** What stay had I, but Edward? and he's gone. 

**Chil.** What stay had we, but Clarence? and he's gone. 

**Duck.** What stays had I, but they? and they are gone. 

**Q. Eliz.** Was never widow, had so dear a loss. 

**Chil.** Were never orphans, had so dear a loss. 

**Duck.** Was never mother, had so dear a loss. 

**Alas!** I am the mother of these griefs; 

That I am more parcelf'd! more mine general. 

She for an Edward weeps, and so do I; 

For a Clarence weep, doth not she not: 

These bebes for Clarence weep, and so do I: 

For in Edward weep, so do they not. 

**Alas!** thee three, on me, thrice-glid distress'd, 

Pour all your tears; I am your sorrow's nurse, 

And I will pump it with lamentations. 

**Dor.** Comfort, dear mother; God is much displeas'd, 

That you take with unthankfulness his doing. 

In common worldly things, 'is called—ungrateful, 

With duties and kindness 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. 

God, and thank you, like a careful mother, 

Of the young prince you've son; send straightfor him, 

Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives; 

And desperate sorrow in death Edward's grave, 

And plant your joys in living Edward's throne. 

**Divided.**
LIFE

My Act, but I'll converse.

The

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'Eliz. A parlous boy: Go to, you are too shrewd.

Arch. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd, I could have given my uncle's grace a fleat.

To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.

Duch. How, my young York? I pr'ythee, let me know it.

York. Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast, that he could gnaw a crust at two hours old;

I was full two years ere I could get a tooth.

Grandam, this would have been a good jest.

Duch. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told you this?

York. Grandam, his nurse.

Duch. His nurse? why, she was dead ere thou wast born.

York. If'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Q. Eliz. A parlous boy: Go to, you are too shrewd.

Arch. A good madam, be not angry with the child

Q. Eliz. Pitches have ears.

Enter A Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger: What news?

Mess. Such news, my lord, as gives me to unbold.

Q. Eliz. How doth the prince?

Mess. Well, madam, and in health.

Duch. What is thy news?

Mess. Lord Rivers, and lord Grey, are sent to Pomfret,

With them sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Duch. Who hath committed them?

Mess. The mighty dukes Gloster and Buckingham.

Q. Eliz. For what offence?

Mess. The sum of all I can I have disclosed;

Why, or for what, the notices were committed,

is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

Q. Eliz. Ah me, I see the rumour of my house!

The terror now hath seized the gentile kind:

Insulting tyranny begins to jot

Upon the innocent and awless throne:

Welcome destruction, blood, and massacre!

I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duch. Accursed and unworthy, wrangling days!

How many of you have mine eyes beheld:

My husband lost his life to get the crown;

And often up and down my sons were lost,

For me to joy and weep, their gain and loss:

And being seated, and domestic broods

Clean over-thrown, themselves, the conquerors,

Make war upon themselves; brother to brother.

Blood to blood, self'gainst self'—o, preposterous

And frantic courage, end thy damned spleen!

Or let not your head still come on death's branch!

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuary.

Madam, farewell.

Duch. Stay, I will go with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious lady, go, (To the Queen.

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 lender you, and all of yours!

Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Street.

The Trumpets sound. Enter the Prince of Wales, Gloster, Buckingham, Cardinal Borough, and others.

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sover-

reign:

The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No lady; but our crossway on the way

Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:

want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years

1 KNOWN. 2 CONVERS.
Scene I.  

Prince. I thank you, good my lord—and thank you all.—[Excuse Mayor, &c.]
I thought my mother, and my brother York, Would long ere this have met us on the way:  
For is't not true, as Hastings says, that he comes not To tell us, whether they will come, or no.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. In good time, here comes the sweating lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord; What, will our mother come?

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I.  
The queen your mother, and your brother York,  
Have sign'd a treaty; therefore may the tender prince 
Would run have come with me to meet your grace,  
But by his mother was perforce withhold.

But he, and you, who can instruct and peevish course 
Is this of hers!—Lord cardinal, will you persuade 
The prince to send the duke of York, 
Unto his princely brother presently!  
If the double lord Hastings, go with him,  
And from her jealous arms pack him perforce.

Card. My lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory Can from his mother win the duke of York,  
Anon expose him here; But if she be obdurate 
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid,
We should infringe the holy privilege 
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land,  
Would be guilty of so deep a crime.

You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,  
Too ceremonious, and traditional.

Though the greatness of this age, 
You break not sanctuary in so slight a case;  
The benefactor of the state, is ever granted.

To those whose declaims have deserved the place,  
And those who have the wit to claim the place;  
The prince hath neither claimed it, nor deserved it.  
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it;  
Then, taking him from thence, that is not there,  
You break no privilege nor charter there.

On love I heard of sanctuary in desert 
But sanctuary children, never till now.

Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for

Come on, lord Hastings, will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you can,  
[Excuse Cardinal and Hastings.]

Say, uncle Gloucester, if our brother come,  
Where shall we sojourn till our coro:ation?

How if it be true unto your royal self,  
I may counsel you, some day or two,  
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower;  
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit 
For your best health and recreation.

But you do not live the Tower for any place:—  
Did Julius Caesar build that place, my lord!

Glo. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place:  
When, since, succeeding ages have re-edified

Is it upon record I? or else reported 
Successively from age to age he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Buck. For my lord, I were not registered  
Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,  
As were retail'd to all posterity,  
Even to the general all-ending day.

Glo. I see now so young, they say, do ne'er live long.  

Prince. What say you, uncle?

Glo. I say, without characters, fame lives long.  
That makes the honest man, for all a son.  

Prince. That Julius Caesar was a famous man;  
With what his valor did enrich his wit,  
His wit set down to make his value;  
Death makes no compact of this conqueror;  
For he lives in fame, though not in his.  
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham,—

Buck. What, my gracious lord!  

Prince. An I live till I be a man,  
I'll win our ancient right in France again,  
Or the soldier, as I liv'd a king.

Glo. I hear summerly, winterly, have a forward spring.  

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, and the Cardinal.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the duke of York.

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our loving brother!

York. Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.

Prince. Is not my brother; to our grief, as it is yours;  
Too late! he died, that might have kept that title,  
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York!

York. Alas! by y'our grace, should I speak this?  
You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth;  
The prince, my brother, hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then he is more beheld to you than I.

Glo. He may command me, as my sovereign;  
But you can power me, as in all that's right.

York. I pray you, uncle, then, give me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger, little cousin! with all my heart.

Prince. Good brother, beggar, in light?

York. Of all the uncle's, that I know will give;  
And being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

Glo. A greater gift than that! I'll give my cousin.  
York. A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it!

Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O then, I see, you'll part but with light gits;  
In weeping things you'll say a beggar, may.

Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

Glo. How, York, and uncle?

Prince. My lord of York will still be cross in talk—

Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

York. He mean to bear, not to bear with me—

Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;  
Because I am little, like an ape,

He thinks the soul should bear with our shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharp-pointed wit!  
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,  
He prettily and aptly taunts himself.

So cunning, and so wise, is wonderful.

Glo. My gracious lord, will you please you pass along?

Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham,
Will to your mother; to entertain her,
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, sir, what should you fear!

York. Marry, there is my uncle Clarence' ghost;  
My grandam told me, he was murder'd there.

Prince. I fear no undone dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. And if they live, I hope, I need not fear.  
But come, my lord, and, with a heavy heart,  
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[Evacue Prince, YORK, HASTINGS, Cardinal, &c.]

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York  
Was not increased: by his subtle mother,

To tam'st the desire, thus oppressibly?  

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: O, his counsellors boy;  
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;  
He's all his mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest.—

Come hither, gentle Catesby; thou art sworn  
As deeply to effect what we intend,  
As closely to conceal what we impart:  
Thou know'st our reasons urged upon the way,—

What think'st thou, is it not an easy matter  
To make William lord Hastings of our mind,  
For the instalment of this noble duke  
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

Cates. He for his father's sake loves the prince,  
That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley? will not he?

Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well then, no more but this: Go, gentle Catesby,  

* Ladies.  

* Interl.  

* Intellig.  

* Commonly.
And, as it were far off, sound thou lord Hastings, 
How he doth stand affected to our purpose; 
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower, 
To tell about the coronation. 
If thou dost find him tractable to us, 
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons: 
If he be headen, icy, cold, unwilling, 
Be thou so bold 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. Come, Benjamin, to lord William: tell him, 
Catesby, 
his ancient knot of dangerous adversaries. 
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle; 
And I'll friend thee, and thou shalt hear of it; 
Give mistresse Shore one gentle kiss the more. 
Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business 
soodly. 
Cale. My good lords both, with all the heed I can. 
Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep? 
Cale. You shall, my lord. 
Glo. At Crosby-place, there shall you find us both. 
[Exit Catesby. 
Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we 
receive Lord Hastings will not yield to our compacts? 
Glo. Chop off his head, man—somewhat we shall 
And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me 
The cardinal of Hereford, and all the moveables 
Whereof the king my brother was possessed. 
Buck. I'll call on that promise at your grace's hand. 
Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kind- 
ness, 
Come, let us sup betimes; that afterwards 
We may digest our compætions in some form. 
[Exeunt. 
SCENE II.—Before Lord Hastings's House. 
Enter a Messenger. 
Mess. My lord, my lord,— 
[Knocking. 
Hast. [Within] Who knocks? 
Mess. One from lord Stanley. 
Hast. [Within] What is o'clock? 
Mess. Upon the stroke of four. 
[Enter Hastings. 
Hast. Cannot thy master sleep the tedious nights? 
Mess. So it should seem by that I have to say. 
First he commends him to your noble lordship. 
Hast. And then? 
Mess. And then he sends you word, he dreamt 
To-night the boar had rased off his helm: 
Besides are two crows held; 
And that may be determined at the one, 
Which may make you and him to rue at the other. 
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's plea- 
sure, 
If presently, you will take horse with him, 
And with all speed post with him toward the north. 
To shun the danger that his soul dines, 
Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord. 
But him not fear the separated counsellors: 
His honor, 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 ears are shallow, warning instances: 
And let what dreams—what wonders sound, 
To trust the mockery of men's slumber: 
To fly the boar, before the boar pursues, 
Were to incense the boar to follow us, 
And make pursuit, where he did mean no chase. 
Go, but thy master rise and come to me; 
And we will both together to the Tower, 
Where he shall see, the boar will use us kindly. 
Mess. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say. 
[Exit. 
Enter Catesby. 
Cale. Many good morrows to my noble lord! 
Hast. Good morrow, Catesby; you are early 
Starting. 
What news, what news, in this our tottering state! 
Cale. It is a rebel world, indeed, my lord; 
And you believe, will never stand upright, 
Till Richard wear the Garland of the realm. 
—Separate. 
Example. 
Weak. 
L. Glover, who had a boar for his arms. 
Hast. How! wear the Garland! dost thou mean 
the crown? 
Cale. Ay, my good lord. 
Hast. I'll not wear a crown of mine cut from my 
shoulders, 
Before I'll see the crown so foul misplaced. 
But trust thou guess that he doth aim at it! 
Cale. I'll burn my eye; and hopes to find you for- 
ward 
Upon his party, for the gain thereof; 
And thereupon, he sends you this good news,— 
That, this same very day, your enemies, 
The Kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret. 
Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news, 
Because they have been still my adversaries: 
But that he give me voice on Richard's side, 
To bar my master's heirs in true descent, 
God knows, I will not do, to the death. 
Cale. I'll keep your lordship in that gracious 
mind. 
Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence. 
That they, who brought me in my master's hate, 
I live to look upon their tragedy, 
Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older, 
I'll send some packing, that yet think not on. 
Cale. Then, I'll not be out of this world till 
Good morrow; you shall have this thing to die, my good lord, 
When men are unprepared, and look not for it. 
Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so settle it 
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill do 
With both these wits, who think themselves as safe 
As thou, and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear 
To prouder Richard, and to Buckingham. 
Cale. The princes both make high account of 
For they account his head upon the bridge. 
[Aside. 
Hast. I know, they do; and I have well deserv'd it! 
[Enter Stanley. 
Stain. Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear, man! 
Fear you the boar, and so go unprovided! 
Hast. My lord, good morrow; and good morrow, 
Catesby:— 
You may jest on, but, by the holy rood! 
I do not jest these several counsellors, 
Hast. My lord, I hold my life as dear as yours; 
And never, in my life, I do protest, 
Was more precious to me than 'tis now: 
Think you, but that I know our state secure, 
I would be so triumphant as I am! 
Stain. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from 
London, 
Were jocund, and supposed their states were sure, 
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust; 
But yet, you see, how soon the day doth cast, 
This storming state: beauer I cannot tell, 
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward! 
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent. 
Hast. Come, come, have with you.—Wot you 
on, 
My lord! 
To-day, the lords you talk of are beleaguered. 
Stain. They further their truth, might better wear their 
hands, 
Than some, that have accus'd them, wear their hats. 
But come, my lord, let's away. 
[Enter a Pursuivant. 
Hast. Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow. 
[Exit Stanley and Catesby. 
How now, sirrah, how goes the world with thee! 
Purs. The better that your lordship please to ask. 
Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now, 
Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet: 
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower, 
By the suggestion of the queen's allies; 
But now I tell thee, (keep it to thyself.) 
This day those enemies are put to death, 
And I a better state than ever I was. 
Purs. God hold it, to your honor's good content! 
Hast. Gramercy, fellow; There drink that for me. 
[Exit Purs. 
Purs. I thank your honor. 
[Exit Pursuivant. 
Enter a Priest. 
Fr. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your 
honor. 
Hast. I thank thee, good sir John, with all my 
love. 
I am in your debt for your last exercise; 
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you. 
—Cross. 
Know.
Enter Buckingham.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain! Your friends at Pomfret? they do need the priest.
Your honest lord, with a no shriving work in mind.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.

But do you toward the Tower?

Buck. To do, my lord, but long I cannot stay there: I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I shall dine there.

Buck. And supper too, although thou knewst it not. [Aside.]

Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Pomfret. Before the Castle.

Enter Ratcliffe, with a Guard, conducting Rivers, Grey, Ely, and Vaughan, to Execution.

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliffe, let me tell thee this—
To-day, thou beheld a subject die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You live, that shall cry woe for this here-

Rat. Despotic; the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody priest,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!
Within the guilty closure of thy walls,
Richard the second here was as had 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 tall upon our heads.
When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I.

Riv. To stand by when Richard stab'd his son.
Grey. You said she Hastings, curst she Buckingham.

Then curs'd she Richard:—O, remember, God,
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us.
And let my prayers for thee, my dear friend, be satisfied, dear God, with our true bloods,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt!

Hast. Make haste, the hour of death is expir'd.

Riv. Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan,—let us here embrace:

Farewell, until we meet again in heaven. [Exeunt.


Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, the Bishop of Ely, Catesby, Love, and others, sitting of a Table: tears of joy and weeping on every side.

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met Is—to determine of the coronation: In God's name speak, when is the royal day?

Buck. Are not things ready for that royal time?

Stam. They are:—and wants but one of two.

Ely. To-morrow, then, I judge a happy day.

Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind?

Who is most inward with the noble duke?

Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

Buck. We know each other's faces; for our hearts—

He knows no more of mine, than 1 of yours; Yet, of his, my lord, you know of mine:—
Lord Hastings, you and I are near in love.

Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;
But, for his purpose in the coronation, I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd His gracious pleasure any way therein: But you, my noble lord, may name the time;
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice, Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Exit Glos ter.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

Glos. 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 your presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your own accord, William lord Hastings had pronounced your part,—

I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

Glos. 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. [Exit Ely.

Glos. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

Buck. To the best advise.—
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business; And finds the testify gentleman so hot, That he will lose his head, ere give consent, In his master's child, which is happily his terms, Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself awhile, I'll go with you. [Exeunt Glos ter and Buck ingham.

Stam. We have not yet set down with what advantage in To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided, As else I would be were the day proling'd. [Exit.

Re-enter Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my lord protector? I have sent For these strawberries.

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning:
There's some prospect? or other likes him well, When he doth bid good morrow with so much spirit. I think, there's me a man in Christendom, Can lessee hide his love, or hate, than he; For by his very straight course shall I keep my heart.

Stam. What of his heart perceive you in his face, By any likelihood he shold to-day?

Ely. Marry, that with no man here he is offender; For, were he be, he had showed some head. [Exit Stam. Re-enter Glos ter and Buck ingham.

Glos. I pray you all, tell me what you deserve, That do conspire with your death with devilish plots Of damned witchcraft; and that have prepar'd Upon my body with their hellish charms!

Hast. The tender lover I hear your grace, my lord, Makes me most forward in this noble presence To doom the offenders: Whoso'er they be, I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glos. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil, Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up;

And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch, Consorted with that hag, strapenter Shore, That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble lord,—

Glos. If: thou protector of this damned strapenter, Talk'st thou to me of this?—Thou art a traitor:

Oil with his head:—now, by saint Paul I swear, I will not done unless I see the same,

Lovel, and Catesby, look that it be done:
The rest that love me, raise, and follow me. [Exeunt Council, with Glos ter and Buck ingham.

Hast. Woe, woe, for England! not a wish for me; For I too fond, might have prevented this: Stanley did dream, the bear did raise his helm; But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly.

Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble, And started, when he look'd upon the Tower, As kest to bear to the slaughter-house.
O, now I want the priest that spoke to me: I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies
To-day at Pomfret bloody were butcher'd, And I myself sure was in grace and glory; O, Margaret, Margaret, how thy heavy curse Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

date. Despair, my lord, the duke would be at any way.

Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

Hast. O, momentary grace of mortal men, Which we more hunt for than the grace of God! Who builds his hope in any of your looks, Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;— Ready, with every nod, to tumble down In the fatal presently of the death's charge.

Lor. Come, come, despatch: its bootless to explain.

Hast. O, bloody Richard!—miserable England! I prophesy he hearer be to the tidings: That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.—

Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head, They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead. [Exeunt.
Scene V.—The Tower Walls.

Enter Gloster, and Buckingham, in rusty Armor, 
with meagreous all-favor'd.

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy color? 
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,— 
And then begin, and stop thy song again.

As if thou wast distraught, and mad with terror? 

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian; 
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side, 
That breath should start at wagging of a strand. 
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles; 
And both are ready in your offices, 
Alas, as sorry to grace my stragglers.

But what, is Catesby gone by? 

Glo. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Lord Mayor and Catesby.

Buck. Let me alone to entertain him.—Lord mayor,

Glo. Look to the draw-bridge there.

Buck. Har, har! a drum.

Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent for you.

Glo. Look back defend thee, here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocence defend and guard us!

Enter lovell and Ratcliff, with hasting's head.

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff, and Lovell.

LoR. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,

The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep. 
I took him for the plainest harmless creature, 
That breath'd a better air than could be found; 
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he gave his vice with show of virtue, 
That I have missed my truest. 

He was the open guilt of all the world, 
I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife;— 
He liv'd from all attainer of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert's shelter'd traitor,
That ever liv'd. — Look you, my lord mayor,
Would you imagine, or almost believe, 
(Were't not, that by great preservation 
We live to tell it you,) the subtle traitor
This day had plotted in the council-house
To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster?

May. He had no cause to fear so.

Glo. What! think you we are Turks, or infidels,
Or that we would, against the form of law, 
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death; 
But the extreme peril of the state,
The peace of England, and our persons' safety, 
Enforced us to this execution!

May. Now, fair rebel you! he deserv'd his death; 
And your good graces both have well proceeded, 
To warn false traitors from the like attempts. 
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he fell in with mistress Shore.

Buck. Yet had we not determin'd he should die, 
Until your lordship came to see his end:
Which now the loving haste of these our friends, 
Somewhat against our meaning, both prevented. 

May. But our old friends have well signified the same.
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may
Misconstrue us in, and will his death.

May. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve;
As well as I had seen, and heard him speak; 
And do not doubt, right noble princes both, 
Will acquaint our duties so. 

With all our just proceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
To avoid the censures of the censoring world.

May. But since you came too late to have our note, 
Yet witness what you hear we did intend; 
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[exit Lord Mayor.

Glo. Go after, after, cousin Buckingham.

The mayor towards Guildhall lies him in all post—

*Pretending.

There, at your metest vantage of the time,
Inter the bastardry of Edward's children:
Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen, 
Only for saying,—he would make his heir
Himself, the crown; misusing indeed his house, 
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.

Moreover, urge his hateful luxury, 
And bêteal appetite in change of lust;
Which, if you could undo their servants, daughters, wives,

Even where his raging eye, or savage heart,
With execrable lust, would make it ruin; 

Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person — 
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that inestimable Edward, noble York,
My princely father, then had him in France; And, by just computation of the time, 
Found, that the issue was not his begot; 
Which well appeared in his lineaments, 
Being nothing like the noble duke my father:
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far of old: 
Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator, 
As if the golden age, for which I plead,
Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's castle;
Where they shall find me well accompanied, 
With reverence friends, and well-leaund bishops.

Buck. I go; and, towards three or four o'clock, 
Look for the news that the Guildhall holds.

[Exit Buckingham.

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to doctor Shaw,— 
Go thou to Cat's; to Esher Penker,—bend them both 
Meet me, within this hour, at Baynard's castle.

[Exit Lovel and Catesby.

Now will I, in take some privy order
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight; 
And to give notice to no man that person
Have, any time, recourse unto the prince.

Scene VI.—A Street.

Enter a Servicener.

Serv. Here is the indictement 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 sequent fates together:—Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me; 
The precedent was to say so long a doing; 
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,
Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while!—Who is so gross,
That not to see this palpable deed:
Yet who so bold, but says—he sees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealing must be seen in thought.

Scene VII.—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 insalubri greeness of his desires, 
And his enforcement of the city wards;
His tyranny for tribes; his own bastardy,— 
As being got, your father then in France; 
And his resemblance, being not like the duke.

What did I infer out 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 humanity; 
Indeed, left nothing, fitting for your purpose,
Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse.
And when since you grew to so great age,
I bade them, that did love their country's good, 
Cry—God save Richard, England's royal king!

But did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word; 
But like dumb statues, or breathless stones,
Scene VII.  King Richard III.

Star'd on each other, and look'd deadly pale.
When, with all heart, I drank to their healths;
And ask'd the mayor, what men said this wise fellow?
His answer was,—the people were not us'd
To be spoke to, but by the recorder.
Then he reply'd (as I understood him) again:
Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferred it;
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At a lower end of the hall, burst up their caps,
And some ten voices cried, God save king Richard!
And thus I took the vantage of those few,—
Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends, quoth I;
The general applause, and cheerful shout,
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard;
And even here brake off and came away.
Glo. What was that wordless block? were they would
Not they speak not?
Will not the mayor then, and his brethren, come?
Buck. The mayor is here at hand: intend'some
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 requests;
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.
Glo. I go; and if you plead as well for them,
As you can say nay to your prayers,
No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.
Buck. Go, go, up to the leads; the lord mayor knocks.

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord; I dance attendance here;
I think the duke will not be spoke withal—

Enter from the Castle, Catesby.

Now, Catesby, what says your lord to my request?
Cate. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
To visit him to-morrow, or next day:
He is within with two right reverend fathers,
Immediately went to meditation:
And in no worthy suit would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.
Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke,
Tell him, my self, the may or, as myself,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with your grace.
Cate. I'll signify so much unto him straight—

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an
Edward.
He is not dwelling on a lawn day-bred,
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtiers,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not lingering to engross his idle thoughts,
But prayer to enrich his watchful soul.
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof?
But, sure, I fear, we shall nor win him to it.
May. Marry, God defend, his grace should say us nay!
Buck. I fear, he will: Here Catesby comes again.

Re-enter Catesby.

Now, Catesby, what says his grace?
Cate. He wond'ring to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him;
Himself never being there before.
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.
The mayor, therefore, should be answer'd;
If you, my lord, the contrary.
Buck. Sorry am I, my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him;
By heaven, we come to him inperfect love;
And so once more return and tell his grace.

Re-enter Catesby.

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their heads, I must drudge them thence;
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter Gloster, in a gallery above, between two Bishops.  Catesby returns.

May. See, where his grace stands between two clergymen.

Buck. Two props of virtue for a christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity:
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand;

* Pretend.

True ornaments to know a holy man—
Famous Plaists, and reverend English prince,
Lend favorable ear to our requests.
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion, and right-Christian zeal.
Glo. My lord, the matter is not due to apology;
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends.
But, leaving them, what is your grace's pleasure?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this unworl'dly isle.
Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a christian land?
Buck. Know, then, it is your fault, that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne regal, majestic,
The sceptred office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock:
Whilst, in the midst of your sleep, thoughts,
(Whence here we waken to our country's good,) The noble peace of your posterity
Her face defaced with scars of inanity,
Her royal state gait with ignoble plants,
And almost should't in the swallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.
Which to recure, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kindly government of this your land:
Not as protector, steward, sustainer,
Or loosely fanner for another's gain:
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empyre, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizen,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your grace.
Glo. I cannot tell, let it depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof.
Best suiteth my degree, or your condition:
If to answer,—you might haply think,
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To hear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me;
It to reprieve you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friend.
Therefore—speak, and to avoid the first:
And, then in speaking, not to incur the last,—
Definitely to answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert
Inamenable, stuns your high request.
First, it is all obsequious that aunt;
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty, and so many my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,—
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,—
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vaper of glory snuff'd硕.
But, God be thanked, there is no need of me;
(And much I need'd, to help you, if need were:)
The royal tree hath lost us royal fruit,
Which, were it not being by the remembrance of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and lawful heir has barbarities—
Whither, God defend, that I should bring from him!
Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace.
But the less its effect are nie; and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.
You say, that Edward is your brother's son;
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife:
For he was content to lady Bolingbroke;
Your mother lives a witness to his vow;
And afterwards by substitute bestowed
To Bonaventure a son of the prince.
These both put by; a poor petitioner,

* Thrust into.

Thrice, Receiver.

* Empire.

Minutes.
A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made price and purchase of her wanton eye,
Seduced the pitch and height of all his thoughts
To base decension and loath'd bigotry:
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call—the prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue;
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity:
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the eruption of abusing time,
Unto a local true-derived course.
May, Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat,
Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.
Cate. O make them joyful, grant their lawful
Glo. Alas, why would you heap those cares on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty:
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;
I cannot, nor I will not, yield to you.
Buck. If you refuse it,—as in love and zeal,
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son;
As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally, indeed, to all estates.—
By these, who'd you, who're your accept or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
But we will plant some other in your throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house.

And, in this resolution here we leave you;
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

Exeunt Buckingham and Citizens.

Cate. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their suit;
If you deny them, all the hand will rue it.
Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
Well, call them again; I am not made of stone.
But penetrable to your kind entreaties, [Exeunt Cate.
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.—

Re-enter Buckingham and the rest.
Cousin of Buckingham,—and sage, grave men,—
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, who'rt 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 impositions,
Your name and person shall acquittance me
From all the impure blasts 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 king!
All. Amen.
Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be well;
Glo. Even when you please, since you will have it so.
Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your grace.
And so, with joyfulness we take our leave.
Glo. Come, let us to our holy work again.—
To The Bishops.
Farewell, good cousins—farewell, gentle friends.—
[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Before the Tower.

Enter, on one side, Queen Elizabeth, Duchess of York, and MARGARET of DOSSET; on the other, ANNE, Duchess of Glorost, leading LADY MARGARET PLANTAGENET, CLARENCE'S young Daughter.

Duch. Who meets us here—my most Plantagenet,
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Glorost! 
Now, fair night, she's wandering by the Tower;
On pure heart's love to greet the tender prince—
Daughter, well met.

Anne. 

Q. Eliz. God give your graces both
A welcome and a joyful time of day! 
Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister! Whither away?
Anne. No further than the Tower; and, as I guess, I join the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.
Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all togethertogether:
[Enter BUCKINGHAM.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.—
Master Lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York? 
Brok. Right well, dear madam; By your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;
The king hath strictly charged the contrary.
Q. Eliz. The king! who's that?
Brok. I mean the lord protector,
Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that knotty title
Hath he set round between their love, and me!
I am their mother, who shall bar me from them?
Brok. No, madam; angy your father's mother will see them,
Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother;
Then bring me to their sights; I'll hear thy blame,
And take thy offer from thee, on thy peril.
Brok. No, madam, no, I may not leave it so;
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[Exit BUCKINGHAM.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother.
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.

Boy.—

_Pager._ My lord,

-K.Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting cold
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?

_Pager._ I know a discontented gentleman,

Whose heart is as the upstart's wife's to his naughty mind:

Gold were as good as twenty orators, and

Will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

-K. Rich. What is his name?

_Pager._ It is Sir John Fastolf.

-K. Rich. I partly know the man; go, call him forth, boy.

_Exit Page._

The deep-revolving witt's Buckingham.

No more shall be his neighbor to my counsels:

Hast he so long held out with me until,

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; rumor it abroad,

That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;

I will take order for her keeping close.

-Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,

Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter:

That boy, I think, and, I fear not him.

Look, how thou dream'st!—say again, give out,

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.—

_Exit Catesby._

I must be married to my brother's daughter,

Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass:

Murder those brothers, and then marry her! I

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 su-

ject._

-K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

_Tyr. K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of

mine

_Tyr. Please you; but I had rather kill two ene-

mies

-K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it; two deepencies!

Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,

Are they that I have thee dealt upon;

Tyrrel, I see 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

_later, Tyrrel;

Go, by this token:—Rise, and lend thine ear:

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.

_Re-enter Buckingham._

Buck. My lord, I have considered in my mind

The late demand that you did sound me in.

-K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to

Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

_K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son:—Well, I

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by

promise.

For which your honor and your faith is pawn'd

The cause of Henry, and the movables,

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 re-

quest?

_K. Rich. I do remember me,—Henry the sixth

Did prophesy, that Richmond should be king,

When Richmond was a little preemie boy.

_Aside._ A king!—perhaps?

-Buck. My lord,—

* Secret act.  

* Cuning.  

* It is of great consequence to my designs.  

* Act.  

* Foolish.
K. Rich. How chance, the prophet could not at that time
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?
Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom.
K. Rich. Richmond!—When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
And said it—long-Mongre; at which name, I started;
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My lord,—
K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?
Buck. I am thus bold
To do your grace in mind of what you promised me.
K. Rich. Well, but what is o'clock?
Buck. Upon the stroke
Of ten.
K. Rich. Well, let it strike.
Buck. Why, let it strike?
K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st
The stroke.
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.
Buck. Why, then resolve me wherewith you will,
or no.
K. Rich. Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

[Exeunt KIng Richard and Train.
Buck. And is it thus! repays he my deep service
With such contempt? made I him lord for this!
O, let me think on Hastings; and become
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on. [Exit.

SCENE III. — The same.

Enter Tyrell.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of pitious massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Malign with tenderness and mild compassion,
Went like two children, in their death's sad story.
O Trees, quoth Dighton, lay the genteel babes,—
Thus, thus, quoth Forest, girding one another,
With the irremissible innocent arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other,
A book of pleasures on their pillow lay,
Wich once, quoth Forest, almost changed my mind,
But, O, the devil—there the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on,—we pondered
The most repinient sweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, ere she framed.
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse.
There could not speak, and so I follow both,
To bear these tidings to the bloody king.

Enter King Richard.

And here he comes:—All health, my sovereign lord!
K. Rich. Kind Tyrrell! am I happy in thy news?
Tyr. If I have done the thing ye gave in charge
Receiv your happiness, he happy then.
For it is done.
K. Rich. But didst thou see them done?
Tyr. I did, my lord.
K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrell?
Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.
K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrell, soon, at after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Mean while, I cannot think how I may doe thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell, till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [Exeunt.
K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I pent'up close;
His daughter meanly have I match't in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom; And Wallis, whom I love but little, am I in his good-night. Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond aims At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter, And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown, To her gidd'd, a jolly thriving weaver.

A Jack of the cloack-house is an image like those at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet street, and then a common appellation to cloacks.
[His castle in Wales.
The country in which Richmond had taken refuge.

Enter Catesby.

Cats. My lord,—
K. Rich. Good news, or bad, that thou com'st in so late a hour? Cats. Bad news, my lord: Mortimer's fled to Richmond;
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.
K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near,
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.
Counce, I have receiv'd, that fearful commingling
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary;
Then sorry expedition be my wing.
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!
Go, master men: My counsel is my shield;
We must be brief, when traitors brave the field.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. — Before the Palace.

Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines sly have I lurk'd,
To watch the waning of mine enemies.
A dire induction am I witness to,
And will to France; hoping the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragic.
With broken heart, wretched Margaret! Who comes here?

Enter Queen Elizabeth and the Duchess of York.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, now-apparing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation!
Q. Mar. However about her; say, that right for right.
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.
Duck. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
The tongue of whose is yet unblown; and to you;
To Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?
Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet.
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.
Q. Eliz. Well thou, 0 God, from such gentle limbs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep, when such a deed was done?
Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son,
Duck. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal-living
The second, to the world's shame, grave's due, by life usurpt,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy mirest on England's Whatsapp 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;
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here!
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn, but we?
Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
Give mine the benefit of seniory,
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
It 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.
Duck. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill
I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.
From forth the kernel of thy wond'rous chest
A hell-bound that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry limbs, and lap their guilty blood;
That foul defacer of God's handy-work;
[Exeunt.
Scene IV.  King Richard III.

That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
That reigns in guilty eyes of weeping souls,
Thy] womb let loose to chase us to our graves.—
Q. unp: right, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this cursed power
Presves the issue of his mother’s body.
And makes her pew-fellow with others’ moon!
Duch. O, Harry’s wise, triumph not in my woes;
God’s vengeance will upon you, for again
Thy last attempt to quit my purpose.
Q. Mar. Bear with me, I am hungry for revenge.
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill’d my Edward;
Thy other Edward dead to quit your cause.
Young York he is but hoot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss.
Thy Clarence he is dead that stabb’d my Edward;
And I do meet with others of this tragic race.
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother’d in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell’s black intelligence;
Only respect’d in their sector to his end,
And send them thither: But at hand, at hand,
Ensues his pitious and mispitiful end.
Earth gaps, hell burns, floods rear, saints play;
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 bolted spider, that soul burn’d-back’d toad.
Q. Mar. I call’d thee then, vain flourish of my fortune:
I call’d thee then, poor shadow, painted queen;
The presentation of but what I was.
The warring index of a dastard heart,
One head’s a high, to be hurl’d down below:
A mother only mock’d with two fair faces;
A dream of what thou wast, a garish bag,
That was the sim 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?
Where be thy sons? where be thy dowry?
What joy, Wsoes, and kocks, and says—God save the queen!
Where be the boding peers that flatter’d thee?
Where be the thronging troops that foll’d thee? Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
For happy wife, a most distressed wifid;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being sued to, one that humbly susses;
For queen, a very caitty crown’d with care;
For one that scorn’d at, now scorn’d of me;
For one being fear’d of all, now fearing one;
For one that smar’d, now smir’t;
Thys hath the course of justice wheel’d about,
And left thee but a very prey to time:
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
That black with rage, be, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place; and dost thou not
Unsuppress the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck is half my burden’s yoke;
From which even here I stip my worried head,
And leave the burden of it all on thee.
Farewell, York’s wife,—and queen of sad miseries.

These English woes shall make me smile in France.
Q. Eliz. O thou well skill’d in curses, stay awhile,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies!
Q. Mar. No; for bear to the sleep the night, and last the day.

Compare dead happiness with living woe;
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,
And that thou didst, fairer than thou art:
Bettering thy loss makes the bad-cause worse;
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.
Q. Eliz. My words are dull, O quicken them
Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and
pierce like lance.  [Exit Q. Mar.]

Duch. Why should calamity be fall of words?
Q. Eliz. Only they are more in their client woes;
Aire succeedes of intestine joys.
Poor breathing orators of miseries;
Let them have scope; thence what they do impart
Help them else, yet to do they or the heart.
Duch. Also, then he not tongue-tied: go with me,
•Companions. •Thrown into the bagain. •Placing.

And in the breath of bitter words let’s smother
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother’d,
[Drum within.

I hear his drum,—be copious in exclaims.

Enter King Richard, and his Train, marching.

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?
Duch. O, she, that might have intercept thee,
And eternize me, I stand weep to see thee,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.
Q. Eliz. Hailst thou that loadewed with a golden crown,
Where sorrow was hearsed, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that ow’d that crown;
And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers! Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?
Duch. The load, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?
Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan,
Duch. Where is kind Hastings?
K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets! Strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord’s annointed: Strike, I say,—
[Flourish. Alarums.
Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
or with the clamorous report of war,
Thus will I drown your ejaculations.
Duch. Art thou my son?
K. Rich. Ay; I thank God, my father, and yourself.
Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.
K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your contagion.
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.
Duch. O, let me speak.
K. Rich. Do, then; but I’ll not hear.
Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.
K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.
Duch. Art thou so hasty! I have stand for thee
God knew in torment and in agony.
K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?
Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know’st it well,
Thou canst on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burden was thy birth to me;
Teetch’d and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild, and furious;
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and various;
Thy age confirm’d, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour canst thou content me,
That ever grace’d me in thy company?
K. Rich. ‘Faith none, but Humphrey Hour, that
call’d thy grace.
To breakfast once, forth of my company.
If I be so disgraceful in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend you, madam—
Strike up the drum.
Duch. Grey; I pray’thee, hear me speak.
Duch. Hear me a word,
For I shall never speak to thee again.
Duch. Either thou wilt die, by God’s just ordina-
nce
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror:
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore, take with thee my most heavy curse;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,
That and thy accursed arm that thou warst!
My prayers on the adverse party fight;
And there the little souls of Edward’s children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory,
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend.
Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less
spirit to curse
Abides in me; I say amen to her.
[Going.
K. Rich. Stay, madam, I must speak a word with
Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood,
• Owned. •Disposition. •Cross. • Touchy, fretful.
Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers, 
A pair of burning hearts; thereon engrave, Edward, and York; then, haply, will she weep. 
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret Did to her 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. 
And if this present be but a very little 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 thy wife, in conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. Rich. You mock me, madam; this is not the way to win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. There is no other way; Unless thou couldst put on some other shape, 
Nor be it Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her! 
Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed, she cannot choose but have thee, 
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended; 
Men shall deal unadvised sometimes,
Which others' dooms give them leisure to accept.
If I did take the kingdom from your sisters, 
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb, 
To quicken her miscarriage, I will give 
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.
A grandam's name is little less in love, 
Than is the doing title of a mother!
They can as children, as one side below, 
Even of your mettle, of your very blood; 
Of all the price, —save for a name of griefs 
Endur'd by her, for whom you bid it chance, 
Your children's loss; vexation to your youth, 
But mine shall be a comfort to your age, 
The loss you have, is but—a son being king, 
And, brief as it is, 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 disordered steps in fond and rash adventure, 
This air alliance quickly shall call home 
To high promotions and great dignity: 
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter—wife, 
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset—brother; 
Again shall you be mother to a king, 
And all the ruins of distressful times, 
Repair'd with double riches of content. 
What's there have more, in a good day's hope? —The liquid drops of tears that you have shed, 
Shall come again, transformed to orient pearl; 
Advancing their lean, with interest. 
Of ten-times double, tincture of happiness. 
Go, then, my mother, to thy daughter go; 
Make bold her basest years with your experience, 
Prepare her ears to hear a wiser's tale; 
Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame 
Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the princess 
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys: 
And when this arm of mine hath established 
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham, 
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come, 
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed! 
To whom shall I will return my conquered tile; 
And she shall be sole victress, Caesar's Caesar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? her father's brother? 
Would he be lord? Or shall I say, her uncle? 
Or, he that slew her brothers and her uncle's? 
Under what title shall I woo thee, 
That God, the law; may honor, and her love, 
Can make seem pleasant to her tenuring years: 
K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance. 
Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still lasting 
K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may command 
Q. Eliz. That at her hands, which the king's king 
K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Perhaps. *In the Levitical Law, chap. xviii. 14*
Q. Eliz. To wait the title as her mother doth.
K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.
Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title, ever, last, K. Rich. Most generally in such times her fair life's end.
Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?
K. Rich. As long as heaven, and nature, lengthens it.
Q. Eliz. As long as hell, and Richard, likes of it.
K. Rich. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject low.
Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, laiths such soveriegnity.
K. Rich. Be eloquent, in my behalf, to her.
Q. Eliz. An honest tale swegian best, being plain.
K. Rich. Then, in plain terms tell me your loving tale.
Q. Eliz. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.
K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow, and too quick.
Q. Eliz. O no, my reasons are too deep and dead.
K. Rich. Harp on that string, madam, that is past.
Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I tell heartstrings break.
K. Rich. Now, by my George, my mother, and my crown—
Q. Eliz. Prophan'd, dishonor'd, and the third usurp'd.
Q. Eliz. By nothing; for this is no oath.
The George, profan'd, hath lost his holy honor.
The garter, hemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue.
The crown, usurp'd, disgraced his kingly glory.
If something thou wouldst swear to be believed,
Swear then what something that I am not wrong'd.
K. Rich. Now, by the world,—
Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy soul wrongs.
K. Rich. My father's death,—
Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that dishonor'd.
K. Rich. Then, by myself—
Q. Eliz. Thyself is self-misused.
K. Rich. Why then, by God—
Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.
If thou hast fear'd to break an oath by him,
The unity, the king thy brother made,
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain;
If thou hast fear'd to break an oath by him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had grace'd the tender temples of my child;
And both our princes had been breathing here,
Where now, two tender bed-fellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
What cause thou swear by now?
K. Rich. I belly. The time by the come.
Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time o'erpast;
For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.
The children live, whose parents thou hast slaughtertaed,
Unswen'd youth, to wait it in their age:
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old barren plants, to wait it in their age:
Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast
Misused his years, by times illused o'erpast.
K. Rich. As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!
Heaven of fortune, far me happy hours;
Day yield me not thy light; nor might, thy rest!
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,
Immune devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter:
In her consists my happiness, and thine;
Without her, follows to myself, and thee,
Heaven, earth, the land, and many a christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay;
It cannot be avoided, but by this;
It will not be avoided, but by this;
Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so,) Be the attorney of my love to her.
Dead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
*The endings of the Order of the Garter.

Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish! bound in great designs,
Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?
K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.
Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself to be myself?
K. Rich. Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong yourself.
K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them:
Where, in most of spicery, they shall breed
Selves of themselves, to your recompence.
Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter thy will?
K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.
Q. Eliz. —Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me my mind.
K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewell,
[Kissing her. Exit Q. Eliz.
Relenting soul, and shallow, changing—woman!
How now! what news!

Enter RATTLEF; Catesby following.
Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a pavanT army: to the shore
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 hall, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham, to welcome them in force.
K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the duke of
Nortbof—
Rattlef, thyself,—or Catesby: where is fie?
Cate. Here, my good lord.
Cate. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.
K. Rich. Rattlef, come hither: Post to Salisbury;
When thou com'st thither,—Dull unnecessary villain,
To Catesby.
Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?
Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pressure,
What from your grace I shall deliver to him.
K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby,—bid him levy
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?
K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there, before
I go I?
Rat. Your highness told me, I should post before

Enter STANLEY.
K. Rich. My mind is changed.—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 mayst 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-livered runagate, what doth he there?
Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.
K. Rich. Well, as you guess!
Stan. Nord'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and
Mortimer.
He makes for England, here to claim the crown.
K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword un
The is king dead! the empire unpossess'd!
What heat of York is there alive, but we!
And who is England's king, but great York's heir?
Then let the truth, bely kin'd, and like he upon the seas?
Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.
K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be thy liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.
Stan. Well, I will think, and fly to him, I fear.
Stan. No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me not.
K. Rich. Where is thy power then, to beat him him
Where be thy tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now by the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?
* Foolish.
* The phonix's nest.
Enter another Messenger.

4 Mess. Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord marquis of Exeter.
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.

But this good comfort bring I to your highness,—
The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempests;
K. Rich., in Dorsetshire, sent out on a boat.
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks,
If they were his assistants, yea, or no;
If not, and here, they came from Buckingham.
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,
Held safe, and made his course again for Bre-

tagne.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter CATHERBY.

Cat. My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken,
That in my news; That the earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,
Is colder news, but yet they must be told.
K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury; while we rea-

Here.

A royal battle might be won and lost;—
Some one take order, Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury;—the rest march on with me.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—A Room in Lord Stanley's House.

Enter STANLEY, and SIR CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:

That, in the sty of this most bloody boar,
My son George Stanley is frankly in hold;
If I revolt, off goes young George's head.
The fear of that withholdst my present aid.
But, tell me, where is princeley Richmond now?

Chris. At Pembroke, or at Harfod-west, in Wales.
Stan. What men of name resort to him?

Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, sir William Stanley;
Oxford, redoubled Pembroke, sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew;
And many other of great fame and worth;
And towards London do they bend their course,
If by the way they be not sought withal.

Stan. Well, lie thee to thy lord; command me to him;
Tell him, the queen hath heartily consented
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
These letters will resolve him of my mind.

Farewell. [Gives Papers to Sir CHRISTOPHER.]

[Exeunt.]

ACT V.

Hath turned my feigned prayer on my head,
And gives me ears wherewith I can but hear.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms;
Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck—
When he, quoth she, shall spill thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a prophetess.—
Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

[Exeunt Buckhurst, &c.]

SCENE II.—Plain near Tamworth.

Enter, with Drum and Colors, RICHARD, OXFORD, SIR JAMES BLUNT, SIR WALTER HERBERT, and others, with Forces, marching.

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoild your summer fields, and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his

[Chaplain to the countess of Richmond.

[1 fank is a sty in which hogs are fattened
In your embow'di bosoms, this foul swine
Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:
Friar Tuck, the worth of thither, is but one day's march.
In God's name, chereely on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.
[Exit.]

What is my beaver easier than it was—
And all my armor laid into my tent!
[Cafe. It is, my bege; and all things are in readiness.
K. Rich. Good Norfolk, lie thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.
Nor. I go, my lord.
K. Rich. With the dark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.
Nor. I warrant you, my lord.
[Exit.]
K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring air power
Before supersising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind ease of sullen 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 heavy.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Bosworth Field.

Enter King Richard, and Forces; the Duke of Norfolk, Earl of Surrey, and others.

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth field.
My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?
Sure, my heart is ten times lighter than my looks.
K. Rich. My lord of Norfolk, why look you so sad?
Nor. Here, most gracious heer.
K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have no tears. Ha! we must not eat:
Nor. We must both give and take, my loving lord.
K. Rich. Up with my tent; here will I be tonight.
[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.
K. Rich. Why, our battle trebles that account:
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 not colour the victory of ground—
Call for some men of sound directions.
Let's want no discipline, make no delay;
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day.
[Exeunt.]

Enter, on the other side of the Field, Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and other Lords.

Some of the Soldiers pitch Richmond's Tent.

Rich. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And left the bright track of his ardent heart,
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;
'Heart you to the form and model on myrtle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.
My lord of Oxford, you, Sir William Brandon,—
And you, Sir Walter Herlington, stay with me:
The earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment;
Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the earl to see me in my tent:
Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me;
Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?
Blunt. Upon my honour, my lord, I'll undertake it;
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night.
Rich. Good night, good captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen,
Let us not be 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?
Cafe. It's supper time, my lord:
K. Rich. It's nine o'clock.
K. Rich. I will not sup to-night;
Give me some ink and paper,—
...
KING RICHARD III.

Act V.

Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf;
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comfort thee.

The Ghost of KING HENRY THE SIXTH rises.

Ghost. When I was mortal, my appointed body
By thee was punched full of death's knife.
Think on the Tower, and me; Despair, and die!
Harry the Sixth bids thee despair, and die,—

Virtuous and holy, be thou conquer'd,

King Richard.

Harry, that prospers thou shalt be King,
Both cometh thee in thy sleep; Live, and flourish!

The Ghost of CLARENCE rises.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!

I, that was wash'd to death with Gallic wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guilty betrayer to death!
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fill thy edgeless sword; Despair, and die!—

Then ophining of the house of Lancaster.

The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee;
Good angels guard thy battle; Live, and flourish!

The Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN rise.

Rice. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow.

Rivers, that died at Pomfret; Despair, and die!
Grey. Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!

Vaughan. Think upon Vaughan; and, with guilty fear,

Let fall thy lance! Despair, and die.—

All. Awake! and think, our wrongs in Richard's bosom
Will conquer him;—Awake, and win the day!

The Ghosts of HASTINGS rise.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guilty awake!—

And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think on lord Hastings; and despair, and die!—

Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake!—

To Richmond.

Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise.

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower;
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weep thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die.—

Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;
Good angel's guard thee from the bane's annoy!
Love, and begat a happy race of kings
Edward's unhappy souls do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost of QUEEN ANNE rises.

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne,
thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations;
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword; Despair, and die!—
Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep.—

To Richmond.

Dream of success and happy victory;
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost of BUCKINGHAM rises.

Ghost. The first was I, that helped thee to the crown
King Richard.

The last was I, that felt thy tyranny;
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness.
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death;
Fainting, despair, despairing, yield thy breath!—
I died for hope, ere I could lend thee aid:—

To Richmond.

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd;
God, and good angels, fight on Richard's side;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

The Ghosts rise again. King Richard starts out of his dream.

K. Rich. Give me another horse,—bind up my wounds,—
Have mercy, Jesus!—Soft; I did but dream,—

O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me:—
The lights burn blue,—It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I do myself? Here's none but I 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 was

Lest I revenge. What? Myself on myself?
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 tortures,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale confounds me for a villain.
Peery, perjury, in the high'st degree,
Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree;
All several sins, all used in each degree,
Through 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 myself
Find in myself no pity to myself.

Method! 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 RALCIF.

Rat. My lord,—
K. Rich. Who's there?—
Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armure.
K. Rich. O, Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream!—
What thinkest thou? will our friends prove all true?
K. Rat. No doubt, my lord.
K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-might
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
 Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;
Under our tents I'll play the coves-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.
Rich. Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentle-
men,
That you have 'em a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. Have you slept, my lord?—
Rich. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boded

dreams,
That even wear'd in a drowsy head.
Have I since your departure had, my lords,
Met thought, their souls, whose bodies Richard murther'd?
Come to my tent, and cried,—On! victory!
I promise you, my heart is very joyous
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?
Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Rich. Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give di-
rection,—

[He advances to the Troops.

More than I have said, loving countrymen.
The brave and enforcement of the times,
Forbids to dwell on: Yet remember this,—
God, and our good cause, fight upon our side;—
Although the pride of holy saints, and wrong'd souls,
Like a speechward'd halvard, stand before our face;
Richard except, those, whom we fight against,
Had rather have us win, than them inlay.
Baron! you see? I say:—
Baron, you see?—truly gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;—
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he had,
And should be'd those that were the means to help him:
A base foist 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's head will be yours; if you do fight against your country's foes, your country's fate will pay your pains the hire; if you do fight in safeguard of your wives, your wounds or died wounds can wipe your tears; 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 raiment of my bold attempt shall be this cold corpse upon the earth's cold face; But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt. The least of you shall share his hero's cheer. Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully; God, and Saint George! Richmond, and victory! [Exeunt.

Re-enter K. Rich. Ratcliff, Attendants, and Forces. K. Rich. What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond? Rat. That he was never trained up in arms. K. Rich. He said the truth: And what said Surrey then? Rat. He swall'd and said, the better for our purpose. K. Rich. He was the right; and so, indeed, it is. Clock strikes. Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.—Who saw the sun to-day? Rat. Not I, my lord. K. Rich. Then he disclaims to shine; for, by the book, he should have braved the east an hour ago: A black day will it be to somebody.—

Ratcliff. Rat. My lord! K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day; The sky doth frown and lower upon our army. I will, my noble lord, to-morrow draw my dewy tears from the ground. Stone, stone! Why, what is that to me? More than to Richmond! for the self-same heaven, That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him. Enter Norfolk. Nor. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the yard, and bids the day. K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle;—Caparison my horse;—

Call up lord Stanly, bid him bring his power: I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain, And thus my battle shall be ordered. My forward shall be drawn out all in length, Consisting equally of horse and foot; Our array shall be placed in the midst: John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey, Shall have the leading of this foot and horse. They thus directed, we ourselves will follow In the main battle; whose passage on either side Shall be well winched with our chiefest horse. This, and Saint George to boot!—What think'st thou, Norfolk? Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign. This found I on my tent this morning. [Giving a Scroll. K. Rich. Jacky of Norfolk, be not too bold; [Reads, 'What's more than I have? and who is master is bought and sold.' A thing devised by the enemy,—

Go, gentleman, every man unto his charge: Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls: Conscience is but a word that cowards use, Devised at first to keep the strong in awe; Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law. March on, join bravely, let us to 'till pell-mell; If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell. What say you more than I have? and who is master is bought and sold.]

[Reading.] Remember whom you are to cope withal;— A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and run-aways, A scum of Britains, and base huckey peacocks, With scattered arms, and with faint hearts, To desperate ventures and assured destruction. You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest; You have not lands, and bless'd be the women, They would restrain the one, distrust the other. 

Guard. 

* The undesirability of Richard. 

Company, And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow, Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost! A milk-sop, one that never in his life Felt to the very core of shoes to know! Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again; Lash hence these over-weening rags of France, These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives; Who, but to slumber in this fond exploit, For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd them selves: If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us, And not these bastard Bretons; whom our fathers Have in their own hand beaten, bob'd, and thump'd, And, on record, left them the heirs or shame. Shall these enjoy our lands? be with our wives! Ravish our daughters!—Hark, I hear his drum. [Drum afar off. Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen! Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!—

Spur you, head hard, and breast well bold; Amaze the welkin with your broken staves! 

Enter a Messenger. What says lord Stanley? I will he bring his power! Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come. K. Rich. Oft instantly with his son George's head. Nor. My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh; Abc the drum, let George Stanley strike. K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom: Advance our standards, set on to our foes; Our answer word of courage, fair and true, Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons! Upon them! Victory sits on our helmets. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Field. Alarums: Excursions. Enter NORFOLK, and FORCES; to him CATSBEY. Cate. Rescene, my lord of Norfolk, rescue! The king enacts more wonders than a man During an opposite to every danger; His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights, Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death: Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost! Alarums. Enter K. Rich. K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!—

Cate. Withdraw, my lord. I'll help you to a horse. K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast, And I will stand the hazard of the die; I think there be six Richmonds in the field; Five have I slain to-day instead of him: A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! [Exeunt. Alarums. Enter K. Rich and Richmond; and exact fighting. Retreat, and Flourish. Then enter RICHMOND, STANLEY bearing the Crown, with divers other Lords, and Forces. Richm. God, and your arms, be prais'd, victorious friends! The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead. Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquitted thee! Lo, here, this long-look'd for royalty, From the chief 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 first, is young George Stanley living? Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town, Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us Richm. That men of name are slain on either side! Stan. John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord Ferrers Sir Robert Brackenbury, and sir William Brabant Richmond, and all their bands as they may; whose breath Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers dead, That in submission will return to us; And, then, as we have ta'en the sanctuary, We will unite the white rose with the red; Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction. That long haf'd frown'd upon their enmity!— What traitor hears me, and says not—Amen! England hath long been mad, and scar'd herself; The brother blindly shed the brother's blood, The father rashly slaughter'd his own son.
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire;
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided, in their dire division.—
O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true successors of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs, (God, if thy will be so,)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!

Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood!
Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again:
That she may long live here, God say—Amen.

[Exeunt.]
KING HENRY. VIII.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Henry the Eighth.
Cardinal Wolsey.
Cardinal Campeius.
Capellus, Ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.
Duke of Norfolk.
Duke of Buckingham.
Duke of Suffolk.
Earl of Surrey.
Lord Chamberlain.
Lord Chancellor.
Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester.
Bishop of Lincoln.
Lord Abbergaveny.
Lord Sands.
Sir Henry Guildford.
Sir Thomas Lovell.
Sir Anthony Deny.
Sir Nicholas Vaux.
Secretaries to Wolsey.
Cromwell, Servant to Wolsey.

Griffith, Gentleman- usher to Queen Katharine.
Three other Gentlemen.
Doctor Butts, Physician to the King.
Garter King at Arms.
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
Brandon, and a Serjeant at Arms.
Door-keeper of the Council-chamber.
Porter and his Man.
Page to Gardiner.
A Crier.

Queen Katharine, Wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.
Anne Bullen, her Maid of Honor; afterwards Queen.
An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.
Patience, Woman to Queen Katharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the dumb shows;
Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her; Scribes, Officers, 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 shining
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 deceiv'd; for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and light is, beside forgetting
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 bigness needs misery!
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

ACT I.


Enter the Duke of Norfolk, at one door; at the other the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Abbergaveny.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have you done,
Since last we saw in France?

Noe. I thank your grace;
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Laced.

Buck. An untimely age
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men?
Met in the vale of Arde.

Noe. Twixt Guynes and the Arde:
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they chung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have
weight'd
Such a compounded one!

Stead. Henry VIII. and Francis I. king of France
Buck. All the while time
I was my chamber's prisoner.
Nor. Then you lost
That view of earthly glory: Men might say,
Till this time, pomp was single but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders its: To-day, the French,
All clinquant, at last in ill, ill he did go. 
Shone down the English: and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain, India: every man that stood,
Stood like a man. This dwarfish pages were
As cherubim, all gilt: the master too,
Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labor
Was to them a painting now a book
Was cry'd incomparable; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As fate did present them; and, still,
Still him in praise; and, being present both,
Twas said, they saw but one; and no discern
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these

(For so they phrase them) by their herals chal-

lenged

The noble spot to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous

story,

Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
This liev'd was bellev'd.
Buck. O, you go far. 
Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honor honestly, the tract of every thing;
What were a good course less would have
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;
To the disposing of it nought rebel'd,
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Dignify his full function.
Buck. Who did guide, I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess! 
Nor. One certes' that promises no elements
In such a business.
Buck. Nor. I pray you, who, my lord?
Nor. All this was, by the good discretion
Of the right reverend cardinal of York.
Buck. The devil sped him! no man's pie is fre'd
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 mays of the beneficient sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends:
For, being not prop'd by ancestry, (whose grace
Children, their say,) nor could upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
To eminent assistance, but, spider-like,
Ou't of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes him way.
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.

Buck. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him, let some graver eye
Pierce through into that; but I can see his pride
Through each part of him: Whence he has that!
If not from hell, the devil is a naggard;
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself. 

Anger. 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
Too, whom as great a charge as little honor
Hath he to lay upon; and his own letter,
The honorable board of council out,
Must fetch him in the papers.

Aber. I do know
Known of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Glittering, shining. In opinion, which was most noble,
Sir John, an old restored. In a certain
Practice.

Sets down in his letter without consulting the council.

Buck. Of 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. Griefing I think
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.
Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd: and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy.—That this tempest,
Dushts the garment of this peace, abode
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is lugged but;
For France hath flaward the league, and hath at-

Ach. Our merchants' goods at Borderaux.

Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenced?

Nor. Marry, is't.
Ach. A proper title of a peace; and purchas'd
At a superlative rate!

Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.

Nor. 'Like it, your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Between you and the cardinal. I must say
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plentiful safety,) that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potence
Together: to consider further, this
What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A minister in his power: You know his nature,
A most revengeful; and, I know, his sword
Hath a sharp edge; its long, and, it may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twixt will 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 Pope borne before him,) certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with Papers. The Cardinal in his passage
frock his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on his eye full of wisdom.

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor! ha?
Where's his examination?

1 Ser. Here, so please you.
Wol. Is he in person ready?
2 Ser. Ay, please your grace.
Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buck-

ingham shall lessen this big look.

Exeunt Wolsey, and Train.

Buck. This butcher's ear is venom-mouth'd, and
And I have on him the power to muzzle him: therefore best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Out-worths a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance only,
Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in his looks
Matter against me; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object: at this instant
He bore'st me with some trick: he's gone to the
king;

I'll follow, and out-stare him.
Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choleric question
What 's us 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 honor quite cry down
This Iwipwich fellow's insolence; or proclaim,
There's difference in no persons. Be advis'd:

Heat not a furnace for your be so hot
That it do singe yourself: We may out-run,
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

9 Conducted. Wolsey was the son of a butcher. Stats.
Scene II.  KING HENRY VIII.

More stronger to direct you than yourself; it with the sap of reason you would quench, Quench all play, the fire of passion.  

Buck.  

Sir, I am thankful to you; and I'll go along with your prescription:—but this top-prond fellow, (Who came from the bow of ship; name but From sincere motions,) by intelligence, And proos as clear as sounds in July, when We see each grain of gravel, I do know To be corrupt and treasonous.  

Nor.  Say not, treasonous.  

Buck.  To the king I'll say 't; and make you vouch  

As shore of rock.  Attend.  This holy fox, Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravens, As he is suble; and as prone to mischist, As able to think.) Indicating another, yea, reciprocally) Only to show his pomp as well in France As here at home, suggests—kneel the king our master To this last costly treat, the interview, That swallow'd so much treasure, and, like a glass, Did break 't the rising.  

Nor.  Faith, and so it did.  

Buck.  Pray, give me favor, Sir.  This coming cardinal  

The articles of the combination drew, And all they pleado; and they were ratifit, As he cried, Thus let be: to as much end, As give a crutch to the dead: But our count-cardinal has doth this, and 'us well; for worthy Wolsey, Who cannot err, he did it.  Now this follows, (Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy To the old dam, treason,)—Charles the emperor, Under pretence to see the queen his aunt, (For 'twas indeed, his color; but he came To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation: His feats were, that the interview, betwixt England and France, might, through their anity, Breed him some prejudice, for from this league Peep'd arms that menaced him: He privily Deals with our cardinal, and, as I know, Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor Pard cr he promised; whereby he is granted, Ere it was ask'd;—but when his way was made, And he did what gold, the emperor thus desire:— That he would promise to alter the king's course, And break the abroad peace.  Let the king know, (As soon she shall be,) that thus the cardinal does buy and sell his honor as he pleases, And for his own advantage.  

I am sorry To hear this of him; and could wish, he were Something mistak'd in't.  

Buck.  No, not a syllable; I do pronounce him in that very shape, He shall appear in proof.  

Enter Brandon; a sergeant-at-arms before him, and two or three of the guards.  

Bran.  Your office, sergeant; execute it.  

Serg.  

Sir, My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl 

Of Hertford, Stafford, and Northampton, I arrest thee of high treason, in the name Of our most sovereign king.  

Buck.  Lo you, my lord, the net has fallen upon me; I shall perish Underside and practice.  

I am sorry To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on This business present: 'Tis his highness' pleasure You shall to the Tower.  

Buck.  It will help me nothing, To please mine innocence; for that dye is on me, Which makes my whitest part black.  The will of heaven  

Be done in this, and all things!—I obey.—  

O my lord Abergavenny, fare you well.  

Bran.  Nay, he must bear your company.—The king  

Is pleased, you shall to the Tower, till you know How he determins further.  

Buck.  As the duke said, The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure  

By me obey'd.  

Excuses.  

* Unfair strategem.

Buck.  Here is a warrant from The king, to attach lord Montague; and the bodies Of the duke's confessors, John de la Court, One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—  

Buck.  So, so; These are the limbs of the plot: no more, I hope.  

Buck.  A monk o' the Chartreux.  

He.  Buck.  My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal  

Hath show'd him gold: my life is spann'd already; I am the shadow of poor Buckingham; Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on, By dark hing my clear sun.  My lord, farewell.  

—Exeunt.
Perforce be your acquaintance. These exactions, Which we impose, were, and are, the best, as Most pestilent to the hearers: and to bear them, The back is stiffer to the load. They say, They are devi'd by you; or else you suffer Toleration, an exclamation. Still exaction!

K. Hen. The nature of it? In what kind, let's know, Is this exaction?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturous in tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd. Under your promis'd pardon. The subject's grief Comes through commissions, which compel from each. The sixth part of his substance, to be levied Without delay; and the presence for this Is naught but wars in France: This makes bold mouths: Tongue'spout their dutes, and cold hearts freeze

Allegiance in them; their curses now Lay where their prayers did; and it's come to pass, That tractable obedience is a slave

To each incensed will. I would your highness Would give it quick consideration, for There's no prime business. By my life,

K. Hen. This is against our pleasure

And for me, I have no farther gone in this, than by A single voice; and that not pass'd me, but By learned approbation of the judges. If that is change's, which neither know My humility, nor person, yet will be The chronicles of my doings:—let me say, 'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake That virtue must go through. We must not stint Our necessary actions, in the fear To cope' malicious censurers; which ever, As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow That is new trimm'd; but benefit no farther Than vainly longing. What we oft do best, By sick interpreters, one' weak ones, is Not ours, or not allow'd? what worst of all, Hence quality, is cursed:

For our best act. It shall stand still, In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at, We shall take not here where we sit, or sit State statutes 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 read our subjects from our laws, And from them in our will still. Exist not each? A trembling contribution! Why, we take, From every tree, hop, bark, and part of the timber; And though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd, That it may never spring. To our country, 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 tell you to your ear. And I am sure,

Wol. A word with you. To The Secretary. 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 every thing shall amount to you.

Further in the proceeding. [Exit Secretary.

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the duke of Buckingham Is run in your displeasure.

K. Hen. It grieves many;

The gentleman is learn'd, and a rare speaker, To talk more noise more loud; his transage such, That he may furnish and instruct great teachers, And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet I see, When these so noble benefits shall prove Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt, They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly Than ever they were. This is so compar'd, Who was enrol'd amongst wonders, and when we, Almost with ravish'd listening, could not find His hour of speech a minute; he, my holy, * More important. * Thicket of thorns. * Remember. * Sounded. * Approved. Hath into monstrous habits put the grace That ever were hers, and is become a black. As if beseech'd in hell. Sit by us: you shall hear (This was his gentleman in trust) of him Things to strike honor sad. Bid him recount The forgot expedients; whose hearken. We cannot feel too little, hear too much. Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate what you. Most like a careful subject, have collected, Out of the duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen. Speak freely.

Surf. First, it was usual with him, every day It would infect his speech. That if the king Shoul'd without issue die, he'd carry it so To make the sceptre his: These very words I have peruse'd, and hid to his son-in-law Lord Aberuay: by whom, to oath he menac'd Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note

This dangerous conception in that court.

K. Hen. How know'st thou this?

Surf. Not long before your highness spied to France, The duke being at the Rose, within the parish Saint Paulinay Grenville, did of me demand What was the speech amongst the Londoners Concerning the French journey: I replied, Men fear'd, the French would prove pernicious, To the English danger. Presently the duke Said, 'Twas fear, indeed; and that he doubted, Would prove the verity of certain words Spoke in a holy manner; That he could not, The high seat to seat, wishing me to pervert John de la Cour, my chaplain, a choice hour To hear from him a matter of some moment: When other under the confessor's seat He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke, My chaplain to no creature living, but To me, should utter, with demands confidence. This posture was caus'd,—Neither the king, nor his heirs,

(Tell you the duke) shall prosper; bid him strive To gain the love of the commons: the duke Succeedeth England.

Q. Kath. If I know you well, You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office On the complaint of the tenants: Take good heed, You dare not go in thine apparel again, And spoil thy nobler soul! I say, take heed; Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen. Let him on:—

Go forward. On my soul, I'll speak but truth. I told my lord the duke, By the devil's illusions The more he comes, I stand for'd; and that 'tis dan gerous for him,

To ruminate on this so far, until It forg'd him some design, which, being belief'd, It was much like to do: He answered, 'Tush! It can do me no damage; adding further, That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd, The cardinal's and sir Thomas Lovell's heads Should have gone down with him. But on this

K. Hen. Ha! what, so rank? Ah, ha! There's mischief in this man;—Canst thou say Further?

Surf. I can, my liege.

K. Hen. Proceed.

Surf. Being at Greenwich, After our highness had reprovd the duke About sir William Blomery,

K. Hen. I remember, Of such a time—being my servant sworn, The duke would had him in his. But on what hence?

* Now Merchant Taylor's School.
SCENE IV.  KINa HENRY VIII.

Surv. If, quoth he, I this for this hath been committed, As to the Tower, I thought—I would have play'd The part of the father meant to act upon The usurper Richard: who, being of Salisbury, Make suit to come in his presence; which if granted, As he made sentancer of his duty, would Have put his knife into him.  

K. Hen. A giant traitor!  

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom, And this man out of prison?  

Q. Koth. God mend all!  

K. Hen. There's something more would out of these: What say'st thou?  

Surv. Aho!—the duke his father,—with the knife,—  

He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,  

Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,  

He did discharge a horrible oath whose tenor  

Was,—Were he evil used, he would outgo  

His father, by as much as a performance  

Depend upon a resolute purpose.  

K. Hen. There's his period,  

To shew his knife in us. He is attach'd;  

Call him to present trial; if he may  

Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,  

Let him not seek 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 it possible, the spells of France should juggle  

Men into such strange mysteries?  

Sands. New customs,  

Though they be never so ridiculous,  

Nay, let them be unnaturally, yet are follow'd.  

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English  

Have got by the late voyage, is but merely  

A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones;  

For when they hold them, you would swear directly  

Their veins had been channel'd with the French.  

To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep state so  

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones;  

That never saw them pace before, the spavin,  

A springhal'd reign'd among them.  

Cham. Death! my lord,  

Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,  

That, sure, they have worn out christianhood.  

How now!  

What news, sir Thomas Lovell?  

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.  

Lor. 'Faith, my lord,  

I hear of none but the new proclamation  

That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.  

Cham. What is't for?  

Lor. The reformation of our trave'll'd gallants,  

That till the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.  

Cham. I am glad, 'tis there; now I would pray  

Our mount-servants  

To think an English charter may be wise,  

And never see the Louvre!  

Lor. They must either  

(For so run the conditions) leave these remnants  

Of fool, and feather, that they got in France,  

With all their honorable points of ignorance,  

Pertaining thereunto, (as lights, and fireworks;  

Abusing better men than they can be,  

Our to a foreign wisdom,) renewing clean  

The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,  

Short hispter'd breeches, and those types of travel,  

And understand again like honest men;  

Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,  

They may, cum privilegio, wear away  

The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.  

Sands. No time to give them physic, their diseases  

Are grown so catching.  

Cham. What a loss our ladies  

Will have of these trim vanities!  

Lor. Ay, marry,  

There will be wo烦 indeed, lords; the silly whoresons  

Have got a speedy trick to lay down ladies;  

A French song, and a fiddle, has no flaw.  

Sands. The devil fiddled them! I am glad, they're going;  

*Grinace.  


* With authority.

(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 plans  

And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r-lady,  

Held current music too.  

Cham. Well said, lord Sands,  

Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.  

Sands. No, my lord;  

Nor shall not, while I have a stump.  

Cham. Sir Thomas,  

Whither were you a going?  

Lor. 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.  

Lor. That gentleman bears a bounteous mind indeed,  

A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;  

His dow's fall everywhere.  

No doubt, he's noble;  

He had a black mouth, that said other of him.  

Sands. He may, my lord, he has wherewithal;  

in him.  

Sparing worse shall show a worse sin than ill doctrine;  

Men of his way should be most liberal,  

They are set here for examples.  

Cham. True, they are so;  

But few now give so great ones. My large stays:  

Your lordship shall along.—Come, good sir Thomas  

We shall be late else: which I would not be,  

For I was spoke to, with sir Henry Guildford,  

This night to be comptrollers.  

Sands. I am your lordship's.  

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—The Presence-Chamber in York-Place.  

Hautboys. A small Table under a Slate for the Cardinal, a longer Table for the Guests. Enter at one door Anne BULLEN, and divers Ladies. Lords.  

Sands. Let me see Anna, or Guisets; at another door, enter Sir Henry GUILDORD.  

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace  

Salutes ye all: This night he dedicated  

To fair content, and you: none here, he hopes,  

In all this noble being has brought with her  

One care abroad; he would have all as merry  

As first-good company, good wine, good welcome,  

Can make good people—O, my lord, you are  

Ltardy!  

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord SANDS, and Sir Thomas LOVELL.  

The very thought of this fair company  

Clapp'd wings to me.  

Cham. You are young, sir Harry Guildford.  

Sands. Sir, Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal  

But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these  

Should find a running banquet ere they rested,  

I think, would better please them: By my life,  

They are a sweet society of fair ones.  

Lor. O, that your lordship were but now con-  

fessor  

To one or two of these!  

Sands. I would I were;  

They should find easy penance.  

Lor. 'Faith, how easy!  

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.  

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit! Sir  

Harry.  

Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:  

His grace is ent'ring.—Nay, you must not freeze;  

Two women placed together makes cold weather:—  

My lord Sands, you are one will keep them wakings;  

Pray, sit between these ladies.  

Cham. By my faith,  

And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet  

ladies.  

[Seizes himself between Anne BULLEN and another Lady.  

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;  

I had it from my father.  

Anne.  

Was he mad, sir?  

* Company.
SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 Gent. Whither away so fast?

2 Gent. O, God save you! Even to the ball, to hear what shall become Of the great duke of Buckingham.

1 Gent. I'll save you That labor, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony Of bringing back the prisoner. Were you there?

2 Gent. Yes, indeed, was I.

1 Gent. Pray speak, what has happened?

2 Gent. Choose my game.

KING.

Act II.

Scene I.—A Street. Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 Gent. You may guess quickly what.

2 Gent. Is he found guilty?

1 Gent. Yes, truly is he, and condemned upon it.

2 Gent. I am sorry for't.

1 Gent. So are a number more.

2 Gent. But, pray, how pass'd it?

1 Gent. I'll tell you in a little. The great duke came to the bar; where, to his accusations, he pleaded still not guilty, and alleged many sharp reasons to defeat the law.

The king's attorney, on the contrary, urged on the examinations, proofs, confessions, of divers witnesses; which the duke desired.

1 Gent. For my little cure, let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal, Wolsey, attended; and takes his state.

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady, or gentleman, that is not freely merry, is not my friend: Thus, to confirm my welcome: And to you all good health.

1 Gent. What's that?—Enter a Servant.

Wol. What! What like voice!

Cham. Look out there, some of you.

[Exeunt Servants.]

Cham. How now! What isn't serv.

Wol. A table troop of strangers; for so they seem: they have left their lute, and landed;

And call me, as great ambassadors From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain.

Go, give them welcome, you can speak the French tongue;

And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct them into our presence, where this heaven of beauty Shall shine at full upon them.—See me attend.—[Exit Chamberlain, attendant. All arise, and tables remove.]

You have now a broken banquet: but we'll mend it.

A good digestion to you all: and, once more, I shower a welcome on you:—Welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the King, and twelve others, as Maskers, habited like Shepherds, with sixteen Torch-bearers; ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd.

To tell your grace:—That, having heard by fame Of this so noble and so fair assembly

This night to meet here, they could do no less,

Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,

But leave their locks; and, under your fair conduct,

Crown leave to view these ladies, and entertain

An hour of revels with them.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain.

They have done their poor house grace; for which I pass them A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.

[Ladies chosen for the Dance. The King enters; and BULKE.

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touched! O beauty,

Till now I never knew thee. [Music. Dance. Wol. My lord,

Cham.—Your grace!

Wol. Pray tell them thus much from me:

There should be one amongst them, by his person, More worthy this place than myself: to whom, If I but knew him, with my love and duty I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[Cham. goes to the Company, and returns.

Wol. What say they?

Cham. 'Tis one, they all confess, There is indeed; which they shall have your grace Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see, then.—[Comes from his state.]

By all you good levees, gentlemen,—Here I'll make my royal choice.

K. Hen. You have found him, cardinal:

[Unmasking.

You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:

You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,

I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. Am I glad Your grace is grown so pleasant.

K. Hen. My lord chamberlain, Pr'ythee, come hither: What fair lady's that?

Cham. Ain't please your grace, sir Thomas Bulken's daughter, The viscount Rochfort, one of her highness's women.

K. Hen. By heaven, she is a damsel one—Sweetheart, I were unmanfully to take you out,

And not to kiss you. A health, gentlemen, Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready I the privy chamber?

Low. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace, I bear with dancing is a little heated.

K. Hen. I fear too much.

Low. There's fresher air, my lord,

In the next chamber. K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet

partner,

I must not yet forsake you: Let's be merry:—Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure To lead them once again; and then let's dream Who's best in favor.—Let the music knock it.

[Exeunt, with Trumpets.

1 Gent. You may guess quickly what.

2 Gent. Is he found guilty?

1 Gent. Yes, truly is he, and condemned upon it.

2 Gent. I am sorry for't.

1 Gent. So are a number more.

2 Gent. But, pray, how pass'd it?

1 Gent. I'll tell you in a little. The great duke came to the bar; where, to his accusations, he pleaded still not guilty, and alleged many sharp reasons to defeat the law.

The king's attorney, on the contrary, urged on the examinations, proofs, confessions, of divers witnesses; which the duke desired.
Scene I.  King Henry VIII.

To him brought. *bird* rose, to his face:
All these accused him strongly; which he
Would not deny from him, but, indeed, he could not:
And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
Hate, and learnedly. For life: but all
Was either pitied in, or forgotten.

2 Gent. After all this, how did he bear himself?

1 Gent. When he was brought again to the bar,—
To hear his knell rung out, his judgment,—he was starr'd
With such an agony, he sweated extremely,
And a muttering spoke in choler, ill and hasty:
Such as the axe falls, if be not further.
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,
That pensive is the end of this.

1 Gent. 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: First, Kildare's attainer,
Then Deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,
Easenroy, which was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lost 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 require it. This is noted,
And generally; whoever the king favors,
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 fathom deep; this duke as much
They loath; had a note on; call him, bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy:—

4 Gent. I am so sorry. Stay there, sir,
And see the noble'ni'd man you speak of.

Enter Buckingham from his Arraignment; Tipl
stances before him, the Axe with the Edge to
wards him; Halberds on each side; with him
Sir Thomas Lovell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir
William Sandys, and Constable Banister.

2 Gent. Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thine far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I here to-day receiv'd a trau'matic judgment.
And by that name must die; yet, heaven hear witness,
And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me.
Even to the axe which stands before me.
The law I hear no malice for my death,
It has done, upon the premises, but justice:
But those that sought it, I could wish more Christian.
Be what they will, I heartily forgive them:
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief.
Not hire their evils, nor the graves of great men;
For then my countless blood must rise against them.
For further he in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have merities
More than I dare make faults. You know that love me
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave
Is as my misery to him, my dying.
Go, with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And his soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's name.

Lor. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.
Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven; I forgive all;
There cannot be those numberless offences
Gainst me, I can't take peace with: no black envy
Shall make a man's heart away from his grace.
And, if the speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,
You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake me,
Shall cry to heaven for blessings on him. May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever below'd, and loving, my rule be he!
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness, and he fill the same moments
Lor. To the water side I must conduct your grace;
Then give my charge up to sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The duke is coming: see, the barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture, as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, sir Nicholas,
Let it alone: my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it;
And with that blood will make them one day groan for.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying his terror to his servant 1st Harry,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him.
Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honors, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honor, name, and all
That make me happy, at some expense as certain:
First ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father;
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes:—Both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most;
A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
This from me, how you perceive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves, and counsels,
Beware, you be not loose; for those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for my release, if that is the least forsake ye;
the last hour of my long weary life is come upon me.

Farewell:
And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak hast farewells I have done; I will forgive me:

[Exeunt Buckingham and Train.]

1 Gent. O, this is full of pity!—Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads,
That we have the author.

2 Gent. If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of wo: yet I can give you unking
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 Gent. Good angels keep it from us!
Where may it be? you do not doubt my faith, sir!

2 Gent. This secret is so weighty, will require
A strong faith to conceal it.

Lor. I make him safe;
I do not talk much.

2 Gent. I am confident
You shall sir; Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing, of a separation
Between the king and Katherine?

1 Gent. Yes, but it held not;
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor straight
To stop the rumor, and alay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2 Gent. But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain,
The king will vent it straight. Either cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: To cophrin this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arrest'd, and lately:
As all think, for this business,

1 Gent. *'Tis the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The Three Physician of Toldeo, this is purposed.

2 Gent. I think, you have hit the mark: but it's not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this? This Cardinal Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 Gent. We are too open here to argue this;
Let's think in private more.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—An Ante-chamber in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a Letter.

Lord chamberlain. Cham. My lord,—The horses your lordship sent
for, I have had care to have them furnished, rid-
don, and furnished. They were young and hand-
some; and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission, and main
poor, look'd 'em from me; with this reason,—His
master would be served before, if not before the king: which stop'd our mouths, not, I fear, to no avail: Indeed; well, let him have them:
He will have all, I think.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk and Suffolk.

Nor. Well met, my good Lord chamberlain.

Cham. Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Nor. Sup. How is the king employ'd?

Cham. Cham. I left him private,

Nor. Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. Cham. What's the cause?

Cham. Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's
wife has crept too near his conscience.

Nor. Sup. No, his conscience has crept too near another lady.

Nor. Cham. This is the cardinal's doing, the cardinal!
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he lists. The king will know him one
day.

Nor. Sup. Pray God, he do! he'll never know himself.

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,
He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience.
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage:
And, out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce. a loss of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung so near
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre:
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That, the noblest men with seven of her
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king: And is not this course pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most
mad.

These news are everywhere; every tongue speaks
them,
And every true heart weeps for 't. All, that dare
Look into these affairs, see this main end—
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man

Nor. Sup. And free us from his slavery.
Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this impious man will work us all
From princes into pages; all men's honors
Lie in one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what path he please.

Nor. 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
Fare to his breath, they are alike,
I know 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—

Cham. My lord, you'll bear us company?

Nor. Excuse me;
The king hath sent me other-where: besides,
You'll find a most unit time to disturb him:

Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.

[Exit Lord Chamberlain.

NORFOLK TURNS a Folding-door. The king is dis-
covered sitting and reading pensively.

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.
K. Hen. Who is there? ha!

Nor. Pray God, he be not angry.
K. Hen. Who's there, I say? How dare you

Nor. I would you knew the time of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha—

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Wol. The quest of my wounded conscience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king!—You're welcome,

Cam. To Campeius.

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom;
Use us, and it—My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker

Wol. Sir, you can and may well. I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

K. Hen. We are busy; go.

[To NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.

Cam. Nor. This priest has no pride in him?

Wol. Not to speak of;

Nor. But this cannot continue.

Wol. If it do,
I will once more be at him.

Cam. Another.

[Exeunt NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wis-

K. Hen. Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christiani;
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you!
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favor to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clergies,
I mean, the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices; Rome, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One cardinal alone gone up with us, this good man
This just and learned priest, cardinal Campeius,
Whom, once more, I present unto your highness,
Your grace:—

you come,
And thank the holy conclude for their loves;
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd
for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all stran-
gers' loves,
You are so noble: To your highness' hand
I tender my commission; by whose virtue,
This court of learning, commanding in my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant,
In the impartial judging of this business.

K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be
acquainted
With what you come:—Where's Gardner?
Wol. I know your majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart not to deny her that.
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.
K. Hen. Ay, and the best she shall have: and my
To him that does best; God forbid else. Cardinal,
Pr'ythee, call Gardner to me, my new secretary;
I find him a fit fellow.

[Exit WOLSEY.

Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDNER.

Wol. Give me your hand: much joy and favor
You are the king's now:

Cam. As sick as he is proud.
KING HENRY VIII.

Scene III.

Gard. But to be commanded For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me. [Aside.]

K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner. [They converse apart.

Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor face In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

K. Hen. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, How, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread Ev'n of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me! Cam. They will not stick to say you envied him; And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous, Kept him a foreign man-still; which so grieved him, That he ran mad, and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him! That's christian care enough; for living murmurers, There's places of reproof. Verily a fool; For he would needs be virtuous: That good fellow, If I command him, follows my appointment; I will have none so near clos. Learn this, brother, We live not to be grasped by meaner persons.

K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[Exit Gardiner.

The most convenient place that I can think of, For such receipt of letters, is Black-Friars: There ye shall meet about this weighty business— My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—Oh my lord, Would it not grieve an able man, to leave So sweet a soul is: but, conscience, conscience— O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—An Ante-chamber in the Queen's Apartments.

Enter ANNE BULLENS, and an old Lady.

Anne. Not for that nother;—Here's the pang that pinches;
His highness having liv'd so long with her: and she So much, that her tongue could ever Pronounce dishonor of her.—by my life, She never knew harm doing;—Oh now, after So many courses of the sun entruth'd; Still growing in a majesty and power,—the which To leave is a thousand-fold more bitter, than 'Ts sweet at first to acquire,—after this process, To give her the avowal! it is a pity Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will! much better; She never had known poor; though it be temporal, Yet, if that quarrel fortune, divorce do come It from the bearer, 'tis a suffrance, panging As soul and body seveng;

Old L. Alas, poor lady! She's a stranger now again.

Anne. So much the more Mercy drop upon her. She swear, 'tis better to be lovely born, And range with humble lives in content, Than to be perky'd up in a glistening grief, And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth, and maidenhead, I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would, And venture maidenhead for 't, and so would you, For all this space of your by-poesie: 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 gift, (God be your portion,) the capacity Of your soft cheverel: conscience would receive, If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth,— Old L. Yes, troth, and troth,—You would not be a queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. The strange, a three-pence bow'd would hire me.

Old as I am, to queea it: But, I pray you,

[Out of the king's presence.


What think you of a doress? have you limbs To that bear that title of.

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 buck Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak Ever to get a boy.

Anne. If you how 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 emulating: I myself Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here!

[Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were't worth The secret of your confidence?—

Anne. My good lord, Not your demand; it values not your asking: Our mistress' sorrows we were pitting.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming The action of good women: there is hope, All will be well.

Anne. No. Now, I pray God, amen! Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings Follow each creature. That you may, fair lady, Perceive, speak sincerely, and hath note's Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty Commends his good opinion to you, and Doth promise honor to you so 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 render: More than my all is nothing: nor my prayers Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes More work'd in empty vanities; yet prayers, and wishes, Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship, Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience, As from a blemishing handker, to his liegesness; Whose health, and royalty, I pray for. Cham. Lady, I shall not fail to approve the fair concept The king hath of you,—I have perus'd her well; [Aside. Beauty and honor in her are so mingled, That they have caught the king: and who knows yet, But from this lady may proceed a gern. To lighten all this exile!—I'll to the king, And say, I spoke with you.

Anne. My honor'd lord. [Exit Lord Chamberlain.

Old L. Why, this it is; see, see! I have been begging sixteen years in court, (And yet a courtier beggarly,) nor could Come put betwixt the early and too late, For any suit of pounds: and you, (O fate!) A very freshish here, (By eye, by eye) This convent'd fortune! have your mouth fill'd up, Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it! is it bitter! forty pence, no. There will be no 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 location; By my life, That promises more thousands: Ifonore's train Is longer than his feriskirt. By this time, I know, your back will bear a doress;—Say, Are you not stronger than you were.

Anne. Good lady, Make yourself mirth with your particular fanny, And learn't are nothing? Would I had no being, If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me, To think what follows.

The queen is comeluckt, and we forgetful 

[Opinion.
In our long Absence: Fray, do not deliver
What here you have heard, to her.
Old L. What do you think me? [Exit L.

SCENE IV.—A Hall in Black-Friars.
Trumpets, Serenades, & Cornets. Enter two
Gentlemen, with short silver Tabs; next them,
Two Seraphs, in the habit of Doctors; after them
The Archbishop of Canterbury, alone; after him,
The Bishop of Lincoln, Ely, and Herefort, and
Saint Asaph; next them, with some small dis-
tance, 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 Pillars;
after them, side by side, the two Cardinals, Wol-
sey, and Campester; two Noblemen with the
Sword and Mace. Then enter the King and
Queen, and their Train. The King takes place
under the Cloth of Estate; the two Cardinals sit
under him as Judges. The Queen takes place at
some distance from the King. The Bishops place
themselves on one side, two of a Constable; between them, the Seraphs. The
Lords sit next the Bishops. The Crier and the
rest of the attendants stand in convenient order
about the stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

k. Hen. What's the need? It has already publicly been published;
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be'to.—Proceed.

Ser. Say, Henry king of England, come into the
court.


k. Hen. Here.

Ser. Say, Katharine queen of England, come
into court.


(The Queen makes no answer, rises out of
her chair, goes about the court, comes to the
King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.)

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice;
And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominion, the villains to
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behavior given you to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me! Heaven witness,
I would have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike.
Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry,
As I was inclin'd. When was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy: what friend of mine
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my hating? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharg'd! Sir, call to mind
That I was ever by your wife, in the obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been let
With many children by you: If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honor ought,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
That you may know: and let the foulest contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prudence most prudent, of an exact
And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many
And like me: it is not to my heart,
That they had gather'd a wise counsel to them
Of every realm, that did dispute this business,

Fleansh on records.

Ensigns of dignity carried before cardinals.

Who deem'd our marriage lawful: Wherefore I
humbly
Beseach you, sir, to spare me, till I may
be by my friends in Spain adviz'd; whose counsel
I will not more: If you know the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, lady, (And of your choice,) these reverend fathers; men
Of singular piety and learning.
Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause: It shall be therefore best,
That longer you desire the court; as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace

Hath spoken well and justly: Therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produced and heard.

Lord cardinal,—
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam?

Q. Kath. Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so,) certain
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patience yet.

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induced by potent circumstances, that
You are an enemy, and make me the challenge,
You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—
Which is my chief concern.—Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess

You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
Of divine goodness; and of wisdom,
O'er-topping woman's power. Madam, do you me
wrong:
I have no speech against you; nor injustice
For you or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is present: if it be known to him,
That I cannot say my deed, how may he wound,
And, without my full extenuation of such a
Wrong, as you have done my truth. But if he know,
That I am free of your report, he knows,
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
I lie before me; and the cure is in him
Remove those thoughts from you: The which
Before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to withhold your speaking,
And to say so no more.

K. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and
Blemish-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humbleness; but your heart
Is crook'd with arrogance, spleen, and pride.
You have by fortune, and his mightiness' favors,
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted
Where others are your retainers: and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will, as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You deface your person's honor, 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 face to his holiness,
And to be judged by him.

[She Excuses to the King, and offers to Depart]

Cam. The queen is obstinate, Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse
And Displeasant to be try'd by it; its not well.
She's going away.

K. Hen. Call her again.
Crier. Katherine, queen of England, come into the court!
Griz. Madam, you are call'd back.
Q. Kath. What need you note it! pray you, keep your way;
When you are call'd! 'tis turn.—Now the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience!—Pray you, pass on;
I will not tarry: no, nor ever more,
Upon this business, my appearance make
In any other courts.

[Exeunt Queen, Griffith, and her other Attendants.]

K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate: That is the world which shall receive him;
A better wife, let him in now hunte'd be trusted,
For speaking false in that: Thou art, alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
That excellence saint-like, wise-like government,—
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out.)
The queen of earthly queens—She is noble born;
And like her true nobility, she hath
Carried herself towards me.

Vol. 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'm robb'd and bound,
There must I be unlock'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 it! or ever
Have you, but—'tis the danger which my soul
For such a royal lady,—make one the least word, might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person!

K. Hen. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you, yea, upon mine honor,
I free you from. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village eurs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You are exceed'd:
But you can do more justly! you ever
Have well, the speech is end'd, if you never
Deard't it to be still'd; but oft have hinder'd or
The passages made towards it:—on my honor, I
Speak'd, my good lord cardinal, to this point,
And thus far clear me. Now, what mov'd me to 't,
I will be bold with time and your attention:—
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came;—give heed to't.
My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scrople, and prack, on certain speeches uttered
By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador,
What had been hither sent on the report of
A marriage, 'twixt the duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary; I the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he
I mean, the bishop did require a respite:—
Wherein he might the king his lord advise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometime our brother's wife; their children
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast; which forced such way,
That many mad, considerations did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought,
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: I felt
The grave does to the dead; for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world, as I understand: but I heeke,
I took a thought that was a judgment on me;—that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
Be blasted in it by me: Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my soul stood in,
By this my issue fail'd; and that gave to me
Many a groaning thought. Thus hailing
In the wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereby upon 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 land,
And doctors learn'd:—First, I began in private
With you, my lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did reck,
When I first mov'd you. Very well, my liege.
K. Hen. I have spoke long; be pleas'd yourself to say
How far you satisfied me.
Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,—
Hearing a state of mighty moment in t, and consequence of danger,—that I committed
The daring't counsel which I had, to doubt; and
did entreat your highness to this course,
Which you are running here.
K. Hen. I then mov'd you,
My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons:—Unsolicited
I leav'd no reverse person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded,
Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on:
For no dislike I the world against the person
Of the godly queen, and all the points of
My alleged reasons, drive this forward:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kindly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come, with her
Katherine our queen, before the prouest creature
That's paragon'd o' the world.

Can. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, it a necessary business,
That we adjourn this court till further day:
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness.

[They rise to depart.]
K. Hen. I may perceive, [Aside.
These cardinals trifle with me; I abhor
This disloyalty, and tricks of Rome.
My leard and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Pr'ythee return! with thy approach, I know,
My counsel comes along. Break up the court:
I say, set on.

[Exeunt, in manner as they entered.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Palace at Brindwell. A Room in the Queen's Apartment.

The Queen, and some of her Women at Work.
Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles;
Sing, and dispense them, if thou canst: leave
working.

* SONG.
Orpheus with his lute made breez,
And the mountain-tops, that freeze.
Blew themselves, when he did sing:
To his music, plants, and flowers,
Ever sprang; so sun, and snows,
There had been a lasting spring.
* Closed, or fastened.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by,
In sweet music is such art:
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Full asleep, or, hearing, die.

Enter a Gentleman.
Q. Kath. How now! Gent. An't please your grace, the two great car
dinals
Wait in the presence? Q. Kath. Would they speak with me? Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.
Q. Kath. Pray their graces
* Flowing without guidance. * Waste, or wear away.
* Without, or missing chamber.
To come near. [Exit Gent.] What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fall’n from favor? I
But they may know their cunning, mercy think on’t.
They should be good men; their affronts are righteous;
But all hoods make not monks.

**Enter Wolsey and Campeius.**

Wol. Peace to your highness! Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of an hour ago; I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords? Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw into your private chamber, we shall give you The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here; there’s nothing I have done yet, but conscience, Deserves a corner: ’ Would all other women Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not (so much I am happy Above a number) if any actions Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them, Envy and base opinion set against them, I know my life so even: If your business Shall turn out, and there I come, out with it boldly; Truth loves open dealing.

Wol. Tanta est ergo te menda integritas, rege sincerissimi. Q. Kath. (O, good my lord, no Latin! I am not such a truant since my coming, As not to know the language I have liv’d in: A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious:
Pray, speak in English: here are some will thank you, If you speak truth, for their poor mistresses’ sake; Believe me, she has had much wrong: Lord cardinal, The willing’st sin I ever yet committed, May be absolv’d in English.

Wol. Noble lady, I am sorry, my integrity should breed (And service to his majesty and you) So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant. We have got not by the way of accusation To tant that honor every good tongue blesses: Nor to betray you any way to sorrow; You have too much, good lady: but to know How you stand minded in the weighty difference Between the king and you; and to deliver, Like free and honest men, our just opinions, And comforts to your cause.

Cun. Most honor’d madam, My lord of York,—out of his noble nature, Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace; And was like a good man, you may be sure; Both of his truth and him, (which was too far,)— Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace, His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. To betray me. [Aside.]
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills, Ye speak like honest men, (pray God ye prove so!) But how make you suddenly an answer, In such a point of weight, so near mine honor, (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
And by my hand, the little woman, God knows, looking Either for such men, or such business. For her sake that I have been, (for I feel The last act 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 this madman dare give you counsel? Or else known friend, ’gainst his highness’ pleasure (Though he be grown so desperate to be honest), And live a subject! Nay, forsooth, my friends, They may but sell my confusions, They that my trust must grow to, live not here; They are, as all my other comforts, far hence, In mine own country, lords.

Wol. 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 honor better, and your cause; For, if the trial of the law o’ertake you, You’ll part away disgraced.

If. 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 ye; there sits a Judge, That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye; holy men I think 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 coming?
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 wrougt ye;
Take heed, for heaven’s sake, take heed, lest at once The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, there is a mere help between you, 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 me (If ye can, let this party give it me, I do) If ye be any thing 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’s too long ago: I am old, my lords, And all the fellowship I hold now with him Is only my obedience. What can happen To me, above this wretchedness? all your studies Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I liv’d thus long,—let me speak myself.
Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true one! A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory) Never yet branded with suspicion Have you with all my fault all-earthened me? Still met the king? lov’d him next heaven? obey’d him? Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him? Always 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 hath brought forth, Yet will I add an honor,—a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the goodusat. Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty.
To give up willingly that noble title Your master wed me to; nothing but death Shall never divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this English earth, Or felt the flatteries that grew upon it! Ye have angels’ faces, but heaven knows your hearts.

What will become of me now, wretched lady! I am a madman, that unhappy woman living! Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes! [To Her Woman.

Shipwright, upon a kingdom, where no pity, No friend, no hope; no kindred weep for me, Almost no grace allow’d me,—like the lady, That once was mistress of the field, and flourish’d, I’ll hang my head and perish.

Wol. If your grace Could but be brought to know, our ends are honest, You’d feel more comfort: why should we, good lady, Groan in the dust, where all our children are, Grow from the king’s acquaintance, by this carriage, The hearts of princes kiss obedience, So much they love it; but, to stubborn spirits, They swell, and grow as terrible as storms. I know, you have a gentle, noble temper, A soul as even as a calm: Pray, think us
SCENE II.—Ante-chamber to the King's Apartment.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.  

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints, and to[22] them with a constancy, the cardinal cannot stand under them: if you omit the order of the time, I cannot pretend, but that you shall sustain more new disgraces, with these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful To meet the least occasion, that may give me Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke, To be revenged on him.

Sur. Which of the peers Have uncontem'd gone by him, or at least Strangely neglected? when did he regard The stamp of nobleness in any person, Out of himself?  

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures: What he deserves of you and me, I know; What we can do to him, (though now the time Of his absence is past,) I match fear; If you not Bar his access to the king, never attempt Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft Over the king in his tongue.  

Nor. Fear not him; His spell in that is out: the king hath found Matter against him, that for ever mars The bourn of his language. No, he's settled, Not to come off, in his displeasure. Sir, I should be glad to hear such news as this Once every hour.  

Nor. Believe it, this is true. In the divorce, his contrary proceedings Are all unfolded; wherein he appears, As I could wish mine enemy. How came His practices to light?  

Suf. Most strangely.  

Suf. O, how, how?  

Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried, And came to the eye of the king; wherein was read, How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness To take his judgment of the divorce: For if It did take place. I do, quoth he, perceive My king is tangle'd in affection to A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bulen. Suf. Has he the king this?  

Suf. Believe it.  

Suf. Will this work?  

Cham. The king in this perceives him how he coasts, And hedges, his own way. But in this point All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic After his patient's death: the king already Hath married his fair lady. "Would he had!"  

Sur.  

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord!  

Suf. For procures, you have it. Now all my joy  

Trace the conjunction!  

Suf. My amen to't!  

Nor.  

Suf. There's order given for her coronation: Marry, the toy is yet young, and may be left To some ears unaccounted.—But, my lords, She is a gallant creature, and complete In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her Will fall all the piety to this land, which shall In it be memor'd?  

Suf. But, will the king Digest this letter of the cardinal's!  

The Lord forbid!  

Suf. No, nor; There be more wasps that buzz about his nose, Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius Is stolen away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave; Has left the cause of the king unhanded; and Will stand for his own cause, as the post, as the agent of our cardinal, To second all his plot. I do assure you, The king cry'd, ha! at this.  

Cham. Now, God incense him, And let him cry, ha, louder!  

Nor. But, my lord, When returns Cranmer!  

Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions; Which have satisfied the king for his divorce, Together with all famous colleges Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe, His second marriage shall be publish'd, and His coronation. A cardinal's!  

Nor. Shall be null'd queen; but princess-dowager, And widow to prince Arthur.  

Suf. This same Cranmer's A worthy fellow, and hath taken much pain In the king's business.  

Suf. Has; and we shall see him For it, an archbishop.  

Suf. So I hear.  

Nor. The cardinal—  

Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.  

Wer. Observe, observe, he's moody.  

Wol. The packet, Cromwell, gave it you the king?  

Crom. To his own hand, and in his bed-chamber.  

Wol. Look'd he o'er the inside of the paper!  

Crom. Presently He did unfold them; and the first he view'd, He did it with a serious mind; a deed Was in his countenance: You lie bade Attend him here this morning.  

Wol. Is he ready To come abroad?  

Crom. I think, by this he is.  

Wol. Leave me a while.—[Exit Cromwell. It shall be to the duchess of Alenon, The French king's sister: he shall marry her—  

Anne Bulen! No! I'll no Anne Bulens for him: There is more in it than fair visage.—Bullen! No, we'll no Bulens.—Speedily I wish To hear from Rome.—The machiavel of Pembroke!  

Nor. He's discontented.  

Suf. May be, he hears the king Does what his anger to him. Sharp enough, Lord, for thy justice!  

Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman; a knight's daughter. To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!— This candle burns not clear: 'tis must snuff it; Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous, And well-deserving? yet I know her For a spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to Our cause, that she should be the bosom of Our hard-cul'd king.—Again, there is sprung up A heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one Hath crawled'd into the favor of the king, And is his oracle. He is vex'd at something.  

Suf. I would, 'twere something that would fret the string, The master of our heart's heart!  

Enter the King, reading a Schedule; and Lovel.  

Sur. The king, the king.  

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumu-

Suf. To his own portion! and what expense by the hour

* Made memorable.
Seems to flow from him! Now, 'tis the name of Christ, Does he rake this together!—Now, my lords; Say you the cardinal! Nor, or no. My lord, we have Stood here observing him: Some strange commotion Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts; Stoops, as a sudden rock upon his mind. Then, lays, his finger on his temple; straight, Springs out into fast gait; then, stops again, Strains his breast hard; and anon, he casts His eye against the moon: in most strange postures We have seen him set himself.

K. Hen. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning Papers of state, set in his hand to peruse; As I required; and wot you, what I found; There; on my conscience, put unwittingly! Forget, the heavens, thus importuning.—
The several parcels of his state, 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 'd on spiritual object, he should still Dwell in his musings: but, I am afraid, His thoughts are below the moon, not worth His serious considering.

[He takes his seal, and whiskers Lovell, who goes to Wooton.]

Wal. 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 are now running over; you have scarce time To keep from spiritual leisure and desert To keep your earthly audit: Sure, in that I deem you an ill husband; and am glad To have you therein my companion.

Wal. Sir, For holy offices I have a time; a time To think upon the part of business, which I bear't the state; and nature does require Her times of preservation, which, perforce, I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal Must give my tendance to.

K. Hen. You have said well. Wal. And ever may your highness yoke together As I will lead you cause, my dong well With my well sayings! K. Hen. 'Tis well said again: And 's a kind of good deed, to say well: And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you: He said, he did; and with his deed did crown Himself upon you. Since I find my office, I have kept you next my heart, have not alone Employ'd you where high profits might come home, But paid my present having, to bestow My honours upon you. What should this mean? Wal. Stirs. The Lord increase this business! [Aside. K. Hen. I have not made you The prime man of the state! I pray you, tell me, If what I now pronounce, you have found true: And, if you may conke's it, say whith, If you be bound to us, or no. What say you? Wal. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces, Shouter'd on me daily, have been more than could My studied purposes require; which went Beyond all that ye have bound me by my endeavors Have ever come too short of my desires, Yet, fill'd with my abilities: Mine own ends Have been mine so, that even this more they pointed to the foot of your majesty, and And the profit of the state. For your great graces Heap'd upon me, poor undeserter. I cannot boast render but alienant thanks; My prayers to heaven for you; so rivalry, Which ever has, and ever shall be growing, Till death, that winter, kill it.

K. Hen. Fairly answer'd; A loyal and obedient subject is Therein illustrated: The honor of it

Wal. Does pay the act of it; as, 't is the contrary, The foulness is the punishment. I presume, That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you, My heart dropp'd love, my power radi'd honor, More on you, than any; so your hand, and heart, Your brain, and every function of your power, Should makes him manifest that your bond of duty, As 'twere in love's particular, be more To me, your friend, than any.

Wal. Do profess, That your highness good I ever labor More than mine own; that am, have, and will be, Though all the world should crack their duty to you And throw it from their soul: though perils did About my path, as thought could not suspect, and Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty, As doth a rock against the chiding flood, Should the approach of this wild river break, And shall unshaken yours.

K. Hen. Tis nobly spoken: Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast, For you have seen him open.—Read o'er this; Giving him Papers And, after this: and then to breakfast, with What appetite you have.

K. Hen. Hearing upon CARDINAL WOLSEY: the nobles throng after him, smiling and whiskerizing.

Wal. What should this mean? What sudden anger is this? How do I reap it! He parted now-morning from me, as if ruin Leap'd from his eyes: So looks the chafed lion Upon the daring huntsman that has gait'd him: There is a thing not thinking. I must read this paper: I hear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so; This paper has undone me:—'Tis the account Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom, And tee my friends in Rome. O negligence, Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil Made this the main secret in the packet I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this? No new device to beat this from his brains! I know, 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune Will bring me off again. What's this?—To the Pope? The letter, as I live, with all the business I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell! I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness; And, from that full meridian of my glory, I haste now to my setting: I shall fall Like a night exhalation in the evening, And no man see me more.

Re-enter the DUDES of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the EARL of SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal; whocommand you To render up the great seal presently Into our hands; and to confine yourself To Asher-House, my lord of Winchester's, Till you hear further from his highness.

Wal. Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry Authority so weighty.

Staf. Who dare cross them? Baring the king's will from his mouth expressly! Wal. Tell I find more than will, or words, to do, (In these my master's), I know, other lords, I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel Of what coarse metal ye are moulded—envy. How eagerly ye follow my disgraces, As if it did yet! and how sleek and content Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin. Follow your curious courses, men of malice: You have but warrant for them, and, no doubt, In time will find their fit rewards. That seal, You ask with such a violence, the king (Mine own your master) with his own hand gave me: Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honors, During my life; and, to confirm his goodness, Take my letters patent. Now, who'll take it! Nor. The king, that gave it. Wal. It must be himself then

1 Ether in Surrey
Suf. Thou art a proud priest, traitor.

Wol. Proud lord, thou hast:
Within these forty hours, Surrey and I meet better
In York a more than bright and morning.

Suf. Thy ambition, that's the wound thou hast.

Wol. Then, that's the wound thou hast.

Suf. Thy sin, rob'd this bewitching hand
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together,
Which not a hair of the realm's the more)
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not touch my mouth with

Cham. O my lord,

Wol. Nor, by your power legimate within this kingdom,

Cham. To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways

Wol. You have for dignities; to the more undying

Cham. Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;

Wol. Which, since they are of you, and odious,

Cham. I will not touch my mouth with

Suf. That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Cham. And, whatsoever, and to be

Wol. Out of the king's protection. This is my charge

Cham. Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations

Wol. To live better. For your stubborn answer,

Cham. About the giving back the great seal to us.

Suf. The king shall know it, and no doubt, shall thank you.

Wol. So fare you well, my little lord cardinal.

Cham. Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!

Wol. This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
And—when he thinks, too good a sight—his greatness
Is a ripe apple; and then he falls, as I do.
I have ventured, like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond our depth: my head a readiness
At length broke under me; and now has left me
Wearie, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me,
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin.
More pangs and tears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucius

Crom. Never to hope again.

Wol. Enter Cromwell, amaz'dly.

Crom. Why, how now, Cromwell? I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes! Can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline! Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;

Crom. How never so truly happy, my good Cromwell,
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A stillness and quiet conscience. The king has cured me
Of that humbleness, with which our shoulders
These proud pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honor;
Of a burden, Cromwell, this is a burden,
Too heavy for a man that loves his heart.
Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope, I have: I am old now; methinks,
(Out of a fortune of my I feel)
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.

Cham. What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden:
But he's a learned man. May he continue

Absol. A writ incurring a penalty.
KING HENRY VIII.

Act IV.

SCENE I.—A street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 Gent. You are well met once again.

2 Gent. And so are you.

1 Gent. You come to take your stand here, and to behold the lady Anne pass from her coronation?

2 Gent. 'Tis my business. At our last encounter, the duke of Buckingham came for his trial.

1 Gent. 'Tis as I was true; but that timecold composition.

Tis, general joy.

2 Gent. 'Tis well: the citizens, I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds: As let them use their right privileges, they are beyond all in their way in celebration of this day with shows, pageants, and sights of honor.

1 Gent. Never greater, Nor, I assure you, better taken, sir.

2 Gent. May I be bold to ask what that contains, That paper in your hand?

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; and next, the earl of Norfolk, He to be cardinal; you, I read the rest, Have I thanked you, sir; had I not known those customs, I should have been beholden to your paper. But, I beseech you, what becomes of Katharine, The princess dowager? how goes her business?

1 Gent. That I can tell you too. The archbishop of Canterbury, accompanied with other learned and reverent fathers of his order, Held a late court at Bunsbake, six miles off From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not: And that is but short, for not appearance, and The great late scruple, by the main assault Of all these learned men she was divorced, And the late marriage made of none effect: Since which, she was removed to Kimbolton, Which is the name of some new place.

2 Gent. That Crommer returns with his welcome, Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, the lady Anne, With whose the king's heart in secret long marr'd, This day was view'd in open, as his queen, Going to chapel; and the voice is now Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down.

Crom. The king has gone beyond me, all my glories
In that one man I have lost last ever,
No man shall ever stand forth as mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my goings. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell, I am thy father, though unworthily now
To be thy lord and master: Seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him What, and how true thou art: he will advance
Some little memory of me will stir him
(1 know his noble nature) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too; Good Cromwell, And meet him not; take me now, and provide For thine own future safety.

Crom. O, my lord, Must I then leave you? Most I needst be gone So good, so noble, and so true a master.

Bear witness, all, that have not hearts of iron, With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord,— The king shall have my service; but my prayers For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

ACT IV.

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.

2. Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.

3. Choristers singing.

[Music.]

1. Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Gentleman to his coat of arms, and, on his head, a gilt crown.

5. Marquis Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-crown 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 roset of marshals, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.

7. A cunning bearce by four of the Common-ports; under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair, richly adorned with pearls, crowned. This bearce side of her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.

8. The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronet of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.

9. Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circles of gold without flowers.

2 Gent. A royal train, believe me,—These I

Who's that, that bears the sceptre?

1 Gent. Marquis Dorset:

And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2 Gent. A bold brave gentleman: And that should be The duke of Suffolk.

1 Gent. Why, those are the same; high-steward.

2 Gent. And that, my lord of Norfolk?

1 Gent. Yes.

2 Gent. [Looking on the Queen.] Heaven bless thee!
THOU hast the sweetest face I ever looked on,—Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel; One angel has all the ladies in his arms, And more, and richer, when he strays that lady: I cannot blame his conscience.

1 Gent. They, that bear
The crown of honor over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque ports.

2 Gent. Those men are happy; and so are all, near her. I take it, she that carries up'the train.

1 Gent. She is; and all the rest are countesses.

2 Gent. Their coronets so say. These are stars indeed.

And, sometimes, falling ones.

1 Gent. No more of that.

Erif Precession, with a great flourish of Trumpets.

Enter a Third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! where have you been broiling?

3 Gent. Among the crowd o'the abbey; where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more; and I am staid
With the mere rankness of their joy.

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. The rich stream
Of old and young ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing, opposite,
The beauty of her person to the people.

Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by many, which when the people
Had the full view of, such a show arose
As the shrubs make at sea in a still tempore.
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,
(Doubtless, I think she had on,) and their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-bellic'd women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make them reel before them. No man living
Could say, This is my wife, there; all were woe
So strangely in one piece.

2 Gent. But, pray, what follow'd?

3 Gent. At length her grace rose, and with modest pace
Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and, saintly
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the archbishop of Canterbury
She gave the royal making of a queen;
As holy oil, Edward Conyers's coron
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laud nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
With all the chanced music of the kingdom,
Together sung Te Deum. So she parted,
And with the same full face paced back again
The same way, where the feast is held.

1 Gent. Sir, you
Must no more call it York-place, that is past:
For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost;
You call no more the king's, and call'd—Whitehall.

3 Gent. But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

2 Gent. What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen?

3 Gent. Stokesley and Gardiner; the one, of Wincheste,
( Newly promoted from the king's secretary,)
The other, London.

2 Gent. He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
That famous Cranmer.

All the land knows that:
However, yet there's no great breach; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 Gent. Who may that be, I pray you?

3 Gent. Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend.—The king
Has made him master of the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy-council.

2 Gent. He will deserve more.

3 Gent. Yes, without all doubt. Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way as I do.
Is to the count, and there ye shall be my guests.
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir. [Exeunt.}

SCENE II.—Kimbolton.

Enter Katherine, Dauenger, sick; led between Griffith and Patience.

Griff. How does your grace?

Kath. O, Griffith, sick to death!

Griff. My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth.

Kath. Willing to leave their burden: Reach a chair;—

Griff. So, now, modestly, as it is a little ease.

Kath. Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honor, cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

Griff. Yes, madam; but I think, your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to.'

Kath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died.

If well, he step'd before me, happily,
For my example.

Griff. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout earl of Northumberland
 Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely taint'd) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his horse.

Kath. Alas! poor man!

Griff. Athist, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lo'dg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honorably receiv'd him.

To whom he gave these words,—O, father Robert,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to try his weary bones among you;
Give him a little ease for chrissakes.

So went to bed: 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,
Contemplative, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honors to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest; his faults he gently on him.
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity,—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one that by suggestion
Ty'd all the kingdom: simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law: I the presence!
He would say with a royal majesty of his own
In both his words and meaning: He was never,
But where he meant to run, pull'd in;
He promises were, as he was, false, mighty.
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Griff. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now!

Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I was malicious else.

Griff. The cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was buss'd to much honor. From his cradle,
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading;
Lolly, and sour, to them that lov'd him not;
But those men that sought him, he did favor.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: Ever witness for him
Those twain of learning, that he raised in you,
Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with him
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.

*happy. Of the king.

2 Ipswich.
His overthrew heaped happiness upon him;  
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,  
And found the blessedness of being little:  
And, to add greater honors to his age  
There man could give him, he did honor God  
Kath.  

As the other death wish no other herald,  
No other speaker of my living actions,  
To keep mine honor from corruption,  
But all the rest that honest chronicles as truth.  
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me  
With thy religious truth, and modesty,  
Now in his ashes honor: Peace be with him!—  
Patience, he bears me still; and set me lower;  
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,  
Assuredly.  

How his music, the musician play me that said note  
I named my knoll, whilst I sit meditating  
On that celestial harmony I go to.  

Sach and solemn Music.  
Grif.  
She is deep.  
Good wench, let's sit down quiet.  
For fear we wake her;—Softly, gentle Patience.  

The Vision.  
Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six Persons, clad in white robes,  
Wearing on their heads gardians of boys and golden rizen's on their faces: branches of boys  
or palm in their hands.  
They first conoe unto her, then dance: and, at certain changes, the first two  
Caress a garland that had ever her head; at which,  
The other four make reverend courtly sites; 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 gardian over her head; which done,  
They deliver the same gardian to the last two, who likewise observe the same  
Order, at which, (as it were by inspiration,) she  
Makes in her sleep signs of reigning, and holds up  
Her hands to heaven: and in their dancing  
They vanish, carrying the gardian 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.  
Madeam, we are here.  
Kath.  

It is not you I call for:  
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?  
Grif.  
None, madam.  
Kath.  

No! saw you not, even now, a blessed troop  
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces  
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun!  
They promised me eternal happiness;  
And brought me gardians, Griffith, which I feel  
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,  
Assuredly.  
Grif.  
I am most joyful, madam, such good  
Dreams possess your fancy.  
Kath.  

Bid the music leave,  
They are harsh and heavy to me.  
Music ceases.  
Pat.  
Do you note,  
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?  
How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,  
And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes!  
Grif.  
She is going, wench; pray, pray.  
Pat.  
Heaven comfort her!  

Enter a Messenger.  
Mess.  

Ain'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 wanted greatness,  
To me no rude behaviour: go to, kneel.  
Mess.  

Humblly docent your highness' pardon;  
My haste made me unmanfully: There is staying  
A gentleman, none from the king to see you.  
Kath.  
Admit him entrance, Griffith: But this fellow  
Let me ne'er see again.  

Exeunt Griffith and Messenger.  

Re-enter Griffith with Capucius.  

If my sight fail not,  
You should be lord ambassador for the emperor,  
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius,  
Cap.  
Madeam, the same, your servant.  
Kath.  

O, my lord,  
The titles, and titles, now are alter'd strangely  
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,  
What is your pleasure with me?  
Cap.  

Noble lady,  
First, mine own service to your grace: the next,  
The king's request that I would visit you;  
Who groves much for your weakness, and by my  
Sending you his princely commendations,  
And heartily pleasing you, take you good comfort.  
Kath.  

O my good lord, that comfort comes too late.  
Tis like a pardon after execution:  
That gentle phrase, given in time, had cured me;  
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.  
How does his highness?  
Cap.  
Madeam, in good health.  
Kath.  

So he may he ever do! and ever flourish,  
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name  
Damned it the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter  
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?  
Pat.  
No, madam.  

Giving it to Katherine.  
Kath.  
Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver  
This to my lord the king.  
Cap.  
Most willing, madam.  
Kath.  
In which I have commended to his—  
The model of our chastel loves, his young daughter—  
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—  
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding;  
She is young, and of a noble modest nature;  
I hope, she will deserve well: and a little  
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,  
Heaven knows how dearly: My next great petition  
Is, that his noble grace would have some duty  
Upon my wretched women, that so long  
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:  
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,  
Upon the earth, is dearer to me, than she  
And now I should not be, but will deserve  
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,  
For honesty, and decent carriage,  
A right good husband, let him be a noble:  
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have  
The last page for my men:—they are the poorest,  
But poverty could never draw them from me  
That they may have their wages duly paid them,  
And something over to remember me by:  
If heart had pleas'd me to have given me longer life,  
And able means, we had not parted thus.  
These are the whole contents:—And, good my  
Lord.  
By that you love the dearest in this world,  
As you wish christian peace to souls departed,  
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king  
To do me this last right.  
Pat.  
By heaven, I will;  
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!  
Kath.  

I thank you, honest lord. Remember me  
In all humility unto his highness:  
Say, his long trouble now is passing  
Out of this world: tell him, in death I bless'd him,  
For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,  
My lord,—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,  
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed;  
Call in more women. When I am dead, good wench,  
Let me be used with honor; strut me over  
With more flowers, that all the world may know  
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me.  
Then lay me forth: although uncom'd, yet like  
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.  
I can no more.—[Exeunt, leading Katharine.  
Afterwards queen Mary.]
ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Gallery in the Palace.

Enter Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, a Page, with a Torch before him, led by Sir Thomas Lovell.

Gar. 'Tis one o'clock, boy, isn't it not? But I hath struck. Boy. These should be hours for necessities, not for delights; titles to repair our nature With comforting repose, and not for us To waste these times.—Good hour of night, sir Thomas! Whither so late?

Lov. 'Tis I, Methinks, It avoid the Charles, with what now, and Yes, 'Tis and have what, Pray But, have them say'st thou? ha! To pray for her! what, is she crying out! Lov. She said her woman; and that her suffering made Almost each pang a death. K. Hen. Almost. [Aside.]

K. Hen. What say'st thou? ha! To pray for her! what, is she crying out! Lov. She said her woman; and that her suffering made Almost each pang a death. K. Hen. Almost. [Aside.]

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord? Gar. I did, sir Thomas; and left him at primrose With the duke of Suffolk. I must to him too, Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave. Gar. Not yet, sir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter?

Lov. It seems, you are in haste; an if there be No great offence belongs to't, give your friend Some touch of your late business: Affairs, that

[As, they say spirits do] at midnight, have In them a wilder nature, than the business That seeks despatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you: And durst commend a secret to your ear Much weighther than this work. The queen's in labor.

They say, in great extremity; and fear'd, She'll with the labor end.

Gar. The fruit, she goes with, I pray for heartily; that it may find Good time, and love: but for the stock, sir Thomas, I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks, I could Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, sir, sir,— Here, me, sir Thomas; you are a gentleman Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious; And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,— 'Til not, sir Thomas Lovell, take of me, Till Cranmer. Cromwell, her two hands, and she, Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,— Beside that of the jewel-house, he made master O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir, Stands in the gap and trade of more preeminent, With which the time will load him: The archbishop Is the king's hand, and tongue; and who dare speak One syllable against him?

Gar. Yes, yes, sir Thomas, There are that dare; and I myself have vent'd To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day, Sir, (I may tell you,) I think, I have seen the lords o' the council, that he is (For so I know he is, they know he is) A most arch heretic, a pestilence That does infect the land; with which they moved, Have broken with the king; who hath so far Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace And princely care; foreseeing those foul mischiefs, (Our reasons laid before him,) he hath commanded To-morrow morning to the council-board He be convened: He's a rank weed, sir Thomas, And we must root him out. From your afar, I hinder you too long; good night, sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord: I rest your servant. [Execute 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. *A game at cards. Set on. Told their minds to. Summoned.
K. Hen.

Stand up, good Canterbury; the truth, and thy integrity, is the light of thy crown. In us, thy friends: Give me thy hand, stand up; Pity me, let's walk. Now, by my holy dame, What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd you and you had gone about that. I should have ta'en some pains to bring together Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you Without indulgence, further.

Cran.

Most dread liege, The good I stand on is my truth, and honesty; If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies, Will triumph or my person; which I weigh not, before of these matters vacant. I fear nothing What can be said against me.

K. Hen.

Know you not how Your understanding the world, with the whole world? Your enemies Are many, and not small; their practices Must bear the same proportion: and not ever The justice and the truth o' the question carries The due o' the verdict with it: At what ease Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt To wear against you! such things have been done. You are patently oppos'd; and with a malice Of as great size. Ween'th you of better luck. I mean in perjur'd witness, than your Master, Whose minister you are, whate'er he liv'd Upon this naughty earth! Go to, go to; You take a precipice for no leap of danger, And woo your own destruction.

Cran.

God, and your majesty, Protect mine innocence, or I fall into The trap is laid for me!

K. Hen.

Be of good cheer; They shall no more prevail, than we gave way to, Keep comfort to you; and this morning see You do appear before them: if they shall chance, In charging you with matters, to commit you, The best persuasions to the contrary Fail not to use, and with what vehemency The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties Will render you no remedy, this ring Deliver them, and your appeal to him: There make betwixt them.—Look, the good man weeps! He's honest, on mine honor. God's blest mother! I swear, he is true-hearted; and a soul None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone, And do as I have bad you.—[Exit Cranmer.] He has straitened His language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady.

Gent. [Aside.] Come back; What mean you? Lady. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring Will make my boldness manner.—Now, good angel, Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person Under their blessed wings!

K. Hen.

Now, by thy looks I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?

Lady. Ay, ay, and of a boy!

K. Hen.

Look, by thy looks I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?

Lady. Ay, ay, my liege; And of a lovely boy: The God of heaven Both now and ever bless her!—Was a girl, Pursues boys hereafter, Sir, your queen Desires your visitation, and to be Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you As cherry is to cherry.

K. Hen.

Lovell.—

Enter Lovell.

Lor.

K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen.

Lady. An hundred marks! by this light, I'll have more: An ordinary grooms is for such payment; I will have more, or scold it out of him. Such is this, the girl is like to him, I will have more, or else unsay't; and now While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Lobby before the Council-Chamber.

Enter Cranmer; Servants, Door-keeper, &c, attending.

Cran. I hope, I am not too late; and yet the gentleman, *Thick.

That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me To make great haste. All fast! what means this?—Hoo! Who waits there!—Sure you know me? D. Keep. Yes, my lord; but yet I cannot help you.

Cran.

Why? D. Keep. Your grace must wait till you be call'd lor. Enter Doctor Butts.

Cran.

So. Butts. This is a piece of malice; I am glad I came this way so happily: The king Shall understand it presently. 'Tis Butts. Cran. [Aside.] The king's physician: As he past alone; How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me! Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain This is of purpose laid by, some that hate me, (God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice.) To quench more honor: they would shame to make me Wait else at door; a fellow-counsellor, Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures Must be fulfilled, and I attend with patience.

Enter, at a Window above, the King and Butts.

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest sight.— K. Hen. What's that? Butts. I think your highness saw this many a day. K. Hen. Body o' me, where is it? [Exit Butts.] There, my lord:— The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury; Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants, Pages, and footboys.

K. Hen. Ha! 'Tis he, indeed: Is this the honor they do one another! 'Tis well, there's one above them yet. I had thought, They had parted so much honesty amongst them, At least, good manners, as not thus to suffer A man of his place, and so near our favor, To dance attendance on their lordship's pleasures, And at the door too, like a post with packets. By holy Venice, Butts, there's knavery: Let them alone, and draw the curtain close; We shall hear more anon.— [Exeunt.

The Council-Chamber.

Enter the Lord Chancellor, the Dukes of Suffolk and Norfolk, Earl of Surrey, Lord Chamberlain, Wiltshire, and Cromwell. The Chancellor places himself at the upper end of the Table, on the left hand; a Seat being left void where above him, as for the Archbishop or Chancellor. To which end seat themselves in order on each side. Cromwell, at the lower end as Secretary. Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary: Why are we met in council?—

Please your honors, The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury: Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?—

Cran. 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 pleasures. Chan. Let him come in.

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, out of which frailty And what of wisdom, you, that best should teach us, 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 capítulo (For so we are informed,) with new opinions, Devices and dangers, which are heresies, And, as it were, doth, by prove persons, Gar. What reformation must be sudden too, My noble lords: for those that tame wild horses, Place 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 casiness and childish pity
To one man's honor! this contagious sickness
Forces not all men: and what follows them?
Commotions, uprairs, with a general taint
Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbors,
The upper German, can dearly witness,
You freshly pinched in England.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labored,
And, if I have 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 here with a single heart, my lords,
A man, that more detests, more sins against,
Both in his private conscience, and his place,
Defacers of a public peace, than I do.)

Fray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men, that make
Envvy, and crooked malice, nourishment,
Dare into 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. That cannot be; you are a counselor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My lord, because we have business of more moment,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you.

Fr. Henceforward you are 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.

Gar. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank you,
You are always my good friend, and your word;
I shall both find your lordship judge and jury,
You are so merciful; I see your end,
'Tis clear; and all shall take it.

This man, Love, and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition;
Win straining souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself.

Lay all the weight ye can upon my sentence,
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 glass discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By that, as if you were a perfect fool,
However faulty, yet should stand respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a fallen man.

Gar. Most noble secretory,
I cry your honor mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord!

Gar. Do not I know you for a lover
Of this new sect? Ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound, I say. Not sound!

Gar. Would you were half so honest!
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Crom. I shall remember this bold language.

Gar. Remember your bold life too.

Crom. This is too much;

Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gar. I have done.

Crom. Then thus for you, my lord.—It stands agreed,
I take it by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain, till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us: Are you all agreed, lords?
All. We are.

Crom. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gar. What other
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome!
Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Gar. Must I go like a traitor thither?

Crom. For me!
Two noble partners with you; the old duchess of Norfolk.
And lady marquis Dorset; Will these please you! Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you, Embrace, and love this man. With a true heart,
I hit you, I snail With you these then Is An't

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 skewled turn, and he is your friend for ever.
Come lords, we tarry 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 honor gain.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The Palace Yard.
Noise and Turmoil within. Enter Porter and his Men.
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 lord's household.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you rogue! Is this the place to roar in! —Fetch me a dozen crab-tree slaves, and strong ones; these are bound to go to them. —I'll have that madhead You must be seeing christenings! Do you look for ale and Cake here, you rude rascals! Man. Pray, sir, be patient; 'tis as much impossible
(Unless we sweep them from the door with cannon.)
To scatter them, as 'tis to make them sleep On May-day morning; which will never be:
We may as well push against Paul's, as stir them.
Port. How got they in, and be hang'd! Man. I know not: How got the tide in? As much as one sound eudgel of four foot (You see the poor remainder) could distribute, I made no space, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.
Man. I am not Samson, nor sir Guy, nor Colbrand, I move them down before me; but, if I spared any, that had a head to hit, either young or old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to see a chime again; and that I would not for a cow. God save her.

[Within.] Do you hear, master porter?

Port. What would you have me do?

Man. What should you do but knock them down by your bangers? Is this the Moscoviens to master in! or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to count, the women so besiege us! Bless me, what a try of inoculation is at door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for 'o my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now rung in his nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they nail 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 pink'd perriger fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I took the meteors out of the pot but that woman, who cried out, clowns! when I might see far from forty truncheon-carriers draw to her succor, which were the hope of the sad, where she was quarrel'd. They fell on me; I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff with me, I defied them still; when suddenly a line of boys behind them, loose their darts, delivered such a shower of publick, but I was glad to
draw mine honor in, and let them win the work. The devil was amongst them, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and light for bitten apples; that no audience, but That Tribulation of Troubles, the Limbus of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of them in Limbo Patrum; they may like they are to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two headless that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here. They grows still too, from all parts they are coming.
As if we stand not a fair here! Where are these porters, These lazy knaves? —Ye have made a fine hand, fellows, There's a trim rattle let in: Are all these Your faithful friends of the suburbs! We shall have Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies, When they pass back from the christenings.

Port. An't please your honor, We are but men; and what so many may do, Not being torn a pieces, we have done: An army cannot rule them.

Cham. As I live, If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads Clap round lines, for neglect: You are lazy knaves; And here is a hundred of bums to strike: Ye must do service. Hark, the trumpets sound; They are come already from the christening; Go, break among the asses, and find your way out To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two months. Port. Make way there for the princes, Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.

Port. You 't the canibal, get up o' the rail; I'll pick 'yer o'er the pales else.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—The Palace.

Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aidersmen, Lord Mayor, Garder, Chamber, Duke of Norfolk, with his Marshal's staff. Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemen bearing great standing Bows for the Christening Gifts; then four Noblemen, bearing a Canopy, under which the Duchess of Norfolk, godmother, bearing the Child richly habited in a Mantle, &c, Train borne by a Lady, then follows the Marchioness of Dorset, the other Godmother, and Ladies. The Troop pass once about the Stage, and Gardner speaks.

Gard. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send, prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth.

Flourish. Enter King and Train.

Crane. [Kneeling.] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,

My noble partners, and myself, thus pray: — All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady, Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy, May hereby fall upon ye! K. Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop; What is her name?

Crane. Elizabeth. K. Hen. Stand up, lord. The King kisses the Child. With this kiss take my blessing; God protect thee! Into whose hands I give thy life. Amen.

K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal: I thank you heartily, so shall this lady, When she has so much English.

Crane. Let me speak sir, For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter I give more than thinking, for they fond them truth. This royal infant, (Heaven still move about her!) Though in her cradle, yet now promises Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings, Which shall bring all to ripeness: She shall be
- Place of confinement.
- A desert of whipping.
- Black leather vessels to hold beer.
- Pitch.
- At Greenwich.
(but few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: she was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her;
She shall be lov'd and fear'd: Her own shall bless her:
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow: Good grows
with her:
In her days, every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbors.
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honor,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
[Now shall this peace sleep with her: But as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phaenix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of
darkness.)
Who, from the sacred ashes of her honor,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand [ix]d: Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
This and the following seventeen lines were probably
written by B. Jonson, after the accession of King James.

That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honor: and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations: He shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plans about him:—Our children's
children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders,
Crow. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more! but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her: yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her
K. Hen. O lord archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man: never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing:
This oracle of comfort has so 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 honor by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way,
lords;
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
He has business at his house: for all shall stay:
This little one shall make it holiday. [Exeunt.

---

**EPILOGUE.**

'Tis ten to one, this play can never please
All that are here: Some come to take their case,
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,
They'll say, 'tis naught: others, to hear the city
Abuse'd extremely, and to cry.—but's past:
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,

All the expected good we are like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
For such a one we show'd 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 clap.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

PRIM, King of Troy.
HECTOR.
TROJUS.
PARIS.
DEIPHOBUS.
HELENUS.
AENEAS.
ANTenor.
CALCHAS, a Trojan Priest, taking part with the Greeks.
PANDARUS, Uncle to Cressida.
MARGAREN, a bastard son of Priam.
ALEXANDER, Servant to Cressida.
Servant, To Troilus; Servant to Paris; Servant to Diomedes.

AGAMEMNON, the Grecian General.
MENELAUS, his Brother.
ACHILLES.
AJAX.
ULYSSES.
NESTOR.
DIOMEDES.
PATROCLUS.
THIRDENSE, a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.
HELEN, Wife to Menelaus.
ANDROMACHE, Wife to Hector.
CASSANDRA, Daughter to Priam, a Prophetess.
CRESSIDA, Daughter to Calchas.
Troy and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE, Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it.

PROLOGUE.

In Troy there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous, their high blood chafed,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Franght with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war. Sixty and nine, that wore
Their crowns regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made,
To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris asleep: and that's the quarrel.
To Toades they come:
And the deep-drawing barks do thus dispose
Their warlike fraughtage: now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unburnt Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Tymbria, Hias, Chetas, Trojan,
And Antenorides, with many a stapled, staple,
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
Spee'd up the sons of Troy.
Now, expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Troy and Greek,
Sets all on hazard—and let fortune chance
A prologue arm'd—but not in confidence
Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but suited
In like conditions as our argument,
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
Ginning in the middle; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

ACT I.


Enter TROJUS, armed, and PANDARUS.

TRO. Call here my varlet; I'll unarm again: Why should I war without the walls of Troy, That should such cruel battle here within? Each Trojan, that is master of his heart, Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

PAN. Will this gear! never be mended!

TRO. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength, Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceess valiant; But I am weaker than a woman's fear, 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 of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He, "


that will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grinding.

TRO. Have I not tarryed?

PAN. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

TRO. Have I not tarryed?

PAN. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

TRO. Still have I tarry.

PAN. Ay, to the leavening; but here's yet in the word—hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking: may, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

TRO. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,

Doth lesser bireth at suffrance than I do. At Priam's royal table do I sit:

And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
So, traitor! when she comes!—\(\text{Scene II.}\) Troilus and Cressida.

Tro. I was about to tell thee—When my heart, as wedged with a sigh, would rave in twain; lest Hector of my father should perceive me, I did so when the sun did light a stern! 

\(\text{Note:} \) burned this sigh in wrinkle of an eye.

But sorrow, that is couched in seeming gladness, is like that mirth late torns to sudden sadness.

\(\text{Note:} \) As her hair were not so blacker than Helen's, (well, go to,) there were no more comparision between the women.—But, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her;—but I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not disgrace your sister's Cassandra's wit; but—

\(\text{Scene II. A street.} \) Enter Cressida and Alexander.

\(\text{Note:} \) Troilus, by Menelans.

Cres. We were those went by?

Alex. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

Cres. And whither go they?

Alex. Up to the eastern tower, Whose height commands as subject all the vale, To see the battle. Hector, whose patience Is, as a virtue, fixed, today was moved: He chid Andromache, and struck his armorer; And like as there were husbandry in war, Before the joint rose, he was harnessed light, And to the field goes he; where every flower, Did as a prophet, weep what it foresaw In Hector's wrath.

\(\text{Note:} \) Cres. What was his cause of anger?

Alex. The noise goes, this: There is among the Greeks A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector; They call him Ajax.
Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know how you see him?

Cres. Ay, if ever I saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say; for I am sure he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degree.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself! Alas, poor Troilus! I would he were—

Cres. So he is.

Pan. —Condition, I had gone barefoot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself,—Would 'twere so, the gods are shame, my trusty friend, or end: Well, Troilus, well,—I would my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's come to 't; you shall tell me another tale, when the other's come to t. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities—

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus for a brown favor, (for so 'tis, I must confess,)—Not brown, neither.

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say the truth, and not true.

Pan. She praised his complexion above Paris.


Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then Troilus should have too much; if she praised him above, his coloration is higher than his; he having color enough, and the other higher, is too flaring a praise for a good complexion; I hat be not Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she is a merry Greek, indeed.

Pan. Say, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into a compass'd window,—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young; and yet will he, within three pound, let as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a liver?—

Pan. But, to prove you to that Helen loves him;—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin.—

Cres. Juno have mercy!—How came it cloven!

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think, his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. 0, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. Yes, an 'twas a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then;—But to prove you to that Helen loves Troilus,—

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus! why he esteem him her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens out the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin;—indeed, she has a marvellous white hand. Indeed I must needs confess.

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair out of his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But, there was such laughing;—Que Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran over.

Cres. With mill-stones, 8

Pan. Paris was well pleased.

Cres. But there was a more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes;—did her eyes run over too?

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Merry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus's chin.

Cres. Ain't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, Here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. Paris, that man, would make no question of that. One and fifty hairs, quoth he, and one white: That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons. Jupiter! quoth she, which of these hairs is Paris my husband? He answered out, quoth she, pick it out, and give it him. But there was such laughing!—and Helen so blushing, and Paris so chid, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.

Pan. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Cres. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on it.

Pan. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'tis true; he will weep you an 'twere a man born in April.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May. 3

[3 A Retreat round.

Pan. Har! they are coming from the field: Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium! good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. Let us please there.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

[Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

[The Hectors pass over the Stage.

Pan. Spies, so not loud.

Pan. That's Trojan; is not that a brave man! he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you: But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cres. Who's that?

[Pan. That's Hector: he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one of the soundest judgments in Troy, whatsoever, and a proper man of person:—When comes Troilus?—I'll show you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him not but me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

[Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that: There's a fellow!—go by him, Hector: There's a brave man, niece.—0 brave Hector!—Look, how he looks! there's a countenance: Is't not a brave man?

Cres. O, a brave man!

Pan. 'Is' not? It does a man's heart good.—Look you what he's are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see! look you there! There's no jesting here, I say;—take off who will, as they say: there he hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

[Paris passes over.

Pan. Swords! any thing, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it's all one: By god's lid it does one's heart good;—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes a man and a master under, niece; Is not a gallant man, too, 'twis 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;—I'll would I could see Troilus now!—you shall see Troilus anon.

Cres. Who's that?

[Pan. That's Helenus,—I marvel, where Troilus?

[Pan. That's Helenus,—I marvel, where Troilus?

[8 A proverbial saying.

[9 Went beyond bounds.

[1 A line in the game at cards called weekly.
Scene III.—TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

is.—That’s Helenus;—I think he went not forth to-day:—That’s Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?—
Pan. Helenus no;—yes, he’ll fight indifferent well.—Where is the more Troilus?—Hark; do we not hear the people cry, Troilus!—Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS PASSES OVER.

Pan. Where! yonder! that’s Deiphobus:—Tis Troullus; there’s a man, uncle!—Ree!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him;—O brave Troilus!—I wish to come short of you, hour supper, sword is bloodied, and his helm more hack’d than Hector’s; And how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! be 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 durt to run; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to bolt.

Forses passes over the Stage.

Pan. Here come more.

Pan. Asces, tools, tools! 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 ears, ears!—trees, chaff and daws 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 I 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 space and suit that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a miniced man; and then to be baked with no date in the pye,—for then the man’s date is out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what yard he lie.

Cres. I put 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, these lies, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Nay, none of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I’ll watch you for that: and that’s one of the chieftest of them too; if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for that I look the bow; unless it swell past hounding; and then it is past watching.

Enter Troilus’ Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come:—[Exit Boy.] I doubt he’s light.—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 Pandar.] Words, vows, griefs, tears, and love’s full sacrifice, He offers in another’s enterprise?

But more in Troilus thousand told I see Than in the glass of Pandar’s praise may be: Yet hold I off. Women are angels, women, They have more power in soil and soul in the doing: That she be lov’d knows nought, that knows not this—

Men prize the thing ungrain’d more than it is: That she was never yet that ever knew Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue: Therefore this maxum out of love I teach.—

Achaeans! are commanded; ungain’d, beweex; Then though my heart’s content firm love doth hear, Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [Exit.

Ends were an ingredient in ancient pastry of almost every kind.

Scene III.—The Greek Camp. Before Agamemnon’s Tent.

Trumpets. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Menelaus, and others.

Agam. Princes, What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks? The couple purpose, that hope doth make In all designs begun on earth below, Falls in the promis’d largeness; check and disaster Grow to the veins of actions highest rear’d; As knots, by the cords of silken, untie, Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain Tortoise and errant! from his course of growth. Nor, princes, is it matter new to us, That we attend the counsels, and the act, But we soon see the short one. So far, That, after seven years’ siege, yet Troy wall stands, Still every action that hath gone before. Whereof we have record, trial did draw Blist and hot heart, not answering the aim, And that unbounded figure of the thought That gave’t surmise’d shape. Why then, you princes, Do you with cheeks abash’d behold our works; And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought else But the profligate trials of great Jove, To find that persiflage confidence men. The fineness of which metal is not found In fortune’s love; for them, the bold and coward, The wise and fool, the artist and unarted, The hard and easy, the self and alien, and kin. But, in the wind and tempest of her fortune, Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan Pulling at will, wins the light away; And what hath Mars, or what, or matter, or self Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled, Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat, Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply The latter wards, in the reproach of chance, Lies the true proof of men; The sea being smooth, How many shallow baulk boats dare sail Upon her patient breast, making their way With those of nobler rank. But let the ruthless Boreas once enrage The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold The strong-rib’d bark through liquid mountains sail. Boundless between the two moist elements, Like Perseus’ horse; Where’s then the saucy boat, Whose weak unumber’d sides but even now Convi’d greatness! I either to harbor fed, Or made a feast for Neptune. Even so Dost valor’s show, and valor’s worth, divide, In storms of fortune: For, in her ray and brightness, The herd hath more annoyance by the brize, Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind Makes it, he holds the knees of knotted oaks, And lies tied under shade, why, then, the thing of courage, As rous’d with race, with rage doth sympathize, And, with an ardent tuned the selfsame key, Returns to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. Agamemnon,—

Thou great commander, hewer and bane of Greece, Heart of my numbers, soul and only spirit, In whom the temper and minds of all Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks. Besides the applause and approbation, The which, last mighty for the place and away,—[To Agamemnon.]

And thou most reverend for thy stretch’d-out life,—[To Nestor.]

I give to both your speeches,—which were such, As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece Should hold up high in brass; and such again, As venerable Nestor, hatch’d in silver, Should, in a boundless fame, (strung up the axe-tree On which heaven rides,) kilt all the Greekish ears To his experienced tongue,—yet let it please the gods, Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak. Agam. Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be’t of less expect That may be, endles’s, of importless burden, Divide thy lips: than we are confident. When rank Thersites opes his mastil jaws, We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulisses. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master;
But for these instances.

The specialty of rule hath been neglected;
And the how-many forecours to his stand,
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow tacitons.
When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
With what holiness? Degree will stand.
The unworshippest shows as truly in the mass.
The heavens themselves, the planets and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place.
Instinct how many, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order;
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In no permanence endur'd and spher'd.
Amidst the other; which they own but eye.
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sacredly, to good and bad: But then the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents! what mutiny?
What raging of the sea! shaking of earth!
Commotion in the winds! frights, changes, horrors,
Devert and crack, rend and descend.
The unity and marvellous calm of states
Quite from their fixture! O, when degree is shaken,
What makes the ladder of high degree close.
The enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from divisible shores,
The general rectitude of human laws?
Preparator of age, crowns, scepters, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place!

Take but degree away, unthine that string,
And the very frame of sense is broken.
What mad monstrosities, and things how meet?
In mere oppugnancy: The bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sea of all this solid close!
Streets should be level, and the general
And the rude soul should strike his rather dead:
Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong
(These two so near, that senseless eyes rarely resolve)
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, and appetite,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey.
And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaste, when degree is suffocative,
Follows the choking.
And this neglect of degree it is,
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
Utter to climb. The general
By him one step below; he, by the next;
That next by him beneath: so every step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an even fever
Of pale and bloodless eminence;
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot;
Not from its own fire, but others,
To end a tyrant's breath.
Troy in your weakness stands, not in her strength.

Next. Most woefully Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles,—whom opinion crowns
The snow and the foremost of our host,—
Holding his car full of his angry chariotees,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: With him, Patroclus,
Upon a hazy bed, the live-long day
Beckons and poles;
And with ridiculous and awkward action
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls)
He pageants us. Sometimes, great Agamemnon,
The precipice reputation he puts up,
And, like a strutting, whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To bear the written dialogue and sound
That at his stretch of rodine and scalderad,9
Such to-be-pitted and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
The language becomes a mingled, with groans unsqueark'd.
Which from, the tongue of roaring Typhon drop'd,
Would seem hyperbolies. At this dusty stuff,
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries—Excellent! His Agamemnon just—
Now please him, Hector!—O, by heaven, and strike thy head,
As he, being drest to some oration.
That's done;—as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and dis-wife:
A god Achilles shall cries, Exceunt!—
To Nestor right! Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm.

And then, forsooth, the taint detect of age
Must Periplus of earth; forth to cough and spit,
And with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet;—and at this sport,
Sir Valor does; cries, O—enough, Patroclus,—
Or give me robs of steel! I hail all
In pleasure of my speech. And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gits, names, shapes,
Arms and generals of grace exact.
Achilles, poets, cities, prodigies,
Excitements to the field, or speech far truce,
Success or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Next. And in the imitation of these twain,
(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice,) many are infect.
Ajax is grown so well-well, and bears his head
In such a rim, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts; racks on our state of war,
Builds an oracle: and such Thustanes
(An slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint)
To match us in comparisons with dirt;
To weaken and discredit our expostuate,
How he was never rooted in war and danger.

Ulysses. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice,
Count wisdom as no member of the war.
Forestall presence, and esteem no act
But that of hand; the stiff and mental parts,—
That do contrive how many hands shall strive,
When fitness calls them on; and know, by measure
Their observant toil, the enemies' weight,
Why, who's at hand not a finger's dirge.
They call this—bed-work, nappery, closet-war:
So that the ram, that butters down the wall,
For the great weight and rudeness of this
In their place before his hand that made the engine
Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Next. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons.

[Trumpet sounded.


Enter Tbreas.

Men. From Troy.

Agam. What would you fore our tent? is this
Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray?

Agam. Even this.

Men. May one that is a herald, and a prince,
Do a like usage to this kindest of Achæans?
Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
Fore all the Grecian heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

Men. Fair leave and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam. How? even this.

Men. What?—tell me, or I will wake even
And bid the check be ready with a blush
Mosted as morning when she coldly eyes
The young sparr'd jests.
Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Agam. This Trojan seems us; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonial courtiers.

Men. Courtiers as free, as dendalum, unarmed,
As beauteous to us as their names that this is.
But when they would seem soldiers, they have
galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Eneas,
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthiness of praise doth sustain his worth,
If he did only bring the praise forth
But what the repining enemy commends.
Scene III. TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 507

That breath fame follows; that praise, sole pure,
Transcends.

Again. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself, Eneas?

Eneas. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Again. Wilt thou, for an answer, pray you to

Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Again. He hears nought privately, that comes from

Troy.

Eneas. If Troy come not to whisper him:

I bring a trumpet to awake his ear:

To set his sense on the attentive bent,

And then to speak.

Again. Speak frankly, as the wind;

It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:

That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake;

He tells thee so himself.

Ajax. Trumpet, blow loud,

Send thy brassy voice through all these lazy tents:—

And every Greek of mettle, let him know,

What Troy means truly, shall be spoke aloud.

Ajax. Trumpet sounds.

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy,

A prince called Hector, (Priam is his father),

Who in this dull and long-continued truce

Is vastly grown: he bade me take a trumpet,

And to this purpose speak.

Kings, princes, lords!

If there be one among the fair sir of Greece,

That holds his honor higher than his life,

That weakens his praise more than he wars his peril;

That knows his valor, and knows not his fear;

That loves his mistress more than in confession,

(Wherein true lovers are,

And dare avow their beauty and her worth,

In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.

Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,

Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,

He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,

Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;

And will to-morrow with his trumpet call

No man between us but the Trojans, of Troy,

To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:

If any come, Hector shall honor him;

If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,

The Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, and not worth

The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Again. This shall be told our lovers, lord Eneas:

If none of them have soul in such a kind,

We left them all at home: But we are soldiers;

And may that soldier a mere recrunt prove,

That means not, hath not, or is not in love!

If none is one, or hath, or means to be,

That is my answer: Hector must none else, and he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man

When Hector's grandsire stuck'd: he is old now;

But, if there be not in our Grecian host

One noble man, that hath one rock of fire

To answer for his love, tell him from me,—

I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,

And in my vanbraced3 put this whiter'd brawn;

And reason him, will tell him, That my lady

Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste

As may be in the world: His youth in flood,

I'll prove this truth with my three drops or blood.

Ajax. Now heaven forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Again. Fair lord Eneas, let me touch your hand:

To your partition will I lead you, sir,

Achilles shall have word of this intent;

So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:

Yourself shall feast with us before you go,

And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[Exeunt all but Ulysses and Nestor.

Ulyss. Nestor—

Nest. What says Ulysses?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,

Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is 't?

Ulyss. This 's:

But wordes give hard knots: The seeded pride

That hath to this maturity blown up

In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,

Or, shielding, breed a nursery of like evil,

To overbulk us all.

A. An armor for the arm.

Nest. Well, and how?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector

sends,

However it is spread in general name,

Relates in particular to Achilles's name.

Nest. The purpose is perspecious even as sub-

stance.

Whose grossness little characters sum up:

And, in the publication of this note,

But that Achilles, were his brain as barren

As banks of Lybia,—though, Apollo knows,

'Tis dry enough,—will with great speed of judg

ments.

Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose

Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Yes,

It is most meet: Whom may you else oppose,

That can from Hector bring those honors on?

If not Achilles? Though 't be a sportful combat,

Yet in the trial much opinion dwells:

For here the Trojans taste our dearst repute

With their most estate: And trust to me, Ulysses,

Our imputation shall be oddly poised

In this wild action: for the success,

Although particular, shall give a scantling?

Of good or bad of general;

And in such indexes, although small picks

To their subsequent volumes, there is seen

The baby figure of the giant mass

Of things to come at large. It is supposed,

He, that makes Hector, issues from our choice:

And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,

Makes merit her election; and doth bulk,

As 'twere from forth as all, a man distill'd

Out of her virtues; Who, mislaying,

What heart receives from hence a conquering part,

To steel a strong opinion to themselves?

Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,

In no less manner, 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 fairest wares,

And think, percaence, they'll sell; if not,

The lustre of the better shall exceed,

By showing the worst first. Do not consent,

That ever Hector and Achilles meet,

For both our honor and our shame, in this,

Are done; and two strange followers,

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes; what are

these?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from

Hector,

Were he not strong, we all should share with him:

But he already is insolent;

And we were better parch in Afric sun,

Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes.

Should he escape Hector fair: If he were bold,

Why, then we did our main opinion crush

in to the best of our men. No, make a lottery;

And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw

And make us to believe.

Among ourselves, Give him allowance for the better man,

For that will physic the great Myrmidon,

Who brooks in loud applause; and make him fall

His crest, that prouder than blust'ring Iris heads.

If the dull bruiser 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.

Ulyss. Nestor—

Now I begin to relish thy advice;

And I will give a taste of it forthwith

To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.

Two curs shall tame each other: Pride alone

Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their home.

[Exeunt.

1 Size measure.
2 Small points compared with the volumes.
3 Estimation of character.
4 Jest.
5 Character.
6 Provokes.
ACT II.

SCENE I.—Another Part of the Grecian Camp.

Enter Ajax and Thersites.

Ajax. Thersites,

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boil'd it full, all over, generally!

Ajax. Thersites,—

Ther. And these boil's did run!—Say so,—did not the general run then? were not that a bony sore?

Ajax. Dog,—

Ther. Then would come some matter from him; I see none yet.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear! Feel then. [Strikes him.]

Ther. The glaze of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel be-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, thou unsaltened heaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner run thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou a red murrain o' thy jake's tracks?

Ajax. Toads-stool, 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. Thou wouldst dist itch from head to foot, and so great a catching of lice; I would make thee the holiesthmost scar in Greece. When thou art tooth in the murrains, thou strikest as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation,—

Ther. Thou grumbliest and nuttest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus at Proserpine's beauty, ay, that thou baskest at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

Ther. Thou should'st strike him.

Ajax. Cribba! no.

Ther. He would pun' thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whoreson cur. [Beating him.]

Ther. Da, do.

Ajax. Thou stood for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assegai might tutor thee; Thou searthy, valiant her, thou art here put to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur. [Beating him.]

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness: do, camel, do, do.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you thus?

How now, Thersites! what's the matter, man? Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay: what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him; for whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Achil. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what medicinum of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have boiled his brain, more than he has beet my bones: I will buy mine ox to a oar, and his gadpiner than the matter's not worth the much part of a sparow.——

* Pound.  1 Ass, a cant term for a foolish fellow.  2 The membrane that protects the brain.

This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What! Ther. I say this, Ajax—


Ther. Has not so much wit—

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.  3

Achil. Fool! Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

Achil. 0 thou damned ear, I shall—

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Ther. Gud words, Patr.  4

Achil. I bade the vile owl, go, learn me the tenor of the proclamation, and he rakes upon me. Ther. I serve thee not.

Achil. Well, go to, go lo.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was suflferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary; Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Even so!—a great deal of your wit too lies in your swines, or else there be hares. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; I were a good crack a frisky nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There's Ulysses, and old Nestor, whose wit was mouldy, ere your grandfathers had nailed on their toes—yoke they like draught oxen, and make you plough up the wars.

Achil. What, what, what, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth; to, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Achil. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou art. Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace, Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach thus shall, shall I? [Patr. Achil. There's for you, Patroclus. Ther. I will see you hanged, like clothpales, ere I come any more to your teats; I will keep where there is wit slitting, and leave the faction foods.

[Exeunt.]

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaimed through all our host:

That Hector, by the first hour of the sun, Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy, To-morrow morning call some knight to arms, That with a虽然; and such one, that dare Maintain—I know not what; his trash; Farewell. Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know the quarell'd; it is put to lottery; otherwise, He knew his man.

Achil. O, meaning you—I'll go learn more of it. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Troy. A Room in Priam's Palace.

Enter Priam, Hector, Thersites, Paris, and Helenus.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches, spent, Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:

Deliver Helen, and all exchange else— As honored men of Greece, travel, expense. Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consumed

In hot discussion of this momentous war—

Shall be herds of oxen:—Hector, what say you to it? Heel. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I, As far at the least my particular, yet, Dread Priam. Ther. There is no lady of soother bowels,
More spungy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out—Who knows what follow'd?
The smartest effect is: the wound of a little, surely
Secrecy; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:
So of the point of a sword, or the thrust of a dart,
Every little tube, 'mongst so many thousand disines,†
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean of ours:
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To lose a thing not so dear to us, to
Had it our name, the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reason, which denes
The yielding of her up?
Tro. Fye, fye, my brother!
Weigh you the worth and honor of a king,
So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces! will you with counters sum
The past-proportion of his infinite
And buck'd-in a wast most innoxious,
With spans and meches so diminutive
As fears and reasons! fye, 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 greater part of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?
Tro. You are for dreams and slumber, brother priest,
You for your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:
You know, an enemy intends you harm;
You know, a sword employ'd is pernicious,
And its action the other more correct;
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of Reason to his heels;
And that like chiddery, where the treasury from Jove,
Or like a star disord'!—Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let's shut our gates and sleep: Manhood and honor
Should have no share hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this grand man reason; reason and respect
Make lovers pale, and lusthhoodl deject.
Hec. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.
Tro. What is she worth, but as 'ts valued!
Hec. But value dwells not in particular will,
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 's precious of itself
As in the possessor; his mad folly,
To mix the service greater than the god,
And the will do'ts, that is attributable
To what incessantly itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit.
And 'tis but to take today a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will:
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two branded pilots twat the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment; How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife! I chose! there can be no evasion
to blench from this, and to stand firm by honor:
We cannot back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have sold them; nor the remainder stands
We do not think in unrespective sieve
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks;
Your breath with full consent belched his sails;
The double oar of Paris (the old one) took a stroke,
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;
And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning.
Why keep we her! the grecians keep our aunt:
Is it not more worth keeping till war or peace, go,
If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
(As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands, go,
And cry'd—Inestimable! why do you now
• Teatro. • Caution. • shriek, or fly off.
• Priam's sister, Helenone.

The issue of your proper wisdom rate;
And do a deed that fortunate never did,
Be not the estimation which you priz'd
Richer than sea or land! Of that must base
That we have stolen what we do to keep to fail,
But, thieves unworthy of a thing so stolen,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We do to warrant it native! but
Cas. [Within.] Cry, Trojans, cry! 
Pri. What noise! what shriek is this?
Cas. Tie our next bearer. I do know her voice.
Cas. [Within.] Cry, Trojans! 
Hec. It is Cassandra.

Enter Cassandra, roaring.
Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes
And I will fill them with prophetic tears!
Hec. Peace, sister, peace,
Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age, and wrinkled elders,
Soft infancy, that nothing can but cry,
Add to my clamors! let us pray betimes
A money of that mass of morn to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practice your eyes with tears!
Tro. Must not be, or goodly Ilium 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. Not you! Troilus, do not these high strains
Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse! or is your blood
So madly heated, that no discourses 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
And no other than event doth form it;
Nor once decree the courage of our minds
Because Cassandra's mad; her brain-sick rapture
Cannot disturb the goodness of a reason.
What hath her several honors all engaged
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons! And
dave forbid, there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!
Par. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings as your counsels;
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so perilous an act:
For what, alas, can these my single arms
What propagation! is in one man's valor
That stand the push and emnity of those
This would excite; Yet, protest, were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should never retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights!
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So to be valiant, is no praise at all.
Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty bristles with it;
But I would have the soul of her fair rape
Wiped off, for honorable keeping her.
What treason were it to the runasck'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up,
In terms of seduction! Can it be,
That so degenerate a strain as this,
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There's not the nearest sprit on our party,
Without a heart to do, or word to do her wrong;
When Helen is deflected; nor none so noble,
Whose life were left bestow'd, or death unclaimed,
Where Helen is the subject; then, I say,
We'll war very for her, whom we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.
Hec. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well.
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have good;—but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral subject:
• Uproot, change to a worse state.
• Convict.
• Defenc.
• Commented.
The reasons, you allege, do more conduc
To the hot passion of dis tempter'd blood, 
Than your cool reason doth. 
'Twixt right and wrong; For pleasure, and re
Have cars more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. 
Nature enforces, 
All does be render'd to their owners; Now
What needeth debt in all humanity,
Than wise is to the husband if this law
Of men be corrupted through ambition:
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their beneficent wills, resist the same;
There found is a rash with well-ordered nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wise to Sparta's king,—
As is well known she is,—these minds
Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
To have her back return'd: This to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates no wrong,
But makes it much more heavy, Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth; yet notwithstanding,
My sprightly brethren, I propound't to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependence
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Troy. Why, there you touch'd the life of our
design;
Were it not glory that we more affected,
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in their defence. 
But, worthy Hector, She is a theme of honor and renown,
A spur to valiant and manacous deeds;
Whose present courage may heat down our foes,
And come, in time to come, extenuate us.
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promised glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hec. I am yours, 
You valiant offspring of great Parnassus. —
I have a raising challenge sent amongst
Those generous nobles of the Greeks;
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits;
I was advertld, their great general slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept:
Thus, I presume, will wake him. [Exit.


Enter Thersites.

Thers. How now, Thersites! What, lost in the
labyrinth of thy fancy! Shall the elephant Ajax
carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: 0 
Wife! 
Would you know that I could bear him, whilst he rated at me: 'Stoop, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issuing of my spavined excrections. Then there's Achilles, he's a man of men. If Troy two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall
of themselves. O thou great thunder-carter of
Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of
gods, and, Mercury, lose all the serpent-craft
of thy Colchus: if ye take not that little less than a little wit from them that have 'em which short-armed ignorance itself knows is no abundant supply, it will not in his time, by cunning, deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy iron,
and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance
on the white-foot'd, or, rather, the brown-soiled! for that,
methinks, is the curse dependent on those that war
for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil,
capsy, say Amen. —What, ho! my lord Achilles! 

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites! Good Thersites, come in and talk.

Thers. If I could have remembered a glib counter
sent, thou mightst not have slipped out of my
contemplation; but it is no matter; I thyself upon
thy master's side! The common praise of woolly
folly and ignorance, to time 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

The wand of Mercury, which is wrested with serpents. 

art a fair course, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrouded any but lazers. Amen. —Where's Achilles to make up a tree determination?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Thers. Ay; The heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

Ach. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Ach. 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?

Thers. Thy commander, Achilles;—Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites; Then tell me, I pray thee, if this were not thy house?

Thers. Thy knower, Patroclus; Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayst tell, that knowest.

Ach. O, tell, tell.

Thers. I'll decline the whole question, Agamemnon
command's Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower, and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. Who's a fool?

Thers. Peace, fool! I have not done.

Ach. He is a privileged man,—Proced, Thers-

ites.

Thers. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool,
Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Ach. Derive this; come.

Thers. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command
Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of
Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus a fool positive.

Patr. Who's a fool?

Thers. Make that demand of the provcr.—It suf-
fices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here!

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, 
and Ajax.

Ach. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody:—Come in with me, Thersites.

Thers. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and
such knavery! all the argument is, a cuckold, and
a whore; A good quarrel, to draw enmous act-
tions, and bleed to death upon. Now the dry ser-
pigo on the subject I and war, and lecher, con-
found all!

Agam. Where is Achilles? 

Patr. With his tent; but I disposs'd, my lord.

Ach. Let it be known to him that we are here;
He shent our messengers; and we lay by
Our appertainments—visiting of him:
Let him make his last performance, 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 favor the man;
but, by my head, 'tis pride: But why, why let him
show us a cause.—A word, my lord.

[Take's Agamemnon aside.

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him? 

Ulyss. He hate'st; for Ajax last disdigned his foot from him.

Nest. Who? Thersites! 

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his
argument?

Ulyss. No; you see, he is his argument, that has
his argument; Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our
wish, than their faction.; But it was a strong com-
posture, a foot could dismount.

Ulyss. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly
may easily unrive. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Nest. No Achilles with him. 

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for course: his legs are legs for necessity, not for
}durance.

* Befuddled, rated. Appellation of rank or dignity. 
* Subject.
Scene III.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 511

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 you hence? I hope he does not.

But, for your health and your digestion's sake, An after-dinner's breath.

Agam. Hear you, Patrokus:—

We are too well acquainted with your answers:

But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn, Cannot outfly our apprehensions.

Much attribute he hath; and much the reason Wherein he is belied: yet all the world— Not virtuously on his own part beheld,— Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss;

Ye, like fair fruit in an unharmful dish, And ready to rot untasted. Go and tell him We come to speak with him: And you shall not sin.

If you do say—we think him over-prond,

And under-sinned; in self-assumption greater,

Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself.

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on;

Disclose the holy strength of their command,

And underwrite it in an observing kind:

His humorous predominance; yea, watch

His petty lures: is he, indeed, so

The passage and whole carriage of this action

Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and add,

That, if he hold his price so much, We'll love him; but to him, as an engine

Not portable, he under this report—

Bring action hither, thus cannot go to war:

A stirring dwarf we do allowance; give him a tavern-gam with so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently. 

Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied,

We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter. 

[Exit ULYSSES. 

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is,

He is so much! Do you not think, he thinks himself a better man than I am?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say—

he is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax: you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the later. He that is proud, eats up himself, -and will be his own deceiver, his own chronicler; and whatever praiseth itself, in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engraving of vipers.

Aes. And yet he loves himself: Is it not strange?

[Exit.

Re-enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none; but carries on the stream of his dispose, Without observance or respect of any,

In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair request, Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,

He may regard:

Possess'd he is with greatness;

And speaks not to himself, but with a pride

That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth

Holds in his blood with and not discourse,

That twixt his mental and his active parts,

Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,

And batters down himself: What should I say?

He is so pugnacious, that the death-tokens of it

Cry—No recovery.

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.

Dear lord, so you and greet him in his tent;

Tis said, he holds you well; and will be led, At your request, a little from himself.


* Fats of honey. * Approbation.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!

We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes

When they go from Achilles: Shall the proud lord

That bastes his arrogance with his own seam;

And never suffers matter of the world

Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve

And ruminate himself,—shall he be wash'd up

Of that we hold an idol more than he? No,

This thricely worthy and right valiant lord

Must not so stare his palm, nobly acquire,

Nor, by my will, assignate his merit,

As sumptuously as Achilles is,

By going to Achilles:

That to endure his fat—already pride;

And add more to his calumny.

This lord go to him: Jupiter, forbid,

And say in thunder—Achilles go to him.

Nest. O, this is well; he raises the vein of him.

Div. And how his silence drinks up this appearance?

Ajax. If I go to him, with my arm'd fist I'll push him

Over the face.

Agam. No, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride:

Let me go to him.

Ulyss. He will not hear the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow.

Nest. How he describes Himself?

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss. The raven.

Chides blackness.

Ajax. I will let his honors blood.

Ajax. He'll be physician, that should be the patient.

Ajax. An all men were a my mind, 

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion.

Ajax. He should not hear it so;

He should eat swords first: shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half.

Ulyss. He'd have ten shares.

Ajax. I'll knead him, I will make him supple.

Nest. He's not yet thorough warm: force him with praises:

Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

Ulyss. He'd be lord, you fed too much on this disease.

[To AGAMEMNON.

Nest. O noble general, do not do so.

Div. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ajax. Who, that thus naming of him does him harm.

Here is a man—but 'tis before his face; I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?

He is not enmous, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A valiant person, dog, that shall palter thus with us!

I would, he were a Trojan!

Nest. Would it were in Ajax now— What a vice

Ulyss. If he were proud?

Div. Or covetous of praise?

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne!

Div. Or strange, or self-affected?

Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure;

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee such

Thick and thickly stam'd by thy tutor, and thy parts of nature

Three-famed, beyond all creation;

But that he deserv'd thy arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give to each: and, for thy vigor,

Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield:

To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,

Which, like a bourn, a pole, a shore, confines

Thy spacious and divided parts: Here's Nestor,—

Instructed by the antiquary times,

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Troy. A Room in Priam's Palace.

Enter Pandarus and a Servant.

Par. Friend! you! pray you, a word: Do not you follow the young lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Par. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon that lord.

Par. You depend upon a noble gentleman;

I must needs praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised!

Par. You know, me do you not?

Serv. Faith, sir, superficially.

Par. Friend, know me better; I am the lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope I shall know your honor better.

Par. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace.

Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honor and lordship are my titles:—What music is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir; it is music in parts.

Par. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Par. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Par. At whose instance, fair friend?

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

Par. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Par. Friend, we understand not one another; I am too courteys, and thou art too cunning: At whose request do these men play?

Serv. That's not, 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.

Par. 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 sense enough to come to speak with Paris from the prince Troilus: I will make a compli- mental assault upon him, for my business sweet.

Serv. Sudden business! there's a stewed phrase, indeed!

Enter Paris and Helen, attended.

Par. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them: especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow.

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.

—Fair prince, here is good broken music.

Par. You have broke it, cousin; and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance:—Nell, he is full of harmony.

Par. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. 0 sir,—

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fact.

Par. I have business to my lord, dear queen;—

My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing certainly.

Par. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with

*  *  *

Parts of a song.

Keeps thicket. Please it our great general.

To call together all his state of war;

French 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 curl their flowers Ajax shall cope the best.

Again, go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:

Light boats sail swift, though greater hulls draw deep.

[Exeunt.]

me.—But (marry) thus, my lord.—My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus,—

Helen. My lord Pandarus! hark-sweet queen?

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to!—commends himself most affectingly to you.

Helen. You shall not rob us out of our melody; if you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, I faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a sour offence.

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 staying is 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.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposè Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide; come, your disposè is sick.

Par. Well, and yet my excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say —Cressida! no, your poor disposè's sick.

Par. I say.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy!—Come, give me an instrument. Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My noise is horribly in love with a thing you have; sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Par. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twin.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Where, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, praythce now! By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love; this love will undo us all. O, Copid, Cupid, Cupid!

Par. Love! ay, that it shall, I faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

For, oh, love's bow

Shooteth back and doe:

The shaft confoundst,

Not that it wounds,

But sickles still the sere.

These lovers cry—Oh! ha! they die!—

Yet that which seems the wound to kill,

Dost turn oh! oh! to ha! to ha! he!

So dying love lives still—

Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!

Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Hey ho!

Helen. In love, in faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that

Wife of your mark.
breeds hot blood and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are viper-blood, venomous viper-blood!—Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I may have armed to-night, but my Neil would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something;—you know all, you Pandaruses.

Pan. Why then not honest-sweet queen,—I long to hear how they sped to-day,—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pand. Ye well, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen.

[Exit Pan.]—[A Retreat sounded.]

Par. They are come from field; let us to Priam's hall.

To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you.

To help unarm our Hector; his stubborn buckles, With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd, Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel, Or force of Greekish sinews: you shall do more Than all the isle's kings, disarray great Hector.

Helen. Twill make us proud to be his servant,

Paris: Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty, Gives us more palm in beauty than we have; Yea, overshrines ourself.

Pan. Sweet, above thought I love thee.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Pandarús's Orchard.

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant, meeting.

Pan. How now! where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's.

Serv. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter TROILUS.


Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus: I slalk about her door, Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks Staring and staring at the woful wafters: O, be thou my Charon, and give me swift transportation to those fields, Where I may wallow in the lily beds Propos'd for the deserter! O gentle Pandarus, From Cupid's brush take off his painted wings, And fly with me to Cressida!

Pan. Walk here i' the orchard. I'll bring her straight. [Exit Pandarus.]

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round. The imaginary relish is so sweet

That it enchants my sense; What will it be,
When that the watery palate tastes mixed
Love's three-reputed nectar! I death, I fear me; Swooning destruction: or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tuned too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my roder powers: I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight; you must be witty now. She doth so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were fray'd with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest vilain;—she fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en arrow.

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:

My heart beats thicker than a foweson pulse; And all the powers do theirbestowing joys,
Like vassalage at unaware's encountering;
The eye of majesty.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a blemish in the skin;—here she is now; swear she loves to the hour, that you have sworn to me.—What, are you gone again! you must be watch'd ere you be made tame, now!—Come, come, come, your ways; come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you the fills.—Why do you pot speak to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Also, the day, how loath you are to offend daylight! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on and kiss the mistress. How now! a kiss in secret! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet.—Nay, you shall touch her eyes; ere I part you. The Ialcon as the tercel, for all the ducks of the river: go to, go to.

Tro. You have benefit of all words, lady;—Paxdarus, the richer with hearts, give her heed: but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, bidding again? Here's

In whose theatres the parties interchangeably
Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire.

[Exit PANDARUS.]

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wished me thus?

Cres. Wished, my lord!—The gods grant!—O my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abraision? What too curious dress copies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love!

Cres. More dregs than water, if my tears have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils cherubins: they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason can make at fear to fear: To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither!

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings: when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, cat-rocks, tame tigers: thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than be put to undergo many difficulties imposed. This is the monstrously in love,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd: that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of furies, are they not monsters?

Tro. Ah, you say truly; and when two such enmities us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare, till merit crown it: no perfection in reverence shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert before his birth; and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be Such to Cressida, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth: and what truth can speak truer, not more than Troilus!

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me: Be true to my lord: if he chide, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's words are my eth.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are woaded, they are constant, being won; they are ours, 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 now'd you night and day For many a month; my joys are too much.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win? Cres. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord, With the first glance that ever—Fardon me!—
If I counter much, you will play the tyrant.

Shakspeare's.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much
But I must master it:—in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother: See, we foes!
We have a babbler! who shall be gone to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But, though I lov’d you well, I wou’d you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish’d myself a man;
Or that we women had no art of speech
Of speaking first. Sweet, had I held my tongue;
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The worse for it, I shall repent. See, see your silence,
Cunning in dambusters, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel: Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music Issue thence.

Pam. Pretty faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
’Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss:
I am ashamed:—O heavens! what have I done!—
For this time I shall take leave of my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid. 

Pam. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning.

Cres. Fray you, content you.

Tro. What Occurs you, lady? 

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

You cannot shun Yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try,
I have a kind of self resides with you;
But by an unknown self: that it should leave, To be another’s fool. I would be gone.
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

Tro. Well know they what they speak, that speak so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft Than love;
And fell so roundly to a large confession, To angle for your thoughts: But you are wise, Or else you love not; for to be wise and love,
Exceeds man’s might: that dwells with gods above.

Tro, 0, that I thought it could be in a woman, 
[As, if I can, I will presume in your absence, To feed for aye’ her lamp and flames of love
To keep her constancy in plight and youth.
Our own beauty’s outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays;
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,—
That my integrity and truth to you Might be all knit together with the match, and weight Of such a winnow’d purity in love;
How were I then upheld! but alas,
I am as true as truth’s simplicity.
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I’ll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars, who shall be most right?

True swains in love, shall, in the world to come, Approve their truth by Troilus; when their rhymes Fall upon the gift of earth, and big compare, Want smilies, truth tired with iteration.

As true as steel, as plантage to the moon,
Sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
Iron to adamant, as earth to earth—
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth’s authentic author to be cited,
As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,
And multiply the numbers.

Prophecy may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself.
When the waterdrops have wearied the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow’d cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dust and ashes; yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maidens in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said—as false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth.
As fox to lamb, as wolf to Hector’s call,
Fard to the head, or stepdame to her son.
Yet, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Crocod.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it!
I’ll be the witness;—here, I hold your hand; here, my cousin’s. If ever you prove false one to another,

Ever.  

Comparison.  

Met with and equaled.  

Conclude.  

since I have taken such pains to bring you together,
Let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world’s end after my name, call them all—Pandars: let all impostors meet be Troiluses, all false women Creseds, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, amen. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber and a bed, which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away.

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here, Bed, chamber, Pandar, to provide this gear!  

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Grecian Camp

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomed, Nestor, Ajax, Menelaus, and Calchas.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud,
To call for recompense. Appoint it to your mind,
That, through the sight I bear in things, to love,
I have abandon’d Troy, let my possession,
Incur’d a traitor’s name; exposed myself,
From certain and possessed’ conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes, sequent’ring from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
And here to do your service, am I come.

As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give now a little benefit.

Of those many registers I promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Again. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan! make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner call’d Antenor,
Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.
Doth have you? (often have you thanks therefore)
Beseech my hand, and in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied: But this Antenor,
I know, is such a wretch in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his management: and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter: and her presence
Shall quit strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.

Again. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither? Calchas shall have
What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange!

Withal, bring word—if Hector will to-morrow
Be anscest with his challenge: Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake; and ’tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear.

[Exeunt Diomedes and Calchas.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus, before their Tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands’t the entrance of his tent;—
Please it our general to pass strangely? by him,
As if it were forgot; and princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
I will come last: ’Tis like, he’ll question me,
Why such implausive eyes are bent, why turn’d on him:
If so, I have decision med’cable,
To use both your strange appearance and pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink;
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed a but contemptible, and it the proud man’s feed.

Again. We’ll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along;—
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
But by a word, if word shall be thought more
Than if not look’d on, I will lead the way.

Ach. What, comes the general to speak with me?

You know my mind, I’ll fight no more against Troy.

Again. What says Achilles? would he augur with us?

Nest. I pray you, my lord, augur with the general?

Ach. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Again. The better.

[Exeunt Agamemnon and Nestor.

Like a stranger.
Scene III. TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Achil. Good day, good day.
Achil. What, does the euckold scora me? 
Ajax. How now, Patroclus?
Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.
Ajax. Ha! 
Achil. Good morrow.
Ajax. Ay, and good next day too.

Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achillis?
Patr. They pass by strangely: they were used to bend;
To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly as they used to creep
To holy altars.
What, am I poor of late?
This certain, greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in mind of all the men, like butterflies.
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honor; but honor for those honors
That are without him, as place, riches, favor,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
When which they fall, as being slippery standers,
The hope that they can claim on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and too: But
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends: I do enjoy
All the old gild that did possess,
See these old men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses; I'll interrupt his reading.
How now, Ulysses?
Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son! 
Achil. What are you reading?
Ulyss. A strange friend here
Writes me, that man—how dearly ever parted,?
How much in having, or without, or, in—
Can any eye but that into which he hath,
Not feels what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they return 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 the beholder with the eye itself;
(That most pure spirit of sense) beheld itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
Such as each other with each other form.
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath traffill'd, and is married there
Where it may see itself: this is not strange at all.
Ulysses. I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar: but at the author's spirit:
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves—
That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Two men and of all there be much consisting,
Till it 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 re-verberates
The voice again; or like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His beams and his beams; I was much kept in this;
And apprehend here immediately
The unknown Ajax.
Ajax. What heaven, a man there is! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there are,
Most abject in regard, and dear in use!
What things again must dear in the esteem,
And be most rul'd now shall be abnor-mow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
When what the wind leaves to do!
How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
Where pride is lasting in his wayward heart.
To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already
They clap the stubber Ajax on the shoulder;—
* Excellently endowed.
* Detail of argument.

As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrinking.
Achil. I do believe it: for they pass'd by me,
As misers do by beggars; neither gave to me
A word, nor look: What are my deeds forgot?
Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts aims for oblivion.
A great-siz'd murder of ingratiations;
Those small deeds are good deeds past: which are de-
vour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps how bright; to have done is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty nail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honor travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but good heart: keep on the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: if you give way,
or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an outer'd tide they all rush by,
And leave you hundmost:
Or, like a fallant horse fallen in first rank,
Die there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on: Then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, most o'ertop yours:
For time and carriage is all: That slightly
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the corner: Welcome ever smiles,
And largess goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vicar of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendskip, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time,
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with our consent, praise then as they like the gods;
Though they are made and moulded of things past;
And give to dust, that is a little gill,
More laud than gift o'er-dusted.
The present eye best tests the present object:
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Grecians begin to worship Ajax:
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might; and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent,
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made envious musions 'mongst the gods them-
selves,
And drive great Mars to faction.
Achil. Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.
Ulyss. The reasons are more polit and herculeal:
'Tis known, Achillis, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.
Achil. Ha! known! 
Ulyss. Is that a wonder!
Achil. The providence that's in a watchful state,
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensible seas;
Keeps plotted with the act, and almost-born gawd,
Does thoughts unvail'd, and in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery [with whom relation
Durst never meddle] in the soul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine
Than breath, or pen, can give express to;
All the commerce that you have had with Troy,
As perfectly ours, as yours, my lord;
And better would it suit Achillis much.
To throw down Hector, than Polyxena;
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When fate unseal'd his hands so rich a trump;
And all the Grecian girls shall tripping sing—
Great Hector's sister did Achillis win;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.
Farewell, Achillis, with your love speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.
[Exit.

Patr. To this effect, Achillis, have I mov'd you:
A woman impudent and mannish grown
* New-fashioned toys.
* The transport of the deities to combat on either side.
* Polyxena.
* Friend.
Is not more loath'd than an enemy man.

In time of action, I stand condemn'd for this;

They think, my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus;
Sweet Troilus, not yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his ignoble hold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honor by him.

Achil. I see, my reputation is at stake;

My fame is shrewdly gird'd.

Patr. O, then beware!

Those wounds heall'd, that men do give themselves:

Omission to do which is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;

And danger, like an azure, subtly mounts
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go tell Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus:

I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,
To see us here unarmed: I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his deeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage
Even to my full of view. A labor save'd!

Enter Thersites.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What? Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so? Ther. Do you think singly tomorrow with Hector;

And is so prophetically proud of an heroic cudgelling,
That he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he walks up and down like a peacock,
A stride, and a stand: ruminates, like an hostess,
That hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning: bates his lip with a politic regard,
As who should say—there were wit in this head, an 'twould out; and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's tendone for ever; for Hector break not his neck: the combat, he'll break it himself in vain glory. He knows not me: I said, Good-morrow, Ajax; and he replies, Thanks, Agamemnon.

What heart can the man, that takes me for the general? He has grown a very hand-bash, language-

less, a monster. A plague of opinion! A man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him,

Thersites.

Ther. No, no, I! why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arars. I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: Tell him—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the ungracious and most ill-fated six, or seven times honored captain general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this Patr. To love bless great Ajax!

Ther. Humph! Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles.—

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you, to invite Hector to his tent?

Ther. H Humph! Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon!

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha! Patr. What say you to it? Ther. God be wi you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Ajax is at the fair day, by eleven o'clock it shall 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 time, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out of tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knock'd out his brains, I know not: But, I am sure, none; unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make callings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stir'd; And I myself set not the bottom of it. [Exit Achilles and Patroclus.

Ther. Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather a tick in a sleeve, than such a valiant ignorance.

[Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—Troy. A Street.

Enter, at one side, Eneas and Servant, with a Torch; at the other, Paris, Demophoës, Antenor, Diomedes, and others, with Torches.

Paris. See, ho! who's that there?

Diomed. 'Tis the lord Eneas. Paris. Is the prince there in person?—

Had I so good occasion to be long.

As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business.

Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Diomed. That's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord Eneas.

Paris. A valiant Greek, Eneas; take his hand: Witness the process of your speech, wherein

You told—how Diomed, a whole week by days, had haunt you in the field.

Eneas. Health to you, valiant, sir; during all question of the gentle trance:

But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,

As heart can think, or courage execute.

Diomed. The one and other Diomed embraces.

Our bloods are low 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.

Eneas. And thou shalt hunt a lion that will fly
With his face backward.—In humane gentleness,

Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises life,

* Conversation.

Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,

No man alive can love, in such a sort,

The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dios. We sympathize Jove, let Eneas live,

To my sword his fate be not the glory,

A thousand complete courses of the sun!

But, in mine envious honor, let him die,

With every joint a wound: and that to-morrow!

Eneas. We know each other well.

Dios. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despicable gentle greeting.

The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—

What business, lord, so early!

Eneas. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.

Paris. His purpose meets you: 'Twas to bring this Greek.

To Calchas' house; and there to render him,

For the enraged Antenor, the fair Cressida:

Let's have your company; or, if you please,

Haste there before us: I constantly do think,

(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge,) My brother Troilus lodges there to-night;

Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,

With the same quality here: I fear We shall be much unwelcome.

Eneas. There I assure you Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece, Then Cressida borne from Troy.

* Lute-strings made of catgut.

* Intelligent.
SCENE II.—Court before the House of Pandarus.

Enter Troilus and Cressida.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.
Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down.

He shall unboil the gates.

Tro. Trouble him not:
To bed, to bed: Sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants' empty of all thought.

Cres. Good morrow then.

Tro. Pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cres. Are you aweary of me?

Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wear out the lark, hath rous'd the rumbus' crowns,
And dressing night will hide our joys no longer,
Would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath been too brief,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. You men will never tarry,—

O foolish Cressid!—I might have still held off,
And then he would have tarried. Hark! there's one up.

Pan. [Within.] What, are all the doors open here?

Tro. It is your uncle.

Enter Pandarus.

Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be mockning;
I shall have such a life.

Pan. How now, how now; how do maiden-wed?—
Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?—
Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle.
You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what! to do what!—let her say what;
what have I brought you to do?

Cres. Come, come; beseech your heart! you'll never be good,
Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchia!—has not slept to-night! would be not,

1 Noisy. 2 To do is here used in a wanton sense.
     3 An Italian word for poor fool.
     4 A naughty man, let it sleep! a bugbear take him!
     5 Knocking.

Cres. Did I not tell you!—would he were
Knock'd o' the head!—

Who's that at door! good uncle, go and see.

My lord, come you again into my chamber:
You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha!—

Cres. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing.—

Knocking.

How earnestly they knock! pray you, come in;
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[Exit Troilus and Cressida.

Pan. [Going to the door.] Who's there! what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now! what's the matter!

Enter Aneas.

Ane. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there! my lord! Aneas! By my troth, I knew ye not: what news with you so early!

Cres. Did I not tell you!—would he were
Knock'd o' the head!—

Who's that at door! good uncle, go and see.

My lord, come you again into my chamber:
You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha!—

Cres. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing.—

Knocking.

How earnestly they knock! pray you, come in;
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[Exit Troilus and Cressida.

Pan. [Going to the door.] Who's there! what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now! what's the matter!

As Pandarus is going out, enter Troilus.

Tro. How now! what's the matter?—

Ane. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you.
My master is so rash! there is at hand Paris your brother, and Diomedes, the Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith, ere the first sacrifice within this hour, we must give up to Diomedes' hand the lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded?

Ane. By Priam, and the general state of Troy;
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them: and, my lord, Aneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Ane. My lord, you are a good, true lord; the secrets of nature Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[Exit Troilus and Aneas.

Pan. Is I possible! no sooner got, but lost! The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad.
A plague upon Antenor, I would they had broke's neck!

Enter Cressida.

Cres. How now! What is the matter? Who was here!

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord gone?
Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor; thou must to thy lord, and I am gone from Troy; 'twill be his death: 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.
Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father; I know no touch of consanguinity.

No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me, As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine!

Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood, If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death, Do to this body what extremities you can;

1 Haughty. 2 Some or feeling of relationship.
Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root!
[Curtain.]

Cres. I must then to the Greeks.

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woul'd Cressid amongst the merry Greeks! When shall we see her?

Tro. Hear me, my love! Be thou but true of heart.

Cres. I true! how now! what wicked deems is this?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly, for it is parting from us:
I speak not, be thou true, as fearing thee;
For I will throw my glove to death himself,
That there's no maculation in thy heart:
But, be thou true, say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation: be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent, but, I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give them nightly visitation.
But yet, be true.

Cres. O heavens!—be true again?

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love;
The Grecian youths are full of quality?
They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature flowing,
And suit'd o'er with arts and exercise;
How novelty may move, and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)
Makes me alarms.

Cres. O heavens! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain then?
In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit; I cannot sing,
Nor hell the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games, fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and preg-
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumd-boseous devil,
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.
Cres. Do you think I will?

Tro. No.

But something may be done, that we will not;
And some devices to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeable potentie.

[Enter .

Tro. Come, kiss, and let us part.

Par. [Within.] Brother Troilus?

Tro. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring ., and the Grecian with you.

Cres. My lord, will you be true?

Tro. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch more simplicity;
Whilst some with cunning geld their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is—plain, and true,—there's all the reach of it.

[Enter , .

Cres. Come! to him that instantly must die,—
Bid them have patience: she shall come anon.

[Exit.]

But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep:

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks;
Crack my heart with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Before Pandar's House.

Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ENESIAS, DEIPHOBUS, ASTENOR, and DIOMEDES.

Par. It is great morning; and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Cannot 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
O'ertake 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.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A Room in Pandar's House.

Enter PANHARIDES and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenctly 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 alayment could I give my grief:
My mind admits no qualifyng dress;
No more my grief in such a precious loss.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.—Ah, sweet ducks:

Cres. O Troilus! Troilus! [Embracing him]

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too: O heart! as the goodly saying is,—

— O heart, 0 heavy heart!—

— Why sighs thou without breaking?

Cres. What answer he gives again,

— Because thou canst not ease thy smart,

By friendship, nor by speaking.

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse; we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs!

Cres. I love thee, Troilus, in some sort of purity,
That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities—take thee from me.

Pan. Have the gods evey

Pon. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hatefull truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy and Troilus. Cres.

Tro. Is it possible?

Cres. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justly roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all repandure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangling our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own laboring breath:
We two, that with so many thousand signs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude levity and dis-charge of one.
Injuries time now, with a robber's haste,
Crimes his rich thievish up, he knows not how:
As many terraces as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consigns kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose alience;
And seants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distributing his salt of broken tears.

Enr. [Within.] My lord! is the lady ready?

Tro. Har! you are call'd: Some say, the Genius

Cres. Come! to him that instantly must die,—
Bid them have patience: she shall come anon.

[Side.]
Scene V. TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 519

She is as for high-sounding 'er thy praises, As thou unworthy to be called her servant. I change thee, use her well, even for my charge; For, by the dread Pluto, if thou dost not, Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard, I'll cut thy throat.

Enter. O, be not moved, prince Troilus, Let me be privileged by my place, and message, To be a speaker free; when I am hence, I'll answer to my lusts. And know you, lord, I'll choose my way on chance, not my own worth. She shall be priz'd; but that you say—be't so, I'll speak it in my spirit and honor, no.

Tro. Come, to the port.—'Tis Tros will tell thee, Diomed. This is ourßh shall off myself to hide thy head, I shall cry thee hence. Give me thy hand; and, as we walk, To our own selves bend we our needful talk. [Exeunt TROILUS, CRESSIDA, and DIOMED. (Trumpet heard.)

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet. 

Enr. How have we spent this morning? The prince most think me tardy and remiss, That swore to ride before him to the field. 

Par. 'Tis Troilus fault: Come, come to the field with him.

Din. Let us remain ready straight.

Enr. Yea, with a bridge's fresh alacrity, Let us address to tend on Hector's heels. The glory of our Troy doth this day lie, On his fair weight and single chivalry. [Exeunt.

Scene V.—The Grecian Camp. Lists set out.

Enter Ajax, armed; AGAMEMNON, Achilles, PATROCLUS, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, and others.

Ajax. Here art thou in that hour's fresh and fair, Anticipating time with starting courage. Give thy trumpet a loud note to Troy, Then dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air May pierce the head of the great combatant, And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purpose. Now crack thy lungs, and split thy broken pipe: Blow, villain, till thy spangled bias cheek Out-cleave the bow of puff'd Aquilon: Come, stretch thy hand, and let thy crest-sport blood; Thou blow'st for Hector. [Trumpet sounds.

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early days, Ajax. Is not you Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

Ulyss. Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait: He rises on the toe; that spirit of his In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomed, with Cressida.

Ajax. Is this the lady Cressid? 

Di. Even she.

Ajax. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady: 

Nec. Our general doth salute you with a kiss. 

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular; 

Twere better, were she kiss'd in general. 

Nest. And ye 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. 

Patroclus. But that's no argument for kissing now: For thus popp'd Paris in his hardihood; And thus held you in your armament; 

Ulyss. O deadly gall and theme of all our sores! For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns, 

Patroclus. The first was Menelaus' kiss; this, mine: Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim! 


Men. I'll have my kiss, sir; Lady, by your leave.

Cres. In kissing, do you render or receive? 

Patroclus. 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.

* Pleasure, will.

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 fill me o' the head. 

Cres. No, I'll be sworn. Ulyss. It was no match, your nail against his horn.— 

Men. Sweet lady, be a kiss of you! 

Cres. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it. 

Cres. Ulyss. Why, beg then. 

Why then, for Venus's sake, give me a kiss. 

When Hector was so much again, at his condition. 

Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due. 

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you. 

Din. Lady, a word? I'll bring you to your father. [Dinocrates leads out Cressida.

Nest. A woman of quick sense. 

Ulyss. Fye, fye upon her! There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip. 

Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out At every joint and motive of her body. 0, these encounterers, so gib of tongue. 

This gives a new comer one ear every time, And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts To every ticklish reader! set them down For shallow spoils of opportunity, And daunt them from the scene. [Trumpet within. 

All. The Trojans' trumpet.

Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter Hector, armed; Enars, Troilus, and other Trojans with Attendants.

Enars. Haul, all the state of Greece! what shall be done? To him that victory commands? Or do you purpose, A victor shall be known! will you the knights Shall to the edge of all extremity Pursue each other; or shall they be divided By any voice or order of the field? Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it? 

Enars. He cares not; he'll obey condition.

Achil. Tis done like Hector; but securely done, A little proudly, and great deal misprising The knight opposition.

Agam. (If not Achilles, sir, What is your name?) 

Achil. (If not Achilles, nothing.) 

Enars. Therefore Achilles: But, whate'er, know this: In the extremity of great and little, Valor and pride eke themselves in Hector; The one almost as infinite as all, The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well, And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy. This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood: In love with half; half Hector stays at home: Half heart, half hand, half Hector's device to seek This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek. 

Achil. A maiden battle then?—0, I perceive you.

Re-enter Diomed.

Agam. Here is sir Diomed:—Go, gentle knight, Stand by our Ajax; as you and lord Enars Consent upon the order of their fight, So be it; either to the uttermost, Or else a breath: the combatants being kin, Half stints them there before their words begin. [Ajax and Hector enter the Lists.

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already. 

Agam. What is Trojan is that same that looks so bright.

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight; Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word; Speaking in deeds, and dreadful in his tongue; Not soon downbrow'd, and looking provok'd, soon calm'd: His heart and hand both open, and both free; For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he shows; Yet gives the not, till judgment guide his bounty, Nor dignify an impatient or too great breath: Manly as Hector, but more dangerous; For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes To tender objects; but, in heat of action, Is more vindictive than jealous love: They call him Troilus; and on him erect

* Motion. 

Breathing, exercises.

* Un suitable to his character.

* Yields, given way.
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector. Thus says *Eneas*: one that knows the youth
Best, and his inches, and, with private soul
Did in great Troy thus translate him to me. 
[Alarum. Hector and Ajax, fight.

Again. They are in action.

Hec. Now, Ajax, hold thine own! 

Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st; 

Awake thee! 

Thy blows are well disposed;—there, Ajax! 

Dio. You must no more. 

[Trumpets cease. 

Ene. Princes, enough, so please you. 

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Hec. Hector, awake! 

Hec. Why, then, will I no more:— 

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son, 
A cousin-german to great Peam's seed; 
That obligation of our blood forsooth 
A gory communion twixt us twain: 
Were thy communion Greek and Trojan so, 
That you could of a thought have done us all, 
And this is Trojan; the sciences of this leg 
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood 
Runs on theaxter  cheek, and this sinster  
Bounds in my father's; by Jove multiplett'd,
Thou shoaldst not bear from me a Grecian member. 
Wherein my sword had not impressure made 
Of thee, nor thee the past gory way. 
That any drop thou pour'st from thy mother, 
My sacred aunt, should mortal sword be drain'd! 
Let me embrace thee, Ajax: 
By him that thou forsooth, lord Actaeon, 
Hector would have them fall upon him thus: 
Cousin, all honor to thee! 

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector: This thought too gentle, and too free a man: 
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence 
A great addition earned in thy death. 

Hec. Not Neoptolemus so mirable, 
(On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes cries, This is he) could promise to himself 
A thought of added honor born from Hector. 

Then would I transport thee from both the sides, 
What further thou will do. 

Hec. We'll answer it; 

The issue is engagement;—Ajax, farewell. 

Ajax. If I might in entrails find success, 
(As self! I have the chance,) I would desire 
My proper causis to our Grecian tents. 

Dis. Tis Agamemnon's wish; and great Achilles 
Dole to see unsarch'd the valiant Hector. 

Hec. Aecus, call my brother Troilus to me: 
And signify this loving interview 
To the expectation of our Trojan part; 
Desire them home,—give me thy hand, my cousin; 
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights, 

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here. 

Hec. The worthiest of them tell me name by name; 
But for Achilles, my own single eyes 
Shall find him by his large and portly size. 

Hec. 0 O, a sight so welcome as to one 
That would be nought of such an enemy; 
But that's no welcome: Understand I more clear, 
What's past, and what's to come, is strayed with furskis. 
And formless ruin of oblivion; 
But in this extant moment, faith and truth, 
Strain'd purely from all hollow brass-drawing 
Rods that are great spirit: I have a soul. 
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome. 

Hec. I thank thee, most inquisitive Agamemnon. 

Ajax. Great and well-aim'd load of Troy, 
No less to thee. 

[To Troilus. 

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting. 

You brave of warlike brothers, welcome hither. 

Hec. Whom must we answer! 

Men. The noble Meneles, 

Hec. O you, my lord! by Mars' his gauntlet, 

This must I mock not, that I affect the untraded oath; 
Your *quiddam* wise swears still by Venus' glove: 
She's sweet, but bad ye not commended her to you. 

Men. Name her without; she's a deadly theme. 

Hec. O pardon; I often 

*Explain his character. * 

*Left. * 

*Seldom. * 

*Imperial. * 

Hec. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft, 
Laboring for destiny, make cruel way 
Through all of Greekish youth: and I have seen thee,
As hot as Perses, spur thy Phrygian steed, 
Despairing of his end, and end of his steel. 
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air, 
Not letting it decline on the declin'; 
That I have said to some my standers-by, 
So, Jupiter, generat's lively eye, 
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath, 
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in, 
Like an Olympian wrestling: This have I seen; 
But the more consummate, still feckless, 
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandare; 
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 call thee free; 
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents. 

*Enters the old Nestor. 

Hec. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle, 
That must so long walk hand in hand with time:— 
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to claspe thee; 

Nest. I would, my arms could match thee in emulation, 
As they contend with thee in courtesy. 

Hec. I would they could. 

Nest. Ha! 

By this the bearded, I'd fight with thee to-morrow. 
Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time— 

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands, 
When we have here her base and pillar by us. 
Hec. Where is my father, lord Ulysses? 

Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead, 
Since first I saw yourself and Domed in Ilion, 
On your Grecian embassy. 

Ulyss. Sir, I bethink you then you would excuse 
My prophecy is but half his journey yet; 
For yonder walls, that perty front your town, 
Your towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds, 
Must be their own feet. 

Hec. I must not believe you. 

There they stand yet; and modestly I think, 
The fate of every Trojan stone would ease 
A drop of Grecian blood: The end crowns all; 
And that old common arbitrator, Time, 
Will one day end it. 

Ulyss. Not so, to bring to him we live. 

Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome: 
After the general, I beseech you next 
To feast with me, and see me at my tent. 

Achilles. I shall forgetting 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. 

Hec. Is this Achilles? 

Achilles. I am Achilles. 

Hec. Stand fair, I pray thee; let me look on thee. 

Achilles. Behold thy self. 

Nay, I have done already. 

Achilles. Thou art too brief; I will the second time, 
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb, 

Achilles. O, like a look of sport thon'rt read me o'er; 
But there's more in me than thou understand st; 

Achilles. Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye? 

Achilles. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body 
Shall I destroy him? whether there, or there? or there? 
That I may give the local wound a name; 
And make distinct the very breach whereout 
Hector shall forget still thee, lord Ulysses, thou!— 

Hec. Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee; 
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector, 
And quoted joint by joint. 

Hec. Is this Achilles? 

Achilles. I am Achilles. 

Hec. Stand fair, I pray thee; let me look on thee. 

Achilles. Behold thy self. 

Hec. O, like a look of sport thon'rt read me o'er; 
But there's more in me than thou understand st; 

Achilles. Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye? 

Achilles. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body.
ACT V. SCENE I.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Tro. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you, In what place of the field doth Cachus keep? Ulysses. At Menelaus' tent, most proudest 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 Cressida. Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much. After we part from Agamemnon's tent, To bring me thither? Ulyss. You shall command me, sir. As gentle tell me of, what honor was This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there That wails for what she is not? Tro. O, sir, as such as boasting show their scars A mock of you, sir. Will you walk on, my lord? She was below'd, she love't; she is, and doth: But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's teeth. [Exit.]

ACT V.


Enter Achilles and Patrocles.

Achilles. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night. Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow. Patroclus, let us least him to the height.

Patrocles. Here comes Thersites.


Achilles. Well said, Adversity! and what need these tricks? Patrocles. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus? Achilles. Do I curse thee? Patrocles. Why, no, you ruinous; you whorsome indistinguishable cur, no. Achilles. No! why art thou exasperate, thou idle innumerable skin of slope, silk, thou green sarceet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such wretched, diminutives of nature! Patrocles. Out, gall! Thersites. Finch-eeg! Achilles. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite from my great purpose in to-morrow's battle. Here is a letter from queen Hecuba; A token from her daughter, my fair love; Both taxing me, and gazing me to keep An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it: Fall, Greeks; fall, fame; honor, or go, or stay, My major vow lies here, this I'll obey. Come, come, Patrocles, help to trim my tent; This night in banquetting must all be spent. Away, Patrocles. [Execute Achilles and Patrocles.

Thersites. With too much blood and too little brain, these two may run mad; but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he has not so much brain as car-rats. And then the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckold,-a thristy shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit load earth, and make earth forest with wit, turn him to! To an ass, were nothing; he is both ass and ox; to an ox, were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mole, a cat, a fitchew; a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttoc, or a herring without a rod, I would not care: but to be Menelaus,—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not whether I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the house of a hazar, so I were not Menelaus,—Heb-day! spirits and tires! Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, and Patroclus.


Achilles, Come, come, enter my tent. [Execute Achilles, Hector, Ajax, and Nestor.

{Exeunt.}
Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a man 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 Brabker the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it is prodigious, 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 lecher! all incontinent varlets! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Before Calchas' Tent.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. What, are you up here, ho! speak.

Cal. [Within] Who calls?

Dio. Diomed.—Calchas, I think.—Where's your daughter?

Cal. [Within] She comes to you.

Enter Troilus and Ulysses, at a distance; after them Thersites.

Ulysses. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter Cressida.

Tro. Cressid, come forth to him!

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cress. Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark! a word with you. [Whispers.]

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Ulysses. She will sing any man at first sight.

Thers. And any man may sing her, if he can take her chaff; she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember me?

Cress. Remember! yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then.

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember?

Dio. List! Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Thers. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then,—

Cress. I'll tell you what:

Dio. Pho, pho! come, tell a pin: You are forsworn.

Cress. In faith, I cannot: What would you have me do?

Thers. A juggling trick, to be—secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cress. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath; But do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience! Cress. How now, Trojan!

Dio. Diomed.— No, no, good night: I'll be your friend no more.

Tro. Thy better must.

Cress. That last! one word in your ear.

Tro. O plague and madness!

Ulysses. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you.

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous; The time right deadly: I beseech you, go.

Tro. Behold, I pray you!

Dio. Now, good my lord, go off:

Tro. You now to great destruction: come, my lord.

Dio. I pr'ythee, stay.

Ulysses. You have not patience, come.

Tro. I pray you, stay; by heaven, and all heaven's torments, I will not speak a word.

Dio. Nay, and so good night.

Tro. Doth that grievr thee?


I will be patient.


Cress. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.

Ulysses. You shake, my lord, at something; will you go on?

You will break out.

Tro. She strokes his cheek! *Fortenious, omious. + Key. *Shuffle.

Ther. The devil luxury, with his fat rump and pot belly; finger tickles these together! Fry, leechery, fry!

Dio. But will you then?

Cress. In faith, I will, h; never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cress. I'll fetch you one. [Exit.

Ulysses. You have sworn patience.

Tro. Fear me not, my lord; I will not be myself, nor have cognitions Of what I feel; I am all patience.

Re-enter Cressida.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now! Cress. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.

Tro. O beauty! where's thy fault?

Ulysses. My lord,—

Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.

Cress. You look upon that sleeve; behold it well.— He lov'd me—0 false wench!—Give've me again.

Dio. Who was't?

Cress. No matter, now I have't again.

I will not meet with you to-morrow night:

I will by Diomed, visit me no more in mine.

Thers. Now she sharpens—Well said, whetstone.

Dio. I shall have it.

Cress. What, this?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cress. O, all you gods!—0 pretty, pretty pledge! Thy master's now has thinking in my head.

Of thee and me; and signs, and takes my glove, And gives memorial dainty kisses to it, As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me;

Thers. What makes you this; I will take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Tro. I did swear patience.

Cress. You shall not have it, Diomed; faith you shall not;

I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this; Whose was it?

Cress. 'Tis no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.

Cress. Twas one's that loved me better than you will.

But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cress. By all Diana's waiting-women yonder, And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Thers. He will not wear it on his helm; And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it. Wert thou the devil, and wo't as ton thy horn, It should be challenged.

Cress. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past;—And yet it is not;

I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then, farewell;

Thers. Never shall mock Diomed again.

Cress. You shall not go:—One cannot speak a word, But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Thers. Nor I, by Pluto; but that that likes not you, pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?

Cress. Ay, come — O Jove!—

Do come — I shall be plagued.

Dio. Farewell till then.

Cress. Good night. I pr'ythee, come.

Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee; But with my heart the other eye doth see. All! poor our sex! this fault in us I find, The error of our eye directs our mind:

What error leads, must err; to then conclude, Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of inanition. [Exit Cressida.

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more.

Unless she said, My mind is now turn'd whore.

Ulysses. All's done, my lord.

Tro. It is.

Ulysses. Why stay we then?

Tro. To make a recordation to my soul Of every syllable that here was spoke.

But, if it tell how these two did co-aet, 
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth? 
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart, 
An esperence so obstinately strong, 
That doth invert the attest of every ear; 
As if those organs had decepirnly functions, 
Created only to catamize. 

Was Cressid here! 

Ulysses. I cannot conjure, Trojan. 

Tro. She was not, sure. 

Ulysses. Most sure she was. 

Tro. Why, my negation hath the taste of madness. 

Ulysses. Nor name, my lord: Cressid was here but now. 

Tro. Lp it not be believed for womanhood? 

This tower'd you not mothers? Do not you give advantage 
To stubborn critics—apt, without a theme. 

For depravation,—to square the general sex 
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid. 

Ulysses. With this she, done, prince, that can soil our mothers! 

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she, 

Thrice. Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes. 

Tro. Yes he? this is Odium's Cressid: 

If beauty have a soul, this is not she; 

If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony, 

If sanctimony be the gods' delight, 

If there be rule in unity itself, 

This was not she. O madness of discourse, 

That cause sets up with and against itself! 

Beauty and virtue! where reason revolts. 

Without perdition, and loss assume all reason 

Without revolt; this is, and is not, Cressid! 

Within my soul there doth commence a fight 

Of strange nature, that a thing inseparable 

Divides more wider than the sky and earth; 

And yet the spacious breadth of this division 

Admits no orifice for a point, as a subtile 

As Achilles' broken wand, to enter, 

Instance, 0 instance! strong as Pluto's gates; 

Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven: 

Instance, 0 instance! strong as heaven itself; 

The boundless heaven, earth's bound, doth, and bound; 

And with another knot, five-finger-tied, 

The fractions of her faith, ofts of her love, 

The fragments, scamps, the bits, and greedy relics 

Of her over-eaten faith are bound to Diomed. 

Ulysses. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd 

With that which here his passion doth express! 

Tro. Ay, and shall be divell'd wide. 

In characters as red as Mars; 

Imitant 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 hand would strike it; not the drossful spoit, 

Which shipment do the hurricane call, 

Constraining mass by the Almighty sun, 

Shall dizzy with more emamor Neptune's car 

In his next emotion, than shall my promptly sword 

Falling on Diomed. 

Ther. He'll tackle it for his concupis. 

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false! 

Let all the earth that wish'd to stain me 

And they'll seem glorious. 

Ulysses. O, contain yourself; 

Your passion draws ears biter. 

Enter AEneas.  

AEneas. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord: 

Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy; 

Ajax, your guard—he doth conduct you home. 

Tro. Have with you, prince:—My courteous lord, adieu: 

Farewell, revolled fair!—and, Diomed, 

Stops you? and pray, thou, to the head! 

Ulysses. I'll bring you to the gates. 

Ther. Accept disdained thanks. 

Enter TROILUS, AEneas, and Ulysses. 

TROILUS. Would, I could meet thee like Diomed! 

I would crook like a raven; I would howd, I would howd. 

Patrocus will give me any thing for the inelligence 

of this whereof: the parrot will not more 

for an almond, than he for a commodious drab. 

Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery; 

* For the sake of. 

Compressed. 

For the sake of. 

Compressed. 

nothing else holds fashion: A burning devil take 

them! 

[Exit. 


Enter Hector and Andromache. 

And. Where was my lord so much ungently temper'd, 

To stop his ears against admonishment! 

Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day. 

Hect. You think me credulous; you get in you: 

By all the everlasting gods, I'll go. 

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day. 

Hect. No more, I say. 

Enter Cassandra. 

Cas. Where is my brother Hector? 

And. Here, sister; am'd, and bloody in intent: 

Consort with me in loud and dear petition. 

Pursue we him on knees; for I have dram'd 

Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night 

Hath nothing been but thunders and foremost slaughter. 

Cas. O, it is true. 

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound! 

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother. 

Hect. Beseech, I say: the gods have heard me 

sweat. 

Cas. These gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows; 

They are polluted offerings, more abhor'd 

Than spotted livers in the sacrifice. 

And O! be persuaded: Do not count it holy 

To hurt he beauty, if it is as law, 

For we would give much, to use violent tho's, 

And rob in the behalf of charity. 

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow; 

But vows in every purpose must not hold: 

Unarm, sweet Hector. 

Hect. Hold you still, I say; 

Mine honor keeps the weather of my fate: 

Life every hour holds dear; but the dear heart 

Holds honor far more precious dear than life.— 

Enter Troilus. 

Hect. Now how, young man, mean'st thou to fight to-day? 

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade. 

[Exit CASSANDRA. 

Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus: do's thy bravery, 

youth, 

I am to-day the vein of chivalry. 

Let grow thy.Address till thy knees 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. But, sovereign! you have a voice of mercy in you 

Which better fits a lion, than a man. 

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me not. 

Tro. When many times the captive Grecians fall, 

Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword, 

You bid them rise and live. 

Hect. O, 'tis fair play. 

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector. 

Hect. How now! how now! 

Tro. For the love of all the gods, 

Let thee the hermit pity with our mother; 

And when we have our armor buckled on, 

The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords; 

Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth. 

Hect. Fury, savage, fye! 

Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars. 

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day. 

Tro. Who should withstand me? 

Not fate, no, not the sword of Mars becom'd with fiery trimmings my rete; 

Not Priamus and Hector on knees, 

Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears; 

Their ears o'ergorg'd with the rings of their name, 

Wear out the very truth of their sword, 

Opp'd to hinder me, should step my way, 

But by my run. 

Re-enter Cassandra with Priam. 

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast: 

He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay, 

Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee, 

Fall all together. 

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back: 

Thy wife hath dream'd, thy mother hath had visions; 

Cassandra doth foresee, and I myself 

Foolish.  

Fut off.  

Useful, woful.  

Mercy.
Am like a prophet suddenly erupt,
To tell thee—that this day is ominous,
Therefore, come back.

Hect. Encas a field;
And I do stand engaged to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valor, to appear
This morning to them.

Pri. But thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame myself; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him.

And, do not, dear father.
Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[Exit Andromache.]

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl,
Makes all these bodements. Case.

O farewell, dear Hector,
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Harsh, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolors forth!
Behold, destruction, frenzy, and amazedness,
Like willow antics, one another meet,
And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector.

Tro. Away!—Away!

Cas. Farewell. Yet soft,—Hector, I take my leave;
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive.
[Exeunt.]

[Exeunt severally Priam and Hector.

Alarums. Tro. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my single.

As Troilus is going out, enter from the other side.

Pandares. Pain. Do you hear, my lord! do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pain. Here's a letter from your poor girl.

Tro. Let me read.

Pain. A whorsom phisib, a whorsom rascally phisib so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall distress you one of these days; And I have a rhymes in mine eye as I be taken by the bones, that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on't:—What says she there! 

Tro. And so, my good woman, write me letters from the heart.

[Tearing the Letter.

The effect doth operate another way.—
Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.
My love with words and errors still she feeds;
But edicts another with her deeds.

[Exeunt severally.

SCENE IV.—Between Troy and the Grecian Camp.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Theristes.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. 'That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurry, dotting, foolish ass, Theristes, and Troy there, in his helm: I would Iain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Grecish whoremonger villain with the sleeve, lack, and destruction, frenzy, and amazedness, Like willow antics, one another meet, and all cry—Hector! Hector is dead! O Hector.

Exeunt severally.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.  Act V.

 Dio. Thou dost miscall retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Haste at Troy! 
Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve! [Exit TROILUS and DIOMEDES, fighting.

Enter Hector.

Hec. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector?

Ther. Art thou of blood, and honor?

Hec. No, no,—I am a rascal; a scurvy raining knave; a very slyth rogue.

Ther. I do believe the like!—live. 

Exeunt.

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; But a plague break thy neck, for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues! I think, they have swallowed one another: I would bath at that miracle. Yet, in a sort, lecherous shit itself. I'll seek them.

[Exit.

SCENE V.—The Same.

Enter Diomedes and a Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse:
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her, I have chastis'd the anonymous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my lord. [Exit Servant.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarolen
Hath done the prisoner;
And stands colossal-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the paved crosses of the king.
Epistrophus and Celius: Polixenes is slain;
Amphinachus, and Theo's, deadly hurt;
Patroclus taken, or slain; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruised: the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers; haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles:
And bid the snail-paced Ajax arm for shame—
There is a thousand Hectors in the field;
Now here he fights on Galatea his horse,
And there lacks work; anon, he's there about,
And there they fly, or die, like sealed sealed
Gown, the bay horse. Attends the falling shield with the vender,
And there the stray Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him like the mower's swath:
Here, here, the miles, wherever he leaves and takes;
Dexterity so obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does; and does so much,
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles Isarming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance;
Patroclus wounds have rend'd his drawy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidon,
That noiseless, handleless, hack'd and chip'd, come to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
And hows at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution—
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force, and forceless care,
As if that luck, in very spine of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter Ajax.


Dio. Hector's master! No, Ay, there, there
Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this Hector! Come, come, thou boy-querell, show thy face:
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
Hector! where's Hector! I will none but Hector. [Exit.

*Lance: Blunted.
*Shovel: Crushed.
SCENE VI.—Another Part of the Field.  

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!  

Enter Diomedes.

Diom. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus!  

Ajax. What wouldst thou!  

Diom. 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 owst me for my horse!  

Diom. Ha! art thou there?  

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.  

Diom. He is my prize, I will not look upon,  

Tro. Come both, you coggings! Greeks have at you both.  

[Exeunt, fighting.]  

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!  

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I see thee: Ha!—Have at thee, Hector.  

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.  

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.  

Be happy that my arms are out of use:  

My rest and negligence befriend thee now,  

But thou anon shalt hear of me again;  

Till when, go seek thy fortune.  

[Exit.  

Hect. I would have been much more a fresher man,  

Had I expected thee. Now how, now my brother!  

—Enter Troilus.

Tro. Ajax hath taken Euanos: 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 that the better end of life I end.  

[Exit.  

Enter one in sumptuous Armor.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek! thou art a goodly mark:  

Now I wilt thou not!—I like thy armor well;  

I'll finish it, and unlock the rivets all,  

But I'll be master of it:—Will thou not, beast, abide?  

Why, then fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.  

[Exeunt. 

SCENE VII.—The same.  

Enter Achilles, with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;  

Mark what I say! Attend me and see me lead  

Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;  

And when I have the bloody Hector found,  

Empale him with your weapons round about;  

In closest manner execute your arms.  

Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:  

It is decreed,—Hector the great must die.  

[Exeunt. 

SCENE VIII.—The same.  

Enter Menelaus and Paris, fighting: then  

Diomedes.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at it: Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'lo! now my double-headed sparrow! 'Loo, Paris, 'lo!  

The bull has the game—were horns, he!  

[Exeunt Paris and Menelaus. 

Enter Menelaus.

Menelaus. Turn, slant, and fight,  

Ther. What art thou?  

Men. A bastard son of Priam's.  

Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mad, bastard in valor, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard be more fear'd? Take level, the quarrel's most com- mon to us: if the son of a whole whorfe for a fight, where he tempts judgment? Farewell, bastard.  

Men. The devil take thee, coward!  

[Exeunt.

—End of the First Part.

—Another Part of the Field.  

Enter Hector.

Hect. Most pitied core, so far without,  

Thy goodly armor thus hath cost thee life.  

Now is my word to thee: I'll take thy good breath;  

Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death!  

[Pulls off his helmet, and hangs his shield behind him.  

Enter Achilles and Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;  

How ugly mischief comes breathing at his heels;  

Even with the sail and dark'ning of the sun,  

To close the day up, Hector's lie is done.  

Hect. I am unarm'd; forsooth this vantage, Greek.  

Achil. See, fly, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek.  

[Hector falls.  

So Iion, full thou next! now, Troy, sink down;  

Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone—  

On, Myrmidons; and cry you all again,  

Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain!  

[Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.  

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.  

Achil. The dragon-wing of night o'erspreads the earth,  

And, sticket! like, the armies separate.  

My half-supp'd sword, that frankly would have fed,  

Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.  

[Swipes his sword.  

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;  

Along the field I will the Trojan trail.  

[Exeunt. 

SCENE IX.—The same.  

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor,  

Diomedes, and others, marching.  

Shouts within.  

Ajax. Hark! hark! what shout is that?  

Nest. Peace, drums.  

[Within.]  

Achil. Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!  

Diom. The brutus is Hector's slain, and by Achilles.  

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;  

Great Hector was as good a man as he.  

Agam. March patiently along; let one be sent  

To pray Achilles see us at our tent.  

If in his death the gods have us befriended,  

Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.  

[Exeunt, marching. 

SCENE XI.—Another Part of the Field.  

Enter Ajax and Trojans.  

Ajax. Stand, boy! yet are we masters of the field:  

Never go home; here start we out the night.  

—Enter Trojans.  

Tro. Hector is slain!  

All. Hector!—The gods forbid.  

Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,  

In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.  

Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!  

Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!  

I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,  

And lingering our sure destruction on!  

Aene. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.  

Tro. You understand me not, that tell me so:  

I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;  

But dare a man innocents, that godless men  

Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!  

Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?  

Let him, that will a screech-owl be call'd,  

Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead!  

There is a word will Priam turn to stone;  

Make well's and Nobes of the maids and wives,  

Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,  

Scare Troy to the father of itself. But, mind thy way;  

Hector is dead; there is no more to say.  

Stay yet;—You vile abominable tents,  

Thus proudly pitch'd upon our Phrygian plains,  

Let Titan rise, as early as the day!  

I'll through and through you!—And thou, great  

sir'd coward!  

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates:  

* An arbitrator at athletic games.  

* Fattening.  

* Noise, rumor.  

* Pitched, fixed.
I’ll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still.
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.—
Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go:
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[Exit Enée and Trojans.

As Troilus is going out, enter, from the other
side, Pandar's.

Pan. But hear you, hear you you!
Tro. Hence, broker lackey! ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

[Exit Troilus.

Pan. A goodly med'cine 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 endeavor be so loved, and the performance so
loathed? what verse for it! what instance for it!—
Let me see:—

* Ignominy.

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey, and his sting:
And being once subdued in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fall.—
Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted
cloths:—
As many as be here of panders' hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall:
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
It should be now, but that my fear is this,—
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss:
Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for cases;
And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases.

[Exit.

* Canvas hangings for rooms, painted with emblems
and mottoes.
TIMON OF ATHENS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

TIMON, a noble Athenian.
LUCIUS, 
Lucellus, 
Lecce
SEMIPRONUS, 
VENTIDUS, one of Timon's false Friends.
APEMANTUS, a churlish Philosopher.
ACHAIBAIDES, an Athenian General.
FLAVIUS, Steward to Timon.
FLAMINUS, 
Lucius, 
S SYMBOLIS, 
CAPHIS, 
PHILTOS, 
Titus, 
Leces, 
HORTENIUS, 
Servants to Timon's Creditors. 
Lords, and Flatterers of Timon.
Two Servants of Varro.
The Servant of Isidore.
Two of Timon's Creditors.
Cupid and Maskers.
Three Strangers.
Poet.
Painter.
Jeweller.
Merchant.
An old Athenian.
A Page. A Fool.
Mistresses to Aleciaides.
Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves, and Attendants.

SCENE, Athens, and the Woods adjoining.

ACT I.


Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several doors.

Poet. Good-day, sir. 
Paint. I am glad you are well. 
Poet. I have not seen you long; how goes the world? 
Paint. 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. 
Paint. I know them both; 'tis other's a jeweller.
Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord! 
Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd. 
Mer. A most incomparable man; breath'd, as it were, To an untrivalable and continual goodness; He passes. 
Jew. I have a jewel here.
Mer. O, pray, let's see't: For the lord Timon, sir? 
Jew. I'll he will touch the estimate; But, for that— 
Poet. When we for recompense have prais'd the value, It stains the glory in that happy verse Which optly sings the good. 
Mer. 'Tis a good form. 
[Looking at the jewel.]
Jew. And rich: here is a water, look you. 
Paint. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication To the great lord. 
Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me. 
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes 
From whence 'tis nourished: the fire 'tis the flint Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame 
* Inured by constant practice. 
* Continual. 
* i.e. Exceeds, goes beyond common bounds.

Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies 
Each bound it chafes. What have you there? 
Paint. A picture, sir.—And when comes your book forth? 
Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir. 
Let's see your piece. 
Paint. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent. 
Paint. Indifferent. 
Poet. Admirable: How this grace Speaks his own standing! what a mental power This eye shoots forth! how big imagination Moves in this lip! to the dumbleness of the gesture One might interpret. 
Paint. It is a pretty mocking of the life. 
Paint. There is a touch: 'tis good! 
Poet. I'll say of it, 
It tutors nature: artificial strife? 
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, and pass over.

Paint. How this lord's follow'd! 
Poet. The senators of Athens: Happy men! 
Paint. Look, more! 
Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors. 
I have, in this rough work, shaped out a man, Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug With ampest entertainment: My free drift Halts not particularly: but moves itself In a wide sea of wax: no levelled malice Injects one comma in the course I hold; But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on, Leaving no track behind. 
Paint. How shall I understand you? 
Poet. I'll unbolt to you.

You see how all conditions, how all minds,

* As soon as my book has been presented to Timon. 
* i.e. The contest of art with nature. 
* My design does not stop at any particular character.

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(as well of gib and slippery creatures, as of grave and austere opinion,) tender down Thy graces to lord Timon:—his large fortune, Upon his good and gracious nature hanging, Subsides and properties to his love and tendance. All whom he charity, and finds in grace; for the glass-faced father? To Apemantus, that few things loves better Than to abhor himself; even he drops down The knee before him, and returns in peace Most rich in Timon's mind. I saw them speak together. Poet, Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill, Feign'd Fortune to behold. The base of the mount is covered with thistles, with all deserts, all kind of That labor on the bosom of this sphere To propagate their states: amongst them all, Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fixed, One do I personate of lord Timon's time: Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her; Whose present grace to present slaves and servants Translates his rights. Tis conceiv'd to scope. This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks, With one man beckon'd from the rest below, Bowing his head against the steepy mount To clinch his happiness, would be well express'd In our condition. Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on: All those which were his fellows but of late, (Some better than his value,) on the moment Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance, Ram sacrificial whisperings in his ear, Make sacr'd even his shripp, and through him Drink the free air. Pain. Ay, marry, what of these! Poet. When Fortune, in her shif and change of mood, Spurns down her late below'd, all his dependants, Which labor'd after him to the mountain's top, Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down, Not one accompanying his declining foot. Pain. Tis common: A thousand moral paintings I can show, The shall disultrate these qualities of fortune More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well, To show lord Timon that mean eyes have seen The foot above the head. Trumpets sound. Enter Timon, attended; the Sargent of Venetius talking with him. Tim. Imprison'd! is he, say you! Ven. Serv. Ay, my good lord: live talents is his debt; His means most short, his creditors most strait: Your honorable letter he desires To those have shut up; which, failing to him, Periods his comfort. Tim. Noble Venetian! Well; I am not of that feather, to shake off My friend when he must need me. I do know him A gentleman, that well deserves a help, Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free him. Ven. Serr. Your lordship ever binds him. Tim. Command me to him: I will send his ransom: And, being enfranched, bid him come to me: *Tis not enough to help the felth up, But to support him after.—Fare you well. Ven. Serv. All happiness to your honor! [Exit. Enter an old Athenian. Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak. Tim. Freely, good father. Old Ath. Thou hast a servant named Lucilius. Tim. I have so: What of him? Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee. Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius! Enter Lucilius. Luc. Here, at your lordship's service. Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy creature, By night frequents my house. I am a man That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift; And my estate deserves an heir more ra'nd, Than one which holds a treacher. 1 One who shows by reflection the looks of his patron. 2 To advance their conditions of life. 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 dear expense In quality of the best. This man of thine Attempts her love: i' pr'ythee, noble lord, Join with me to forbid her visit; 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 'tis in your youth. Tim. [To Lucilius.] Love you the maid? Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it. Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing, I call the gods to witness, I will choose 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; Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long; To build his fortune, I will strain a little, For 'tis hard in nature. Give him thy daughter: What you bestow, in him I will counterpasse, And make him weigh with her. Old Ath. Not noble lord, I will pawn to this your honor, she is his. Tim. My hand to thee; mine honor on my promise. Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: Never may That slave or fortune fall into my keeping, Which is not o'wd to you! [Exit Lucilius and old Athenian. Poet. Vouchsafe my lord, and long live your lordship! Tim. I thank you: you shall hear from me anon. Go not away:—What have you there, my friend! Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech Your lordship to accept. Tim. Painting is welcome. The painting is almost the natural man; For since disonor tradiles with man's nature, He is but outside: These pen'dil 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, gentlemen:—Give me your hand: We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel Hath suffer'd under praise. Jew. What, my lord! disgrace! Tim. A mere satiety of commendations. If I should pay you not as 'tis extol'd, It would unclew me quite. Jew. My lord, 'tis rated As those, which well would give: But you well know, Things of that value, differing in the owners, Are prized by their masters: believe'd, dear lord, You mend the jewel by wearing it. Tim. Well mock'd. Mr. No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue, Which all men speak with him. Tim. Look, who comes here! Will you be chid? Enter Apemantus. Jern. We will bear with your lordship. Mer. He'll spare none. Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus! Apem. Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow. When thou art Timon's dog, and these knives honest. Tim. Why, doest thou call them knives? thou know'st them not. Apem. They not Athenians! Tim. Yes. Apem. Then I repent not. * Ruin.
Scene II.  
TIMON OF ATHENS.  

Jem. You know me, Apeamantus.  
Ape. Thou know'st I do; I call'd thee by thy name.  
Jem. Thou art proud, Apeamantus.  
Ape. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like Timon.  
Timo. Whither art going?  
Ape. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.  
Timo. That's a deed thou'll die for.  
Ape. Right, if doing nothing be death by the mouth.  
Timo. How likst thou this picture, Apeamantus?  
Ape. The best, for the innocence.  
Timo. Wought he not well that painted it?  
Ape. I'd wrought better that man, if he had been a painter;  
and yet he's but a third piece of work.  
Pain. You are a dog.  
Ape. Thy mother's of my generation: What's she, if I be a dog?  
Timo. Will dine with me, Apeamantus?  
Ape. No; I eat not lords.  
Timo. An thou should'st, thou'dst anger ladies.  
Ape. O, they eat lords; so they come by great belles.  
Timo. That's a lascivious apprehension.  
Ape. So thou apprehend'st it; Take it for thy labor.  
Timo. How dost thou like this jewel, Apeamantus?  
Ape. Not so well as plain dealing, 1 which will not cost a man a dot.  
Timo. What dost thou think 'tis worth?  
Ape. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet?  
Poet. How now, philosopher!  
Ape. Thou best.  
Poet. Art not wise?  
Ape. Yes.  
Poet. Then I lie not.  
Ape. Art not a poet?  
Poet. Yes.  
Ape. Then thou liest: look in thy last work,  
where thou hast taught'st me a worthy fellow.  
Poet. That's not taught, he is so.  
Ape. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee  
for thy labor: He that loves to be flattered, is worthy o' the flatterer.  
Heavens, that I were a lord!  
Timo. What wouldst thou do then, Apeamantus?  
Ape. Even as Apeamantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.  
Timo. What, thyself?  
Ape. Ay.  
Timo. Wherefore?  
Ape. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.—  
Art not thou a merchant?  
Mer. Ay, Apeamantus.  
Ape. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!  
Mer. I traffic do it, the gods do it.  
Ape. Traffic's thy god, and thy god confound thee!  
Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.  
Timo. What trumpeter's that?  
Serv. 'Tis Alcibiades, and  
Some twenty horse, all of companionship.  
Timo. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.—  
[Exeunt some Attendants. You must needs dine with me.—Go not you hence,  
Till I have thank'd you; and when dinner's done,  
Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.—  
Enter Alcibiades, with his Company.  
Most welcome, sir!  
[They salute.  
Ape. So, so; there!—  
Aches contract and starve your supple joints!  
That there should be small love amongst these sweet  
Alcibiades,  
And all this court'sy! The strain of man's bred out  
Into baboon and monkey.  
Telib. Sir, you have said my longing, and I feel  
Most hungrily on your sight.  
Timo. Ere we depart, we'll share a hontious time  
In different pleasures.  
Serv. 'Tis done, let us in.  
Timo. Enter two Lords.  
1 Lord. What time a day is it, Apeamantus?  
Ape. Time to be honest.  

1 Alluding to the proverb: Plain dealing is a jewel, but they who use it beggars.  
2 Lord. That time serves still.  
Ape. The most accursed thou, that still omit'st it.  
2 Lord. Thou art going to lord Timon's feast.  
Ape. Ay; to see meat fill knives, and wine  
heat fools,  
2 Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well.  
Ape. Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell twice.  
2 Lord. Why, Apeamantus!  
Ape. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.  
1 Lord. Hang thyself.  
Ape. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding;  
make thy requests to thy friend.  
1 Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence.  
Ape. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass.  
[Exeunt.  
1 Lord. He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,  
And taste lord Timon's bounty! he outgoes  
The very height of kindness.  
2 Lord. He pours it out: Plutus the god of gold  
Is but his steward: no need; 2 but he repays  
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,  
But breeds a greater return exceeding  
All use of quittance.  
1 Lord. The noblest mind he carries,  
That ever govern'd man.  
2 Lord. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?  
1 Lord. I'll keep you company.  
[Exeunt.  

SCENE II.—A Room of State in Timon's House.  
Hautboys playing loud March. A great Banquet  
served in; FLAVIUS and others attending; then  
Enter Timon, Alcibiades, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS,  
SEMPERIDES, and others, Athenian Senators, with  
VENTIMILES, and Attendants. Then comes,  
dropping after all, Apeamantus, discontentedly.  
Tim. Most honor'd Timon, 'tis hath pleas'd the gods remember  
My father's age, and call him to long peace.  
He is gone happy, and has left me rich;  
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound  
To your free heart, I do return those talents,  
Doubl'd with thanks, and service, from whose help  
I serv'd liberty.  
Tim. O, by no means,  
Honest Ventiudes! you mistake my love;  
I gave it freely ever, and there's none  
Can truly say, he gives, if it receives:  
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare  
To imitate them: Faults that are rich, are fair.  
Ven. My lord, I protest.  
[They all stand ceremoniously looking on Timon.  
Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony  
Was but dev'd at first, to set a glass  
On faint deeds; hoarded with dislike.  
Recollecting goodness, sorely err'st 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 confessed it.  
Ape. He, he, content'st I let hang'd it, have you not?  
Tim. O, Apeamantus!—you are welcome.  
Ape. You shall not make me welcome;  
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.  
Tim. Yee, thou art a churl; he hath got a  
place there for thee.  
Does not he make a man, 'tis much to blame:  
They say, my lords, that ira furor brevis est,  
But you'll man's ever angry.  
Go, let him have a table; since he dares not  
For he does neither your company,  
Nor is he fit for, indeed.  
Ape. Let me stay at thine own peril, Timon;  
I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.  
Tim. I take thee not for a fool; thou art an Athenian;  
therefore welcome: I myself would have no power:  
'Prythee, let my meat make thee silent.  
Ape. I scorn thy meat; 'wou'de cheat me, for I should  
2 Need here means desert.  
3 i.e. All the customary returns made in discharge of obligations.  
4 Anger is a short madness.
Ne'er flatter thee—O you gods! what a number Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not! It grieveth me to see so many dip their meat In Timon's blood; and all the madness is, Hecheonsthem up too.

1 I wonder men dare trust themselves with men: Methinks they should invite them without knives; Good men to eat their meat, and safer for their lives. There's much example for't; the fellow, that Sits next him now, parts bread with him and pledges. The breath of him in a divided draught, Is the readiest man to kill him: it has been prov'd, If I Were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals; Least they should see my wound and judge my dangerous notes: Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

2 Lord. Let it flow thus, my good lord.

Timon. Flow this way! A brave fellow!—he keeps his sides well, Timon. These hands will make thee, and thy state, look ill, Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner, Honest water, which ne'er left man; the more: 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 pelf; I pray for no man but myself; Grant I may never prove so foolish, To trust my head on his outward head; 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! Rich men sin, and I eat too.

[Eds. and drinks.

Much good dicing thy good heart, Apemantus! Timon. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Timon. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. Peace, peace, will we be bleeding new, my lord, there's no meat like them; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apen. Would all those flankers were thence ere this were cold; and then thou mightst kill 'em, and bid me 'em.

1 Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that thou couldst once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeal, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves provide that! I shall have much help from you: How had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart! I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus I confirm you. O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them! They were for the most needless creatures living, shall, we could we'er have use for them; and would most re- scuable 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 's, to have so many, like brothers, coming another one's fortunes! O joy, even made away ere it can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out, neither, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apen. Thou wittest to make them drink, Timon.

2 Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes, And, at that instant, like a babie sprung up.

Apen. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babie a bastard.

3 Lord. I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apen. Much? [Tucket sounded.

Tim. What means that trump?—how now! Enter a Servant.

Serr. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies! what are their wills? Serr. There comes with them a foremoster, my lord, which bears that of the office, to assign their pleasures. Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon; and to all That of his bounties haste!—The five best senses Acknowledged for their rise and office to their patron; And come freely To gratulate thine plentiful bosom: The eye, Taste, touch, smell, all pleas'd from thy table rise; They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They are welcome all; let them have kind admittance:

Music, make their welcome.

[Exit Cupid.

1 Lord. You see, my lord, how ample you are behold'd.

Music. Re-enter Cupid, with a Mass of Ladies as Amazons, with Lutes in their hands, dancing, and playing.

Apen. Hey day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way! They dance! they are mad women. Like madness is the glory of this life, As this pomp shows to a little oil, and root. We must arm ourselves for fools, to dispose of ourselves; And spend our flatteries, to drink those men, Upon whose age we void it up again.

With poisonous spite, and envy. Who lives, that's not Depraved, or depriv'd! who dies, that bears Not one spurn to their graver of their friends' gift? I should fear, those, that dance before me now, Would one day stamp upon me: they have been done: Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from Table with much warbling of Timon: and to shew their Loves, each sings out an Amazon, and all dance. Men with Women, a lofty and a tinsel to the Huntsmen, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment, Which was the half so beautiful and kind; You have added worth unto it, and lively haste, And entertain'd me with mine own device; I am to thank you for it.

1 Lord. My lord, you take us even at the best. Apen. 'Faith, for the worst of it is fliby; and would not hold taking; I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet

Attend on us: Please you to dispose yourselves, All Lord. Most thankfully, my lord.

[Exeunt Cupid, and Ladies.

Tim. Flavins,—

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet! There is no crossing him in his humor; [Aside. Else I should call him. Well,—'Faith, I should When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could. 'Tis pity, bounty had not eyes behind; That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind,3 or leas to the Crescents with the Casket.

1 Lord. Where be our men?

Serr. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2 Lord. Our horses.

Tim. O my friends, I have one word To say to you:—Look, you good lord, I must Entreat you, honor me so much, as to Advise this jewel Accept, and wear it, kind my lord.

1 Lord. I am so far already in your gifts,— All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serr. My lord, there is certain nobles of the senate Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

[Much, was formerly an expression of contemptuous admiration.

[Exit, and returns with the Casket.

3 For his nobleness of soul.
Act II. Scene I.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

Tim. They are fairly welcome. 
Flor. | I beseech your honor,  
    | Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.  
Tim. | I thank you well! why should I alter my comfort any time I'll hear thee;  
    | I promise, let us be provided.  
To show them entertainment.  
Flor. | I scarce know how. [Aside.  
Enter another Servant.  

2 Serv. May it please your honor, the lord Lucius,  
Out of his free love, hath presented to you  
Four milk-white horses, trap'd in silver.  
Tim. | I shall accept them fairly; let the presents  
    | Enter a third Servant.  
Be worthily entertain'd.—How now, what news!  
3 Serv. Please you, my lord, that honorable gentleman, lord Lucullus,  
entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honor two tuns of greyhounds.  
Tim. | I'll hunt with him; and let them be receiv'd,  
    | Not without fair reward.  
Flor. | What will this come to?  
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,  
And all out of an empty coffers.—  
Nor will he know his purse: or yield me this,  
To show him what a beggar his heart is.  
Being of no power to make his wishes good;  
His promises fly so beyond his state,  
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes  
For every word; he is so kind, that he now  
Pays interest for't; his land's put to their books,  
Wells, 'lu'd I were gently put out of office,  
Before I were forc'd out!  
Happier is he that has no friend to feed,  
Than such as do even enemies excel.  
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [Exit.  

Tim. | You do yourselves, much wrong, you hate too much of your own merit:  
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.  
2 Lord. | With more than common thanks I will receive.  
3 Lord. | O, he is the very soul of bounty!  
Tim. | And now I remember me, my lord, you gave  
Good words the other day of a lady courser.  
I rode on; it is yours, because you liked it.  
2 Lord. | I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

Tim. | You may take my word, my lord; I know,  
    | no man  
Can justify praise, but what he does affect:  
Wrench not your friend's affection with mine own:  
I'll tell you true. I'll call on you.  
All Lords. | None so welcome.  
Tim. | I take all and your several visitations  
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;  
Methinks, I could deal kindness to my friends,  
And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,  
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,  
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living  
Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou hast  
Lie in a pitch'd field.  

Alcib. | Ay, defied land, my lord.  
1 Lord. | We are so virtuously bound,  
Tim. | And so  
Am I to you.  
2 Lord. | No infinitely more.  
Tim. | All to you.—Lights, more lights.  
1 Lord. | The best of happiness,  
Honor, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon!  
Tim. | Ready for his friends. [Exit.  

Act II.

SCENE I.—A Room in a Senator's House.

Enter a Senator, with Papers in his Hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand to Varro; and to Isidore  
He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum,  
Which makes it two-and-twenty.—Still in motion  
Of raging waste! It is not, it will not.  
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,  
And give it Timon, why, the dog owns 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 blest 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 the reason  
Can find his state in safety. Caphis, ho!  
Caphis, I say!  

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. | Here, sir, what is your pleasure!  
Sen. | Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord Timon:  
Impart to him your moneys; he be not ceased8  
With slight denial; nor then silenced, when—  
Courage me to your madder—and the cap  
Plays in the right hand thus:—but tell him, sirrah,  
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn  
Out of mine own; his days and times are past,  
And my reliances and国企 dates.  
Have smit my credit: I love, and honor him;  
But must not break my back, to heal his finger.  
Immediate are my needs; and my relief  
Must not be foes & and turn'd to me in words,  

Tim. But find supply immediate. Get you gone:  
Put on a most important aspect,  
A visage of demand; for, I do fear,  
When every feather sticks in his own wing,  
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull.  
Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.  
Caph. | I go, sir.  
Sen. | I go, sir!—take the bonds along with you,  
And have the dates in compleat.  
Caph. | I will, sir.  

Sen. | Go. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A Hall in Timon's House.

Enter Flavius, with many Bills in his Hand.

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of expeus  
That he will neither know how to maintain it,  
Nor cease his flux of riot: Takes no account  
How things go from him; nor resamines to care  
Of what is to continue: Never mind  
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.  
What shall be done! He will not hear, till feel:  
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.  
Fye, fye, fye, fye!  

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. | i.e. All happiness to you.  
* Offering salutation  
* By his heaven he means good advice.
TIMON OF ATHENS.  ACT II. SCENE II.

Caph. Would we were all discharged!
Var. Serv. I fear it.

Enter Timon, Alcibiades, and Lords, &c.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,
My Alcibiades,—With me! What's your will?
Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.
Tim. Dues! Whence are you?

Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month:
My master is awak'd by great occasion,
To call upon you; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll suit,
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend;
I'pright, but repair to me next morning.
Caph. Say, good my lord.

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.
Var. Serv. One Varo's servant, my good lord—and
Apem. He last ask'd you expressly to your lordship.
Tim. Give me breath;—
I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;
[Exeunt Alcibiades and Lords.

Tim. I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither, pray you.

[To Flavius.

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honor?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen, the time is ungraevleable to this business: Your importunity cease, till after dinner;—
That I may make his lordship understand Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends:—
See them well entertain'd.
[Exeunt Timon, Flav. I pray, draw near.
[Exit Flavius.

Enter Apemantus and a Fool.

Caph. Stay, stay; here comes the fool with Apemantus; let's have some sport with 'em.
Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Dull. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!—Var. Serv. How dost, fool?—
Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?—Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No; I's to thyself.—Come away.

[To the Fool.

Hist. Serv. [To Var. Serv.] There's the fool
Hangs at your bosom already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Caph. Apem. How?—Ay, what?—Var. Serv. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses, all Serv. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

Apem. False Gramercies, good fool: how does your mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth.

Apem. Good! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Page. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

Page. [To the Fool.] Why, how now, captain! what do you in this wise company?—How dost thou, my master?

Apem. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Forswear ice, fructose, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hanged. This is to lord Alcibiades; thus to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bastard.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog; and thou shall finish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone.

[Exit Page.

Apem. Even so thou out-run'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's, Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers.

All Serv. Ay; 'twould they serv'd us.

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

Fool. Have you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant; My mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly: The reason of this?

All Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster, and a knave; which notwithstanding thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Fool. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit; sometime, it appears like a lord; sometime, like a lawyer; sometime, like a philosopher, with two stomes more than his artificial one: He is very often like a knight; and, generally in all shapes, that man goes up and down in, from four-score to twenty, this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. These are not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside; here comes lord Timon.

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lovers, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

[Exeunt Apemantus and Fool.

Flav. Fie, you, walk near; I'll speak with you anon.

Tim. You make me marvel! Wherefore, ere this time,
Had you not fully laid my state before me;
That I might so have rated my expense,
As I had leave of means?

Fool. You would not hear me,
At many usuries I propos'd.

Tim. Go to;
Perchance, some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back;—
And that umptomism made your minister,
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord!
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, in some trading present, you have bid me Return so much," I have shock'd my head, and wept;
Vera, zero; to the author, you would my pride To hold your hand more close: I did endure Not seldom, nor no slight cheeks; when I have on't Like a young dinner; when I whelp'd of yourestate.
And your great flow of debts. My dear lord, Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now's a time,
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engaged, some forfeited and some;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth Of private creditors: the future comes apace;
What shall defend the interim? and at length How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedaemon did my land extend.

Flav. This good lord, the world is but a word;
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,
Call me before the exactest auditors,

* A certain sum.
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me, When all our offices^ have been oppress'd With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept With drunken splint of wine; when every room Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy; I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock, And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Dr'ythre, no more.

Flam. Heaven's have lied, the bounty of this lord! How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants, This night enfranchized! 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 where' this praise is made! Poesy's last-dost: one cloud of winter showers, These fies are couched.

Tim. Come, sermon no farther: No villainous bounty yet hath pried my heart; Privily, not ignorantly, have I given. Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack, To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart; If I would broach the vessels of my love, And try the argument of hearts by borrowing, Men, and men's fortunes, could I fraudly use, As I, by thee and me.

Flam. Assurance bless your thoughts! Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd. That I resign their blessings; for these Shall I try friends: You shall perceive how you Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends. Within there, ho! — Flaminus, Servilius!

Enter Flaminus, Servilius, and other Servants.

Serv. My lord, my lord,— Tim. I will watch you severally.—You, to lord Lucius,— To lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his Honor to-day;—You to Scipionus; Comment me to their loves; and, I am proud, say, That my occasions have found time to use them Toward a supply of money; let the request be hastened.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flam. Lord Lucius, and lord Lucullus! hump! [Aside.

Act III.

SCENE I.—A Room in Lucullus's House.

FLAMINIUS waiting. Enter a Servant to him.

Serv. I have told my lord of you; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCILIUS.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucil. [Aside.] One of lord Timon's men! a gift. I warrant. Why this hits right; I dream of a silver basin and ever-to-night. Flaminus, honest Flaminus; you are very respectably welcome, sir.—Fill me some wine.—[Exeunt Servant.] And how does that honorable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful lord and friend, look to-day?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucil. I am right glad that his health is well, sir. And what lust thou there under thy elxak, pretty Flaminus?

Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honor to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use the fifty talents, hast sent to your lordship to furnish him; nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucil. Ha, ha, ha,—nothing doubting, says he! alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'is, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often have I dined with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have

1 The apartments allotted to culinary offices. be
2 Dignified, make respectable. 3 For respectfully, him spend less; and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his; I have told him on't, but I could never get him from it.

Re-enter Servant, with Wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucil. Flaminus, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure. Lucil. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit; give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and cannot use the time well, if the time use thee well;—good parts in thee.—Get you gone, sirrah.—[To the Servant, who goes.] Who goes?—or is it thy honest, handsome Flaminus? Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is not a time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say, thou sawest me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Isn't possible, the world should so much ditter; And we alive, that liv'd? Fly, dam'd baseness, To him that worshippeth thee. [Exeunt. [Throwing the Money away. 5 Intending had anciently the same meaning as attending. 6 A halfcap is a cap slightly moved, not put off. 7 For incessantly. 8 Liberal, not parsimonious. 9 Honesty here means liberality.
Luc. Ha! Now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy mate. [Exit Lucullus.
Fla. May these add to the number that may scald thee!
Let molten coin be thy damnation, Thou disease of a friend, and not myself! Has friendship such a faint and milky heart, It turns in less than two nights? O, you gods, I feel my master’s passion! This slave I find not, neither do my lord’s words suit in him: Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment, When he is turn’d to poison? O, may diseases only work upon’t! And when he is sick to death, let not that part of
Which my lord paid for, be of any power To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [Exit.

SCENE II.—A Public Place.

Enter Lucius, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the lord Timon? I am your very good friend, and an honorable gentleman. 1 Stran. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumors; now lord Timon’s happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fye, no, do not believe it: he cannot want money for 2 Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that not long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents; may, urged extremely for it, and showed what necessity being’d for it, and yet was denied.


Luc. What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on’t. Denied that honorable man! there was very little honor show’d in’t. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received several kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like triddles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook, and sent to me, I should ne’er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Exit Servilius.

Ser. See, my good hap, wonder’s my lord; I have sweat to see his honor.—My honored lord,— [To Lucius.

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well;—Commend me to thy honorable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honor, my lord hath sent me. Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he’s ever sending: How shall I thank him, thinkest thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know, his lordship is but merry with me; he cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.

If this occasion were not virtuous, I should not urge it half so faithfully.


Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to dishonour myself with such a good time, when I might have shown myself honorable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honor!—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 am not, the wealth of Athens, I have done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope, his honor will conceive the fairness of me, because I have no power to be kinder, and therefore I will not bring my care upon the밖에서 of Athens. Act III

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I will look you out a good turn, Servilius.— [Exit Servilius.

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed; And he, that’s once denied, will hardly speed. [Exit Lucius.

1 Stran. Do you observe this, Hostilius? 2 Stran. Ay, too well.

1 Stran. Why this? Is the disease so and just of the same piece is every flatterer’s spirit. Who can call him His friend, that dips in the same dish! for, in Timon, one commonly knows his 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 the silver treads upon his shoe. And yet, (O, the monstrousness of man When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!) He does deny him, in respect of his, What charitable men all to beggars.

3 Stran. Religion grows at it.

1 Stran. For mine own part, I never tasted Timon in my life. Nor does he want me? Three! Humph!— [Exit. Would others all! He might have tried lord Lucius, or Lucullus; And now Ventidius is wealthy too, Who return’d from prison: All these three Owe their estates unto him.

Ser. Of my lord, They have all been touched, and bound base metal; They have all denied him! Ser. How! have they denied him!

Has Ventidius and Lucullus drudg’d him? And Ventidius and Lucullus drudg’d him? And now Ventidius and Lucullus drudg’d him? And now Ventidius and Lucullus drudg’d him? Must I be his last refuge! His friends, like physicians, Thrive, give him over; Must I take the curse upon me!

He has much disgraced me in it; I am angry at him, That might have known my place: I see no sense in his 

But his occasions might have wo’d me first; For, in my conscience, I was the first man That was deliver’d from him; And does he think so backwardly of me now, That I’ll require it last? No: So it may prove, An argument of laughter to the rest, And I amongst the lords be thought a fool. I had rather than the waste of thrice the sum, He had sent to me first, but for my mind’s sake; I had such a courage to do him good. But now

And with their faint reply this answer join; Who bates mine honor shall not know my coin.

Ser. 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 he intended the villains of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul! Takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like those that, under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire. Of such a nature is his politic love. This was my lord’s best hope: now all are fled, Save the gods only! Now his friends are dead, He hopes for his child: but one out ofwards with their wards Many a bounteous year, must be employ’d Now to guard sure his master. And this is all a liberal course allows; Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house

[Exeunt.}
Scene IV.

Timon of Athens.

Enter two Servants of Varro, and the Servant of Lucius, meeting Titus, Hortensius, and other Servants to Timon's Creditors, waiting his coming out.

Var. Serv. Well met; good morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius! What do we meet together?

Luc. Serv. Ay, and, I think, one business doth command us all; for mine is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter Philoctetes. And sir

Philoctetes too!

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.

What do you think the hour!

Phi. Laboring for mine.

Luc. Serv. So much!

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Serv. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on't: he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him:

You must consider, that a prodigal course

Is like the sun's, but not, like his, recoverable.

I fear,

This deepest winter in lord Timon's purse;

That, is one may reach deep enough, and yet

Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll show you how to observe a strange event.

Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,

For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows, Timon's ways this should pay more than he owes;

And even as your lord should wear rich jewels

And send for money 'em.

Hor. I am weary of this charge, the gods can

Witness:

I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth.

And now ingratitude makes it worse than theft.

1 Var. Serv. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns:

What's yours!

Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.

1 Var. Serv. 'Tis much deep; and it should seem

By the sum

Your master's confidence was above mine;

Else, surely, his had equal'd.

Enter Flaminiaus.

Tit. One of lord Timon's men.

Luc. Serv. Flaminiaus! sir, a word: 'Pray, is my lord ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship: pray signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him: he knows, you are too diligent. [Exit Flaminiaus.

Enter Flavius, in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so? He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?--

1 Var. Serv. By your leave, sir.--

Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav. Ay.

If money were as certain as your waiting,

'Twere sure enough. Why then prefer'd you not

Your sums and bills, when your false masters eat

Of your lords meat? Then they could smile and fawn

Upon his debts, and take down 'th interest

Into their glutinous maws. You do yourselves but

Wrong, to stir me up; let me pass quietly:

Believe't, my lord and I have made an end:

I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If twill not,

'Tis not so base as you; for you serve knaves.

[Exit.
And none but tyrants use it cruelly. It pleases time, and fortune, to be heavy Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood, Has found a way to the sea, which was his depth To those that, without need, do plunge into it. He is a man, setting his fate aside, of comey virtues: Not he did soil the fact with cowardice; (An honor in him, which buys out his fault;) But, with a noble fiery, and fair spirit, seeking his reputation touch'd to death, He's born to oppose his foe. And with such sober and unmoved passion He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent, as if he had but prov'd an argument. 1 Sen. You understand too much a paradox, Striving to make an ugly deed look fair; Your words have look'd so much upon them, as if they labor'd To turn the images into light, set guarding Upon the head of valor; which, indeed, is valor misbegot, and came into the world When seets and actions were newly born: He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer The worst that man can breathe; and make his wrongs His outsides: wear them like his nimble, careless heart, And e'er prefer his injuries to his heart, To bring it into danger. It wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill, What folly 'tis to hazard life for life! Ath. My lord, 1 Sen. You cannot make goss sins look clear; To revenge is no valor, but to bear. Ath. My lords, then, under favor, pardon me, If I speak like a captain. Why do perfidious men expose themselves to battle, And not endure all threatening? Sleep upon it And let the eyes quietly cut their throats, Without repugnancy! but if there be Such valor in the bearing, what make we Abroad? why then, women are more valiant, That stay at home, if heard crying for It and th' more captain than the lion; the felon, Laden with troubles, wiser than the judge, If wisdom be suffering. O my lords, As that are great, be pitifully gone. Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood? To kill, I grant, is sun's extremest gust; But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just. To be in anger, is impolicy: But who is man, that is not angry? Weary but the body with this. 2 Sen. You breathe in vain. Ath. What! In vain! his service done At Lacedaemon, and Byzantium, Were a sufficient bracer for his life. 1 Sen. What's that! Ath. Why, I say, my lords, it's done fair service. And shun in fight many of your enemies: For full of valor did he bear himself in the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds! 2 Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em, he is a sworn roister; it is a sin that often Beareth him, and takes his valor prisoner: If there were no foes, that were enough alone To overcome him: in that beastly fury He has been known to commit outrages, and cherish actions: 'Tis inter'd to us, His days are foul, and his drink dangerous. 1 Sen. He dies. Ath. Alas! He's a poor man. I might have died in war, My lords, if not for any parts in him, (Though his right arm might purchase his own time, And be in debt to none,) yet more to move you, Than stay at home to his, and join them both: And, for your sake, your reverend ages love security, I'll pawn my victories, all My honor to you, upon his good returns. If by this crime he disproves the law his life. Why, let the war receive't in valiant garne; For law is strict, and war is nothing more. He has been known to commit outrages, On height of our displeasure: Friend, or brother, He forgets his own blood, that spills another. Ath. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords, I do beseech you, know me. 2 Sen. How! Ath. Call me to your remembrances, manage, govern. 4 For aggravation. 3 Sen. What! Ath. I cannot think, but your age has forgot me; It could not else be, I should prove so base, To sue, and be denied such common grace: My words are aye at you. 1 Sen. Do you dare our anger! 'Tis in a few words, but spacious in effect; We banish thee for ever. Ath. Banish me! Banish your dojage; banish usury, That makes the senate ugly. 1 Sen. What? of his foes; Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell our spirit, He shall be executed presently. [Execute Senators. 2 Sen. He's a man that keep you old enough: that you may live Only in bone, that none may look on you! I am worse than mad: I have kept back their forces. While they have told their money, and let out Their coin upon larger interest; I myself, Rich only in large hurts.—All those, for this! Is this the basalt, that the usurping senate Pours into captains' wounds! ha! banishment! It comes not till; I hate not to be banish'd; It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury, That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up My discontented troops, and lay for hearts, His honor with most lands to be at odds; Soldiers should brook as little wrongs, as gods. [Exeunt. SCENE VI.—A magnificent Room in Timon's House. Music. Tables out: Servants attending. Euler divers Lords, at several doors. 1 Lord. The good time of day to you, sir. 2 Lord. I also wish it to you. I think, this honorable lord did but try us this other day. 1 Lord. Upon that were my thoughts firing; when we encountered: I hope it is not so low with him, as he be made seem in the trial of his several friends. 2 Lord. It should not be, by the persuasion of his new friends. 1 Lord. I should think so: He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear. 2 Lord. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out. 1 Lord. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go. 2 Lord. Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you? 1 Lord. A thousand pieces. 2 Lord. A thousand pieces! 1 Lord. What of you? 2 Lord. He sent to me, sir—Here he comes. Enter Timon, and Attendants. Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both: And how fare you! 1 Lord. Ever at the best, bearing well of your lordship. 2 Lord. The swallow follows not summer more willing, than we your lordship. Tim. [Aside.] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer's fruits are many medals of refreshment, our dinner will not compensate this long stay; feast your ears with the music awhile; if they will tire so harshly on the trumpet's sound: we shall to present the banquet. 1 Lord. I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger. Tim. O, no, it would not trouble you. 2 Lord. My lord he tells me. Tim. Ah, my good friend, what cheer! [The Banquet brought in. 2 Lord. My most honorable lordship, I am sick of shame, that when your lordship this other day sent me to, I was so unfortunate a beggar. Tim. Think not of it, sir. For dishonored. We should now say—lay cut for hearts, t.e. the affection of the people. To tire on a thing, meant to be idly employed on it.
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Without the Walls of Athens.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall. The gods have cast thee in those wolves! Dive in the earth, and henceforth not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent! Obedience fail in children! slaves and fools, Pluck the grave wrinkled senator from the bench, and mingling in their steads! to general villains Convert, o’ the instant, green virginity! Do’t in your parents’ eyes! bankrupts, hold fast; Rather than render back, out with your knives, And cut your trustye’st throats! bound-servants, steal! Large-handed robbers your grave masters are; And pill by law! mad, to thy master’s bed; Thy mistress is o’ the brothel! son of sixteen, Pluck the th’id crutch from the old limping sire, With it beat out his brains! nay, and fear, Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth, Domestic awe, night-feast, and neighborhood, Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades, Degrees, observances, customs, and laws, Decline to your confounding contraries, And yet confession live!—Plagues, incident to men, Your potent and infectious fevers heap On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold scintica, Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt At home as their minds and hearts are, lusus 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! itchess, blains, Sow all the Athenian bosoms with their crop Be general leprosy! breath infect breath; That their society, as their friendship, may Be merely poison! Nothing I’ll hear from thee, But nakedness, thou detestable town!

Enter Flatus, with two or three Servants.

Flav. Hear you master, stedward, where’s our master?

Ser. We are undone! cast off! nothing remaining! Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you? Let me be recorded by the righteous gods, I am as poor as you. Ser. Such a house broke! So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not one friend to take his fortune by the arm, And go along with him! Ser. As do we turn our backs From our companion, thrown into his grave; So his kindreds to his buried fortunes Sink all away; leave their false vows with him, Like empty purses pick’d: and his poor self, A dedicatory beggar to the gods, With his disease of all-scorched poverty, Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruined house.

Ser. Yet do our hearts wear Timon’s ivy, That see 1 by our faces; we are fellows still, * Jacks of the clock; like those of St. Dunstan’s church, In Petit street.  * Accumulated curses.
TIMON OF ATHENS.

Act IV.

Serving alike in sorrow: lean'd is our bark; And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck, Hearing the surge's threat; we must all part Into this sea of air.

Good fellows all, the latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you. Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake, Let's shake our heads, and say, 'Tis a knell unto our master's fortunes. We have seen better days. Let each take some; [Giving them Money.

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more: Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor. [Exeunt Servants.]

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us! Who would not wish to be a beggar then, Since riches point to misery and contempt! Who'd be so mock'd with glory or to live But in a dream of friendship? To have his pools, and all that state compounds, But only painted like his varnish'd friends! Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart, Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood, When a man's worst sin is, he does too much good! Who then dares to be half so kind again? For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men. My own red hand, bless'd, bless'd, to be so accur'd, Rich, only to be wretched—th're great fortunes Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord! He's hung in rage from this ungrateful seal Of dissembling friends: nor has he been with to Supply his life, or that which can command it. I'll follow, and inquire him out; I'll serve his mind with my best will; Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still.[Exit.]

SCENE III.—The Woods.

Enter Timon.

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth Rotten humility; below thy sister's orb Infect the air! Twin'd brothers of one womb,— Original perfection, residence, and birth! Scarcity is divin'd,—touch them with several fortunes; The greater scorcs the lesser: Not nature, To have their sores lay siege, can bear great fortune, But by a contempt of nature. Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord; The senator shall bear contempt hereditary, The beggar native honor. It is the pasture lards the brother's sides, The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares, In purity of manhood stand upright, And say, This man's a flatterer? If one be, So are they all; for every grace of fortune Is by them'd by that below: the learned hate Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique: There's nothing level in our cursed natures, But direct villany. Therefore be abhor'd And out of fashion, men, and men of men, His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains: Destruction hang mouldy mankind!—Earth, yield me roots! [Digging.]

Who seeks for better of thee, sance his palate With thy most open heart! What is here? Gold! yellow, glittering, precious gold! No, gods, I am no false Florist. Roots, you clear heavens! Thus much of this, will make black, white; foul, fair; Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.

Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods! Why this Will lug your priests and servants from your sides Pluck out men's pillows from below their heads: This yellow slave Will knit and break religions; bless the accur'd; Make the hour leprous forlorn; place thieves, And give them title, knee, and approbation, With senators on the beef: this is it, That makes the wappen'd dog go wild again; She, who'd be the spit-head, and ulcerous sores, Would cast the garge at, the payment for her types To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
Scene III.

TIMON.  

Tim. That,  

By killing villains, thou hast worn to conquer  

My country.  

Put up thy gold: Go on,—here's gold,—go on;  

Be not of a petty place, a wretched object;  

With o'er some high and city, call his poor  

In the sick air; Let not thy word skip one;  

Pity not hon'd age for his white beard;  

Hate me the more: Strike me the most charient matron:  

It is her habit only that is honest,  

Herself a bawd: Let not the virgin's check  

Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-  

pallid faces smile from feels exhaust them all  

That through the window-bars are men's eyes,  

Are not within the feet of pity writ,  

Set them down horrible terrors: spare not the babe,  

Whose gossamer smiles from feels exhaust them.  

mercy;  

Think it a bastard, who the oracle  

 Hath doubtfully pronounced thy throat shall cut,  

And made it his sword: for grief against objects;  

Put armor on thine ears, and on thine eyes,  

Whose proof, nor cells of mothers, minds, nor babes,  

Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,  

Shall pierce a jot: There's gold to pay thy soldiers:  

Make large confusions: and, thy joy spent,  

Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.  

Alec.  

Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou giv'st me!  

Not all thy counsel.  

Tim.  

Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse  

Upon thee?  

Phr. & Timan.  

Give us some gold, good Timon:  

Hast thou more?  

Tim.  

Enough to make a whore's wear her trade,  

And make whores, a bawd. Hold up thy shield,  

Thy apron mountant: You are not cahoulable,—  

Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,  

Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,  

The martial gods that hear you,—spare your oaths,  

I'll trust to your conditions; Be whores still;  

And if this breath that you take you convert,  

Be strong in whom no bawd him, burn him up,  

Let your close fire predominate his smoke,  

And be no torches: Yet may your pains, six  

Be quite contrary: And thatch your poor thin roofs  

With burdens of the dead;—some that were hang'd.  

No matter;—wear them, betray with them: where  

Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:  

A pox of wrinkles!  

Phr. & Timan.  

Well, more gold;—What then!—  

Behold, we'll do any thing for gold.  

Tim.  

Consumptions sow  

In hollow houses of men; strike their sharp shins,  

And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,  

That he may never more in false title plead;  

Nor sound his quills! shrilly; hoar the flam'n,  

That scolds against the quality of flesh,  

And not believes himself; down with the nose,  

Doth wear the flat; the base is quite away  

Of him, that his particular to foresee,  

Smells from the general weal; make curd'd-pate  

Where complexions fail.  

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war  

Derive some pain from you: Plague all;  

That your activity may detect and quell  

The value of all errantry:—There's more gold;—  

Do you damn others, and let this damn you,  

And ditches grave you all!  

Phr. & Timan.  

More counsel with more money,  

Of the immortal Tison.  

Tim.  

More whored, more mischief first; I have  

given you earnest.  

Alec.  

Strike up the drum towards Athens.  

Tim. If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.  

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.  

Alec. I never did thee harm.  

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.  

Alec.  

Call'st thou that harm?  

Tim. Men daily find it such. Get thee away,  

And take thy bungles with thee.  

Sicilia.  

Cutting.  

An allusion to the tale of Edipus.  

Without pity.  

Against objects of charity and compassion.  

Vocations.  

Alec.  

We but sold him,—  

Strike.  

[Drum beats. Exit Alcibiades, Phrynius, and Timandra.  

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,  

Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou  

Digging.  

Whose worm unmeasurable, and infinite head,  

Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same molcule,  

Worsof thy proud child, arrogant man, is pull'd,  

Engenders the black toad, and adder bite,  

The cold weal, and eyeless venom'd worm.  

With all the abhorred births below crisp'ed heaven  

Whereon Hyperon's quickening fire doth shine;  

Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,  

From fort with the dangerous hopeless poor root!  

Enscar thy tertiary and concepcion widow,  

Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!  

Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;  

Toem with new monsters, whom thy upward face  

Be to the marble mansion all above  

Never preservst!—O, a root,—Dear thanks!  

Dry up thy narrow, vines, and plough-turn leas:  

Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,  

And morsels unctuous, gruses his pure mind,  

That from it all consideration slips!  

Enter Apemantus.  

More man? Plague! plague!  

Apem. I was directed hither: Men report  

Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.  

Tim. This then, because thou dost not keep a dog  

Whom I would imitate: Consumption catch thee!  

Tim. In man is the nature thou receiv'st;  

A poor unhuman melancholy, sprung  

From change of fortune. Why this spade? this  

pitch?  

This shee-like habit, and these looks of care!  

 Thy flatteners yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft,  

Hug their discase's perfumes, and have forgot  

That ever Tison was. Shame not these woods,  

But putting on the cunning of a country man  

Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive  

By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,  

And let thy body;—thou art ever from thyself,  

Blow off thy cap;—praise his most viscous strain,  

And call it excellent; thou wast told thus;  

Gav'st their thin ears, like tapsters, that bid well;  

To knaves, and all approchers; 'This most just,  

That thou turn rascal; hast thou wealth again,  

Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.  

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.  

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like  

thysell;  

A madman so long, now a fool: What, think'st  

That the base, thy base, thy insolence,  

Will put thy heart on warm? Will these man's duties  

That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,  

And skip when thou put'st out! Will the cold  

brook;  

Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,  

To cure thy o'ernight surfeit! call the creatures,—  

Whose naked natures live in all the spite  

Of wrinkled heaven; whose bare unloosed trunks,  

To the conflicting elements expos'd,  

Answer more nature,—but them flatten thee;  

O! thou shalt find—  

Tim.  

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 flatt'rst misery.  

Apem. I flatter not; but say thou art a caunt.  

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. Yes.  

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'lt dost curiour be again,  

Wert thou not beggar.  

Willing misers are  

Outwive uncertain pop, is crownd' before?  

The one is filling still, never complete;  

The other at high wish: Best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.
Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable,
Thou hast heart's breath; that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favor never clasps;—but bred a dog.
Hast thou, like us, from our first swifts proceed
The lawful degrees thou hast in this world to afford
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plunged thyself
In general rot, melted down thy youth
In thy own bed of death:—and never learn'd
The key precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself
Who had the world as my confectionary.
Thou hast the tongues of three thousand sorts of men.
At duty, more than I could frame employment;
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush.
Fall from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows;—I to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden:
That nature did commence in suffrence, time
Hath made thee hard in it. Why should'st thou hate
men?
They never flatter'd thee. What hast thou given?
In which, the wiser,—thy father, that poor ear.
Must be thy subject; who, in spite, put stuff
To some she-beggar, and compound thee,
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone;
If thou hadst not born the worst of men
Thou hadst been a knife, and darterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Thou art, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was

No prodigal. Tim. I, that I am one now;
What will 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!
Thou wouldst eat it.

[Enters a rod.]

Apem. Here! I will put thy beast, [Offering him something.

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 hodg'd;
I should it; I should it.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best and trustest;
For here it sleeps and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Unheard of above me.

Apem. Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Tim. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather,
Where it eat.

Apem. Thou would poison obedient, and knew
my mind!

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To serve thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never
knewest, but the extremity of both ends:—When
thou wast in gilt, and thyplitude, they mock'd
thee for too much curiously;—in thy raggs thou
knowest none, but art despised for the contrary.
There's a medlar for thee, eat it.


Apem. Let's hate.

Tim. Ay, though it look thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated medlars sooner,
you should have loved thyself better now. What
man didst thou ever know unlike, that was
beloved after his means!

Tim. Who, without those means thou talkest of,
do thou ever now beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some means
to keep a dog.

Tim. What things in the world causeth thou
nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the
things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the
world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power:

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Would'st thou have thyself full in the
confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Not this: for a beast's more miserable
in a world.

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 lynx
would suspeet thee; when, peradventure, thou wert accused
by the ass; if thou wert the ass, thy dundness would
torment thee; and still thou livedst but as a break-
fast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness
would afflicte thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard
thy life for thy dinner:—wou'rt thou the unicorn, pride
and warriness would confound thee, and make theme
own self the conqueror of thy turn:—wou'rt thou the bear,
you wouldst be killed by the horse:—wou'rt thou a horse,
you wouldst be seized by the lord:—wou'rt thou a lordan, you
wouldst be cursed by the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life:
all thy safety were remotions; and thy defence, absence.

What beast couldst thou be, that wert not subject to
a beast! and what a beast art thou already, that
seest not thy loss in transformation?

[Looking on the Gold.]

Tim. 'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright denier
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, bold, and delicate wooer;
Whose blush doth stam the consecrated snow
That lies on Dams lap; thou visible god,
That so many impossible things
And makst them kifs! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou toucher of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

Tim. Would it were so;—But not till I am dead!—I'll say; thou hast gold, thou
wilt be thord' to shorty.

Tim. Thon Thy back, I pr'ythee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery
Tim. Long live so, and so die!—I am quit.

[Exit Apemantus.

Tim. The top, the principal.

Timon.
More things like men!—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

**Enter Thieves.**

1 **Thief.** Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender out of his remainder: the mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy. 2 **Thief.** It is a noise, he hath a mass of treasure. 3 **Thief.** Let us make the assay upon him: if he care not for't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall'st get it? 2 **Thief.** True; for he's a rich man, his hid. 1 **Thief.** Is not this he? 2 **Thief.** Where! 1 **Thief.** Tis his description. 3 **Thief.** He! I know him. 2 **Thief.** Save thee, Timon. 1 **Thief.** Moses, soldiers, not thieves. 2 **Thief.** Both too; and women's sons. 3 **Thief.** We are not thieves, but men that much do want. 1 **Timon.** Your greatest want is, you want much of me.

Why should you want? Behold the earth hath roots; within this mile break forth a hundred springs: The sarks bear meat, the bruisers sweet hips; The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want? 1 **Thief.** We cannot live on grass, on berries, water, As madmen and fishes. 1 **Timon.** Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes.

You must eat men. Yet thanks! I must you can, That you be thieves professed; that you work not In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft In limited professions. Rascal thieves, Here's gold! Go, suck the subtle blood of the grape; Till the big fever seethe your blood to froth, And so escape hanging; trust not the physician; His antidotes are poison, and he stays More than you rob: take wealth and lives together; Do villany, do, since you profit to do. Like workmen. I'll example you with thievish The son's a thief, and with his great attraction Rabes the vast sea: the moon's an ardent thief, And her pale fire she snatches from the sun: The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves The moon into salt tears: the earth a thief That feeds on breads by a comest'st pale gold. From general excrement: each th'ens is a thief; The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power Have unchecked their love. Nor love not yourselves: away, Robin hood! Say, what's gold? 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 enough you howseover! 1 **Timon.** Return to his care.

3 **Thief.** He has almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it. 1 **Thief.** 'Tis in the nature of mankind, that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery. 2 **Thief.** I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade. 1 **Thief.** Let us first see peace in Athens: There is no tune so miserable, but a man may be true. 1 **Timon.** Return to his care.

**Enter Flavus.**

**Flavus.** O you gods! Is you desir'd and ruinous man my lord! Full of decay and failing! 0 monument And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd! What an alteration of honor has Desperate want made? What viler thing upon the earth, than friends Who can bring nolest minds to basest ends! How rarely does it meet with this time's guise, When man was wish'd to love his enemies: 1. Legal. 2. Comest, manure. 3. How happily. 

Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo These that would mischief me, than those that do! He has caught me in his eye: I will present My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord, Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master!

**Timon comes forward from his Care.**

**Timon.** Away! what art thou? 1 **Thief.** He have you forgot me, sir? 2 **Timon.** Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men; Then, if thou grant'st thou art man, I have forgot thee. 1 **Flavus.** An honest poor servant of yours. 2 **Timon.** Then I know thee not: I ne'er had honest man About me; 1 all that I kept were knives, To serve in meat to villains. 1 **Flavus.** The gods are witness, Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you. 2 **Timon.** What, dost thou weep! —Come nearer;— Then I love thee. Because thou art a woman, and disdainst Flinny mankind; whose eyes do never lose Dear thorough dust and laughter. 2 **Timon.** Strange to see, that weep with laughing, not with weeping! 1 **Flavus.** I beg of you to know me, good my lord, To accept my grief, that whilst this scarce wealth lasts, To entertain me as your steward still.

2 **Timon.** Had I a steward so true, so just, and now So comfortable! It almost turns my dangerous nardus difficult. Let me behold Thy face. —Surely, this man was born of woman. Forgive my generous and exceptless rashness, Perpetual-sooner gods! I do proclaim One honest man,—mislike me not,—but one; No more, I pray,—and he is a steward.— How fair would I have hated all mankind, And thou reGPCUest thyself: But all, save thee, tell with curses. Menthinks, 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 sensible, covetous, Not a murmuring kindness: and as rich men deal'd themselves, Expecting in return twenty for one? 1 **Flavus.** No, my most worthy master, in whose breast Doubt and respect, what are placed too late: You should have got'd false times, when you did best! Suspect still comes where an estate is least. That which I show, heaven know, is merely love, Duty, and zeal to your unmatcht mind. Care of your food and living: and, believe it, My most honor'd lord, For any benefit that points to me, Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange For this one wish, That had you power and wealth To requite me, by making rich yourself. 2 **Timon.** Look thee, 'tis so! —Thou singly honest man, Here, take — the gods out of my misery Have sent me treasure. Go, live rich, and happy: But thus condition'd: Thou shalt build from me;兴建 all, curse all; show charity to none: But let the famish'd desert leave from the bone, Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow them. Deibus with them: Be men like blasted woods, And may diseases lick up their false bloods! And so farewell, and thrive. 1 **Flavus.** O, let me stay, 2 **Timon.** And comfort you, my master. 1 **Timon.** Curses, stay not; fly, whilst thou art bless'd and free: Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee. 1 **Timon.** (Exeunt severally.)
ACT V.

SCENE I.—Before Timon's Cave.

Enter Poet and Painter; Timon behind, unseen.

Poet. As I took note of the place, it cannot be
for men so high.

Tim. I wonder what's to be thought of him? Does the
rumor hold for true, that he is so full of gold?

Poet. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia
and Timon had gold of him: he likewise en-
riched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity:
'Tis said he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Tim. Then this breaking of his has been but a
try for his hands?

Poet. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm
in Athens again, and flourish with the highest.
Therefore, 'tis not amiss we tender our loves to
him in this supposed distress of his; it will show
honestly in us; and is very likely to load our pur-
poses with what they travel for, if it be a just and
true report that goes of his having.

Tim. What have you now to present unto him?

Poet. Nothing at this time but my visitation:
only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Tim. If you can serve him so well; tell him of an
intent that's coming toward him.

Poet. Good as the best. Promising is the very
air o' the time: it opens the eyes of expectation;
peradventure is ever the dullest for his act; and, but
in the phainer and simpler kind of people, the deed
of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most
courtly and fashionable; performance is a kind of
will or testament, which argues a great sickness in
his judgment that makes it.

Tim. Excellent workman! Thou canst not
paint a man so bad as thyself.

Poet. I am thinking what I shall say I have pro-
vided for him: it must be a personating of him-
self; a satire against the solemnity of prosperity; with
a discovery of the infinite flatness, that follow
youth and opulence.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine
own work? Will thou whip thine own faults in
other? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Tim. True.

Poet. When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st, by free and other'd light.

Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's
gold,
That he is worship'd in a baser temple,
Then where swine feed!
'Tis the stone that rigit'st the bark, and plough'st the
foam:
Settled admired reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
'Tis I do meet them.

Poet. Advancing.

Tim. Poet, Hall, worthy Timon?

Poet. Sir,

Tim. I have one liv'd to see two honest men.

Poet. Sir, having o'er an open bounty tasted,
Hear'd why you were retired, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to you! Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I'm rapt, and cannot cover,
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With a man's size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see the better:
You, that are honest by being what you are,
Make them best seen, and known.

Poet. Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Poet. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I re-
quire you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? I no.

Both. What can we do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. You are honest men: you have heard that
I have gold:
I am sure you have: speak truth: you are honest
men.

Poet. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest men: Thou draw'st a coun-
terrist!

Best in all Athens; thou art, indeed, the best:
Thou contrivest most likely.

Poet. So, so, my lord.

Tim. Even so, sir, as I say:—And for thy fiction,

Why, thy verse stews with stuff too fine and smooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.

But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,
I must needs say, you have a little fault:
Marry, 'tis not monstrons in you; neither wish I,
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honor,
To make it known to us,

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will yoo, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a
knife,

That mightily deceives you.

Both. We.

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dis-
semble,

Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
In your bosom: yet remain assur'd,
That he's a made-up villain.

Poet. I know none such, my lord.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you
gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this, but two m
companies:—

Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,

Poet. To the Painter.

Come not near him.—If thou wouldst not reside

But where one villain is, then him abandon.—
Hence! pack! there's gold, ye came for gold, ye
slaves,
You have done work for me, there's payment:
Hence! You are an alchemist, make gold of that:
Out, rascal dogs!

[Exit, beating and driving them out.

SCENE II.—The same.

Enter Flavius, and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with
Timon:
For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
is friendly with him.

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
That feared his life, and grief, and time, and his own hand
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him: Bring us to him
And chance it as it may.

* A portrait was so called.
* A complete, a finished villain.
Flav. Here is his cage.—

Peace and content be here! Lend Timon! Timon! Let him and he speak to tear his griefs, the Athenians, by two of their most revered senators; greet thee:

Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!—Speak, and be hang'd!

For each true word, a blister! and each false be as a cautering 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.

2 Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon. Timon. 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 revancer,—feeling in itself,

As Timon's aid, hath made itself withal

Of its own will, restraining aid to Timon:

And send forth us, to make their sorrow'd render, Together with a recompense more fruitful,

Than health and leisure can weigh the world by the drum:

Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,

As shall to three riot out what wrongs were theirs,

And write in thee the figures of their love,

Ever to read them thine. You witch me in it;

Time. Suppose me to the very brink of tears:

Lend me a boy's heart, and a woman's eyes,

And I'll be weep thee these comforts, worthy senators.

1 Sen. Therfore, please thee to return with us,

And of our Athens, (thine, and ours,) to take The captain's-up, thou shalt be met with thanks,

Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name Live with authority:—so soon we shall drive back Of Alcibiades the approaches wild:

Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up his country's peace.

2 Sen. And shakes his threatening sword

Against the walls of Athens.

1 Sen. Therefore, Timon,—

Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir; Thus,—

If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,

Let not Timon, That—Timon cares not. But if he suck fair Athens, And take our goodly aged men by the beards, Giving our holy virgins to the slam Of contumelious,. beastly, mankind-at-war;

Then, let him know,—and tell him, Timon speaks it, In pity of our aged, and our youth,

I cannot choose but tell him, that— I care not, And let him take it at worst; for their knives care not

While you have threats to answer: for myself,

There's not a whistle in the unruly camp,

But I do prize it at my love, before

The reverend'st threat in Athens. So I leave you To the protection of the prosperous gods,

As leaves to keepers.

Stay not, all's in vain.

Flav. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,

It will be seen to-morrow: my long sickness Of health, and living, now begins to end,

And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still; Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,

And last so long enough!

1 Tim. But yet I love my own country; and am not One that recedes in the common wreck,

As common brat doth put it.

1 Sen. That's well spoken.

Tim. Command me to them; and tell them, that to ease them of their griefs,

And of little strakes, the right of their wrongs, Their pile of love, with other incident things That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain

In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do their—

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2 Sen. I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,

That much of my own use and profit to cut down,

And shortly must I tell it: Tell my friends,

Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,

From high to low throughout, that whose please To stop affliction, let him take his bate.

Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,

And hang himself:—I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall have him.

Tim. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,

Timon hath made his everlasting mansion

Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;

Which once a day with his embossed flood

The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come,

And let my grave-stone be your oracle,—

Lips, let your words go by, and language end:

What is amiss, plague and infectious name

Graves only be men's works; and death, their gain!

Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign!

1 Sen. His discontent's are unremovably

Coupled to nature.

2 Sen. Our hope in him is dead: let us return,

And strain what other means is left unto us

In our dear perd.

1 Sen. It requires swift foot. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The Walls of Athens.

Enter two Senators, and a Messenger.

1 Sen. Thou hast painfully discovered; are his files As full as thy report?

Mess. Have I spoke the least:

Besides, his expedition promises Present approach.

2 Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

Mess. I am a courier, one mine ancient friend:—

When, though in general part we were oppos'd,

Yet our old love made a particular force,

And made us speak like friends,—this man was rising

From Alcibiades to Timon's cage,

With letters of entreatry, which imported

His fellowship to the cause against your city,

In part to take this of Timon.

Enter Senators from Timon.

1 Sen. Here come our brothers.

2 Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.

The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring Both chokes the air with dust: In and prepare; Ours is the fall, I fear; our foes, the snare.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—The Woods. Timon's Cave, and a Tomb-stone seen.

Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.

Sold. By all description this should be the place. Who's here? Who speak, ha!—No answer!—What is this?

Timon is dead, who hath outstrip'd his span:

Some beast rear'd this; there does not live a man. Dead, sure; and thus his grave.

What's on this tomb I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax.

Our captain hath in every figure skill;

An aged interpreter, though with you in doubt days:

Before proud Athens he's set down by this, Whose tail the mark of his ambition is. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Before the Walls of Athens.

Trumpets sounded. Enter Alcibiades and Forces.

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town Our terrible approach. [A Parley sounded.

Enter Senators on the Walls.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the tune

Dreadful.}

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With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; till now, myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wandered with our travers'd arms, and
breath'd
Our sufferance vainly; now the time is flush;
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Crack'd of itself, No more: new breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of case;
And purry insolence shall break his wind,
With fear and horrid flight.
1 Sen. Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ex thou hastid power, or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee; to give thy rage balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.
2 Sen. So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble message, and by promises and means;
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.
1 Sen. These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs: nor are they such
That these great towers, trophies, and schools should
fall
For private faults in them.
2 Sen. Nor are they living
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation, and a bided death,
(If thy revenges hunger for that food,
Which nature loathes,) take thou the destin'd tenth;
And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.
1 Sen. All have not offended;
For those that were, is it not square to take,
On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended: like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and curb the infected forth,
But kill not all together.
2 Sen. What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than how to't with thy sword.
1 Sen. Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope,
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say, thou'lt enter friendly.
3 Sen. Throw thy glove;
Or any token of thine honor else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbor in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.
Aetcib. Then there's my glove;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports;
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fail, and no more: and,—to atone thy fears
With my more noble meaning,—not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be remedied, to your public laws
At heaviest answer.
Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.
Aetcib. Descend, and keep your words.
[The Senators descend, and open the Gates.
Enter a Soldier.
Sol. My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem of the sea;
And on his gravestone, this inscription; which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.
Aetcib. [Reads.] Here lies a wretched case, of
wretched soul bereft:
Seek not my name: A plague consume you wicked
cafilfs left!
Here lie I, Timon; who, alife, all living men did
hate:
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,
Scour'dst our brain's slow, and those our dieplets
which
From wizard nature fall, yet rich conceit
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 stult war;
make each
Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.
Let our drums strike.
[Exeunt.
* Unattacked gates. ** Reconcile.
* Etcop. ** Physician.
CORIOLANUS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, a noble Roman.
TITUS LARTIUS, a General against the Volscians.
COMINUS, a Citizen of Antium.
MENENIUS AGrippA, a Friend to Corioliatus.
SICINIUS VELUTES, a Tribune of the People.
JUNIUS BRUTUS, a Citizen of Volscia.
Young MARCUS, Son to Corioliatus.
A Roman Officer.
TELLUS AVIDUS, General of the Volscians.
Conspirators with Caius Marcius.

SCENE, partly in Rome, and partly in the Territories of the Volscians and Antitians.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

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

1 Cit. Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.
2 Cit. Speak, speak. [Several speaking at once.
3 Cit. You are resolved rather to die than to famish!
4 Cit. Resolved, resolved.
5 Cit. First, you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.
6 Cit. We know't, we know't.
7 Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Isn't a verdict?
8 Cit. No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away.
9 Cit. One word, good citizens.
10 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 an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufficiency is a gain to them.
11 Cit. Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.
12 Cit. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?
13 Cit. Against him first; he's a very dog to the commonalty.
14 Cit. Consider you what services he has done for his country!
15 Cit. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.
16 Cit. Nay, but speak not maliciously.
17 Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.
18 Cit. What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: You must in no way say, he is covetous.
19 Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults with surplus, to tire in repetition. [Shouts within.] What shouts are these? The other side of the city is riven: Why stay we prating here! To the Capitol.
20 Cit. Come, come.
21 Cit. Soft; who comes here!

Enter MENENIUS AGrippA.

22 Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa: one that hath always loved the people.
23 Cit. He's one honest enough: Would, all the rest were so!
24 Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you With hats and clubs? The matter speak, I pray you.
25 Cit. Our business is not unknown to the senate: They have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know, we have strong arms too.
26 Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine host neighbors, Will you undo yourselves?
27 Cit. We cannot, sir, we are undone already.
28 Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves, as hit them Against the Roman state; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong link asunder, than can ever Appear in your impediment: For the dearth, The gods, not the patricians, make it; and Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack, You are transported by calamity. Thither where more attends you: and you slander The heels o' the state, who care for you like fathers, When you curse them as enemies.
29 Cit. Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their storehouses crammed with grain; make edicts for

35

36
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to run
Lead'st first, to win some vantage,—
But make you ready your shafts and clubs;
Rendez your raths at the points of battle;
The case must have bale, Hail, noble Marcus!—

Ester Caesar Marchus.

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissen-
tious rogues?

Cic. What, you have ever your good word?

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will
flatter Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you
That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts you,
Where he could find you lions, finds you kares;
Where foxes, geese: You are so sner, no,
Than is the coat of fire upon the ice,
or hairstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves great-
ness,
Deserves your hate: and your affections are
A few, the appell'll tell you. With a kind of smile,
Which never came from the lungs, but even thus,
[For, look you, I may make the belly smile,
As well as speak.] it tauntingly replied
That desestivet men, members, halting parts
That envied his receipt; even so most subtly;
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

1 Cic. Your belly's answer: What!
The kingly-crowned-head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpet,
With other instruments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they

Men. What then?

1 Cic. Should by the coruscant body be restr.

Who is the sink o' the body,—

Men. Well, what then?

1 Cic. The former agents, if they did complain,

What could the belly answer!

Men. I will tell you; If you bestow a small [of what you have little]
Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

1 Cic. You are long about it.

Men. Note me this. Your great grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answered:
True is it, my incorporeal friends, quoth he,
That I receiv'd the general food and life,
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
Because I am the storehouse, 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 vital competency
Whereby they live: And though that all at once,
You, my good friends, [this says the belly.] mark me:

1 Cic. Ay, sir; well, well.

Men. Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver to each;
Yet I can make my supply up to that all
From me do return the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran. What say you to it?

1 Cic. It was an answer. How apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this goodly belly,
And you the mutinous members: For examine
Their counsels and their cares; digest things rightly
Touching the well o' the common; you shall find,
Not profitable benefit which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourselves.—What do you think?

You, the great toe of this assembly.

1 Cic. Why the great toe? Why the great toe?

Men. For that being one o' the lowest, basest,
poorest,

\[\text{Spread it.} \quad \text{Whereas.} \quad \text{Exactly.} \quad \text{Windicings.}\]

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissen-
tious rogues?

Cic. What, you have ever your good word?

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1 Cic. Why the great toe? Why the great toe?

Men. For that being one o' the lowest, basest,
poorest,
Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where's Caius Marius! 

Mor. Here; what's the matter! 

Mess. The news is, sir, the Voles are arms. Mor. I am glad on't; then we shall have means to vent 

Our musty superflity.—See, our best elders. 

Edl. Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators; 

JUNIUS BARTUS, and SEN VIUS VELUTUS. 

1 Sen. Marcus, 'tis true, that you have lately told us; 

The Voles are in arms. 

Mor. They have a leader, 

Titus Aundius, that will put you to't. 

I sin in envying his nobility: 

And were I any thing but what I am, 

I would wish me only he. 

Com. You have fought together. 

Mor. Were half to half the world by the ears, 

And upon my party, I'd revolt, to make 

Only my wars with him: he is a lion 

That I am proud to hunt. 

1 Sen. Then, worthy Marcus, 

Attend upon Cominius to these wars. 

Com. It is your former promise. 

Mor. And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou 

Shall use me once more strike at Aundius' face. 

What, art thou still! stand out! 

Tile. No. Caius Marius; 

I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other, 

Exeunt behind this business!  

Men. O, true bred! 

1 Sen. Your company to the Capitol; where, I know, 

Our greatest friends attend us. 

Tile. Lead you on: 

Follow, Cominius; we must follow you; 

Right worthy your priority. 

Com. Noble Lartius! 

1 Sen. Hencé! to your homes, be gone. 

[To the Citizens. 

Mor. Nay, let them follow; 

The Voles have much ear: take these rascals thither. 

To gnaw their garners!—Worshipful mutineers, 

Your valor puts well forth: pray, follow. 

[Exeunt Senators, Capt. More, Tit., and Mess. 

Sen. Citizens steal away. 

Sir. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcus! 

Brutus: he has no equal. 

Sir. When we were chosen tribunes for the people, 

Brutus mark'd you his lip, and eyes. 

Sir. Nay, but his taunts. 

Brutus: being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods. 

Sir. Behold the modést moon. 

Brutus: the present wars devour him: he is grown too proud to be so valiant. 

Such a nature, 

Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow 

Which he treads on at moon: But I do wonder, 

His insensibility can brook to be commanded 

Under Cominius. 

Brutus: Fame, at the which he aims,— 

In whom already he is well graeced,—cannot 

Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by 

A place below the first: for what miscarries 

Shall be the general's fault, though he perform 

To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure 

Will then cry out of Marius, O, if he 

Had borne the business! 

Sir. Besides, if things go well, 

Opinion, that so sticks on Marius, shall 

Of his merits? rob Cominius. 

Com. Cominius: 

Half all Cominius' honors are to Marcus, 

Though Marius earn'd them not: and all his faults 

To Marcus shall be honors, though, indeed, 

In aught he merit not. 

Sir. Let's hence, and hear 

How the deepast is made: and in what fashion, 

More than in singularity, he goes 

Upon his present action. 

Brutus: Let's along. 

[Exeunt. 

* Gramaries. 

+ Some. 

[Sen. 

§ Imperial. 

& Nobili. 

Scene II.—Coriolanus. Enter Caius ius Aundius, and certain Senators. 

1 Sen. So, your opinion is? Aundius, 

That they of Rome are enter'd in our councils, 

And know how we proceed. 

Aundius. 

Is it not yours? 

What ever hath been thought on in this state, 

That could be brought to bodily act, ere Rome 

Had execution? 'tis not four days gone, 

Since I heard them; the same are the words; I think 

I have the letter here; yes, here it is: [Reads. 

They have press'd a power, but it is not known 

Whether for east, or west: The death is great; 

The people insatious: and it is not now 

Cominius, Marcus, your old enemy, 

(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you.) 

And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman, 

These three lend on this preparation. 

Whether 'tis best: most likely, 'tis for you: 

Consider of it. 

1 Sen. Our army's in the field: 

We never yet made doubt that Rome was ready 

To answer us. 

Aundius. 

Nor did you think it folly, 

To keep your generals hence till'd, till when 

They need must show themselves; which in the 

hatching, 

It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery, 

We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was, 

To take in many towns, ere, almost, Rome 

Should know we were about. 

2 Sen. Noble Aundius. 

Take your commission: be you to your hands: 

Let us alone to guard Corioli: 

If they set down before us, for the remove 

Bring up your army: but, I think, you'll find 

They have not prepar'd for us. 

Aundius. 

Or, doubt not that; 

I speak from certainties. Nay, more, 

Some parcels of their powers are forth already, 

And only bithereward. I leave your honors. 

If we and Caius Marius chance to meet, 

'Tis sworn between us we shall never strike 

Till one can do no more. 

All. The gods assist you! 

Aundius. 

And keep your honors safe! 

1 Sen. Farewell. 

2 Sen. Farewell. 

All. Farewell. 

[Exeunt. 

Scene III.—Rome. An Apartment in Marcus' House. Enter Volumnia and Virgilia; They sit down on two low stools, and sew. 

Virgilia. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a manner comfortable sort. If my son were my husband, I should feeler rejoice in that absence wherein he won honor, than in the embraces of his bed, where he would show most love.—When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when for a day of kings' entractures, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholdin';—considering how honor would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger 

Where he might strike 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. 

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

Volumnia. Then his good report should have been of my son; I thereon would have found issue. Hear me proceed sincerely: Had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than the one my good Marcus,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit of action. 

Enter a Gentlewoman. 

Gentlewoman. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit your lordship. 

Virgilia. Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.
Coriolanus.

Act I.

Val. Indeed you shall not.

Methinks, I hear rather your husband's drum; See how he stirs! And here comes Ausidius down by the hair; As children from a bear, the Voices shunning him: Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—

'Tis he, you comrade, you need no more fear. Though you were born in Rome: his bloody brow With his mail'd hand then winding, forth he goes Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow But to lose his hair.

Vir. His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood! Val. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man Than gilt his horse's: The breasts of Hecuba, Which you did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier Than Hector's forehead, when it spurted forth blood At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria, We are fit to bid her welcome. [Ekt Gent. Vir. Prevail bless me! Ford to fell Ausidius! Val. He'll beat Ausidius' 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.

Val. Sweet madam,—

Gent. I'll glad to see your ladyship.

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

Val. Sir, that child is your ladyship's good madam.

Val. 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 noble boy. O, my truth! and the boy looks upon him! Wednesday half an hour and a half: he has such a continued countenance, I saw him run after a guided butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catch'd it again; or whether his fallsurpassed him, or how 'was he, so long as he did set his teeth, and tear it? O, I warrant, how he marmock'd it!—

Val. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.


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

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

Val. Not out of 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. That I may continue vent free and reasonably to come, you must go visit the good lady that lies there.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vir. Why, I pray you?—

Vir. Tis not to save labor, nor that I want love. Vir. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, the pretty. In Ulysses' absence, did but fill Theseus full of mirth. Come, I would, your canibale were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for puts. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam.

Val. In earnest, 'tis true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Voices have an army forth; and all the whole Roman army is the general, with one of our Roman power: your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioi; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This news, on mine honor: and so, I pray, go with us.

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

Val. I will not delay, madam; for you are now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In truth, I think, she would:—Fare you well then,—Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virginia, I will thy solemnities out of door, and go along with us.


Boy.
Enter Titus Lartius.

Lart. What is become of Marcus? All. Slain, sir, doubtless. Enter Coriolanus. Lart. Following the flies at the very heels, Went they he enters: who, upon the sudden, C eyel'd to their gates; he is himself alone, To answer all the city. Lart. Whose sensibly out tares his useless sword. And, when it bows, stand up! Thou art left, Marcus: A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art, Were set so rich a jewel. Thou, and 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 makest thine enemies shake, as if the world Were feverous and did tremble.

Re-enter Marcus, bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy. Lart. Look, sir. Let's fetch him off, or make remain abide. [They fight, and all enter the City. SCENE V.—Within the Town. A Street. Enter certain Romans, with Spoils. 1 Rom. This will I carry to Rome. 2 Rom. And I this. 3 Rom. A marvellous off! I took this for silver. [Achran continues still off. Enter Marcus, and Titus Lartius, with a Trumpet. Mar. See here these mowers, that do prize their hours At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons, Irons of a doubt, doublets that hangmen wear, Furry with those that wore them, these base slaves, Ere yet the light be done, pack up!—Down with them.— And hark, what noise the general makes!—To him— There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius, Piercing our Romans: Then, valiant Titus, take Convenient numbers to make good the city; Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste To help Cominius. Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st; Thy exercise hath been too violent for A second course of fight. Mar. Sir, praise me not; My work hath: yet warm'd me: Fare you well. The blood I drop is rather physical Than dangerous to me: To Aufidius thus I will appear, and fight. Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune, Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms Misscide thy opposers swords! Bold gentleman, Prosperity be thy page! Mar. Thy friend no less Than she that placeth high'd! So, farewell. Lart. Thou wastest Marcus!—[Exit Marcus. Go, sound thy trumpet in the market place; Call thither all the officers of the town, Where they shall know our mind: Away. [Exeunt. SCENE VI.—Near the Camp of Cominius. Enter Corinhius and Forces retreating. Com. Breathe you, my friends; well fought, we are come off Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands, Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs, We shall be charg'd again. Whilest we have struck, By interims, and convening gusts, we have heard The charges of our friends—The Roman gods, Lead their successes as we wish our own; That both our powers, with smiling fronts encoutering. Enter a Messenger. May give you thankful sacrifice!—Thy news? Mess. The citizens of Corinthe have issed, And given to Lartius and to Marcus battle: I saw my party to their trenches driven, And then I came away. 1 Having sensation, feeling. 2 A Roman coin. Com. Though thou speak'st truth, Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is't since! Mess. Above an hour, my lord. Com. "Tis not a mile; brie'ly we heard their drums; How couldst thou in a mile confound? an hour, And bring thy news so late? Mess. Spies of the Volcnes held me in chase, that I was forced to wheel Three or four miles about; else had I, sir, Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter Marcus. Com. Who's yonder, That do's appear as he were day'd! 0 gods! He has the stamp of Marcus; and I have Before-time seen him thus. Mar. Come I too late? Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor, More than I know the sound of Marcus' tongue From every meaner man's. Mar. Come I too late! Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others, But mantled in your own. Mar. O! let me clip you; In arms as sound, as when I would, in grief As merry, as when our nuptial day was done, And apters 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 prying, threat'ning oth'the; Holding Corinthe 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 trencnes! Where is he? Call him hither. Mar. Let him alone, He did inform the truth; But for our gentlemen, The common file, [A plague!—Tricks for them! The mouse ne'er surnad the cat, as they did Budge from rascals worse than they. 'Com. But how prevail'd you? Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think— Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field? If not, why cease you till you are so? Com. Marcus, We have at disadvantage fought, and did Retire to win our purpose. Mar. How lies their battle! Know you on which side They have placed their men of trust! Com. As I guess, Marcus, Their hands in the vaward are the Antiques, Of their best trust: o'er them Aufidius, Their very heart of hope. Mar. Do beseech you, By all the battles wherein we have fought, By the blood we have shed together, by the vows We have made to endure friends, that you directly Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiques: And that you not delay the present but, Filling the air with swords advanced, and darts, We prove this very hour. Com. Though I could wish You were conducted to a gentle halt And balms applied to you, yet dare I never Deny your asking; take your choice of these The best can aid your action. Mar. Those are they That most are willing:—If any such be here, (As it were sin to doubt) that love this painting Wherein you see me wear'd; if any fear Lesser his person than an idle report; If any think, brave death outweighs bad life, And that his country's dearer than himself; Let him alone, or so many, so minded, Wave thus, [Waving his hand.] to express his disposition, And follow Marcus. They shall about, and wear their Swords; take him up in their Arms, and cast up their Caps.
CORIOLANUS.

Act I. SCENE IX.

O me, alone! Make you a sword of me!
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Voices! None of you but is
Able to bear against the greatest Auifidus.
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select: the rest,
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cannot have had the praise to March—
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best melind'd.

March on, my fellows:
My good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—The Gates of Corioli.

Titus Lartius, having set a Guard upon Coriolus,
going with a Drum and Trumpet towards
Cominius and Caius Marcius, enters with a
Lieutenant, a party of Soldiers, and a Scout.

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

Lici. Fear not our care, sir.

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

[Exeunt.

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

Lart. Enter Marcius and Attendants.

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

Aug. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee.

Nar. Yf I try, Marcius,
Hallow me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullius,
A blood of fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleased; 'twas not my blood
Wherein thou seest me mask'd: for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Lart. Wert thou the Hector, that was the whip of thy bragg'd procyn,
Thou shouldst not seare me here.

[They fight, and certain Voices come to the
end of the battle.][All of Activity.

Officious and not valiant,—you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds? [Ele rate fighting, driven in by Marcius.

SCENE IX.—The Roman Camp.

Lart. A Retreat is sounded. Fioishur, enter:
At one side, Cominius and Romans; at the other
side, Marcius, with his Arm in a Scarf,
and other Romans.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thought not believe thy deeds: but I'll repeat it
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patricians shall affect, and shrug,
I the end, admire; where ladies shall be frightened,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull
tribunes,
That, with the lusty plebeians, late thine honors,
Shall say against their thoughts—We thank the gods,
Our Rome hath such a soldier!—

Yet can'tst thou to a morose of this feast,
Having fully dined before.

Enter Titus Lartius, with his Power, from the
Pursuit.

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, the we carphon:
Hath thou beheld it?

Mar. Pray now, no more; my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me. I have done
As you have done; that's what I can; induced
As you have done; that's for my country:

1 Gates. 2 Companies of a hundred men.
3 In affording such ill-timed help.
4 Thrown into gratuitous trepidation.

He that has but effected his good will,
Hath overtaken mine act.

Com. Thou shall not
The service of thy deserving: Rome must know
The value of her own: 'twere a concession
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which to the spirit of such is a pleasing wound,
Would seem but modest. Therefore, I beseech you,
(If in sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done,) before our army hear me.

Mar. You have some wounds upon me, and they
smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
Whereof we have in good, and good store, of all
The weapons and the shield acquired, and city,
We render you the tenth; to be taken forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bridle 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, Marcus! Marcus! close up their Cups and Lances: Comi-
nius and Lartius stand bare.

Mar. May these same instruments, which you
proclaim,
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall
The pleasing voices of the streets, and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing; When steel grows
Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made
An overture for the wars! No more, I say;
For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,
Or foul'd some dubious wretch—which without note,
Here's many else have done,—you shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As I loved my life, and should be diet'd
In praises sauced with lies.

Com. Too modest are you; more cruel to your good report than grateful
To us that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Laokeum that means his proper 'harm) in manacles,
Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it
known,
As to us, to all the world, that Cains Marcius
Wears this war's garland; in token of which
you should know him 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 clamor of the host,
Such Marcus Coriolius.—

Bear the addition nobly ever!

[Fiorish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.

All. Cains Marcus Coriolius! Lart. Marcus! Marcius! And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no: Howbeit, I thank you—
I mean to strike your seed; and, at all times,
To understand your good addition,
To the fairness of my power.

Com. So to our tent; the care we do repose us, we will write
to Rome of our success,—You, Titus Lartius, Masto to Corioli back: send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate,
For our own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Com. The gods begin to mock me. I that now
Refus'd more princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general, and top of praise would
Take a.—What's your thers.—What is't
Com. I sometime lay here, in Corioli,
At a poor man's house: he used me kindly:
He cried to me: I saved him prisoner, but
But then Auifidus was within my view,
And strait 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 the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcus, his name! a

1 Weak. feeble.
2 Own.
3 Add more by doing his best.
4 Chief men.
ACT II. SCENE I.  CORIOLANUS.

Cor. By Jupiter, forget—
I am weary; yea, my memory is h'rd—
Have we no wine here?—
Sow. Go to our tent;—
The blood upon your visage dires: 'tis time
It should be look't to: come. [Exeunt.

SCENE X.—The Camp of the Volscus.

A flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullus Aufidius, bloody, with two or three soldiers.

Auf. The town is taken!—
1 Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition!—
1 Sol. By Jove! I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a voice, be that I am.—Condition! What good condition can a treaty find
The part that is at mercy! Five times, Marcius,
I have remonstrated with this disloyal head,
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,
Your two or I am bias; Mine emulation
Hath not that honor in't, it had; for where?
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
(True sword to sword,) I'lt pitch at him some way;
(or wrath, or craft, may get him.)—
1 Sol. He's the devil.
Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle: My valor's poison'd,
With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly by night; for by day, sleep, or sanitary,
Being naked, sick: nor tame, nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embalmer's all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom'game;
My hate to Marcus: where I find him, were it
At home upon my brother's guard, even there
Against the hospitable canons, would I
Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go to the city;
Learn, how 'tis hold; and what they are, that is last
Be hostages for Rome. [Exeunt.

Auf. Will you not go?—
1 Sol. I am attended by the cypress grove:
I pray you,
(Too sound the city mills,) bring me word atterth
How the world goes; that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.
1 Sol. I shall, sir. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Public Place.

Enter Menenius, Suckins, and Brutus.

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

Brut. Good or bad?—
Men. Not according to the prayer of the people;
For I have heard the voice of the city.
Sir. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends. Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?
Sir. The lamb.
Men. How can you devour him; as the hungry plebeus would the noble Marcus?
Brut. He's a lamb indeed, that bares like a bear.
Men. He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb.
Men. Two or I am bias; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both Trib. Well, sir.
Men. In what enormity is Marcus poor, that you two have not in abundance!—
Both Trib. He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.
Sir. Especially in pride.
Both Trib. And topping all others in boasting.
Men. This is strange now: Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us and ours?—
Both Trib. Why, how are we censured?—
Men. Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry?
Both Trib. Well, well, sir, well.
Men. Why, 'tis no great matter: for very little thicke of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your disposition the reins, and be augured at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcus for being proud?
Both Trib. We do it not alone, sir.
Men. Why, I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many; or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too in- jury like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O! that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!
Brut. What then, sir?
Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, [alas tools,] as any in Rome.
Sir. Marcus, you are known well enough too.
Men. I am known to be a humours patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of alias Tyber in't; said to be something imperfect, in favoring the first complaint: hasty, and tender-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than
* Whereas.

with the forehead of the morning. What I think I utter; and spend my malice in my breath: Meet- ing two such weak-mind'd as you are, [I cannot call you Lycorouses,] if the drink you gave me, stuck my palate advirtly, I made a crooked face at it.
I cannot say, your worship's have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the mapo of my malice: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are revenged grave men; yet, tell me, that tell, you have good hopes. If you make this in the mapo of my malice, and I scarce follows it, that I am known well enough too! What harm can your bosom' conspeectures given out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Brut. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs; you wear out a good wholesome fore- room, in hearing a cause between an orange wife and a fasteseller; and then return the controversy of three-piece to a second day of audience. —When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pitched with the cowl, you make faces like marmets; set up the bloody flag against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, that end up the controversy, the more enraged by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause, is calling both the patience knaves: You are a pair of strange ones.

Brut. Come, come, you are well understood to be a pericter giber for the table, than a necessary boucher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become muckers, if they shall partake of such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honorable a grave, as to stuff a bottle, or empty it, or be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcus is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, upon Jerusalem; though, per- adventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good c'en to your worshipships: more of your conversation would injet my brain, being the herdmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leaf of you.

[Brut. and Sir. retire to the back of the Scene.

Enter Volumnia, Virginia, 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?

Val. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcus approaches: for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcus coming home! **

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous propostion.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter and I thank thee:—

Hoo! Marcus comes home! Come in, come in! Two Ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

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

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night:— A letter for me!—

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

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricke, and to this prescription, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Tir. Oh, no, no, no.

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. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had staid by him, I would not have been so indisposed for all the chests in Coriol; and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go:—Yes, yes, yes: the senators' letters from the general, and in him he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Vol. In truth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous? Ay, I warrant you, and without his true purchasing.

Tir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True! I hope, woman.

Men. True! I'll be sworn they are true:— Where is he wounded?—God save your good worships! [To the Tribunes, who come forward.] Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud:—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I the shoulder, and 't the left arm: There shall be large quadrates to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts 't the body.

Men. One in the neck, and two in the thigh,— there's none 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 ensign to his grave: [A Shout and Flourish.] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the urchins of Marcus; before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears; Death, that's dry-spirted, in 's weary arm doth lie:— Which being advanced, declines; and then men die.

A Serenade. Trumpets sound. Enter Commius and Titus Lartius; between them, Coriolanus, crowned with an oaken Garland; with Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcus did fight Within Coriol's gates: where he hath won, With fame a name to Caius Marcus; these In honor follow, Coriolanus; Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! [Flourish.]

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! Cor. No more of this, it doth offend my heart; Pray now, no more.

Com. O! Look, sir, your mother.

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods For my prosperity. [Kneels.]

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up; My gentle Marcus, worthy Caius, and By deeds-achieving honor newly nam'd, What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee? But O, thy wife—

Cor. My gracious silence, hail!—

Wou'dst 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 Coriol warn, And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Cor. And live you yet?—0 my sweet lady, pardon. [To Valeria.]

Vol. I know not where to turn:—0 welcome Lords.

And welcome, general;—And you are welcome all. Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep.

And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy: Wel come: A curse begin at every root of his heart. That is not glad to see thee!—You are three, That Rome should do: one; yet, by the faith of men, We have some old crab-trees here at home, that Be grazed to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors: We call a nettle, but a nettle; and The faults of tools, but folly.

Cor. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and yours. [To his Wife and Mother.]

Enter in our own house I do shade my head, The good patricians must be visited; From whom I have received not only greetings, but with them change of honors.

Vol. I have lived To see inherited my very wishes, And the buildings of my fancy: only there is one thing wanting, which I doubt not, but Our Rome will cast upon thee.

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

Com. [To the Capitol.]

(Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before.]

Vol. The Tribunes remain.

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the blear'd sights Are spectacled to see him; Your prattling nurse Into a rapture lets her baby cry. While she chats him: the kitchen maiklin' pins Her richest lockbram' bont her reechy' neck, Clambering the walls to eye him: stalls, bolts, windows. Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hord'd With variable complexities: all agreeing In earnestness to see him: self-show'd damosels Do pressing on the public thorough, and pull To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames Commit the war of white and damask, in Their spectacled, gewaided' checks, to the wanton spoil Of Phoebus, bursting kisses: such a mother, As if that whatsoever god, who leads him, Were slyly crept into his human powers, And gave him gracious posture.

Sic. On the sudden, I warrant him consult.

Bru. Then our office may.

During his power, go sleep. Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honors From where he should begin and end; but will Lose those that he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort. Sic. Doubt not, the commoners, for whom we stand, But there, upon their ancient maleice, will Forget, with the least cause, these his new honors; Which that he'll give them, make as little question As he is proud to do. Bru. I heard him swear.

Were he to stand for consult, never would he Appear 't the market-place, nor on him put The napless vesture of humanity; Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds To the people, beg their kneeling breaths. Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word: O, he would miss it, rather Than carry it, but by the suit of the gentle to him, And the desires of the nobles.

Malt. Bless Haien. sold with sweat and smoke Seldon, Priest. {Adorned.
Scene II.

CORIOLANUS.

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 counsel, that at one end
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform’d
By Caius Marcus Coriolius; whom
We meet here, both to thank and to remember
With honors like his himself.

Sen. Speak, good Cominius; leave nothing out for length, and make us think
Rather our state’s defective for recapitulation,
Than we to stretch it out. Masters of the people,
We do request your kindest ears; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sen. We are convened
Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
Inclined to honor and advance
The theme of our assembly.

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

Men. That’s off, that’s off;
I would you rather had been silent: Please you
To hear Cominius speak.

Men. Most willingly: But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you gave it.
Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.

Cor. Cominius rises, and offers to go away.

Men. Sit. Cominius: never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honors’ pardon; I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them. Sir, I hope,
My words disench’d you not.

Men. No, sir; yet off
When brows have made me stay, I feed from words.
You sooth’d not, therefore hurt not: But your people,
I love them as they weigh.

Men. Fray now, sit down.
When the alarm were struck, then idly sit
To hear my nothing monstred.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i’ the sun,
When the alarm were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothing monstred.

Com. I shall lack voice; the deeds of Coriolius
Should not be utter’d feebly.—It is hold,
That valor is the choicest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterafet.—At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all power I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian limb he drov’n
The braided lances before him: he bestrid
An o’er-pres’t Roman; and ’tis the consul’s view
Slew three oppressors: Tarquin’s self he met,
And struck him on his lance: in that day’s feats,
When he struck danger through the world in the scene,
He prov’d best man o’ the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter’d thus, he waxed like his sire,
And, in the height of seventeen battles since,
He lurch’d all swords o’ the garland. For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak of him home. He stopp’d the thers;
And, by his rare example, made the coward
Turn terror into sport: as waves before
A vessel under sail, so men obey’d.
And felt how his step was sword (death’s stamp)
Where it did mark it took; from face to foot

Sic. I wish no better,
That I may have him hold that purpose, and put it
In execution.
Bru. ’Tis most like, he will.
Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good wishes;
And such destruction.
Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people in what hatred
He seems to shew the state that in the power he would
Have made them nuisances, silenced their pleading, and
Disproportioned their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Curse him soul, as he would to the world,
Than camels in their war; who have their provant;
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall teach the people, (which time shall not want,
If he be put upon: and that’s as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep,) will be his fire;
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What’s the matter?
Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. ’Tis thought
That Marcus should be consult: I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To beg to speak: The matrons show their griefes
Ladies and maids their scars and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass’d: the nobles bended,
As to Jove’s statue; and the commons made
A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and shouts:
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let’s to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [Exeunt.

Scene II.—The Capitol.

Enter two Officers, to lay Cushions.

Off. Come, they are almost here: How many stand for consuls?

Off. Three, say they; but ’tis thought of every one,
Coriolius will carry it.

Off. That’s a brave fellow: but he’s vengeance
Proud, and loves not the common people.

Off. Faith, there have been many great men
That have flatt’d the people, who’ve ever loved them;
And many more that they have loved not;
Not wherefore; so that, if they love they know not why,
They hate upon no better a ground: Therefore,
For Coriolius neither to care whether they
Love or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he
Has in his disposition; and out of his noble carelessnes,
Let them plainly see’t.

Off. If he did not care whether he had their love, or no,
He was萬元tly tratt’d, and cou’d do 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
do him their opposite. Now, to seem to
admit the mallei and displeasure of the people, is
as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

Off. The hath deserved worthy of his country:
And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those, who, having been supple and courteous to the people, become’d without any further deed to honor, and are carried all into their favor: for his sport; but he hath so planted his honors in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not comess so much, were a kind
of ingratitude: to report otherwise were a malice, that,
giving itself the lie, would pluck re-proof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

Off. No more of him; he is a worthy man:
Man, to a monarch.

Suet. Enter, with Victors before them, Caius,
the Consul, M. Ennius, Coriolius, many
other Senators, Sicinius, and Brutus. The Senators
Take their places; the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.

Men. Having determin’d of the Volscians, and
To send for Tullus Lartius, it remains,

He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tincted with dying cries; alone he enter'd
The mortal city, where he painted
With stainless destiny, a deedless came off,
And with a sudden reinforcement struck
Coriol, like a planet: Now all's his:
When by and by the din of war'gan' pierce
His ready sense: then straight his doubled spirit
Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigaze,9
And to the battle came; where he did
Run reckoning o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil; and, till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To leave his breast with panting.

1 Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the honors
Which we devise him. 
Cor. Our spoils he kick'd at; and
Look'd upon things precarious, as they were
The common luck o' the world: he covets less
Than misery, itself would give: rewards
His deeds with doing them, and is content
To spend the time to end it.

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

1 Sen. Call for Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter Coriolanus.

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

Cor. My fees, and services.

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

Cor. I do beseech you, that you o'earlap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entertain them.
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you,
That I may pass this doing.

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

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

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well be
Taken from the people.

Sir. Mark you that? I'll be bold unto them—thus I did, and thus:
Show them the unaching scars which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only:

Men. Do not stand up.
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our cause to them;—and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honor.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honor!
Floreat. Then exit Senators.

Brut. You see how he intends to use the people.
Sir. May they perceive his intent? He that will require them,
As if he did contain what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Brut. We'll inform them
Of our proceedings here; on the market-place,
I know they do attend us.

SCENE III.—The Forum.

Enter several Citizens.

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

2 Cit. Nor may, sir, if we will.

3 Cit. We have power in ourselves to do it, but
it is a power that we have no power to do; for if
he show us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to
put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so, if he tells us his noble deeds, we must
also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful,
were to make a monster of the multitude; of which, we being members, should
beourselves to be monstrous members.

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

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

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

3 Cit. Nay, your wit will not so soon out as
another man's will; 'tis strongly wedg'd up in a
blockhead: but if it were at liberty, I would, sure,
southward.

2 Cit. Why that way?

3 Cit. I judge myself a fool: in which being three
parts melted away with rotten devils, the fourth
would return for conscience sake to help to get
thee a wife.

2 Cit. You are never without your tricks:—You may,
you may.

3 Cit. Are you all resolved to give your voices?
But that's no matter, the greater part carries it.
I say, if he would incline to the people, there was
never a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus and Menenius.

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

All. Content, content. [Exeunt.

Men. Sir, you are not right; have you not
Known the worthiest men have done it?

Cor. What must I say?—I pray, sir,—Plague upon it! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace:—look, sir,—my
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
At the noise of our own drums.

Men. Me, the gods! You must not speak of that: you must desire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me! Hang'em,
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divine's lose by them.

Men. I'll leave you; pray you, speak to them; I pray you,
In wholesome manner. [Exeunt.

Enter two Citizens.

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

1 Cit. We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 Cit. Your own desert.

Cor. Ay, not
Mine own desire.

1 Cit. How! not your own desire?

Cor. So, 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 o' the consul-
ship?

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

Cor. Kindly?

Sir, I pray let me ha'n: 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 were many with whom voices beggd—
I have your alms; adieu.

1 Cit. But this is something odd.

2 Cit. An't were to give again,—But 'tis no matter.

[Exeunt two Citizens.]
Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices, that I may be consult, I have here the customary gown.

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

Cor. Your engross.

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 virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition; they account gently; and see the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the maxim, nod, and be off to them most counterfeited; that is, sir, I will counteract the detriment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the deserving. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consult.

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.

Then the chace the when first we do deserve.

Why in this woful gown should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Thus to unarmed voices?—Custome calls me to!—
What custom wills, in all things should we do,
The dust on antique time would be unswept,
And mountaneous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to over-peer.—Rather than look so,
Let the high office and the honor go
To one that would do thus,—I am half through;
The one part suff'd, the other will I do.

Enter three other Citizens.

Here come more voices;
Your voices; for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles three six.
I have seen and heard of; for your voices have
Done many things, some less, some more: your
voices:
Indeed, I would be consult.
6 Cit. Therefore let him be consult: The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people.

AII. Amen, Amen.—

God save thee, noble consul! [Exit Citizens.

Cor. Worthy voices!

Reciter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS AND SCITIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribes
Endue you with the people's voice: Remains,
That, in the official marks invested, you
Amon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sec. The custom of request you have discharged:
The marks rata, and you are summon'd
To meet anon upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sec. There, Coriolanus.

May. I may then change these garments?

Sec. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself
Again the senate-house.

Sec. Fare you well. [Exit Consul, and MENENIUS.

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at his heart.

Reciter. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds: Will you discuss the people?

Reciter Citizens.

Sec. How now, my masters! have you chose this man?

1 Cit. He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods, he may deserve your
loves.

2 Cit. Ah, sir; To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 Cit. Certainly,

He flouted us downright.

1 Cit. No; his kind of speech, he did not mock us.

2 Cit. Not one amongst us save yourself but says,
He used us scornfully: he should have show us
his marks of merit, wounds receive'd for his country.
Sec. Why, so he did, I am sure.

Sec. No; no man saw 'em.

[Several speeck.

3 Cit. He said, he had wounds, which he could
show in private;
And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
I would be consult, said: aged men who
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore: When we granted that,
Here was,—I thank you for your voices,—thank you.

Your most sweet voices;—now you have left your voices.

1 have no further with you:—Was not this
mockery!

Sec. Why, either, were you ignorant to see it?
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were less'd.—When he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy; ever spake against
Your liberties, and the charitiers, but you bear
'the body of the weight: and now arriving
A place of potency, and sway o' the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast for the custom, your voices, perhaps
He curses to yourselves! You should have said,
That as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood to, so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sec. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advise'd, had touch'd his spirit,
And try'd his inclination: from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
or else it would have gild'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to weight; so, putting him to rage,
You should have known, in the advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unciciected.

Bru. Did you perceive,
He did solicit in free contempt,
When he had need of your loves; and do you think,
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your

No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to ery
Against the rectorship of judgment!

Sec. Have you,
Ere now, deny'd the ask? and, now again,
on him, that did not ask, but mock'd, besow
Your sniv-for tongues!

3 Cit. He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 Cit. I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 Cit. I twice live hundred, and their friends to
piece'em.

Bru. You hence instantly; and tell those friends,—
They have chose a consul, that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking;
As therefore keep to do so.

Sec. Let them assemble;
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election: Enhorce his pride,
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took you
The apprehension of his present porosis,
Which gibingly, ungraciously he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay
A fault on us, your tribes; that we labor'd

2 Plebeians, common people.

Carriage.
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrance: but you have found,
Slaught'ring his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revolve
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you never had done
(Harp on that still,) but by our putting on:
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

Cor. We will so: almost all [Screats speak.
Revert in their election. [Execut. 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.

Sen. To the Capitol:
Come; we'll be there before the stream of the people;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [Execut.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Street.

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINUS, TITUS LARTIUS, SCENARS, AND PATRICIANS.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head? 

Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was, which caused
Our swifter composition.

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

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

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

Lart. On safe-guard he came to me; and did curse
Against the Voices, 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 have no fortune
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hated folly.—Welcome home.

To LARTIUS.

Enter SCRANTUS AND BRETTS.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise
For they do prank them in the people,
Against all noble sustenance.

Sen. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha! what is that?

Bru. It will be dangerous to
Go on: no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter! 

Cor. Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the commons?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I heard children's voices?

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

Bru. The people are incess'd against him.

Sen. This.

Or all will fall in brawl.

Cor. Are these your herd?— Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues!—What are your offices!

You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?

Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpose'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:—
Suffer it, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will rule.

Bru. Call'st not a plot:
The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repul'd 'em.
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people: call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Let it not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them since?

Bru. How! inform them?

Cor. You are like to do such business.

Not unlike
Each way to better yours.

Cor. Why then should I be consulted? By you clouds
Let me deserv'e so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow-tribune.

Men. 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 abs*d.—Set on.—This pall'rings
Become not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so disdain'd of a rab, laid fiakly
The plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak'nt again;—
Men. Not now, not now.

1 Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:—

For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein beheld themselves: I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd, and
Sunder'd,
By mingling them with us, the honor'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

1 Sen. No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How! no more! A
As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not caring outward to do, so shall my lungs
Comm! words till they decay, against those measels Which we disdain should citer? us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.

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

To jump a body with a dangerous physic 
That's sure of death without it—at once pluck out 
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick 
The sweet which is their poison: your dishonor 
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state 
Of that integrity which should become it; 
Not having the power to do the good it would 
For the ill which both control it. 

Brut. 

Sen. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer 
As traitors do. 

Cor. Thou wretch! despite o' erwhelm thee!— 
What should these people do with these bold tribunes! 

On whom depending, whose obedience fails 
To the greater bench: In a rebellion, 
When what's not murder, but what must be, was law, 
Then were they chosen; in a better hour, 
Let what is meet, be said it must be meet, 
And throw their power into the dust. 

Brut. Manifest treason. 

Sen. 

Cor. 

In Sic. 

Sic. This a counsel? no. 

Brut. 

Men. 

Sic. Go, call the people; [Exit Brutus: in whom 

Attach their, as a traitorous innovator, 
A foe to the public weal: Obey, I charge thee, 
And follow to thine answer. 

Cor. Hence, old goat! 

Men. 

Sic. 

Brutus, with the Ediles, and a Rabble of 

Citizens. 

Men. On both sides more respect. 

Sic. Here's he, that would 

Take from you all your power. 

Brut. 

Sen. 

Brutus. 

Cit. 

Men. 

Sic. Hear me, people:—Peace; 

Cit. Let's hear our tribunes:—Peace, Speak, speak, 

Men. You are at point to lose your liberties: 

Marcius would have all from you; 

Marcius, whom late you have named for consul. 

Men. 

Sic. 

True, 

The people are the city. 

Brut. By the consent of all we were established 
The people's magistrates. 

Men. 

Sic. 

Men. And so are like to do. 

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat; 

To bring the roof to the foundation; 

And bury all which yet distinctly ranges, 

In heaps and piles of ruin. 

Sic. 

This deserves death. 

Brut. Or let us stand to our own authority. 

Men. Or let us lose it;—We do here pronounce, 

Upon the part of the people, in whose power 

We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy 

Of present death. 

Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him: 

Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence 

Into destruction cast him. 

Brut. 

Cit. Ediles, seize him. 

Sen. 

Men. 

Sic. 

Men. 

Risk. 

Men. Beech you, tribunes, hear me but a word. 

Ediles. Peace, peace, peace. 

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friend, 

Number. 

Fear.
And temperately proceed to what you would Thus violently redress.

Sir, these cold ways, That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous With the coldness is violence—lay hands upon him, And bear him to the rock.

No; I'll die here. [Drowing his sword.]

There's some among you have been friends the lighting; Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen.

Men. Down with that sword—Tribunes, withdraw a while.

Brut. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help Marcius! help, You that are noble; help him, young and old! 

Cit. Down with him, down with him.

[In this scene, the Tribunes, the Edicts, and the People, are all dead in.

Men. Go, get you to your house; begone, away, All shall be taught else.

Get you gone.

Cor. Stand fast;
We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that! The gods forbid!

I pray thee, noble friend, home to thy house; Leave us to cure this case.

Men. For 'tis a sore upon us, You cannot tent yourself: Begone, beseech you.

Come, sir, along with us.

Cor. I would they would barbarians, (as they are, Though in Rome int'rest) not Romans, (as they are) Though call'd the porch o' the Capitol. Men. Put not thy worthy rage into your tongue; One time will over one.

Cor. I will beat forty of them.

Men. Could I myself Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the two tribunes.

Com. But now his 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 interupted waters, and o'erbear What they are used to bear.

Men. Pray you, begone; I'll try whether my old wit be in request With those that have but little; this must be patch'd With cloth of any color.

Com. Nay, come away;
[Exeunt Con., Com., and others.]

1 Pat. This man hath merr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world; He would not flatter Neptune for his trident, Or love for his power to thunder. His heart's his mouth.

What his breast forgives, that his tongue must vent; And, being angry, does forget that ever He heard the name of death. [A Noise within.

Here's goodly work!

2 Pat. I would they were a-bed! Men. I would they were in Tyber!—What, the vengeance. Could he not speak them fair?

Enter Brutus and Sicinius, with the Rubble.

Sic. Where is this viper, That would depopulate the city, and Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes,— He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law, And therefore law shall scorn him further trial To the severity of the public power, Which he so sets at nought. 1 Cit. He shall well know, The noble tribunes are the people's mouths, And their hands. He shall, sure on'.

Sic. [Several speak together.

Men. Peace.

Men. Do not cry, havoc, where you should but hunt With modest warrant.

Sir. [Quais away.

Sir. How comes it, that you have help to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak:— As I do know the consul's worthiness, So can I name his fault. Sic. Consult!—What counsel? Men. The consul Coriolanus. Brut. He a consul! Cit. No, no, no, no. Men. It, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people. I may be heard. I'd crave a word or two; The which shall turn you to no further harm, Than so much loss of time.

Sir. Speak briefly then; For we are peremptory, to despatch This valiant traitor to eject him hence, Were but one danger; and, to keep him here, Our certain death; therefore it is decreed, He dies to-night.

Men. Now the gods good forbid, That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude Towards her deserved children is enroll'd In Jove's own book, like an unnam'd doom Should now cut up her own! Sic. He's a disease, that must be cut away. Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a disease: Mortar, to cut it off; to cure it, easy. What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death! Killing our enemies! The blood he hath lost. (Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath, By many an ounce;) he drop'd it for his country. And, what is left, to lose it by his country, Were to us all that don't, and suffer it, A brand to the end o' the world.

Men. This is clean kam! Brut. Merely awry: when he did love his country, It honor'd him.

Men. The service of the foot Being one gangren'd, is it not then respected For what before it was? Brut. We'll hear no more— Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence; Lose his infection, being of catching nature, Spread further. Men. One word more, one word. This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find The harm of unseal'd swiftness, will, too late, Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by process; Lost parts (as he is belov'd) break out, And sack great Rome with Romans. Brut. If it were so,— Sic. What do you talk! Have we not had a taste of his obedience? Our eddies snipe; ourselves resisted! Come:— Men. Consider this:—he has been bred in the wars Since he could draw a sword, and is all school'd In boodling language, in meal and salt together He throws without distinction. Give me leave, I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him Where he shall answer by a lawful form, (In peace,) to his utmost peril. Men. Noble tribunes, Be you then as the people's officer: Masters, lay down your weapons; Go not home. Sic. Meet on the market-place: We'll attend you there: Where, or, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you:— Let me desire your company. [To the Senators.] He must come, Or what is worst will follow. 1 Sen. [Quites away. Pray you, let's to him. [Exeunt. SCNt. A Room in Coriolanus' House. Enter Coriolanus, and Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels; Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock, That the precipitancy might down stretch.
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

1 Pol. You do the nobler.

Cor. I praise my mother

Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To toil, and sell with their own hands, to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace, or war. I talk of you;
To better the not so wild, which thou dost comines,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself fonsitho, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power, and person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, all their hearts were yours:
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. For thy theee now,
Go, and be ruled: although, I knew, thou hast
rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bowe.

Enter COMINUS.

Com. I have been 't the market-place: and, sir,
't what
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence, all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. But, I think, 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit

Vol. He must, and will:—

Pr'ythee now, say, you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbar'd seconce? Must I,
With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do:
There were there but this single plat to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dost shold grind it,
And throw it against the wind,—To the market-
place:
You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. Pr'ythee now, sweet son; as thou hast
said
My praises made thee first a soldier, so;
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do:

Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some hard'st spirit! My throat of war be worn,
Which quireed with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, with my love.
That babiesulls asleep! The smiles of knives
Ten; in my cheeks; and school-boys' tears take up
The glassers of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd
knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an arm's!—I will not do:
Lest I surcease to honor mine own truth.
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most ineresth busines.

Vol. At thy choice then:

At bec of thee, it is my more dishonor,
Than thou of them. Come all around; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous showiess: for I lock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list,
Thy valiantness was mine, thou sall'st dis't from me;
But ow'ry pride thyself.

Cor.—Pray, be content;

Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountbank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home hel'd
'd at the moves in Rome. Lose or gain:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consult;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
The way of flattery, farther.

Vol. Do your will. [Exit.]

Com. Away, the tribunes do attend you: arm
yourself
To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd

* Unshaven head.
* Dwell.
* Own.
Coriolanus.

I. The word is, mildly.—Pray you, let us go; Let them accuse me by my invention, I will answer in mine honor.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Forum.

Enter Senators and Bruces.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects Tyrannical power: If he evade us there, Enforce him with his envy to the people; And that the spoil, got on the Antities, Was never distributed.—

Enter an Edile.

What, will he come! 

Edil. He's coming. 

Bru. How accompanied? 

Edil. With old Menenius, and those senators That always favor'd him.

Sen. Have you a catalogue Of all the voices that we have procur'd, 

Set down by the poll! 

Edil. I have; 'tis ready, here. 

Sen. Have you collected them by tribes? 

Edil. I have.

Sen. Presently assemble the people hither: And when they hear me say, It shall be so 
The people and patricians of the city shall either For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them, If I say, fine, cry fine: it death, cry death; Insisting on the old prerogative And power the truth of the cause.

Edil. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry, Let them not cease, but with a din continuo Enforce the present execution 

Of what we chance to sentence. 

Edil. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint, When we shall have to give't them.

Bru. Go about it.—[Exit Edile.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, Senators, and Patricians.

Sen. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you. 

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece Will bear the knave by the volume.—The honor'd gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice Supplied with worthy men! that I may love among us! Throng our large temples with the shows of peace, And our streets with war! 

Men. Amen, amen.

Cor. A noble wish.

Enter an Edile, with Citizens.

Edil. Draw near, ye people. 

Edil. List to your tribunes; audience: Peace, I say.

Cor. First, hear me speak. 

Both Trib. Well, say.—Peace, ho.

Cor. Shall I be charged no further than the present? Must all determine here? 

I do demand, 

Sen. 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: Then he will give service: he has done, consider; Think on the wounds he bears, which show Like graves to the holy churchyard.

Cor. Scratches with briers, 

Sen. 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 

Will bear being called a knave, 

His rougher accents for malicious sounds, But, as I say, such as become a soldier, Rather than envy you.

Cor. What is the matter, 

Men. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter, That, being pass'd for consul with full voice, I am so dishonord, that the very hour You take it old again! 

Sen. Answer to us. 

Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so. 

Sen. We charge you, that you have contrived 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 firsts! the lowest hell hold in the people! 

Call me their traitor!—Thou infamous tribune! 

Without thy leaves so twenty thousand deaths, In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in Thy ly ing tongue both numbers, I would say, Thou hast, unto thee, with a voice as free As I do pray the gods.

Sen. Mark you this, people? 

Bru. To the rock with him; to the rock with him! 

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 whom their power must live by; even this, So criminal, and in such capital kind, Destroys the extreme death.

Bru. But since he hath serv'd well for Rome, 

Cor. What do you prize of service? 

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Men. Is this 

The promise that you made your mother? 

Know, I pray you,— 

Cor. I'll know no further: 

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death, 

Vexabon exile, slaying; pount to linger 

But with a grain of a day, I would rather 

Their mercy at the price of one fair word; Nor check my courage for what they can give, To have't with saying, Good morrow. 

Sen. For that he has 

(Ass much as in him lies) from time to time Envi'd against the people, seeking means To pluck away their power; as now at last Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers 

That do distribute it; In the name o' the people, And in the power of the tribunes, we, 

Even from this instant, banish him our city; 

In perdi of precipitation 

From off the rock Tarpeian, never more 

To enter our home gates; 'tis the people's name, I say, it shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so.

He shall be set; let him away: he's banish'd, 

And so it shall be.

Cor. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends; 

Sen. He's sentenced; no more hearing.

Cor. Let me speak: I have been consul, and can show from Rome, 

Her enemies mark upon me. I do love 

My country's good, with a respect more tender, More holy and profound, than my own life, 

My dear wife's esteem'd her womb's increase, 

And treasure of my loves; then it I would 

Speak that—

Sen. We know your drift: What speak? 

Bru. There's more to be said, but he is banish'd, 

As enemy to the people, and his country: 

It shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath I late 

As reck's of the rotten lens, whose loves I prize 

As the dead carcasses of unhurled men 

That do corrupt my air, I banish you; 

And here remain with your uncertainty! 

Let every trifle run and slake your hopes! 

Malks. ° Of long standing. ° Showd hatred. 

Your enemies, with noding of their plumes, 
For you, yet myself, with the power still 
To banish your defectors; till, at length, 
Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,) 
Making not reservation of yourselves, 
(As for 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, COMICS, MENENIUS, 
Scoriti, and Patricians.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Before a Gate of the City. 

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLNENIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, 
COMICS, AND severa young Patricians. 

Cor. Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell! 
the beast 
With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother, 
Where is your ancient courage? you were used 
To say, extremity was the true criterion; 
That common chances common men could bear; 
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike 
Shew'd mastership in floating: fortune's blows, 
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, 
craves 
A noble cunning: you were used to load me 
With regrets, that would make invincible 
The heart that could't them. 

Fare. O heavens! O heavens! 

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,— 

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in 

Rome, 

And occupations perish! 

Cor. What, what, what! I shall be lost when I am lack'd! Nay, mother, 
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say, 
If you had been the wife of Hercules, 
Six of his labors you'd have done, and save'd 
Your husband so much sweat. Comiins, 
Drop not; adieu! Farewell, my wife! my mother! 
I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Memmius, 
Thy tears are softer than a younger man's; 
And venumous to thine eyes.—My sometime 
guard 
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld 
Hearts-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women, 
Tie fond! to wait meritable strokes, 
As'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you won 
My hazards still have been your solace: and 
Believe't not lightly, (though I go alone 
Like to a lonely dragon, that his ken 
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen,) your son 
Will, or expect the common, or be caught 
With cautelous turns and practice. 

My first' son, 
Whether wilt thou go? Take good Cominins 
With thee a while: Determine on some course, 
More than a wild expenditure to each chance 
That starts i' the way before thee. 

Cor. O the gods! 

Vol. Cor. I'll follow thee a mouth, desire with thee 
Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst know of us, 
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth 
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send 
Of the vast world, to seek a single man; 
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool 
I the absence of the needer. 

Cor. Fare ye well: 

Vol. Cor. That's yet unbruised: bring me but out at gate. 
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and 
My friends of noble touch, when I am forth, 
But me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come. 
While I remain above the ground, you shall 
Hear from me still; and never of me aught 
But what is like me formerly. 

Men. 

As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep— 

[Substant. 

1 Foolish. 

2 Nestor. 

3 Injurious. 

4 Exposure. 

5 True metal. 

Act. The people's enemy is gone, is gone! 

Vol. Our enemy's banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo! 

[The People shout, and throw up their Caps. 

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him, 
As he hath follow'd you, with all despise; 
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard 
Attend us through the city. 

Cor. Come, come, let us see him out at gates; 

[Exeunt. 

The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come. 

Act. IV. 

SCENE II.—A Street near the Gate. 

Enter ScENIES, Brutos, and an .Edie. 

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no 

further— 

The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided 
In his behalf. 

Bru. Now we have shown our power, 

Sic. Let us seem hubber after it is done, 

Thou when it was a-doin. 

Sic. Bid them home; 

Sic. Thy, their great enemy is gone, and they 
Stand in their ancient strength. 

Bru. Dismiss them home. 

[Exeunt. 

Enter VOLNENIA, VIRGILIA, and MENGNIUS. 

Here comes his mother. 

Sic. Let's not meet her. 

Bru. Why? 

Sic. They say, she's mad. 

Bru. They have ta'en note of us. 

Keep on your way. 

Vol. O, you're well met: The hoarded plague 

Requiteth your love! 

Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud. 

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should 

Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone! 

[To BRUTUS. 

Vtr. You shall stay too: [To Sicini.] I would, 

Sic. I had the power 

To say so to my husband. 

Sic. Are you mankind! 

Vol. Ay, fool! is that a shame!—Note but this foal 

Was not a man my father! Hadst thou fasshion 
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome, 

Sic. O blessed heavens! 

Vol. O, more noble blows than ever thou wert words; 
And for Rome's good,—I'll tell thee what;— 

Let go. 

Sic. Nay but thy mast-stay too:—I would my son 

Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him, 

His good sword in his hand. 

Sic. What then! 

Vol. 

Men. What then? 

Vol. He'd make an end of thy posterity. 

Vol. Bastards, and all,— 

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome! 

Men. Come, come, peace. 

Sic. I would he had continued to his country, 
As he began; and not unkind himself 

The noble knot he made. 

Bru. I would he had. 

Vol. I would he had! Twas you insinu'd the 

rubbish; 

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 deth the Capitol exceed
Enter a Citizen.  

In puny battle slay me—save you, sir.

Cor.  

Enter a Citizen.  

In puny battle slay me—save you, sir.

Cor.  

Direct me, if it be thy will,

Where great Aufidius lies: Is he in Aturn?

Cor.  

And heeds the nobles of the state,

At his house this night.

Cor.  

Which is his house, beseech you?

Cor.  

This, here, before you.

Cor.  

Thank you, sir; farewell.  

[Exit Citizen.  

0 world, thy slippery turns! Friends now last sworn,

Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,

Where Whose pleasant bed, whose innocent, and exercise,

Are still together, who twin, 'twere, in love

Unseparable, shall within this hour,

On a dissension of a don't, break out

To bitter enmity: This is the fift doers.

Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep

To take, as to the other, by some chance,

Some trick not worth an egg shall grow dear friends,

And interjoin their issues. So with me—

My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon

This enemey town.—I'll enter: if he slay me,

He does fair justice: if he give me way,

I'll do his country service.  

[Exit.  

SCENE V.—A Hall in Aufidius's House.  

Music Within. Enter a Servant.  

1 Serv. Wine, wine, wine! What service is here!  

I think our fellows are asleep.  

[Exit.  

Enter another Servant.  

2 Serv. Where's Cotus? my master calls for him.

Cotus!  

[Exit.  

Enter Coriolanus.  

Cor. A goodly house: The feast smells well, but

Appear not like a guest.  

Re-enter the first Servant.  

Re-enter second Servant.  

2 Serv. Whence art thou, sir? Has the pester

his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Fray, get you out.

Cor. Away!  

2 Serv. Away! Get you away.  

Now thou art troublesome.  

1 Serv. Are you so brave! I'll have you talked with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3 Serv. What follows this?  

1 Serv. A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out of the house: Pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3 Serv. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your heart.  

3 Serv. What are you?  

Cor. A gentleman.  

3 Serv. A marvellous poor one.  

Cor. True, so I am.

3 Serv. Fray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station: here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, sir.  

And hark how on cold airs he Pushes him away.

3 Serv. What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

[Exit.  

2 Serv. And I shall.

3 Serv. Were dwellent thou?  

Cor. Under the canopy.  

3 Serv. Under the canopy?  

Cor. At.

3 Serv. Where's that?  

Cor. 'Tis the city of kites and crows.

3 Serv. 'Tis the city of kites and crows!—What an ass it is!—Then thou dwellst with daws too!  

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.  

* A small coin.  

* Peel.
3 Serv. How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honest service than to meddle with thy mistresse;
Thou pratt'st, and pratt'st; serve with thy treacher,
[Beats him away.]

Enter ATTILIA, and the second Servant.

Att. Where is this fellow?

3 Serv. Here, sir; I'ld have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Cor. Whereby comes thou? what wouldst thou do?


Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not
Tell me the matter for the man, am, necessity
Commands me name myself, name.

What is thy name?

Cor. A name unsuited to the Volscians' ears.
And harsh in sound to thine.

Att. Say, what's thy name?

Cor. Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
READS A COMMAND IN IT; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel: What's thy name? Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown: know'st thou
Me yet?

Att. I know thee not:—Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Voices,
Great good and mischief; therefore may
My surname, Coriolanus: The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
Ripe with that surname; a good weapon
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear: only that name remains;
The cruelty and envy of the people;
Permitted by our distant nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
The worst'd of Rome. Now, thou say'st
Hast brought me to thy heart: Not out of hope,
Mistake me not, to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men I should have
Voided thee; but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those thy banishes,
Stand I before thee. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those mains
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
And make my misery serve thy turn; so use it,
That my revengeful service may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my enker'd country with the spleen
Of all the unkind things. But if thou
Dost not at this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:
Which not to cut, would show thee but a fool;
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drown'd tunes of blood out of thy country's breast,
And mourn not live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Att. O Marcius, Marcius,
Every word thou hast speak'd hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from thy cloud speak divine things, and say,
'Tis true: I'd not believe them more than thee,
All noble Marcius,—O let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My gnaw'd ash an hundred tunes hath brake,
And scar'd the moon with splinters! Here I clip
The tail of my sovereignty, and stop those mains
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valor. Know thou first,
I would not have thee fall; but if thou
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble things! more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I was my esteemed mistress,
Bести. Where, thou villain! I tell thee,
Thou hast a power on foot; and I had purpose

Once more to hew thy target from thy breast;

But lose no more in arms for it. Thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me:
We have been down together in my sleep,
Inhabit the forms, lashing each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art hence banish'd, we would muster all
From throne to senate to severity; and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in,
And take this friendly invitation,
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am preparing against thy territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. Nay, you bless me, gods!—

Att. Therefore, most absolute sirif thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenues, take
The one half of my commission; and set down,—
As best thou art experienced, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness,—those own ways:
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rarely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
Let me command thee first to those, that shall
Say, yes, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes! and
Most admirable and er' a most a piece.
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand! Most welcome!

Coriolanus and Att. Servants. [Exeunt.]

1 Serv. Adrastea! Here's a strange encounter.

2 Serv. By my hand, I had thought to have
Strucken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind
Gave me his clothes a false report of him.

Cor. Marcius, and this is he, 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, me-thought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 Serv. He had sol; looking, as it were,—Would
I were unmusical in my heart, 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 in 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 of him.

1 Serv. Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be
the greater 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 Serv. What's what, what? let's parle.

2 Serv. I would not be a Roman, of all nations
I had as he be a condemned man.

3 Serv. Wherefore! wherfore!

2 Serv. Why, here's he that was sent to thwart our
general—Caius Marcius.

1 Serv. Why do you say, thwart our general?

3 Serv. I do not say, thwart our general; but he
Was always good enough for him.

1 Serv. We were he is friends and fellows: he
Was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say
So himself.

2 Serv. He was too hard for him directly, to say
the truth out; before Corioli, he scolded him and
notched him like a carbado.

2 Serv. An he had been cannibly given, he might
have dined and eaten him too.

1 Serv. But, more of thy news?

3 Serv. Why, he is so made on here within, as
if he were son and heir to Mars; set at upper end
'0 the table, and asked no question asked him by any of the
senators, but they stand bald before him: Our
general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies
himself with his hand, and turns up the white o' the
eye to look at him. But the body of the news is,
our general is cut t' the middle, and but one half

1 Mark.
2 Arm.
3 Full.
4 Knob.
5 Meat cut across to be broiled.

Memorial.
Resemblance.
Embrace.
of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by
the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll
go, he says, and sowle; the porter of Rome gates by
the cars; he will move down all before him, and
leave his game unpolled.
2 Serv. And he's as like to do, as any man I can
imagine.
3 Serv. Don't! he will don't! For, look you, sir,
his friends are many; and enemies: which friends,
sir, (as it were,) must not (look you, sir,) show them-
theselves (as we term it,) his friends, whilst he's in
directitude.
1 Serv. Directitude! what's that?
3 Serv. But when they shall see, sir, his crest up
again, and the man in blood, they will out of their
burrows, like conyes after rain, and revel all with
him.
1 Serv. But when goes this forward?
3 Serv. To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall
have your cones struck up this afternoon: tis, as
were, a parcel of their least, and to be executed ere
they wipe their lips.
2 Serv. Why then we shall have a stirring world
made. This peace is nothing; but to rust iron,
increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.
1 Serv. Let me have war, say! it' exceeds peace,
as far as days do meet; it's springish, waking, audu-
ble, and full of vent. Peace is an apple oxyn, lethargy;
unmended dead, sleepy, unconsolable; a getter
of more bastard children, than war's a destructor
of.
2 Serv. 'Tis so; and as war, in some sort, may
be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be denied, but
peace is a great maker of cuckolds.
1 Serv. Ay, and it makes men hate one another.
3 Serv. Reason; because they then less need one
another. The wars, for my money. I hope to
see Romans as cheap as Volsians. They are rising,
they are rising.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—Rome. A public Place.

Enter Scevus and Buctus.

Sir. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him:
these bodies are tame; the providence of heaven.
And quietness of the people, which before
were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer he, be
behold.
Dissonant numbers pestering streets, than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter Messenius.

Brut. We stood to't in good time. Is this Me-
enius?
Sir. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind.
Of late.—Hail, sir!
Men. Hail to you both!
Sir. Your Coriolanus, sir, is not much miss'd,
But with his friends: the commonwealth doth stand,
And so would do, were he more angry at it.
Men. All's well; and might have been better, if
He could have temporiz'd.
Sir. Where is he, hear you? Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Cit. The gods preserve you both!
Sir. Good even, our neighbors.
Brut. Good even to you all, good even to you all.
Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our
knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.
Sir. Live and thrive!
Brut. Farewell, kind neighbors: we wish'd Co-
rioranus
Had lov'd you as we did.
Cit. Now the gods keep you.
Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [Exit Citizens.]
[SCENE Exten's.]
This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying, confusion.

Brut. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer; the war; but insolent,
Of judges with pride, ambitions past all thinking, Self-liking.

Sir. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.
Men. I think not so.
Sir. We should by this: it call our lamentation,
If he had gone forth counsel; found it so.
Brut. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Edile.

Edl. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison.
Reports,—the Volses with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories:
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lives before them.
'Tis Aurelius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world.
Which were it that's dead, when Marcius stood
For Rome,
And durst not once peep out.
Sir. Of Marcius? Brut. Go see this rumorer whipp'd.—It cannot be
The Voles dare break with us.
Men. Cannot be! We have record, that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within our age. Within ten years, and with it yellow,
Before you punish him, where by he heard this:
lest you should cause to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who tells beware
Of what is to be dreaded.
Sir. Tell not me:
I know this cannot be.
Brut. No possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles, in your presence, are come;
All to the senate-house: some news is come,
That turns their countenances.
Sir. 'Tis this slave:—Go whip him here the people's eyes:—his raising
Nothing but his rep't!—
Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful is det erred.
Sir. What more fearful?
Mess. It is spok freely out of many mouths,
(How probable, I do not know,) that Marcius,
Join'd with Aurelius, leads a power against Rome;
And vows revenge as sanguine, as between
The young' st and oldest thing.
Sir. This is most likely!
Brut. Raise'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.
Men. This is unlikely.
He and Antius can no more alone,
Than violent contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. You are sent for to the senate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aurelius, wages
Upon our territories, and have already
Overborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Comites.

Com. O, you have made good work!
Men. What news! what news?
Com. You have help to ravish your own daugh-
ters, and
To melt the city heads upon your pates;
To see your wives discomf in'd to your noses;
Men. What's the news! what's the news?
Com. Your temples burn'd in their cement;
And your franchises, wherein you stood, confin'd
Into an auger's bore.
Men. Fray now, your news?—
You have made fair work, I bear me:—Pray, your
news!
If Marcius should be join'd with Volsians,—
Com. If! He is their god: he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shape a man better; and they follow him.
Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Coriolanus. Pray, as yet who you are at all! Being gone to the Camp; you whether you now you at. 'Tis but now. Come, Ay; Say when best: We are all undone, unless The noble man have mercy. Con., Who shall ask it? The tribunes cannot do for shame: the people Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they Should say, Because to Rome, they charged him even As those who did the, he had deserve'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, Be receiv'd you. You have made fair hands, You and your crafts! you have crafted fair! Con., You have brought A trembling upon Rome, such as was never So incapable of help. Tel., Say not, we brought it. Men. How! Was it we? We for'd him; but, like beasts, And cowardly nobles, gave way to your clusters Who did he out of o' the city. But, if fear, They'll reveal him in again. Tullius 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?—Are you they That made the air unwholesome, when you cast Your stinking, crooky caps, in hoasting at Coriolanus' e'er. Now he's coming! And not a hair upon a soldier's head, Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs. And he that throw caps up, will he tumble down, And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter; If he could burn us all into one coal, We have deserve'd it. O, peace! We hear fearful news. 1 Cid. For mine own part, When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity. 2 Cid. And so did I. 3 Cid. And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very many of us: That we did, we did for the best; and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will. Con., You are good things; you voices! Men. You have made Good work, you and your cry?—Shall we to the Capitol? Con., O, ay; what else! [Exeunt Cor. and Men. Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd; These are a side, that would be glad to have This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home, And shed no sign of fear. 1 Cid. The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let's home. I ever said, we were 't the wrong, when we banish'd him. 2 Cid. So did we all. But come, let's home. Brus. I do not like this news. Sic. Nor I. Brus. Are we to the Capitol?—Would half my wealth Would buy this for a lie. Sic. Pray, let us go. [Exeunt. SCENE VII.—A Camp; at a small distance from Rome. Enter Aemilius, and his Lieutenant. Afr. Do they still fly to the Roman? Lucr. I do not know what wickedness' in him: but Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat, Their talk at table, and their thanks at end; And you are darken'd in this action, sir, Even by your own. Afr. I cannot help it now; Unless, by using means, I came the foot Of our design. He bears himself more proud, Even to my person, than I thought he would, When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature In that's no changing; and I must excuse What cannot be amended. Lucr. Yet I wish, sir, (I mean for your particular,) you had not in your commission writ with him; but either Had borne the action of yourself, or else To him had left it solely. Afr. I understand thee well: and he thon sure, When he shall come to his account, he knows not What I can urge against him. Although it seems, And so he thinks, and is no less apparent To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly, And she good industry for the Volscian state; Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon As draw his sword; yet he hath left undone That which shall break his neck, or hazard mine, Whence er we come to our account. Lucr. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome! Afr. All places yield to him ere he sits down; And the nobility of Rome are his: The senators, and patricians, love him too. The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people Will be as rash in the repeat, as hasty To expel him thence. I think, he'll lie to Rome, As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it By sovereignty of nature. First he was A noble servant to them; but he could not Carry his honors ever the 'twas pride, Which out of daily fortune ever taints The happy man; whether defect of judgment, To fall in the disposing of those chances Which he was lord of; or whether nature, Not to be other than one thing, not moving From the casque to the cushion, but commanding Even with the same austerity and garb As he controll'd the war; but, one of these, As he hath spaces of them all, not all! For I dare so far free him, made him fear'd, So hated, and so banish'd: But he has a merit, To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues Lie in the interpretation of the time; And power, into itself most commendable, Hath not a tomb so evident a chair To extol what it hath done. One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail; Rights by rights fromer, strengths by strengths do fail. Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine. Thou art poorest of all; then shortly art thou mine. [Exeunt. 8 An eagle that preys on fish. 9 The chair of civil authority. 10 Not all in their full extent.
ACT V.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Public Place.

Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SCAEVOLA, BRUTUS, and others.

Men. No, I'll not go; you hear, what he hath said.

Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him.
In a most dear particular. He call'd my father:
I know you, but I will not go. He banish'd him,
A mile before his tent fell down, and knelt
The way unto his mercy: Nay, if he cry'd!
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear? Come, yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urged our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have died together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to; forbad all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name i' the fire
Of dashing Rome. 

Men. Why, so: you have made good work:
A pair of tribunes that have reck'd for Rome,
To make rods cheaply! A noble memory!

But, sirrah, Cominius is the prospect
When it was less expected: he replied,
It was a bare petition of a state
To them whom they had punished.

Men. Very well.

Could he say less? Come, I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends: His answer to me was
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of nonsense, musty chaff: He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

For one poor grain
Or two! I am one of these; 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.

Sir. Nay, pray, be patient: If you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue
More than the instant array we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

No: I'll not meddle.

Sir. I pray you, go to him. Men. What should I do?

Beau. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome towards Marcus.

Men. Well, and say that Marcus
Return me, as Cominius is returned,
Unheard; what then?

But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness! Say'be so!

And in your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it;

If not, he'll hear me. Yet to hate his lip,
And him at good Cominius, much unhears me.
He was not taken well; he had not dined:
The veins unkind'd, our blood is cold, and then
We lack'd him, when he was at table feeding,
Have supplier souls.

That in a priest-like taste, therefore I'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,

And then I'll set him up.

You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall creole having knowledge
Of his success. [Exit Cominius.

Sec. He'll never hear him.

Men. Not! *

* Condemned with willingness.

* Sec. Have managed so well for Rome as to get the town burnt to save the expenses of wars.

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as a link burnt in; and his collar
The goather to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
'Twas very faintly he said, Rise; dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand: What he would do,
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions:
So, that all hope is vain,

Men. Unless his noble mother, and his wife;
Who, as we said, meant 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 the MCPENIUS.

Men. 1 G. Stay: Whence are you?

2 G. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men; as well, but, by
Our station, to you.

You may not pass, you must return: our
general
Will not more hear from thence.

2 G. You'll see your Rome embrus'd with fire,
before
You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends, if you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots' to blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.

1 G. He it so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men. Tell thee, fellow, Thy general is my lover & I have been
The book of his good acts, whencesoever you have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified;
For I have ever verified his deeds,
(Or whom he's chief,) with all the size that verity
Would without laying suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtil ground,
I have tumble'd past the throw; and in his praise
Have almost stamp'd the leasing. Therefore,
I must have leave to pass.

1 G. Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf,
as you have uttered well, you shall not pass here: no, though it were as
victuals to his, 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 din'd, 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.

4 G. Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have push'd out your gates
The very defider of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, give your enemy your shield, think to
front his revenues with the wives and graces of old
women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or
with the palp'd intercession of such a decayed
dearth as you seem to be! Can you think to blow
the trumpet of this city out of breath to your
men, with such weak breath as this! No, you are
received, therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your
execution; you are condemned, our general has sworn you out of reproach and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here,
he would use me with estimation.

2 G. Come, my captain knows you not.

Scene III.

Coriolanus.

Men. I mean thy general.

1 G. My general cares not for you. Back, I say; go, lest thou forth thy half pint of blood:—back,—that's the utmost of thy having:—back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

[Enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.]

Cor. What's the matter? Auf. I'll say an errand for you; thou shalt perceive that a Jack-guardian cannot offer me Coriolanus or myself but by my entertainment with him, thou stand'st not of the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship and crueller in suffering; both of which, and away for what's to come upon thee. The glorious god sits in hourly synod upon thy particular prosperity, and love the no worse than thy old father Menenius.

6.0. men! my sons! thou art a preparation for me; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sights; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good god assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon the varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away! I am your child, I know not. My affairs are servanted to others: Though I owe My revenge properly, my remission lies In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar, I am no longer unacquainted with peace. 

Cor. Than pity note how much.—Therefore, becorn. Mine ears against your suits are stronger than Your gates against my force. Yet, for, I'd thee, Take this along; I write it for thy sake.

[Give a Letter.]

Cor. And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius, I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius, Whom I have, believe in Rome? Yet thou boldest still.

Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius.]

Scene III.—The Tent of Coriolanus.

Enter Coriolanus, Aufidius, and others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow Set down our host.—My partner in this action, You must report to the Volscian lords, how plainly I have borne in this business.

Auf. Only their ends You have respected: stopp'd your ears against The general suit of Rome; never admitted An urgent whisper, no, not with such friends That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man, Whom with a crack'd head I have sent to Rome, Loved me above the measure of a father; Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuse Was to send him; for whose old love, I have (Though I shou'd sordily to him) once more The first conditions, which they did refuse, And cannot now accept, to grace him only. That thought he could do more; a very little I have of his counsels; he knows no suits, Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shou'd this be?

[Shout within.]

1 Fellows. 2 Jack in office. 3 Because. 4 Reprimanded. 5 Openly. 6 Gust, storm. 7 Juna.
Cor. Aduidius, and you Voices, mark; for we'll have two sides out of court, and what is
the fault? Should be silent, and not speak, our
raiment,

And taint of howes would bewray what life
We have lived since thy exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we, hither: since that thy sight, which
Should make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with
comforts,
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and
sorrow.

Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
his country's bowels out. And to poor we,
Thou, my country, my soul's, enough of it, for
This 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,
Wherein our country, our nation, our enemy's
That we should be so bound! Alack! or we must lose
Our dear nursey or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win: for either thou
Dost, as a foreign recreant, be led
With marches through our strait, or else
Triumphantly tread upon thy country's ruin;
And bear the pain, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I pray they do not wait on fortune's fortune.

These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parties,
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to th' son shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world,
Ay, and on mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy: He shall not tread on me;

Boy, away, I am a bigger, but I am not a fight,
Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see,
I have sat too long.

[Richard.]

Vat, no way from thou thus.
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Voices whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As prisoners of your honor: No; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Voices,
May say, This mercy we have show'd; the Romans,
This we receiv'd: and each in either side
Live as they shall to thee, and cry, Who's not
For making up this peace? Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefices
What live shall shew shall reap, no such a name,
Who's reprieve shall be death'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ,-The man was noble,
Good citizen, if he keep's his last attempt, he
Destroys his country and his name remains
To the ensuing age, abhor'd. Speak to me, son;
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honor,
Point the graces of the gods;
To bear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dust not speak!
This is the time, and no honor belongeth
Still to remember wrongs!-Daughter, speak you:
He cares not for your weeping,-Speak thou, boy:
Perhaps thy childishness will move him
Than can our reasons. There is no man in the
world
More bonnie in his mother; yet here he lets me prune
His buck's necks. This,) little fool, in his like
Show'd th' dear mother any courtesy:
When she, (poor fond) of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home;
Loudly she joyed, and with my tongue,
Say, my mother's unkind, And spur me back: But, if it be not so,
Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrains't me from the duty,
Which to obey such part belongs;—He came away:
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname Coriolanus lones more pride,
Than pity to our prayers. Down; an end;
This is the last.—So we will home to Rome
And die among our neighbors.—Nay, behold us:
This boy dost thou love? and think what is
But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship.
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny.—Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volumnia for a mother;
Her wife is in Coriolis, and his child.
Like him by chance,—Yet give us our despatch:
I am here to subdue our city to are,
And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. O mother, mother,

[Holdring VOLU\NIA by the hands, sigh'd.

What have you done? Behold, the heavens grope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome;
And now that you have meant, for my part,
Most dangerously you have with him prevai'd,
If not most mortal to him. But, let it come:
Aduidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll trade the scene, and give him victory. Where
do you in my stead, say, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aduidius?

Vat. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were;
And, sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What profit's there in all this advice for me and my part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you,
Stand to me in this case.—O mother! wife!

Adu. I am glad thou hast set thy mercy and thy
peace
At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune.

[Ladies make signs to CORIOLANUS.

Cor. [To VOLV\NIA, V\RGI\\, &c.

But we will drink together; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-swear.-
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you; all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this his peace.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Rome. A public Place.

Enter Metellus and Sicinius.

Men. See you yond' costor' o the Capitol: yond' corner stone!

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If't be possible for you to displace it with
your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of
Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him.
But I say, there is no hope in't; we are sentenced,
and staid upon execution.

Sic. If't be possible, and so short a time can alter
the condition of a man!

Men. There is a difference between a grub, and a
butterfly: yon' butterfly was a grub. This
Marcus is grown from man to dragon: he has
wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. A younger man and he no more remembers
his mother now, than an eight year old horse.
The taint of his face sounds ripe grapes.
When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the
ground shrinks before his tread. He is able to pierce
a corset with his eye; talks like a knave, and his
humb a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing
made for' Alexander. What he bids be done, is
finished with his labour. He wants nothing of a god
but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Thus what mercy
his mother shall bring from him; There is no
more mercy in him, than there is milk in a mate
tiger; that shall our poor city find, and all this
hour 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 banned him, we
repeated not the words or he returning to break
our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you've save your life, fly to your
house:
The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And have him up and down; all swearing, if

* Angle.   * Chair of state.   * To resemble.
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home, They'll give your death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sir. What's the news? - The Voiles have prevail'd.

The Voiles are disobled, and Marcius gone: A merrier day did never yet greet Rome, No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sir. Friend, Art thou certain this is true? - It must certain! -

Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire: Where have you heard, that you make doubt of it? Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tides, As the remonstrated through the gates. Why, hark, hark, hark!

[Trumpets and Howlings sounded, and Drums beaten, all together. Shooting out fire.

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and pipes, Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans, Make the sun dance. Hark! how they joy! - Shouting again.]

Mon. This is good news: I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia is worth of consuls, senators, patricians, A city full; of tribunes, such as you, A sea and land full: You have prayed well to-day. This morning, for ten thousand of your throats, I'd not have given a doot. Hark, how they joy! - Shouting and Music.

Sir. First, the gods bless you for their tidings; next Accept my thankfulness.

Mess. Sir, we have all Great cause to give great thanks. So many of them are near the city?

Mess. Almost at point to enter. We will meet them, and help the joy. -

[Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patricians, and the Stratified People. They pass over the Stage.]

1 Sen. Behold our patroons, the life of Rome: Call all your tribes together, praise the gods, and make triumphant fires; straw flowers before them: Unshout the noise that banished Marcius, Repeal him with the welcome of his mother; Cry, - Welcome, ladies, welcome!

All. Welcome, ladies! Welcome! - [A flourish with Drums and Trumpets."

[Exeunt."

SCENE V. Autium. A Public Place.

Enter TULLIUS AURIDUCUS, with Attendants.

Aur. 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 their ears and in the coming sight, Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse, The city ports! by this hath entered, and Intends to appear before the people, hoping To purge himself with words: Despatch! -

[Exeunt Attendants."

Enter three or four Conspirators of Antidius' Faction.

Maxwell, very welcome! -

1 Cor. How is it with our general? -

Aur. Even so, As with a man by his own alms empow'd, And with his charity sham.

2 Cor. Most noble sir, If you do hold the same intent wherein You wist'd us parties, we'll deliver you Of your great danger.

Aur. Sir, I cannot tell; We must proceed, as we do find the people. -

3 Cor. The people will remain uncertain, whilst Two have you there's difference; but the fall of either Makes the survivor heir of all.

Aur. I know it; And my pretext to strike at him admits A great construction. I rai's'd him, and I prai'd Mine honor for his truth: Who being so heich'en'd He water'd his new plants with dew of flattery, Seducing so my friends: and to this end, He bow'd his nature, never knowing me But to be rough, unsayable, and free.

3 Cor. Sir, his stoutness -

Recall. -

Aur. Gates. -

When he did stand for consul, which he lost By lack of slopes.

[Exeunt."

2 Cor. That I would have spoke of: Being banish'd from the city, you hear him: He presented his case, not threat: I took him; Made him joint servant with me; gave him way, In all his own desires; may, let him choose Out of my titles, his projects to accomplish, My best and surest hopes, and to see such instruments 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, He seemed his follower, not tyrant; and He waged me with his countenance, as if I had been mercurian."

1 Cor. So did he, my lord. The army marvel'd at it. And, in the last, When he had carried Rome; and that we look'd For no less spoil than glory.

Aur. For which my sinews shall be stretched upon him. At a few drops of women's rheum? which are As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labor Of our great action: Therefore shall he die, And I'll have found in his; but hard! -

[Drums and Trumpets sound, with great shouts of the People."

1 Cor. Your native town you enter'd like a post, And had no welcomes home; but he returns, Splitting the air with noise.

2 Cor. And patient fools, Whose children he hath slain, their base threats tear, With giving him glory.

3 Cor. Therefore, at your vantage, Ere he express himself, or move the people With what he understand, let him feel your sword, Which we will second. When he lies along, After your way his tale pronounce'd shall bury His reasons with his body.

Aur. Say no more; Here come the lords. - [Enter the Lords of the City."

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Aur. But, worthy lords, have you heeld perus'd What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.

Lord. And grieve to hear it.

What faults he made before the last, I think, Might have some end: it is now his last end, Where he was to begin, and give away The benefit of our lives, answering us With our own charge; - making a treaty, where There was but yielding: this admirably done. -

Aur. He approaches, you shall hear him.

[Enter CORIOLANUS, with Drums and Colors; a Crowd of Citizens with him."

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier; No more infected with my country's love, Than when I parted hence, but hencewardly Under your great command. You are to know, That prosperously I have attempted, and With bloody passage, led your wars, even to The gates of Rome. - Our spies we have brought home, Do more than counterpose, a full third part, The charnel of the action. We have made peace, With no less honor to the Antidius Than shame to the Romans: And we here deliver, Subscribe by the consuls and patricians, Together with the seal o' the senate, what We have compounded on.

[Read it; noble lords, -

But tell the traitor, in the highest degree He hath abuse'd your powers.

Cor. Treator! - How now?

Aur. Ay, traitor, Marcus, Marcus!

Cor. Ay, Marcus, Caius Marius; Dost thou think I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name Coriolanus in Corioli? -

You lords and heads of the state, perfectly He has betray'd thy business, and given up, For certain drops of salt, your city Rome, (I say, your city,) to his wife and mother: -

Thought! me rewarded with good looks. -

Rewarding us with our own expenses.
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel of the war; but at his nurse’s tears
He whim’d and roared away your victory;
That pages blush’d at him, and men of heart
Look’d wondering each at other.

Cor. [Heart’st thou, Mars?]—Ha!

Autf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears.—

Cor. [No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—
Pardon me, lords, ’tis the first time that ever
I was forc’d to scold. Your judgments, my grave
lords,
Must give this ear the lie: and his own notion
(Who wears my stripes impress’d on him; that must
bear
My beating to his grave) shall join to thrust
The lie unto him.

1 Lord. Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Voles; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False hound,—
If you have writ your annals true, ’tis there,
That like an eagle in a dove-coe, I
Flutter’d your Voices in Corioli:
Abide I did it.—Boy!

Autf. [A time.

Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
‘For your own eyes and ears!

Cor. Let him die to’t. [Several speak at once.

Cl. [Speaking promiscuously.] Tear him to
pieces, do it presently. He killed my son,—my
daughter,—He killed my cousin Marcus;—He
killed my father.

2 Lord. Peace, ho;—no outrage,—peace.
The man is noble, and his name folds in
This crown of the earth. His last offence to us
Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

6 Judiciol.

Cor. [0, that I had him,
With six Aufiduses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!

Autf. Insolent villain!

Cor. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[Aufiduses and the Conspirators draw, and kill
Coriolanus, who falls, and Aufiduses stands on
him.

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Autf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 Lord. O Tullus,—

2 Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat valor will
weep.

3 Lord. Treat not upon him.—Masters all, be
quiet:
Put up your swords.

Autf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this
race,
Provol’d by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this man’s lie did owe you, you’ll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honors
To call me to your senate, I’ll deliver
Myself your royal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1 Lord. Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him; let him be regard’d
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.

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.—

Autf. [Execute, bearing the body of Coriolanus
A dead March sound’d.]
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels!  
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!  
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,  
Knew you not Pompey! Many a time and oft,  
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,  
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,  
Your soldiers in your arms, and there have sat  
The live-long day, with patient expectation,  
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:  
And when you saw his chariot but appear,  
Have you not made an universal shout,  
That Tyber trembled underneath her banks,  
To hear the replication of your sounds  
Made in her concave shores!  
And do you now put on your best attire!  
And do you now pull out a holiday!  
And do you now strew flowers in his way,  
That comes in triumph over Pompey’s blood!  
Behold;  
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,  
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague  
That needs must light on this ingratitude.  
Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and for this fault,  
Assemble all the poor men of your sort!  
Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears  
Into the channel, till the lowest stream  
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.  
[Exit Citizens.  
See, whe’er their basest metal be not mov’d;  
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.  
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;  
This way will I: Disrobe the images,  
If you do find them deck’d with ceremonies.  
Mar. May we do so!  
You know, it is the least of Luperca!  
Flav. It is no matter; let no images  
Be hung with Caesar’s trophies, I’ll about,  
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:  
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.  
These growing feathers pluck’d from Caesar’s wing,
Cæsar. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear; And since you know you cannot see yourself So well as by reflection, I, your glass, Will modestly discover to yourself That self you see which you yet know not of. And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus: Were I a common laugh, or did use To state with ordinary oaths my love To every new proceeding; if you would But that I do fawn on men, and hug them hard, And after scandal them; or if you know That I profess myself in banqueting To all the rout, then hold me dangerous. [Flourish and Shout.  

Brut. What means this shouting! I do fear the people Choose Caesar for their king.  

Cas. Ay, do you fear it? Then must I think you would not have it so. But I will, and know you well; But wherefore do you hold me so in horror? What is it that you would import to me? It be nought toward the general good, Set honor in one eye, and death in the other, And I will look on both indifferently: For, let the gods so speed me, as I love The name of honor more than I fear death. Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus As well as I do know your outward favor Well, honor is the subject of my story.— I cannot tell, what you and other men Have done in this life; but, for my simple self, I had as lief not be, as live to be in awe of such a thing as I myself. I was not made for Caesar: so were you: We both have fairer titles than we wear; To both endure the winter's cold, as well as he. For one, upon a raw and gusty day, The troubled Tyber chafing at his shores, Caesar said to me, Brutus? dost thou think, Caesar, to tread in these angry floods, And swim to yonder point? Upon the word, I will break the ice as Caesar: so were you: And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did. The torrent roar'd; and we did burst it With lusty sinews; throwing it aside And starting not with hearts of comprouses. But ere we could arrive the point propos'd, Caesar cry'd, Help me, Cassius, or I sink. I, as Ancus, our great ancestor, Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder The old Anchises bear; so, from the waves of Tyber, Did I the tired Caesar: and this man Is now become a god; and Cassius is A worthier creature, and must bend his body, If Caesar carelessly but nod on him. He had a fever when he was in Spain, And from the side of life on him, I shook; I was frightened; so, that poor Brutus, with himself at war, Forget's the shows of love to other men. Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion. By me and all, of this breed of mine hath buried Thoughts, of great value, worthy contemplations, Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face? Brutus. No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself, But by reflection, by some other things. Cas. This just: And it is very much lamented, Brutus, That we have no such mirrors, as will turn Your hidden worthiness into your eye, That you might see your shadow. I have heard, Where many of the best respect in Rome, Every (with mortal Cæsar,) speaking of Brutus, And growing underneath this age's yoke, Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes, Brutus. Into what dangers would you lead me, That you would have me seek into myself For that which is not in me!  

2 A ceremony observed at the feast of Lupercalia.  

3 The nature of your feelings.  

4 For a ceremony.
Julius Caesar

When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But Rome is troubled with a sorer frown.
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walks encompass'd but one man
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
What freemasonry is there, and who have had it.
O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
And suffer it no more;
Brut. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall not tell it now; for this present
I would not, so with love I might extort you,
Be any farther mov'd. What you have said,
I must consider of; I will meditate
I will with patience hear; and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.
Tell then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villain,
Than to repel him a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.
Caes. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but this much show of fire from Brutus.
Recanter Caesar, and his Train.
Brut. The games are done, and Caesar is returning.
Caes. As they pass by, pluck Caesar by the sleeve:
And be will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day,
Shall we that ever were, or are, called Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Caesar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Caesar's hand is pale; his manner seems
Like with such forces; and such tery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators,
Caes. Caesar will tell us what the matter is.
Caes. Antonius,—
Ant. Caesar.
Caes. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleepeers, dreamers, madmen, or with their eyes
T'ord! Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.
Ant. Fear him not, Caesar, he's not dangerous;
He is like to be a man he would regard;
Caes. Would he were fatter—but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He's a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Sleets, and madmen, and a multitude of things;
Thus doth he mock himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at anything.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
While others are disposed to their desires;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather think what is to be feard,
Than what I fear, for always I am Caesar.

Casca. You pull me by the cloak; would you speak with me?
Brut. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chance'd to-day,
That fools and knaves may no longer laugh at us;
Caes. Why, you were with him, were you not?
Brut. I should not then ask Casca what hath chance'd
Caes. Why was there a crown offer'd him; and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.
Brut. What was the second noise for?
Caes. Why, for that but
Caes. They shout'd thrice; What was the last cry for?
Caes. Why, for that too.
Brut. This is the man that offered him the crown.
Caes. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbors shouted.
Caes. Who offer'd the crown to him?
Caes. Why, Antony.
Brut. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.
Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it; for he offer'd it with one mouth.
I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coro'net;—and, as I told you, he put it by;—but, for all that, to say the truth, he did not have it.
Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very joyful to lay his fingers oft it. And then he offered it the third time; but he offered it now still. He refused it, the rabbagehod, and slapped their chopp'd hands, and threw up their swathy night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Caesar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Caesar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.
Cas. But soft, I pray you: What! did Caesar swoon?
Brut. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.
Caes. This' is very like: he hath the falling-sickness.
Cas. No, Caesar hath it not; but you, and
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.
Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure Caesar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased, and despis'd them, as they do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.
Brut. What said he, when he came unto himself?
Caesar. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the coro'net, and put on it, and wear'd the crown, he pluck'd me of his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut,—At I had been a man of any occupation, if I should not have taken him at a word, I would not much go to fell among the rogues:
—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, I said, he had done, or said, anything amiss, he desired their worship's to think it was his infirmity.
Three or four times, I stood, and crum'd Aesop, good soul!—and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no need to be taken of them; if Caesar had stab'd their mothers, they would have done no less.
Brut. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?
Casca. Ay.
Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?
Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.
Cas. To what effect?
Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll never look you in 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 scarves, and an 'scape, they were put to silence.
Fare you well. There was more soferly yet, if I could remember it.
Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Caesar?
Casca. No, I'mresolved 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 Casca.]

Brut. What a blunt fellow this is grown to be;
He was quick mettle, when he went to school.
Cas. So he is now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise.
However he puts on this tardy form,
This rudeness is said to caress him,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.
Brut. And so it is. For this time I will leave you.
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.
Cas. I will do so;—till then, think of the world.

[Exit Brutus.

Well Brutus, thou art noble: yet, I see,
Thy honorable metal may be wrought;
From that it is disposed:—Thee meet
That noble metall, with their like skins;
For who so firm, that cannot be seduced!—
Cesar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not offer me: with that same hand, as
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Scene III.——A Street.  
Thunder and Lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, Cassar, with his Sword drawn, and Cicero.  
Caes. Good even, Cassar: Brought you Cassar home safe?  
Why are you breathless, and why stare you so?  
Cassar. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth  
Shakes, like a thing uniform!  
Cicero,  
How dost thou know the winds?  
For I have seen the waves  
Rave nothing else, but to the roaring wind.  
Did I go through a tempestt dropping fire,  
Either there is a civil state in heaven;  
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,  
Incessest them to send destruction.  
Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?  
Cassar. A common slave (you know him well by  
Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn  
Like twenty torches joint'd; and yet his hand,  
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.  
Besides, I have not yet put up my sword.  
Against the Capitol I met a lion,  
Who glared upon me, and went surly by,  
Without annoying me; and there were drawn  
Upon a man, a hundred ghastly eyes,  
Transformed with their fear; who swore, they saw  
Men, all on 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,  
There are no reasons;—They are natural;  
For, I believe, they are portents sent  
Unto the climate that they point upon.  
Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:  
Both nature and constrution; then I think,  
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves,  
Comes Cassar to the Capitol to-morrow!  
Cassar. He doth; for he did bid Antonius  
Send all men, by whom they would be there to-morrow.  
Cic. Good night then, Cassar: this disturbed sky  
Is not to walk in.  
Farewell, Cicero.  
Cassar. Enter Cassar.  
Caes. Who's there?  
Cassar. A Roman.  
Caes. Cassar, by your voice.  
Cassar. Your car is good. Cassius, what night is this?  
Caes. By my pleasing night to honest men.  
Cassar. Who ever knew the heavens mate so?  
Caes. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.  
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,  
Submitting me unto the perilous night;  
And, thus unbraced, Cassar, as you see,  
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-storm;  
And, with the cross lightnings seem'd to open  
The breast of heaven, I did present myself  
Even in the aim and vow, dash of it.  
Cassar. But wherefore did you so much tempt  
The heavens?  
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,  
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send  
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.  
Caes. You are dull, Cassar; and those sparks of life  
That should be in a Roman, you do want,  
Or rather their essences; You look pale and sad,  
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,  
To see the strange impatience of the heavens;  
But if you would consider the true cause,  
We have this night, why all the world is broken,  
Wit, why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;  
Why old men, fools, and children calculate;  
Why all the things change, from their ordinance,  
Their natures and pre-foreordain'd fate?  
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,  

That heaven hath instill'd them with these spirits,  
To make them instruments of fear and warning,  
Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, Cassar,  
Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night;  
That so great a passion, opens graves, and roars  
As doth the lion in the Capitol:  
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,  
In perilous action, yet prodigious calm.  
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.  
Cassar. "Tis Cassar that you mean: Is it not, Cassius?  
Caes. If it be he, to whom it is: for Romans now  
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;  
But woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,  
And we are governed by our mothers' spirits;  
Or who's? who's?—and suffering show them nothing.  
Cassar. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow  
Mean to establish Cassar as a king:  
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,  
In every place, save here in Italy.  
Caes. I know where I will wear this digger then:  
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassar:  
Thence, ye gods, you make the break most strong;  
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do appear;  
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,  
Nor railles dungeon, nor strong links of iron,  
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;  
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,  
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.  
If I know this, all know the world besides,  
That is not tyranny but what I do bear,  
I can shake off at pleasure.  
Cassar.  
Caes. So can I:  
So every bondman in his own hand bears  
The power to cause his captive to be free:  
Caes. And why should Caesar be a tyrant then?  
Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,  
But he that sees the Romans are but sheep:  
He were no lion, were not Romans kinds.  
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,  
Begin it with weak straws: What trash is Rome,  
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves  
For the base matter to illuminate.  
So vile a thing as Caesar! But, O grief!  
Where hast thou led me! I, perhaps, speak this  
Before we come to-stand.  
My answer must be made: But I am arm'd,  
And dangers are to me indifferent.  
Caes. You speak to Cassar; and to such a man,  
That is no hearing tell-tale: Hold thy hand;  
Be factions for redress of all these grievances;  
And I will set this foot of mine as far,  
As who goes farthest.  
Caes. There's a bargain made,  
Now know you, Cassar, I have mov'd already,  
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,  
To undergo with me an enterprise  
Of honorable-dangerous consequence;  
And I do know, by this, they stay for me  
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,  
There is no stir, or walking in the streets;  
And the complexion of the element  
Isfavor'd, like the work we have in hand,  
Most bloody, hery, and most terrible.  

Enter Cinna.  
Cassar. Stand close awhile, for here comes one  
In haste.  
Caes. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait;  
He is my friend,—Cinna, where hast thou so?  
Cinna. Tell me, I pray you: Who's that? Metellus  
Cimber?  
Caes. No, it is Cassar; one incorporate  
To our number. Am I not stand for, Cinna?  
Caes. I am glad out: What a fearful man this is!  
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.  
Cinna. Am I not stand for, Cinna? tell me.  
Cinna. Yes,  
Caes. You are. O, Cassius, if you could but win  
The nobler Brutus to our party—  
Caes. Do you content: Good Cinna, take this paper,  
And let us lay it in the pretorium:  
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this  
In at his window; set this up with wax  
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,  
Reap, when at Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.  
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?  
Cinna. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone  
To see the state of your house. Well, I will lie,  
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.
ACT II.

SCENE I.—Brutus's Orchard.

Enter Brutus.

Bru. What, Lucius! ho!—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
If I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, Lucius, when! Awake, I say: What, Lucius!—

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord!—
Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius;—
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Luc. I will, my lord. [Exit Lucius.

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spur him up.
But for the general. He would be crowned:—
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;—
And that craves waking. Crown him!—

And then, and grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power: And, to speak truth of Caesar,
I have not known when his affection swayed
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder;
Whiles it is climbing, it is North to heaven;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: So Caesar may:
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no color 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 mischiefs;
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir;
Searching the window for a glint, I found
This paper, thus set and 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.
Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.
Luc. I will, sir.

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Gives so much light, that I may read by them.

Brutus, thou sleep'st! awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!—
Brutus, thou sleep'st! awake, and see thyself.
Such injustices 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 axe? 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 caitiff then?
To speak, and strike! O Rome! I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March has wasted fourteen days.

[Knock within.

Bru. Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks. [Exit Lucius.

Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim
Is like a phantasm:—or a hideous dream:
The genius and the mortal instruments,
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, sullies then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.
Bru. Is he alone?
Luc. No, sir, there are 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 favor. 

Bru. Let them enter.

They are the faction, O conspiracy!
Shall't thou to shew thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles, and affability:
For if thou path thy native semblance on,
Cassius and Brutus, we are done enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus Cimber, and Tribunes.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your nest:
Good morrow, Brutus! Do we trouble you! 

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake all night.
Know I these men, that come along with you?
Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
But honor you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of yourself.
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Tribunus.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna;
And this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night? [Opens the Letter, and reads.

Cas. Shall I cut a word? [They whisper.

Dec. Here lies the cast: Both not the day break here! 

Cas. No.

Cas. O, pardon, sir, it doth: and you grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Cass. You shall know, that you are both deceived.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, no higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high cast
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.
Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: If not the face of men,
The suffrance of our souls, the time's abuse,—

[Aside.

Cas. What?—

Bru. I will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him.
You have rich well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight, and, ere day.
We will awake him, and be sure of him.

[Exeunt.
If these he motives weak, break off betimes, And every man hence to his idle bed; So let high-sighted tyranny range on, Till each man drop by lottery. But if these, And we are sure our hope, be hear fire again, To kindle cowards, and to steel with valor The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen, What need we any spur, but our own cause, That is our bed. But what of others? Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word, And will not suffer! and what other oath, Than honesty to honestly engaged, That this shall be, or we will fall for it? Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautious! Old feeble carions, and such suffering souls The welcome wrongs: unto bad causes swear Such energies as need, but do not stand The even virtue of our enterprise. Nor the insupportable mettle of our spirits, The weight we bear, or our performance, Did need an oath: when every drop of blood, That every Roman bear, and nobly bears, Is guilty of a several bastardy, If he do break the smallest particle Of any promise that hath pass d from him. But what of Cicero! Shall we sound him! I think, he will stand very strong with us. Cic. Let us not leave him out. Brut. No, by no means. Luc. O, let us have him; for his silver hairs Will purchase us a good opinion. And his voice to commend our deeds: It shall be said, his judgment rid's our hands; Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear, But all be burned in his gravity. Brut. O, name him not; let us not break with him! For he will never follow any thing The other men begin. Then leave him out. Cas. Indeed, he is not fit. Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Caesar! Dec. Decius, well urged — I think it is not meet, Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Caesar, Should outlive Caesar. We shall find him A good contriver; and, you know his means, If he improves them, may well stretch so far, As to annoy us all: which to prevent, Let Antony and Casar fall together. Brut. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius, To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs; To run in death in death, and envy afterwards: For Antony is but a child of Caesar, Let us be sacrificers, but no butchers, Cains. We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar; And yet, if there is some check of him, O, that we then could come by Caesar's spirit, And not dismember Caesar! But, alas, Caesar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends, Let's kill him boldly, but most unthrificantly; Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods, Not how him as a carcass fit for hounds: And let our hearts, as subtle masters do, Stir up their accusers to an idle rage, And after seem to chide them. This shall make Our purpose necessary, and not envious: Which so appeasing to the common eyes, We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers, And for Mark Antony, think not of him; For he can do no more than Caesar's arm, When Caesar's head is off. Cas. Yet I do fear him: For in the ingrafted love he bears to Caesar: — Brut. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him: It is too great for man that he can do Is to himself: take thought, and die for Caesar: And that were much he should; for he is given to sports, to wildness, and much company. Cre. Then let us do it. Let us end our day; For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. Clock strikes. Brut. Peace, count the clock. Cass. The clock hath striken three. Trib. 'Tis time to part. Cas. But it is doubtful yet, Whether Caesar will come forth to-day, or no: — Precariously. Brut. Let us not break the marker to him. Cre. It is very possible. 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, This uncustom'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 provide for him: or he love to hear, That unicorns may be betray'd with reserve, And bears with glasses, elephants with holes, Lions with toils, and men with daffterers. But, when he shall be, he hates daffterers. He says, he does: being then most flattered. Let me work: For I can give his humor the true bent; And I will bring him to the Capitol. Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him. Brut. By the eighth hour: Is that the uttermost? Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then. Mct. Caius Ligarius; doth bear Caesar hard, Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey; I wonder, none of you have thought of him. Brut. Now, good Metelius, go along by him? He loves me well, and I have given him reasons; Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him. Cas. The morning comes upon us: We'll leave you, Brutus:— And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all remember What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans. Brut. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily; Let not our looks put on our purposes; But bear it as our Roman actors do, With unfruit'd spirits, and formal constancy: And so, good-morrow to you every man. [Exit all but Brutus.]

Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep! It is no matter; Enjoy the heavy-heavy dew of slumber; Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies, Which busy care draws in the brains of men; Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my lord! Brut. Portia, what mean you? Whereto rise these sounds? It is not for your health thus to commit Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning. Por. Nor for yours neither. You have ungraciously, Stole from my bed: And yesternight, at supper, You suddenly arose, and walk'd about, Musing, and sighing, with your arms across; And when I ask'd you what you meant the matter was, You stared upon me with ungentle looks: I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head, And ta'bbed to yourselves: I seemed to your foot: Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not; But with an angry wrathful of your heart, Gave sign for me to leave you: So I did; I beg to strength'nd All which seem'd too much enkindled; and, withal, Hoping it was but an effect of humor, Which sometime hath his hour with every man. It will not let you call, 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. Brut. 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. Brut. So I do—good Portia, so to bed. Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical To walk unbraided, and suck up the humors Of the body? — Is it, Brutus? What, in health? And will he steal out of his wholesome bed, To dare the vile contagion of the night? And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air To add to his sickness? No, my lord: — 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, charman't by my nature commendable, By all your vows of love, and that great vow Which did incorporate and make as one, That you unfold to me, yourself, your half, — By his house. — Such shapes created by imagination. — Keep'rd. — Bump. — Moist.
SCENE II.—A Room in Caesar’s Palace.

Thunder and Lightning.

Enter CALPURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Caesar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Caes. Caesar shall forth: The things that threat
end come.
Ne’er look’d but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Caesar, they are vanished.

Cal. Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now thee see I in aier, in my heart within,
Beside the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelp’d in the streets of Rome,
And graves have yawn’d, and yielded up their dead:
Fierce fiery warriors light upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which dazzle fairest upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurst’d! in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek, and squall about the streets.
O Caesar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cas. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos’d by the mighty gods?—
Yet Caesar shall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Caesar.

Cal. When bergers die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Ces. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers?—
Serv. They would not have you go forth to-day,
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cas. The gods do this in shame of cowardice;
Caesar should be a heart without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Caesar shall not: Danger knows full well,
That Caesar is more dangerous than he.
We were two lions in one body yesterday,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Caesar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum’d in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: Call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We’ll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
And he shall say, you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cas. Mark Antony shall say, I am not well;
And, for thy humor, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here’s Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Caesar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Caesar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cas. And you are come in very happy time,
To hear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them, that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, false;
I will not come to-day: Tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say, he is sick.

Cas. Shall Caesar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch’d mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell you, I am to bear it?
Decius, go tell them, Caesar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause.
Lost 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.

Calpurnia here, my uncle, 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
Come smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these does she apply for warnings, portents
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg’d, that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision, far and fortunate.

Never paid regard to prodiges or omens. Encountred.
Your statute spouting blood in many pipes, in which so many spider's webs did, signifies that from you great Rome shall suck Reviving blood; and that great men shall press For truths, slaves, rulers, rulers, and cognizance. This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say: And know it now: The senate have concluded To give you this day, 3 crowns to ruffle Cæsar. If you shall send them word, you will not come, Their minds may change. Besides, it was a mock Act to be render'd, for some one to say, Enters the senate hall and another said:
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams. If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper, La, Cæsar is afraid?

Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear, dear love To your succeeding bids me tell you this; And reason to my love is libans?

Cæs. You did behold your fears seem now, Calphurnia! I am ashamed I did yield to them.— Give me my robe, for I will go—

Enter Public, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Cæsca, Trebonius, and Cinna.

And look where Publicius is come to fetch me. Pub. Good-morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publicius.— What, Brutus, are you still'd so early too?

Good-morrow, Cæsar.—Cæsars Ligarius, Cæsar was ne'er so much my enemy, As that same avenue which hath made you lean.— What is't o'clock! Brut. Cæsar, 'tis struck eight. Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights, Is not withstanding up—

Good-morrow, Antony.

Ant. I did them prepare withal. I am to blame to be thus waited for—

Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebonius?

I have an hour's talk in store for you; Remember that you call on me to-day: Be near me, that I may remember you.

Tred. Cæsar, I will:—and so near will I be,

That your best friend shall wish I had been further. Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me: And we, like friends, will straitway go together, Brut. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar, The heart of Brutus years! to think upon!

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A Street near the Capitol.

Enter Antemidorus, reading a Paper.

Art. Cæsars, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Cæsa; have an eye to Cinna; tread not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cuminum; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast unwound Cassius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st not mortal, look about thee: Securely gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy towers, Antemidorus. Here will I stand, till Cæsar pass along And as a suitor will I give him this. My heart laments, that virtue cannot live Out of the reach of misprision.

If thou read this, O Cæsar, then may'st live; If not, the fates with traitors do contrive. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the same Street, before the House of Brutus.

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I'prythee, 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: 0 Constancy, be strong upon my side!— Let a high mountain 'twixt my heart and tongue! I have a man's mind, but a woman's might. How hard it is for women to keep counsel! Art thou here yet? Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow: Which way hast thou been? South. At mine own house, good lady. Por. What is't o'clock? South. About the ninth hour, lady. Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol? South. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand, To see him pass on to the Capitol. Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not? South. That I have, lady; if it will please Cæsar To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me. Luc. I shall beseech him to betroint himself; Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him? South. That I know will be, much that I fear may change. Good-morrow to you. Here the street is narrow; The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels, Of senators, of praetors, common suitors. Will crowd a leekie man almost to death: I'll get me to a place more void, and there Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [Exeunt.

Por. I must go. Ah me! how weak a thing The heart of woman is! O Brutus! The heavens speed thee in thy enterprise! Sure the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a suit, That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint:— Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord; Say, I am merry: come to me again, And bring me word what he doth say to thee. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Capitol; the Senate sitting.

A Crew of People in the Street leading to the Capitol. Enter Antemidorus and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Cæsca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Popilus, Publicius, and others.

Cæs. The Ides of March are come. South. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Had, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read, At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

*Subordinate. *Greaves.

Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit That touches Cæsar nearer: Read it, great Cæsar. Cæs. What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd. Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly. Cæs. What, is the fellow mad! Pub. Sirrah, give place. Cæs. What, urge you your petitions in the street! Come to the Capitol. Cæsar enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the Senators rise.

Scene I.

JULIUS CAESAR.

JULIUS CAESAR. What said Popilius Lena?

CAS. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.

JULIUS CAESAR. Fear our purpose is discovered.

CAS. Look, how he makes to Caesar: Mark him. Caesar will be sudden, for we fear prevention. Brute, what shall be done? If this be known, Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back, For I will stay myself.

BRU. Cassius, be constant; Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes; for, look, he smiles, and Caesar doth not change.

CAS. Trebonius has his time; for, look you, Brute,

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[Excus AND Trebonius. Caesar's letters take the Senators this way.]

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go, and presently prefer his suit to Caesar.

BRU. He is address'd; press near, and second him.

CAS. If Cassius you hold in his fat ears your hand,

Cas. Are we all ready? what is now amiss, That Caesar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Caesar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart:
Kneeling. I must prevent thee, Cimber. These courtharts, and these lowly courtiers,

Ham. shall fire the blood of ordinary men,

And turn pre-ordainment, and first decree,

But the law of children. He shall be constant:
That to think that Caesar bears such rebel blood,

That will be th'awd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,

Low-soud'd courtiers, and base, and baneful twining.

Thy brother by decree is banished;

He dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Know, Caesar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,

To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear,

For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

BRU. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Caesar;

Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may have an immediate freedom of appeal.

Cas. What, Brutus?

CAS. Pardon, Caesar; Caesar, pardon:

So low as to thy foot doth Caesar fall,

To beg entreaty for Publius Cimber.

CAS. I could be well mov'd, if I were one of you;

If I could pray to move, prayers would move me: But I am constant as the northern star, Of those true-bred and renowned 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 its place: So, in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men,

And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive; Yet, in the number, I do know but one That can hold his noble hold of unshak'd 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! Will thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Caesar,

CAS. Doth not Brutus bootsess; kneel!

Casca. Speak, hands, for me! [Casca stabs hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several others.]

CAS. Casca. El fu, Brutus? [Then fall, Caesar.

Dec. The Senators and People retire in confusion.

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cin. Some to the common pulpits, cry out,

Liberty, freedom, and entrenchment! Brutus. People, and senators! be not affrighted;

Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus, and speak too.

Brutus. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Caesar's

Should chance—

BRU. Talk not of standing,—Publius, good cheer; There is no harm intended to your person; Nor to no Roman else; so tell them, Publius.

CAS. And leave us, Publius, lest that the people Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

BRU. So, and let no man abide this deed, But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

CAS. Where's Antony?—

TREB. Fled to his house amazed:

Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run, As it were doomsday.

BRU. Fal's: we will know your pleasures:

That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,

And draw from you which men shall bear our will.

CAS. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,

Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

BRU. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:

So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridg'd

His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop, And let us bath our hands in Caesar's blood

Up to the elbows, and besmears our swords:

Then walk we forth, even to the marketplace;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,

Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

CAS. So, and, then, and, wash. How many ages hence

Shall this our lofty scene be acting over,

In states unborn, and accents yet unknown!

BRU. How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,

That now on Pompey's basis lies along,

No worshipper but the dust!

CAS. So oft as that shall be,

So often shall the knot of us be unfold'd

The men that gave our country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth!

CAS. Ay, every man away:

Brutus shall lead; and we will gain our checks

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 kneel;

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;

And, being prostrate, thus he bid me say:

Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;

Cesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:

Say, I love Antony, and I honor him;

Say, I fear'd Caesar honor'd him, and lov'd him.

If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony

May safely come to him; and be resolv'd

How Caesar hath deserv'd to lie in death,

Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead,

So well as Brutus liveth; but will follow

The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus

Thorough the hazards of this our state;

With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

BRU. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman:

I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honor,
Depart untouch'd.

SERV. I'shall fetch him presently.

BRU. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

CAS. I wish we may; but yet have I a mind

That leans 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 Caesar! Dost thou lie so low? Are all thy conquests, glory, triumphs, spoils, shrunk to this little measure?—Fear thee well; I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,—Who else must be let blood, who else is rank? If I myself there is not sufficient for it As Caesar's death's hour; nor instrument Of half that worth, as those thy swords, made rich With the most noble blood of all this world. I do beseech ye, if you have a heart, now, Whist your purs'd hands do rock and smoke, Grow too high for the public safety.
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years, I will not find myself so apt to die; No place will please me now, no mode of death, As here by Caesar, and by you cut off, The choice and master-spirits of this age. JULIUS Ceasar! beg not your death of us. Though now we must appear bloody and cruel, As, by our hands, and this our present act. You see we do; yet see you but our hands, And this the bleeding business they have done: Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful; And pity to the general wrong of Rome (A tear drops from his eye, so pitiful, pity.) Hail done this deed to Ceasar. For your part, To you our swords have befriend'd marks, Mark Antony: Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts, Of wrong, for you, do receive in With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence, Ceasar. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's, In the disposing of new dignities, Brutus. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd The multitude, beside themselves with fear, And then we will deliver you the cause, Why I, that did love Caesar when I struck him, Have didst proceeded. I doubt not of your wisdom. Let each man render me his bloody hand: First, Mictus Brutus, will I shake with you;— Next, Cains Caiusius, and I take you hand; Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Me- telius; Yours, Cinna, and my valiant Cassius, yours;— Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius. Gentlemen all,—has! what shall I say? My course now stands on such slippery ground, That one of two bad ways you must conceive me, Either a coward, or a traitor,— That I did love thee, Caesar, O, 'tis true: If by thy spirit look upon us as this; Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death, To see thy Antony making his peace, Shall I the bloody fingers of thy foes, Most noble! in the weight of his letters hand? Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds, Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood, It would become me better, than to close In terms of friendship with thine enemies, Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou by'd, brave heart: Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand, Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy letch. O world! thou wast the forest to this hart; And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee,— How like a Heaven's creature to be slain, Dost thou here lie! 

Cas. Mark Antony,— Pardon me, Cains Caiusius: The enemies of Caesar shall say this: Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty. Cas. I blame you not for prais'ing Caesar so; But, pardon me, you to have with us? Will you be pricked in mutiny? I'll prove friends, Or shall we on, and not depend on you? 

Ant. Therefore took your hands, but was indeed, Swy'd from the point, by looking down on Caesar. Friends am I with you all, and love all; Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons, Why, and wherein, Caesar was dangerous. More else, were this a savoy spectacle: Our reasons are so full of good regard, That were you, Antony, the son of Caesar, You should be satisfied. That's all I seek: And am moreover suitor, that I may Produce his body to the market-place; And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend, Speak in the order of his funeral. 

Brutus. You shall, Mark Antony. 

Cas. Brutus, a word with you— You know not what you do: Do not consent; [Aside. That Antony speak in his funeral: How you much the people may be mov'd By that which will utter! 

Brutus. I will myself into the pulpit first, And show the reason of our Caesar's death: What Antony shall speak, I will protest He speaks by leave and by permission; And that we are contented, Caesar shall Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies, It shall be in the Conference, than do us wrong. Cas. I know not what may fall: I like it not. Brutus. Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's body, You shall not in your funeral speech blame us, But speak all good you can devise of Caesar; And say, you do't by our permission; Else shall you have no hand at all About his funeral: And you shall speak In the same pulpit, where I am going, After my speech is ended. 

Ant. It be so; I do desire no more. Brutus. Prepare the body then, and follow us. [Exit all but Antony. 

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth That I with my sword may thee as thy 秋 But speak all good you can devise of Caesar! Thou art the rumps of the noblest men, That ever lived in the tide of times. Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood! Over thy wounds now do I prophesy: Which, like dumb mouths, do o'er 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 death himself so general a famifier, That mothers shall but smile, when they behold Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war; All pity choked with custom of fell deeds: And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge, With Até by his side, come hot from hell, Shall in these comaines, with a monarch's voice, Cry, Hence! and let slip the dogs of war; That this bold deed shall smell above the earth, Withcarrion men mourning for burial. 

Enter a Servant.

You serve Oecatus Caesar, do you not? Serv. I do, Mark Antony, 

Ant. O, Caesar did write for him to come to Rome From the next war;—how is he? Serv. And bid me say to you by word of mouth,— O Caesar!— [Seeing the Body. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep, Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes Seeing those heads of sorrow stand in thine, Began to water, Is thy master coming? 

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome. 

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd: Here is the rumour, it is a dangerous Rome, No Rome of safety for Octavius yet; He hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while: Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corse Into the market-place: there shall I try, In my oration, how the people take The cruel issue of these bloody men; According to the which thou shalt discourse To young Octavius of the state of things, lend me your hand. [Exit, with Caesar's Body. 

SCENE II.—The Forum. 

Enter Brutus and Cassius, and a Throng of Citizens.

Cit. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied. Brut. Then follow me, and give me audience, By Caesar's name. 

Cassius, go you into the other street, And part the numbers,— Those that will hear us speak, let them stay here; Those that will follow Cassius, go with him; And public reasons shall be rendered Of Caesar's death. 

1 Cit. I will. I will hear Brutus speak. 

2 Cit. I will hear Cassius, and compare their reasons, When severally we hear them rendered. 

[Enter Cassius, with many of the Citizens. Brutus goes into the Rostrum. 

3 Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence! Brut. Be patient till the last. 

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that ye may hear: believe me for mine honor; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; *The signal for giving no quarter. 

* Friends.
SCENE II. JULIUS CAESAR.

and awake your senses, that you may the better judge of this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say, that Brutus's love to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer. I did not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living, and die all slaves; or that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, so let me rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: There is tears, for his love; joy for his fortune; honor 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不做翻译
See, what a rent the envious Caesar made:
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed:
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it:
As rushing out of doors, to be restore'd.
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel;
Jove, have you got, how dearly Caesar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquish'd him; then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue's
Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.
O, what a bat was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The din'd pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Caesar's vesture wounded! Look you here,
Here is himself marr'd, as you see, with traitors.
1 Cin. O piteous spectacle!
2 Cin. O noble Caesar!
3 Cin. O woe day!
4 Cin. O traitors, villains!
1 Cin. O most bloody sight!
2 Cin. We will be revenged; revenge: about,
—seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—say!—let not a traitor live.
Ant. Stay, countrymen.
1 Cin. Peace there:—Hear the noble Antony.
2 Cin. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die
with him.
Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up.
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They, that have done this deed, are honorable:
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.
I come not, friends, to steel away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is:
Not, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well,
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know:
Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths.
And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Caesar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.
Cin. We'll mutiny.
1 Cin. We'll burn the houses of Brutus.
2 Cin. Away then! come, seek the conspirators.
Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen, yet hear me speak.
Cin. Peace, ho! hear Antony, most noble Antony.
Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what?
Wherein hath Caesar thus deserved your loves?
Alas, you know not:—I must tell you then:—
You have forgot the will I told you of.
Cin. Most true:—the will:—let's stay, and hear the will.
Ant. Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal.
To every Roman, when he giveth it,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmae.
2 Cin. Most noble Caesar!—we'll revenge his death.

---

3 Cin. O royal Caesar!
Ant. Hear me with patience.
Cin. Peace, ho!
Cin. The tribune, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors, and new-plant'd orchards.
On this side Tyber: he hath left them you,
And to your hearers for ever: common pleasures,
And the walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Caesar: When comes such another!
1 Cin. 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 Cin. Go, fetch fire.
3 Cin. Pluck down benches.
4 Cin. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.
Exeunt Citizens, with the body.
Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art about.
Take, and we do you dwell!—How now, fellow?

---

Enter a Servant.
Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.
Ant. Where is he?
Serv. He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.
Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.
Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rising now:—I must go through the gates of Rome.
Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

---

Exeunt.

SCENE III. A Street.
Enter Cinna, the Poet.
Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Caesar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

---

Enter Citizens.
1 Cin. What is your name?
2 Cin. Whither are you going?
3 Cin. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what?
4 Cin. Are you a married man, or a bachelor?
2 Cin. Answer every man directly.
1 Cin. Ay, and briefly.
1 Cin. Ay, and wisely.
3 Cin. Ay, and truly, you were best.
Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going?
Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor?
Then to answer every man directly,
And briefly, wisely, and truly. Wisely say, I am a bachelor.
2 Cin. That's as much as to say, they are fools
That marry.—You'll hear me a song for that, I fear.
Proceed: directly.
Cin. Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.
1 Cin. As a friend, or an enemy!
Cin. As a friend.
2 Cin. That matter is answered directly.
3 Cin. For your dwelling—briefly.
Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.
4 Cin. Your name, sir, truly.
Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.
1 Cin. Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.
Cin. And to this man the poet, I am Cinna the poet.
3 Cin. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.
Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.
2 Cin. It is no matter, his name's Cinna: pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.
3 Cin. Tear, him, tear him. Come, brands, ho! firebrands. To Brutus', to Cassius', burn all
Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some
to Ligarius': away! go.

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[Exeunt.]
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Room in Antony's House.

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a Table.

ACT.

These many shall die; their names are prick'd.

OCT. Your brother too must die; Consent you, Lepidus?

LEP. I do consent.

ACT.

Prick'd him down, Antony.

Upon condition this shall not live,

Which is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

ACT.

He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn'd him.

But, Lepidus, go to Caesar's house;

Fetch the will hither, and we will determine

How to cut off some charge in legacies.

ACT.

What, shall I find you here!—

Or here, or at the Capitol. [Exit LEPIDUS.

ACT. This is a slight unmeritable man,

Meet to be sent on errands: Is it so,

The three-aki world divided, he should stand

One of the three to share it?—

ACT.

So you thought him; and took his voice who should be prick'd to die, in our black sentence and prescription.

ACT. Octavius, I have seen more days than you;

And though we lay these honors on this man,

To ease ourselves of divers dangerous loads,

He shall not bear them as the ass bears gold,

To groin and sweat under the business,

Either led or driven, as we point the way;

And having brought our treasure where we will,

Then take we down his load, and turn him off,

Like to the empty ass, to shake his cars,

And graze in commons.

ACT. You may do your will,

But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

ACT. So is my horse, Octavius; and, for that,

I do appoint him store of provender,

It is a creature I teach to fight,

To wind, to stop, to run directly on;

His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.

And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so:

He can be taught, and trained, and bid go forth;

A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds

On objects, arts, and imitations;

Which, out of use, and stale'd by other men,

Begin his fashion: Do not talk of him,

But as a property. And now, Octavius,

Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius

Are Levy powers; we must straight make head.

Therefore, let our alliance be concluded

Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out;

And let us presently go sit in council,

How every matter may be best disclos'd,

And open perils surest answered.

ACT. Let us do so; for we are at the stake,

And say'd about with many enemies;

And some, that smile, have in their hearts I fear,

Millions of mischief. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Before Brutus' Tent, in the Camp near Sardis.

BRA. Enter BRUTUS, LUCIUS, LUCIUS, and Soldiers: TITINIUS and PINDARUS meeting them.

BRA. Stand here.

LUC. Give the word, ho! and stand.

BRA. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

LUCIUS. I am at hand: and Pindarus is come to do you salutation from his master.

[PINDARUS giveth a Letter to Brutus.]

BRA. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,

In his own charge, or by ill officers,

Hath given me some worthy cause to wish

Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,

I shall be satisfied.

PIND. I do not doubt


BRA. But that my noble master will appear

Such as he is, full of regard and honor.

[Enter Lucius. Lucilius is not doubtful.—A word, Lucilius:

How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

LUC. With courtesy, and with respect enough;

But not with such familiar instances,

Nor with such free and friendly conference,

As he hath used of old.

BRA. Thou hast describ'd

A hot friend cold:—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 track of Comes his army on.

LUC. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;

The greater part, the horse in general

Are come with Cassius. [March within.

BRA. Hark, he is arriv'd:—

March gently on to meet him.

Enter Cassius and Soldiers.

CAS. Stand, ho!

BRA. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

[Within:] Stand. [Within:] Stand. [Within:] Stand.

CAS. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

BRA. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine ene-

mies!

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

CAS. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides

wrong.

And when you do them——

BRA. Cassius, be content,

Speak your grief coldly:—I do know you well:—

Before the eyes of both our armies here,

Which should perceive nothing but love from us,

Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away:

Then, in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,

And I will give you audience. Pindarus.

BRA. Bid our commanders lead their charges off

A little from the ground.

CAS. Lucilius, do the like: and let no man

Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.

Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Within the Tent of Brutus.

LUCIUS AND TITINIUS AT SOME DISTANCE FROM IT.

Enter Brutus and Cassius.

CAS. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in

this:

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,

For taking tributes here of the Sardians;

Wherein my letters, praying on his side,

Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

BRA. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a

case.

CAS. In such a time as this, it is not meet:

That every man's offence should bear his comment.

BRA. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself

Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm:

To sell and mart your officers for gold,

To undeservers.

CAS. I am an itching palm?

BRA. You know that you are Brutus that speak this,

Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

BRA. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,

And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

CAS. Committee?

BRA. Remember March, the ides of March re-

membered.

Did not at Julius bleed for justice's sake?

What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,

And not for justice! What, shall one of us,

Tiding.
That struck the foremost man of all this world, 
But for supporting nobles; shall we now 
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes? 
And sell the mighty space of our large honors, 
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus!—
I have us'd my breast, and lay the moon, 
Than such a Roman.
Cas. Brutus, bay not me; 
Cas. Yet endure it; you forget yourself 
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I. 
Older in practice, abler than yourself 
To make conditions. 
Brut. Go to; you're not, Cassius. 
Cas. I am. 
Brut. I say, you are not. 
Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself; 
Ha! have you upon your heart, tempt me no further. 
Brut. Away, slight man! 
Cas. Is't possible? 
Brut. 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. Ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure this all? 
Brut. All this! ay, more: Fret, till your proud 
heart break; 
Go show your slaves how cholerie you are, 
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge? Must I observe you? Must I crouch 
Under your sweaty humor? By the gods, 
You shall digest the venom of your spleen, 
Though it do split you: for, from this day forth, 
I'll hold for my earth, yes, for my laughter, 
When you are waspish.
Cas. Is it come to this? 
Brut. You say, you are a better soldier: 
Let me see how you make your young 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? 
Brut. If you did, I care not. 
Cas. When Caesar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me. 
Brut. Peace, peace, you durst not so have tempted him. 
Cas. I durst not! 
Brut. No. 
Cas. What! durst not tempt him? 
Brut. For your life you durst not. 
Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love, 
I may do that I shall be sorry for. 
Brut. You have done that you should be sorry for. 
There's no terror, Cassius, in your threats; 
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty, 
That they pass by me as the idle wind, 
Which I respect not. 
Cas. Therefore I did send you. 
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;— 
For I can raise no money by vile means: 
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart, 
And drop my blood for drachms, than to wring 
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash 
By any indirect. I did send 
To you for gold to pay my legions, 
Which you denied me: Was that done like Cassius? 
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so? 
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous, 
To lock such rascal counters from his friends, 
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts, 
Dash him to pieces! 
Cas. I denied you not. 
Brut. You did. 
Cas. I did not—he was but a fool, 
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath rived my heart: 
A friend should hear his friend's infirmities, 
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are. 
Brut. I do not, till you practise them on me. 
Cas. You love me not. 
Brut. I do not like your faults, 
Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults. 
Brut. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear 
As huge as high Olympus. 
Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come, 
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius, 
For Cassius is wacey of the world:

Hated by one he loves; brat'd by his brother; 
Check'd like a boarhound; all his faults observ'd, 
Set in a note-book, learn'd and count'd by rote, 
To cast into my teeth. 0, I could weep 
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger, 
And here my naked breast; within, a heart 
Dearer than Phitus' mine, richer than gold: 
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth; 
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart: 
Strike, as thou didst at Caesar; for I know, 
When then didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better. 

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius. 
Brut. S See thy dagger: 
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope; 
Do what you will, dishonor shall be honor, 
O Cassius, and this hand with this heart 
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire: 
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark, 
And straight is cold again. 
Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd 
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus, 
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him! 
Brut. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too. 
Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand. 
Brut. And my heart too. 
Cas. O Brutus! 
Brut. What's the matter? 
Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me, 
When that rash humor, which my mother gave me, 
Made me forgetful? 
Brut. Yes, Cassius; and henceforth, 
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus, 
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so. 
Poet. [Within.] Let me go in to see the generals: 
There is some grudge between them, 'tis not meet 
The brave so shun. 
Luc. [Within.] You shall not come to them. 
Poet. [Within.] Nothing but death shall stay me. 
Enter Poet. 

Cas. How now? What's the matter? 
Poet. For shame, you generals: What do you mean? 
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be; 
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye. 
Cas. His, ha; how vilely doth this cymric rhyme! 
Brut. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence. 
Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion. 
Brut. I'll know his humor, when he knows his time: 
What should the wars do with these jigging fools? 
Companion, since, hence. 
Cas. Away, away, begone. 

[Exit Poet.] 

Enter Lucius and Titinius. 
Brut. Lucius and Titinius, bid the commanders 
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night. 
Cas. Come, let Come yourselves, and bring Messala 
with you, 
Immediately to us. [Exit Lucius and Titinius. 
Brut. Lucius, a houl of wine. 
Cas. I did not think, you could have been so very angry 
Brut. O Cassius, I am sick of many grieves. 
Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use, 
If you make nothing to accidential evil. 
Brut. No man bears sorrow better.—Portia is dead. 
Cas. Ha! Portia! 
Brut. She is dead. 
Cas. How 'scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so? 
O insupportable and touching loss!— 
Upon what sickness? 
Brut. Impatient of my absence; 
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony 
Have made themselves so strong—for her death 
That tidings came.—With this she fell distract, 
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire. 
Cas. And died so! 
Brut. Even so. 
Cas. O ye immortal gods! 

Enter Lucius, with Wine and Tapers. 
Brut. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine:— 
In this I bury all kindness, Cassius. 
[Drinks. 

* Follow. ]
Scene III.

JULIUS CAESAR.

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge—
Fili, Lucius, till the wine o'erwash the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [Drinks.

Re-enter Titinius, with Messala.

Bru. Come in, Titinius:—Welcome, good Messal.

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—

Messal. I have here received letters,
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.
Mes. Myself have letters of the selfsame tenor.
Bru. With what addition?
Mes. That by subscription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Hath sent to death a hundred senators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators, that died
By their subscriptions, Cicero being one.
Cas. Cicero one?
Mes. Ay, Cicero is dead,
And by that order of subscription—
And yon your letters from your wife, my lord?
Bru. No, Messal.
Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing, Messal.
Mes. That, methinks, is strange.
Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?
Mes. No, my lord.
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,
To- morrow, Messal.

With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
Mes. Even so great men great losses should en-
courage.
Cas. I have as much of this in art as you;
But yet my nature could not bear it so.
Here shall we all our work alive. Where do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?
Cas. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reason?
Cas. This it is:
'Tis this letter 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, and defense, and quietness.
Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to
better.
The people, 'twixt Titinius and this ground,
Do stand but in a forced election;
For they have gudg'd us contribution;
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-odd'd, and encouraged;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. I hear me, good brother,
Bru. Under your pardon. — You must note be-
side,
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brimful, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
The day 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 advow;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on:
Well on ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.
Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will negociate with a little rest.
There is no more to say!

Cas. Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my groom. [Exit Lucius.] Fare-
well, good Messal. —

*Theory.

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 'twixt our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Everything is well.
Cas. Good-night, my lord.
Bru. Good-night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good-night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one. [Exeunt Cassius, 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 knife, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatch'd.
Cull 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.

Tar. Calls my lord.
Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep;
It may be, I shall raise you by and by.
On business to my brother Cassius.

Tar. So please you, we will stand, and watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so; lie down, good sirs.

Luc. I shall, I will, to- morrow, I will.

[Servants lie down.

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy. I am much for-
guarded.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an it please you.

Bru. It does, my boy;
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. Shall not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It is well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee.

[Music and a Song.

This is a sleepy tune:—O mountain's slumber!
Lay'st thou thy headen mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music?— Gentle knife, good-

night.

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.

If thou dost not, thou break'st thy instrument:
I'll take it from thee, and, good boy, good-night.

Let me see, let me see:—Is not the leaf turn'd
down,
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[He sits down.

Enter the Ghost of Cassar.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes,
That shapes this monstrosity of apparition,
It comes upon me.— Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare!
Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Yevil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well;

Then I shall see thee again!

[Exit Ghost.

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks, he still is at his instrument.

Lucius, awake.

Luc. My lord!

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so
criest out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: Didst thou see any
thing?

Sceptre.
ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Plains of Philippi.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered: you said the enemy would not come down, but keep the hills and upper regions; it proves not so: their battles are at hand; they mean to war us at Philippi here.

Ant. But, I am in their bosoms, and I know, wherefore they do it: they could be content to visit other places; and come down with fearful bravery, thinking, by this face, to insten in our thoughts that they have courage; but 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals: the enemies are on in gallant show; their bloody sign of battle is hung out, and something's to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on; upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left. Why do you cross me in this exigent? Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so.

[March. Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army; Lucilius, Titinius, Masala, and others.

Brut. They stand, and would have parley. Vnt. I stand fast: Titinius: we must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle? Ant. No, Cassar, we will answer on the charge.

Make forth, the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Brut. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

Ant. Not that we love words better, as you do. Brut. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus you give good words:

Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart, crying, Long live! hail, Caesar!

Cas. Antony, the picture of your blows are yet unknown; but for your words, they rob the Hyble bees, and leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too. Brut. O, yes, and soundless too; for you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony, and, very wisely, threat before you sing.

Vnt. Villains, you did not so, when your vile Hack'd one another in the sides of Caesar: you show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds, and how'd I, houndmen, kissing Caesar's feet, whilst dammed Cassa, like a cur, behind, struck Caesar on the neck. O flatteners! Cas. Flatterers! now, Brutus, thank yourself: this tongue had not offended so to-day, if Cassius might have ruled.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat.

The proof of it will turn to rodder drops.

Look; I draw a sword against conspirators; when think you that the sword goes up again?—Never till Caesar's three and twenty wounds be well avenged; or till another Caesar have added slaughter to the troopers. Brut. Caesar, thou canst not die by troopers' hands, unless thou bring'st them with thee.

* Summon.

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Cla. Nor I, my lord.

Brut. Go, and command me to my brother Cassius! Sir bid him prove his powers betimes before, and we will follow.

Var. Cassius. It shall be done, my lord. [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

Oct. So I hope; I was not born to die on Brutus' sword. Brut. 0, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain, Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish school-boy, worthless of such honor, Join'd with a masker and a reveller; Ant. Old Cassius still! Oct. Come, Antony; away.—Defiance, traitors, hurl us in your teeth: it is our right to-day, come to the field; if not, when we 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. Brut. No! Lucilius; hark, a word with you.

Luc. My lord.

Cas. [Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.]

Cas. Messala,—

Mess. What says my general?

Cas. 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, and I compelled to set Upon one battle all our liberties. You know, that I held Epicureans strong, And that I was a man of antique life; and I change me round, and, and partly credit things that do presage. Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd, Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands; Who to Philippi here consorted us. This morning are they fled away, and gone; And in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites, Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us, As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem A canopy most fatal, under which Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost. Mess. Believe not so. I but believe it partly; For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd To meet all perils very constantly. Brut. Even so, Lucilius.

Cae. Now, most noble Brutus, The gods to-day stand friendly; that we may, Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age! But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain, Let's reason with the worst that may befall. If we do lose this battle, then is this The very last time we shall speak together: What are you then determined to do? Brut. 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 Through the streets of Rome?

Brut. 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 ideas of March begun; And whether we shall meet again, I know not. Therefore our everlasting farewell take; — For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius! * Foremost. * Accompanied.
If we do meet again, why shall we smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.
Call no more, hearken for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we’ll smile indeed:
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.
Brutus. 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!

SCENE II.—The Field of Battle.
A Larum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.
Brutus. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills!
Unto the legions on the other side: [Loud A Larum.
Let them set on, and over me for ever.
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.
A Larum. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.
Cassius. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly:
Myself have made my own turn’d enemy.
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I saw the coward, and did take it from him.
Titinius. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early.
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony were all enclos’d.

Cassius. What news?

Titinius. None but that of the noble Brutus,
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoliation.
Whilst we by Antony were all enclos’d.
[Exeunt.

Pinarius. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tent, your lord!
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.
Cassius. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;
And take those tents, where I perceive the fire!
Titinius. They are, my lord.
Cassius. Titinius, if thou lov’st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again: that I may rest assured,
Whether yond’r troops are friend or enemy.
Titinius. I will be here again, even with a thought.

Cassius. Go, Pinarius, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thuck; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou thinkest about the field.
[Exeunt.

This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there I shall end;
May my state be such as Sirrah, what news?
Pinarius. O my lord!
Cassius. What news?
Pinarius. Cassius. Enquiry round about with horsemen, that
Make to him on the spur:—yet he spurs on,—
Now they are almost on him; now, Titinius!—
Now some light—O, he lights too—he’s taken
And hurt.

Shout. They shout for joy.
Cassius. Come down, behold no more—
O, coward that I am, to live so long; To see my best friend ta’en before my face!—

Enter Pinarius.

Pinarius. Come hither, Sirrah; In Partinius did I take thee prisoner; And then I spake thee, saving of thy life, That, when thou didst bid thyself die, Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath! Now be a freeman; and with this good sword, That ran through Caesar’s bowels, search this bosom. Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the hilt: And, when my face is cover’d, as ’tis now, Guide thou the sword.—Cassius, thou art reveng’d, Even with the sword that didst thy country’s friend.
Pinarius. So I am free, yet would not so have been, Durst I have done my will. O Cassius! Far from this country Pinarius shall run, Where my noble Roman shall take him. [Exeunt.

Re-enter TITINIUS with MESSALA.
Messala. It is but change. Titinius; for Octavius Is overthrown by noble Brutus’ power, As Cassius’ legions are by Antony.Directions for the officers.

Titius. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.
Messala. Where did you leave him?
Titius. At Messala’s house. There is no one, And with Cassius his bondman, on this hill.
Messala. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?
Titius. He lies not like the living. O my heart!
Messala. Is not that he?
Titius. No, this was he, Messala, But Cassius is no more.—Setting sun! As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night, So in his red blood Cassius’ day is set.
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone; Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done.

Mistress of my success hath done this deed,
Messala. Mr. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy’s child!
Woe clest that ever met with the apt thoughts of men.
The things that are not! O error, amen conceiv’d,
Then never com’st unto a happy birth,
But kill the mother that engender’d thee.
Titinius. What, Titinius! Where art thou, Titinius?
Messala. I see him. Titinius: whilst I go to meet The noble Brutus, thrusting this report Into his ears: I may say thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envought y’er, Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus, As tidings of this sight.
Messala. He is here, Messala, And I will seek for Pinarius the tidings.
[Exeunt.

SCENE I.—The Field of Battle.
A Larum. Enter BRUTUS, young CATO, STRABO, VOLENCEUS, and LUCILIUS.
Brutus. Where, where is Cassius? Where is Cassius?
Messala. Thy body lie!—Messala, thou art a lie! Messala. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.
Messala. Titinius’ face is upward.
Cato. He is slain.
Cato. O Julius Caesar, thou art in both worlds! Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords In our own proper entrails.
[Low A Larum.
Cato. Is he alive? Is he alive?
Cato. Some one home?—Betrays Titinius!— Is he alive? Is he alive?
Cato. Are you two Romans living such as these?— The last of all the Romans, fare thee well! It is impossible that ever Rome Should breed th’stout fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.— I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time,— Come, therefore, and to Thessas send his body; His funeral shall not be in our camp, Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come : And come, young Cato, let us to the field.— Labelo, and Flavius, set our battles on:—'Tis three o’clock; and, Romans, yet ere night We shall try fortune in a second fight.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Field.
A Larum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both Armies; then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and others.
Brutus. Yet, countrymen, O yet hold up your heads! Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field: I am the son of Marcus Cato, but to thee to thy country’s friend; I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!—

Charges the Enemy.
Brutus. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, ho:— Brutus, my country’s friend, I know him well for Brutus. [Exit, charging the Enemy. Cato. If we suffer ourselves to be overpowered, and fall.

Inc. O yours and noble Cato, art thou down? Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius; And mayst be honor’d, being Cato’s son. 1 Sold. Yield, or thou diest.
Luc.  Only I yield to thee,  
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight:  
[Offering Money.  
Kill Brutus, and be honor'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; Brutus is ta'en, my lord.  
Ant. Where is he?  
Luc. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough;  
I dare assure thee, that no enemy  
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:  
The gods defend him from so great a shame!  
When you do find him, or alive, or dead,  
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.  
Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,  
A prize no less in worth; keep this man safe;  
Give him all kindness: I had rather have  
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,  
And see what Brutus be alive, or dead:  
And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,  
How every thing is changed.  
[Exeunt.  

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field.  

Enter Brutus, Dardanus, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.  
Brut. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.  
Clit. Statius show'd the torch-light; but, my lord,  
He came not back; he is ta'en, or slain.  
Brut. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;  
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus,—  
[Whispering.  
Clit. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.  
Brut. Peace, then, no words.  
Clit. I'll rather kill myself.  
Brut. Hark thee, Dardanus!  
[Whispers him.  
Darr. O, Dardanus!  
Clit. What ill request did Brutus make to thee!  
Darr. To kill him, Clitus: Look, he meditates.  
Clit. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,  
That it runs over even at his eyes.  
Brut. Come hither, good Volumnius: list a word.  
Vol. What says my lord?  
Brut. 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 Philipp's fields.  
I know my hour is come.  
Vol. Not so, my lord.  
Brut. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.  
Then fear not the word, Volumnius, how it goes;  
Our enemies have beat us to the pat;  
It is more worthy to keep in ourselves,  
Than farrily to push us. Good Volumnius,  
Thou know'st, that we two went to school together;  
Even for that our love of old I pray thee,  
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.  
Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.  
[Alarum still.  

Clit. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.  
Brut. Farewell!—to you;—and you;—and you,  
Volumnius.—  
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;  
Farewell to thee, too, Strato.—Countrymen,  
My heart doth joy, that yet in all my life,  
I found no man, but he was true to me.  
I shall have glory by this losing day,  
More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,  
By this vile conquest shall attain unto  
So fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue  
Hath almost ended his life's history:  
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,  
That have but labor'd to attain this hour.  

[Alarum. Cry within; Fly, fly, fly, Clit.  
Brut. Hence; I will follow thee.  
[Exeunt Clitus, Dardanms, and Volumnius.  
I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:  
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;  
Thou hast been a most meeke minister.  
Thy life hath had some smatch of honor in it:  
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,  
While I do run upon it. With thee, Strato!  
Strat. Give me your hand first: Fare you well, my lord.  
Brut. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still,  
I'll not thee with half so good a will.  
He runs on his sword, and dies.  

Oct. What man is that?  
Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?  
Strat. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;  
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;  
For Brutus only overcame himself,  
And no man else hath honor by his death.  
Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,  
That thou hast prov'd Lucius' saying true.  
Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.  
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?  
Strat. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to thee.  
Oct. Do so, Messala.  
Mes. How did my master, Strato?  
Strat. I held the sword, and he did run on it.  
Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,  
That did the latest service to my master.  
Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:  
All the conspirators, save only he,  
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;  
He only, in a general honest thought,  
And common good to all, made one of them.  
His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,  
And say to all the world, This was a man!  
Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,  
With all respect and rites of burial.  
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,  
Most like a soldier, order'd honorably.—  
So, call the field to rest; and let's away.  
To part the glories of this happy day.  
[Exeunt.  

* Receive into my service.  
* Recommend.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

M. ANTONY, OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, MENENCRATES, TRIUMVIRS.

M. æmilius leidies, sextus pompeius, domitius enobarbus, venidius, eroes, scarus, dercetas, demestres, pullo, mecinas, agrrippa, dolabella, PROCULUS, THYRECUS, gallus, MENAS, MENENCRATES, FRIENDS OF POMPEY.

VARRUS, TAURUS, LIEUTENANT-GENERAL TO CÆSAR. CANDIUS, LIEUTENANT-GENERAL TO ANTONY. SILIUS, AN OFFICER IN VENIDIVS'S ARMY. EUPHRONIUS, AN AMBASSADOR FROM ANTONY TO CÆSAR.

ALEXAS, MARIANUS, SELECTUS, AND DIONEDES, ATTENDANTS ON CLEOPATRA.

A SODDENGER. A CLOWN.

CLEOPATRA, QUEEN OF EGYPT. OCTAVIA, SISTER TO CÆSAR, AND WIFE TO ANTONY.

CHALMEN, ATTENDANTS ON CLEOPATRA.

IRAS, OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, MESSENGERS, AND OTHER ATTENDANTS.

SCENE, dispersed; in several parts of the Roman Empire.

ACT I.


Enter Demetrias and Pullo.

Phi. Nay, but this dutrage of our general's,
O'erflows the measure: Those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and masters of the war
Have glowed like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great lights had burst
The buckles on his breast, renewed all temper;
And is become the bellows and the fan,
To cool a gipsy's lust. Look, where they come!

Flourish. Enter Antony and Cleopatra, with their trains; Eunuchs fanning her.

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a trumpet's foot; behold and see.
Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.
Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.
Cleo. I'll set a bound how far to be belov'd,
Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven,
New earth, new carth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.
Ant. Grates me:—The sum! Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony.

Fulvia, perchance, is angry: Or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you. Do this, or this;
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform't, or else we damn thee.

Ant. How, my love! Cleo. Perchance, nay, and most like,
You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's, I would say?
—Both!—

Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,
Then blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine
is Cæsar's homage: else so thy cheek pays shame,
When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds.—The messengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt! and the wide arch
Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space;
Kings and emperors are clay: our dunghy earth alike
Feeds beasts as man: the nobleness of life
is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair
Embracing,
And such a twin can do't, in which, I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to west?
We stand up peersless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood!

Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.—

Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh:
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now: What sport to-night?

Cleo. O, hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fye, wrangling queen! Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!
No messenger; but time 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 Cleop. with their train.

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?

Summons. Know. Counsel. 589
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. Act I.

Pho. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony, he comes too short of that great property which still should go with Antony; and 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! 

[Execut.]

SCENE II.—Another Room.

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must change his forms with cardinals!

Sooth. Your will!

Char. Is this the man?—I'll you, sir, that know the Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy, a little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

[Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly: wine enough, Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray, then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. It means in as a flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Iras. Truth!

Sooth. You shall be more beloved, than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Iras. Good new, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all; let me have a child at fifty, to whom I bid my heart go to do honor: find me in to marry with Octavius Caesar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O a excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no names. Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb, And irtile every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think, none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presses chastity, if nothing else.

Char. Even as the overfowling Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bed-fellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how! but how! I give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she? Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it? Iris. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas, in every, his fortune;—0, marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Ibs, I be- seech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse-follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Ibs, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Ibs, I beseech thee!

[Exeunt.

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man house-wived, so is it a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knife uncurt chopped: Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly.

Char. Amen. Eno. Nay! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't.


Char. Not he, the queen.

[Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. He was not here! I

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was disposed to mirth; but on a sudden A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus.

Eno. Madam.

Char. Seek him and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

Alex. Here, madam, at your service.—My lord approaches.

[Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger and Attendants.

Ant. We will not look upon him: Go with us.

[Exeunt CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS, CHARMIAN, SOOTHSAYER and ATTENDANTS.

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius! Mess. But soon that war had end, and the time's state Made friends of them, joining their force against Caesar; Whose hope doth shine in the war, from Italy, Upon the first encounter, drain them.

Ant. What worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—On: Things that are past, are done with me.—Tis thus: Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death, I bow him as he flatter'd.

Mess. Labinus. (This is still news) hath, with his Parthian force, Extends? Asia from Euphrates; His conquering banner shews, from Syria To Lydia, and to Ionia; Whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say—

Mess. O, my lord.

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue.

Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome; Rain thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults With such full license, as both truth and malice Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth The storm, that tells a hundred thousand When our quick winds lie still; and our ills told us, Is as our caring. Fare thee well a while. Mess. At your noble pleasure.

[Exit. Ant. From Sicyon how the news! Speak there. I1. The man from Sicyon—is there such one.

2 Att. He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear,— These strong Egyptian letters I must break,

[Enter another Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you! 2 Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where did she?

2 Mess. In Sicyon: Her length of sickness, with what else more serious Importeth thee to know, this bears. (Gives a letter.

Ant. [To Fortobuck—] [Exit Messenger.

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it: What our contempts do often hurt us, We wish it out of our possession, the present pleasure, By revolution lowering, does become The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone, The hand could pluck her back, that showed' her on. I murmur from this enchaunting queen break out: Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know, My idleness doth hatch.—How now! Enobarbus!

[Orsino.

2 Some editions, minds.

Filling, ploughing: propose us to produce good seed.
Now, I must with haste from hence. Wherefore, when we have kill'd all our women: We see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word. Ant. Our business is done: Let us depart. Eno. Under no compelling occasion, let woman die: It was pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteem'd nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the Second of these his dying instants, did rap her heart twenty times upon a poorer moment: I do think, there is matter in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in doing. Ant. She is cunning past man's thought. Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing; she is 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 love. 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 with would have discredited your travel. Ant. Fulvia is dead. Eno. Sir! Ant. Fulvia! Eno. Dead. Ant. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man, it is a plague to him, it shows to men, as the sailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the care to be lamented: this grief is crowded 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 broach'd in the state, Cannot endure my absence. Eno. And the business you have broach'd here, cannot be without you: especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your absence. Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose. I shall break The cause of our experience 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 Our not keeping our contriving friends in Rome. Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius Hath given the dare to Caesar, and commands The king of the sea: our slippery people (Whose love is never link'd to the deserrer, Till his deserts are past) begin to throw Pompey the great, and all his dignities, Out of his son; who, hack in name and power, Higher than both in blood and life, stands up For the main soldier: whose quality, going on, The sides of the world may danger. Much is brooding, When we, like the courser's hair, hath yet life, And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure, To such whose place is under us, requires Our quick remove from hence. Eno. I shall do't. 

SCENE III. Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexander. 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 suddenly sick: Quick, and return. Alexander. 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 teas'st like a fool: the way to lose him. Expedit. Look as if I did not send you.
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honor.  
Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more.
Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meekly.
Ant. Now by my sword.
Cleo. And target.—Still he mends;
But this is not the best: Look, pr'ythee, Charman,
Here's Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.
Ant. I'll leave you, lady.
Cleo. Courteous lord, one word,
Sir; what part:—but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it;
That you know well: Something it I would, —
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.
But that your royalty
Hold's idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.
Cleo. 'Tis sweating labor,
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becoming kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you: Your honor calls you hence;
Therefore he deal to my unprized folly,
And all the gods go with you! upon your sword
Sits hand't victory! and smooth success
Be ste'red before your feet!
Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides, and dies,
This, you residing here, go; yet with me,
And I, hence deceiting, here remain with thee.
Away.  
[Exeunt.]


Enter Octavius Ceasar, Lepidus, and Attend- 
ants.

Ceas. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Ceasar's natural vice to hate
One great competitor: From Alexandria
This is the news: Lie fishes, drinks, and wastes
The bunks of night in revel: is not more manike
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen Ptolemy
More manlike than he: hardly can advice, or
Vouchsafed to think he had partners: You shall
find there
A man, that is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.
Lep. I must not think, there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seen, as the spots of heaven,
More nery by night's blackness; iniceditary,
Rather than purchased; what he cannot change,
What than he chooses.
Ceas. You are too indulgent: Let us grant, it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of uppling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knives that smell of sweat: say, this becomes him,
(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish,) yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness: He is 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 thou mayest see empty, and speak as loud
As his own state, and ours,—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys; who being mature in knowledge,
Paw 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 Ceasar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey strong at sea;
And it appears, he is below'd of those
That they may have lend'd Caesar; to the ports
The discounts repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Ant. I should have known no less:
It hath been taught us from the prudential state,
\footnotesize{\textbullet} Rejoice. 
\footnotesize{\textbullet} Oblivious memory, 
\footnotesize{\textbullet} Procured by his own fault, 
\footnotesize{\textbullet} Visit him, 
\footnotesize{\textbullet} Consumed, 
\footnotesize{\textbullet} Dissembled.

That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were;
And the cobb'd man, ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth
love.
Comes dear'd, by being lack'd! This common body,
Like a vagabond diaz upon the stream,
Go's to, and back, lackeving the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mes. Ceasar, bring thee word,
Menevates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make these sea serve them; which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind: Many hot introads
They in Italy, and the borders maritime.
Lack blood to think on, and doth youth revolt;
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.

Ant. Antony.

Leave thy lascivious wassels5 When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, at the battle.
Did famine follow; whom thou fought at, against,
Though timidly brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer; thou didst drink
The state's horses, and the gilded paddles;
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 bars of trees thou browse'st; on the Alps
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh.
Which came this, that was it (it
Would stank this honor, that I speak it now)
Was borne before a soldier, that thy check
So much as lank'd not.
Lep. It is pity of him.

Ces. Let his shame's quickly
Drive him to Rome: 'Tis time we twain
Did show ourselves 't the field; and, to that end, ascehble
We immediate council: Pompey
Thrive's in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Ceasar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To 'front this present time.

Ces. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord: What you shall know
mean'time
Of strins abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be paraker.

Mes. Doubt not, sir,
I knew it for my bond.  
[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palac.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian,—
Charmian,—
Charmian—
Charmian—
Charmian.

Cleo. Ha, ha!

Cleo. Give me to drink mandragora!

Cleo. Why, madam!

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of
time.
My Antony is away.

Cleo. You think of him.

Cleo. Too much.

Cleo. O, treason!  
Cleo. Madam, I trust, not so.
Cleo. Thou, enmack! Mardian! 

Mard. What's your highness' pleasure?  
Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no

Mard. I say, enmack has: 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unseem'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou alection?

Mard. Yes, gracious madam.

Mard. Indeed.

Mard. Not in deed, madam: for I can do nothing
But what in deed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce aelection, and think,
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or
Does he walk? or is he on his horse?—

\footnotesize{\textbullet} Enamoured by being raised. 
\footnotesize{\textbullet} Turn pale. 
\footnotesize{\textbullet} Beseeching: in the old copy it is ready, e. vassals. 
\footnotesize{\textbullet} Crino. 
\footnotesize{\textbullet} Stagnant, slimy water. 
\footnotesize{\textbullet} By honest duty. 
\footnotesize{\textbullet} A sleepy potion. 
\footnotesize{\textbullet} Unammeud.
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou Pom'nest! The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm And burnosef't men.—He's speaking now, Or murmuring, Where's my serpent of old Nile? For so he calls me: Now itself myself. With most delicious poison.—Think on me, That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black, And wrinkled deep in time! Broad-fronted Caesar, Where he has himself 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 be anchor his aspect, and die With looking on his like.

Enter Alexas. Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail! Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony! Yet coming from him, that great medicine hath With his sweet gilded thee. How goes it with my brave Mark Antony? Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen, He kiss'd—the last of many doubled kisses,— This own pearl!—His speech sticks in my heart. Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence. Alex. Good friend, quoth he, Say, The form Roman to great Egypt sends This token of an opulent; To medle the petty present, I will piece Her opulent throne with kingdoms; All the east, Say thou, shall call her mistress. So he nodded, And soberly did mount a temerat't steed, Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke Was beauty dumb'd by him. Cleo. What, was he sad, or merry? Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the extreme Of hot and cold; he was nor sad nor merry. Cleo. O well-divided disposition!—Note him, Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note He was not sad: for he would shine on those That make their looks by his: he was not merry; Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay In Egypt with his joy: but between both; He heavenly mingle!—He's thou sad or merry, The violence of either thee becomes; So does it no man else.—Meth'lst thou my posts? Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers: Why do you send so thick? Cleo. Who's born that day When I forget to send to Antony, Shall die a beggar.—ink and paper, Charmian.— Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian, Ever love Caesar so? Char. O that brave Caesar! Cleo. Be choke'd with such another emphasis! Say, the brave Antony. Char. The valiant Caesar! Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth, If thou with Caesar paragon again My man of men. Char. I sing but after you. Cleo. My salad days; When I was green in judgment:—Cold in blood, To say, as I said then:—But, come, away; Let me internal paper he shall have every day A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt.

[Exeunt]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Messina. A Room in Pompey's House. Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas. Pompe. If the great gods be just, they shall assist The deeds of justest men. Men. Know, worthy Pompey, That that they do delay, they do not deny. Pompe. While's we are suitors to their causes, Decays The thing we sue for. Men. We, ignorant of ourselves, Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers Deny us for our good; so find we profit, By being of our prayers. Pompe. I shall do well: The people love me, and the sea is mine; My power's a crescent, and my auguring hope Say, it will come to the full. Mark Antony In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make No wars without doors: Caesar gets money, where He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both, Of both is flatter'd, but he neither loves, Nor either cares for him. Men. Caesar and Lepidus Are in the field: a mighty strength they carry. Pompe. Where have you this?—It is false. Men. From Silvius, sir. Pompe. He dreams; I know, they are in Rome together. Looking for Antony: But all charms of love, Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip! Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both! Tie up the libertine in a field of bees, Keep his brain drinking; Epicurean cooks, Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite; That sleep and feeding may prolonge his honor, Even till a Leath'd dulness.—How now, Varrius! Enter Varrius. Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver: Mark Antony is every hour in Rome, Expected: since he went from Egypt, 'tis A space for further travel. Pompe. I could have given less matter A better car.—Menas, I did not think,

ACT II.

This amorous seafarer would have don'd his helm For such a petty war: his soldiers his Is twice as the other twain: But let us bear The higher our opinion, that our stirring Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck The ne'er fast-wearied Antony. Men. I cannot hope, Caesar and Antony shall well greet together: His wife, that's dead, did trespasses to Caesar; His brother war'd upon him; although, I think, Not mov'd by Antony. Pompe. I know not, Menas, How lesser enmities may give way to greater. We're not that we stand up against them all: Twere pregnant they should square between themselves; For they have entertained cause enough To draw their swords: but how the fear of us May cement their divisions, and bind up The petty difference, we yet not know, Be it as our gods will have it! It only stands Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands. Come, Menas. [Exeunt]

SCENE II.—Rome. A Room in the House of Lepidus. Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus. Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed, And shall become you well, to entreat your captain To soft and gentle speech. 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 shav'e to-day. Lep. Tis not a time For private stomaching. Lep. Every time Serves for the matter that is then born in it. Lep. But small to greater matter, may give way. Enob. If not the small come first. Lep. Your speech is passion; But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes The noble Antony.

[Exeunt]
Enter Antony and Ventidius.

Ant. And yonder, Caesar.

Enter Caesar, Mecenas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose, I will have you, Ventidius.

Cas. I do not know, Mecenas; ask Agrippa.

Ant. Noble friends, that which combin'd us was most great, and let not a lesser action rend us. What's amiss, Mark? be gently heard: When we debate our trivial difference hound, do we commit murder in healing wounds? Then noble partners, (The rather, for I earnestly beseech,) Pour ye on your knees, each with sweetest terms, nor curstgrow to the matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well; were we before our armies, and to fight, I should do this.

Cas. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cas. Sit, sir!

Ant. Nay.

Then—

Cas. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so; or, being, concern you not.

Ant. I must be laugh'd at, if or for nothing; or a little, I should my mind of it consider; and with you Chiefly I the world: more laugh'd at, that I should once name you derogately, when to sound your name. It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Caesar.

Cas. No more than my residing here at Rome Might be 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, By what did here behull me. Your wife, and brother, Made wars upon me; and their contestation With home for you, you were the word of war. Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother never Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it: And have my learning from some true reports, That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather Discredit my authority with yours; And make the wars alike against my stomach, Having alike your cause! Of this, my letters Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel, As matter whole you have not to make it with, It must not be with this.

Cas. You praise yourself By laying defects of judgment to me; but You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so; I know you could not lack, I am certain on't, very necessity of this thought, that I, Your partner in the cause against 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 of the world is yours; which with a snaffle You may play false, 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 mearable, her quarrels, Caesar, Made out her unpatience, (which not wanted Shrewdness of policy too,) I grieving grant, Did you too much disquiet; for that, you must But say, I could not help it.

Cas. I wrote to you.

Ant. When riding in Alexandria; you did pocket up my letters, and with taunts Did make my misfortune out of audience.

Sir. He tell upon me, ere admitted; then Three kings I had newly taunted, and did want Of their revenue: the next day, I told him of myself; which was as much As to have ask'd him pardon: Let this fellow


Be nothing of our strife; if we contend, Out of our question? wipe him.

Cas. You have broken The article of your oath; which you shall never Have tongue to charge me with.

Lev. Soft, Caesar.

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak.

Lev. The honor'd sacred which he fall'd on now, Supposing that I lack'd it: But on, Caesar; The article of my oath,—

Ant. To lend me arms, and aid, when I required The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather; and then, when poison'd hours had bound me up From my own head, in hope, and then I may, I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power Work without it: Truth is, that Pulia,

To have me out of Egypt, made wars here; For which myself, the ignorant motive, do So far ask pardon, as befits mine honor To stop in such a case. 'Tis nobly spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further The griefs between ye: yet to forget them quite, Were to remember that the present need Speaks to atoms? you.

Lev. Worthy spoke, Mecenas.

Exe. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the insult, you may, when you have no more words of Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore speak no more.

Eno. Go to, then; your considerate stone. Cas. I do not much dislike the matter, but The manner of his speech: for it cannot be, To retain in We-shall remain in friendship, our conditions So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew What loop should hold us staunch, from edge to edge O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Caesar.

Cas. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side, Adrian Octavia: great Mark Antony Is now a widower. Say not so, Agrippa; If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof Would well deserve a blush.

Ant. I am not married, Caesar: let me hear Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity, To make you brothers, and to knit our hearts With an unslipping knot, take Antony Octavia to his wife: whose beauty claims No worse a husband than the best of men; Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak That which none else can utter. By this marriage, All little jealousies, which now seem great, And all great fears, which now import their dangers, Would then be nothing; truths would be but tales Where now half tales be truths: her love to both, Would, each to other, and all loves to both, Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke; For in this studied, not present thought, By duty rummated.

Ant. Will Caesar speak?

Cas. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa, If I would say, Agrippa, be it so, To make this good?

Cas. The power of Caesar, and His power unto Octavia.

Agr. May I never

To this good purpose, that so fairly shows, Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand: Further this act of grace; and, from this hour, The heart of brothers govern in our loves, And sway our great designs!

Cas. There is my hand.

Agr. A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother Did ever love so dearly: Let her live
SCENE III.  

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.  

To join our kingdoms and our hearts; and never  
Fly o'er our loves again!  

Lep.  

Happily, amen!  

Ant.  

I did not think to draw my sword against  
Pompey;  

For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,  
Of late upon me: I must not think hard,  
Let my remembrance suffer ill report:  
At heel of that, defy him.  

Lep.  

Time calls upon us:  

Of what sort Pompey presently be sought,  
or else he seeks out us.  

Ant.  

And where lies he?  

Cas. About the Mount Misenum.  

Ant.  

What's his strength  
By land?  

Cas.  

Great, and increasing: but by sea  
He is an absolute master.  

Ant.  

So is the fame.  

Would, we had spoke together! Haste we for it:  
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we  
The business we have talk'd of.  

Cas.  

With most gladness;  
And do invite you to my sister's view,  
Whither straight I will lead you.  

Ant.  

Let us, Lepidus,  
Not lack your company.  

Lep.  

Noble Antony,  

Not lackness should detain me.  

[Flourish.  

Enter CAESAR, ANTONY, and LEPIDUS.  

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.  

Emo. Half the heart of Caesar, worthy Mecenas!  

Mec. Most honorable friend, Thespis!  

Ant. Good Enobarbus!  

Mec. We have come to be glad, that matters are  
so well digested. You stay'd well by it in Egypt.  

Emo. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of counten-  
cance, and made the night light with drinking.  

Mec. Eight wild bears roared whole at a breakfast,  
and but twelve persons there: Is this true!  

Emo. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had  
thee more monstrous matter of facts, which  
worthily deserved noting.  

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be  
squar'd in her.  

Emo. When she first met Mark Antony, she  
purs'd up his heart upon the river of Cydnus.  

Ant. There she appeared indeed; or my reporter  
得意 well for her.  

Emo. I will tell you:  
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,  
Burn'd on the water; the poop was beaten gold:  
Himself the sails, and so perfumed, that  
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were  
silver;  

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made  
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,  
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,  
It beggar'd all description; she did lie  
In her own soul, (cloth of gold, of tissue.)  
O'er-pictures that Venus, where we see,  
The fancy out-work nature: on each side her,  
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,  
With diverse-color'd fans, whose wind did seem  
To blow the delicate checks which they did cool,  
And what they undid, did.  

Ant.  

Emo. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,  
So many mermaids, tender her the eyes,  
And made their bends adornments; at the helm  
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tassels  
Here with the tassels of those flower-soft hands,  
That yardly frame the oars. From the barge  
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense  
Of the adjacent wharfs, the city east  
Her people out upon her; and Antony,  
Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,  
Whistling to the whir; which, but for vacancy,  
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,  
And made a gap in nature.  

Rare Egyptian!  

Emo. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,  
Invited her 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;  

* Suit with her merits.  

For and, for his ordinary, pays her heart,  

For what his eyes eat only.  

Ant.  

Royal wench!  

She made great Caesar lay his sword to bed;  
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.  

Emo. I saw her once  

Hap more times 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.  

Emo. Never; he will not.  

Ant.  

I.e. me with her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety: other women  
Clay'th appetites they feed; but she makes hungry  
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things  
Become themselves in her: that the holy priests  
Blessed when she is rinsed.  

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty can settle  
The heart of Antony, Octavia is  
A blessed lottery to him.  

Ant.  

Let us go,—  

Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,  
Whilst you abide here.  

Emo.  

Humbly, sir, I thank you.  

[Exeunt.  

SCENE III.—A Room in Caesar's House.  

Enter CAEChrome, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them;  
ATTENDANTS, and a SOOTHsAYER.  

Ant. The world, and my great office, will some  
times  
Divide me from your bosom.  

Oct. All which time  
Before the gods my knee shall bow in prayers  
To them for you.  

Ant.  

Good-night, sir.—My Octavia,  
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:  
I have not kept my square; but that to come  
Shall all be done by the rule. Good-night, dear  
Emo.  

Octa. Good-night, sir.  

Cas. Good-night.  

Ant. Now, sirrah! you do wish yourself in Egypt.  

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence,  
or you  
Thither!  

Ant.  

If you can, your reason?  

Sooth.  

I see't in  
My motion, have it not in my tongue: But yet  
like you again to Egypt.  

Ant.  

Say to me,  
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Caesar's, or mine  

Sooth. Caesar's.  

There!  

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  
Become's a bear, as being overpowered; therefore  
Make space enough between you.  

Ant.  

Speak this no more.  

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to  
thee.  

If thou dost play with him at any game,  
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,  
He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy lustre thickens,  
When he shews 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.  

[Exeunt 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 fain  
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he specks:  
His cocks do win the battles still of mine,  
When all is not to be sought, with his quails  
Better beat mine, in hop and at odds. I will to Egypt  
And though I make this marriage for my peace,  

Enter VENTIDIUS.  

I the east my pleasure lies:—O, come, Ventidius,  
You must to Parthia; your commission's ready:  
Follow me, and receive it.  

[Exeunt.  

Want.  

The ancients used to match quails as we match cocks  
Indecently.
SCENE IV.—A Street.

Enter Lepidus, Marcus, and Agrippa.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you hasten your generals after.

Agg. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

I'll shew you in your soldier's dress, Which will become you both, farewell.

We shall, as I conceive the journey, be at mount5
Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter, My purposes do draw me much about;
You'll win two days upon me.

Agg. Sir, good success!

Lep. Farewell. [Exit.

SCENE V.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me some music; music, madam, Of us that trade in love.

Attends. The music, ho!

Cleo. Enter Mardian:

Cleo. Let it alone; let us to billiards.

Cleo. Charmian.

Cleo. My heart is sore, best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman as an uncommon play'd,
As with a woman:—Come, you'll play with me, sir! Madam, as well as I, honest Mardian.

Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though it come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now—
Give me mine angle,—We'll to the river: there
My music playing fair off, I will betray
Tawny-hind's fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think there every one: an Antony,
And say, Ah! ha! you're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry, when you wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a saltfish on his hook, he which
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time!—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience; and next morn,
Er' the ninth hour, I drank him to his bed;
Then put my tires1 and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan. O! from Italy;

Enter a Messenger.

Cleo. Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
Tell me, long time have been haring.

Mess. Madam, madam,—

Cleo. Antony's dead!—

If thou say so, villain, thou kille'st thy mistress;
But well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand, that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First, madam, he's well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah, mark; we use
To say, the dead are well; bring it to that,
The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodness in thy face: If Antony
Be free and healthcare,—why so tart a flavor?
To trumpet such good tidings! If not well, Thou shouldst come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.1

Mess. Will'rt please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speakest;
Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Caesar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thou in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pen to upon thee.

Mess. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Caesar.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.

Mess. Caesar and he are greater friends than ever,
Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Cleo. I do not like but yet; it does alей
The good precedence: I ye upon but yet:
But yet is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor, Pray thee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear.
The good and bad together: He's friends with
Cæsar;
In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st, free,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear.

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you?—Hence,—
Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like hairs before me; I'll unhaire thy head;
Thou shalt be whip'd with wire, and stedw in
Smarting in l'ning pickel.

Mess. Gracious madam, I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

Cleo. Say, 'h's not so, a prov'ce I have giv thee,
And may my fortunes proud: the blow thou hast
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will beat thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mess. He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, th' hast liv'd too long;
Mess. Freely, madam.

Cleo. Nay, then I'll run:—
What mean you, madam! I have made no fault:
Cleo. Enter Messenger.

Cleo. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself;
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him.—Call,
Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him:—
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.—Come hitter, sir.

Re-enter Messenger.

Though he be honest, it is never good
To drop bad tidings. Give to a gracious message
A host of tongs; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

Mess. Have I done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worse than I do,
If thou again say, Yes.

Mess. He is married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?

Mess. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would, thou didst;
So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made
A cistern for scaled snakes! Go, get thee hence;
Hast 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!

Cleo. Take no offence, that I would not offend
To punish me for what you make me do.

Cleo. He is married?

Mess. He is married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?

Mess. Should I lie, madam?

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Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married!

Cleo. Take no offence, that I would not offend
To punish me for what you make me do.

Cleo. He is married?

Mess. He is married, madam.
SCENE VI.—Near Misenum.

Enter POMPEY and MEXAS, at one side, with Drum and Trumpet; at another, CAESAR, Antony, ENobarBUS, Mecenas, with Soldiers bearing a Trumpet;

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.
Cae. Most meet, That first we come to words; and therefore have we Our written purposes before us sent;
Which, if thou hast considered, let us know If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword;
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth That else must perish here.

Pom. Those matters alone of this great world, Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know, Wherefore my father should avengers want, Having a son, and friends; since Julius Caesar, Who at Philippi the great Brutus shone, There saw you laboring for him. What was it, That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And what Made the all-hon'rd, honest, Roman Brutus, With the arm'd rest, courteous of beauteous freedom, To drench the Capitol; but that they would Have one man but a man! And that is it,
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome Cuts on my noble father.

Cae. Take your time.
Ant. Thou canst not bear us, Pompey, with thy sails!
We'll speak with thee at sea; at land, thou know'st How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed, Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house; But, sir, the eagle cooks not for himself, Remain in't, as thou may'st.
Lep. (For this is from the present, how) you take The offers we have sent you. There's the point. Ant. Which do not entreat to, but weigh What it is worth embraced.
Cae. 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 I agree upon, To part with unack'd edges, and bear back Our targets un дальted.

Cae. 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 know, When Caesar and your brothers were at blows, Your mother came to Sicily, and did find Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey; And am well studied for a liberal thanks, Which I do owe you. Let me have your hand: I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds it the east are soft; and thanks to Pompey.

That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither, For I have gain'd by it.

Cae. Since I saw you last, There is a change upon you.


Pom. Well, I know not What counts' harsh fortune casts upon my face; But in my bosom she never come, To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed: I crave, an epistle may be written And seal'd between us.

Cae. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other, ere we part; and let us Draw lots who shall begin.
Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the hot; but, first, Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius Caesar Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard:
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Cae. No more of that:—He did so.

Pom. What, I pray you!

Cae. A certain queen to Caesar in a mistress, Pompey, I know thee now:—How far'st thou, soldier?

Cae. Well: And we'll am like to do: for, I perceive, Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand; I never hated thee; I have seen thee fight, When I have envied thy behavior.

Cae. I never lov'd you much: but I have prais'd you, When you have well deserv'd ten times as much As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness, It nothing ill becomes thee. Aboard my galley, I invite you all: Will you lend, lords?

Cae. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, sir.

Pom. [Exit Pompey, Caesar, Antony, Lepidus, Brutus, and Attendants.]

Men. Thy father, Pompey, would never have made this treaty.—[Aside] —You and I have known, sir.

Men. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Men. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Men. I will be such a man that will praise me, though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Men. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety; you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Men. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand. Men. If our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoever their hands are.

Men. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Men. We come hither to fight with you. Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Men. If he do, sure he cannot keep it back again.

Men. You have said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here: Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Men. Caesar's sister is called Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Cains Marcellus.

Men. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius. Men. Pray you, sir!

Men. This true.

Men. Then is Caesar and he for ever knit together.

Men. If were bound to divine of this unity, I would not be a conjurer so.

Men. I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Men. I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together,
Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith:
What's else to say?
Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quicksands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wit thou be lord of all the world?
Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wit thou be lord of the whole world?
Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it, and,
Although you 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, it thou darst be, the earthy Jove:
What's ocean plashes? or sky incepts,
Is thine, if thou wilt have.
Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel: Let me cut the cable:
And, when we are put off, fail to their throats:
All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoken't! In me, 'tis villany;
In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know,
It is no profit that cloth lend man honor:
Mine honor, it, Repeat, that e'er thy tongue
 Hath so betray'd thine act: being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must be seen in it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this!

[Aside.
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.—
Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

This health to Lepidus.
Ant. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge him for it.
Pom. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. For this I thank thee, Lepidus.

Menas, welcome.

Men. Fill till the cup be hid.

[Pointing to the Attendant who carries off Lepidus.

Why?

Men. I knew well forbear it.

This health to Lepidus.

Men. The third part of the world, man: Seest not?
Men. The third part then is drunk: 'Would it were all,
That it might go on wheels!

Pom. Drink thou thus; increase the reeds.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. Get thee towards it.—Strike the vessels, ho!
Here is to Caesar.

Cas. I could well forbear it.

It's monstrous labor when I wash my brain,
And it gruses faster.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cas. Possess'd? it, I'll make answer: But I had rather fast.
From all, four days, than drink so much in one.

Eua. Ha, my brave emperor! [To Antony,
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

Ant. Let's not, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let us all take hands;

That the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In sweet and delicate Lute.

Eua. All take hands.—

Make battery to our ears with the loud music:—
The while, I'll pace you: Then the boy shall sing,
The holding every man shall hear, as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

[Music plays. Exeunt SERVANTS.]

Pomp. [Aside.]

S O N G.

Come, come, monarch of the vine,
Plump'ry Bacchus, with pink cup:—

In thy cups our cares he drown'd;
With thy grease our hairs be crown'd;

Cup us, till the world go round;
Cup us, till the world go round.

Cas. What would you more!—Pompey, good-night.
Good brother, [Exeunt.]

Act III.

SCENE I.—A Plain in Syria.

Enter Ventidius, as offer conferred, with Silius, and other Romans, Officers and Soldiers; the dead Body of Marcus Crassus borne before him.

Ven. Now, daring Parthia, art thou struck; and now Plea'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death Make me a revenger.—Hear the king's son's body Before our army—Thy Parucus, Orodes, Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sili. Noble Ventidius, Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm, The festive Parthians follow; spur through Media, Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither The king's son is gone; so thy grand captain, Antony Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and Put garlands on thy head. Ven. O Silius, Silius, I have done enough: A lower place, and well, May make too great an act: For learn this, Silius; Better leave undone, than by our deed acquire Too high a fame, when he who won is ouraway: Cesar and Antony have ever won More in their officer, than person: Sosius, One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant, For quick accumulation of renown, Which he achieved by the minute, lost his favor; Who does i' the wars more than his captain can, Becomes his captian's captain; and ambition, That god's virtue, which makes choice of loss, Than gain, which darkens him. I could do more to do Antonius good, But 'would offend him; and in his offence Should be my performance perch. Sit. Thou hast, Ventidius, That without which a soldier, and his sword, Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony.

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name, That magick word of war, we have effected: There with his banners, and his well-paid ranks, The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia We have jaded out o' the field. Sit. Ven. He purposeth to Athens: whither with what haste The weight we must convey with us will permit, We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass along. [Exeunt.


Enter Agrippa and Enobarbus, meeting.

Aggr. What, are the brothers parted?
Enn. They have despatch'd with Pompey, he is gone:
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps To part from Rome; Cesar is sad; and Lepidus, Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled With the green-sickness.


Octav. Caesar was the son of Orestes, king of Parthia.

Enn. Take heed you fall not—[Exeunt Pompey, Caesar, Antony, and Attendants.

Menas. I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin,—These drums, these trumpets, blasted! what!—Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell To these great fellows: sound, and be hang'd, sound out.

[Flourish of Trumpets, with Drums.

Enn. Ho, says 'a!—There's my cap.

Men. Ho!—noble captain! Come. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

Scene I.—A Camp opposite Parthenium.

Enter Pompey, Cæsar, Antony, and Octavia.

Enn. Spake you of Caesar? How! the nonpareil! Cæs. O, thou Arabian bird! Enn. Would you praise Caesar, say,—Cæsar—go to further. Cæs. Indeed, he pl'y'd them both with excellent praises. Enn. But he loves Caesar best;—Yet he loves Antony: Ho! he's a soldier, a soldier, a soldier;—and the sword. Enn. Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his love To Antony. But as for Caesar, Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder. Cæs. Both he loves. Enn. They are his shars, and he their beetle. This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa. Cæs. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell. Enter Caesar, Antony, Lepides, and Octavia.

Cæs. No further sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself; Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife As my thoughts make thee, and as my further hand Shall pass on thy approbation.—Most noble Antony, Let not the piece of virtue, which is set Betwixt us, as the cement of our love, To keep it unbent, he the ram, to batter The fortress of it: for better might we Have loved without this mean, if on both parts That be not cherish'd.

Enn. Make me not offended In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

And. 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 have part.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well; The elements he kind to thee, and make Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well. Octa. My noble brother!—

And. The April's in her eyes: It's love's spring, And these the showers to bring it on—Be cheerful. Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

Enn. What, Octavia?

Octa. I'll tell you in your ear. And. Her bargain will not obey her heart, nor can Her heart inform her tongue: the swain's down feather, That stands upon the swell at full of tide, And other way inclines.

Enn. Will Caesar weep? [Aside to Agrippa.

Cæs. He has a cloud in's face.

Enn. He were the worse for that, were he a horse; So is he, being a man.

And. Why, Enobarbus? When Antony found Julius Caesar dead, He cried almost to roaring; and he wept, When at Philippi he found Brutus slain. Enn. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum; What willingly he did confound, he wail'd: Believe it, till I weep too.

SCENE IV.—Athens. A Room in Antony’s House.

Enter Antony and Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia; not only that,— That were excusable, that, and thousands more Of sensible import—but he hath waged New wars ’gainst Pompey, made his will, and read it To public ear:

Spoke scandal of me: when perforce he could not But pay the terms he had exacted, cold and sickly He vended them; most narrow measure lent me: When the best hunt was given him, he not took’t; Or did it from his teeth,

Oct. O my good lord, Believe not all; or, if you must believe, Stock, not all. A more unhappy lady, If this division chances, he’s er’st stood between, Praying for both parts,

And the good gods will mock me presently, When I shall pray, O, bless my lord and husband! Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud, O, bless my brother! Husband win, win brother, Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway

Twist these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,

Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks Best to preserve it: If I lose mine honor, I lose myself; better I were not yours,

Than you are now ornaments. But, as you requested, Yourself shall go between us: The mean time, lady, I’ll raise the preparation of a war Shall stain your brother: Make your nearest haste; So your desires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to your lord.
The love of power make me, most weak, most weak,

Your recommenced Wars twist you tramway would Be as if the world should cleave, and that slan men Should underslip the rub.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins Turn you to displeasure that way: for our parts Can never be so equal, that your love Can equally move with them. Provide your going; Choose your own company, and command what cost Your heart and mind to.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Another Room in the same.

Enter Enobarbus and Eros, meeting.

Eno. How now, friend Eros!

Eros. There’s strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Caesar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old: What is the success?

Eros. Caesar, having made use of him in the wars against Pompey, presently denied him rivalry: He would not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not resting here, accuses him of letting his maners he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him: so the poor third is up, till death shall end his misfortune.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more: And through them all the food thou hast, They’ll grip the one the other. Where’s Antony?

Eros. He’s walking in the garden—thus; and

Enobarbus. The rush swords, the hours before him; cries For, Lepidus! And threateth the throat of that his officer, that murder’d Pompey.

Eros. Our great navy’sriged.

Eros. For Italy, and Caesar. More, Domitius! My lord desires you presently: my news I might have told hereafter.

Eno. ’Twill be naught: But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—Rome. A Room in Caesar’s House.

Enter Caesar, Agrippa, and Mecenas.

Caesar. Contemplating Rome, he has done all this:

And more;

1 Indistinct, through his teeth.
2 Disgrace.
3 What follows?
4 i.e. Lepidus.
5 Equal rank.
6 Action.
SCENE VII.—ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

In Alexandria,—here's the manner of it,—
I' the market-place, on a tribunal'sd, Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron'd at the feet, sat
Cesaron, whom they call my father's son;
And all the unwiso issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the Establishment of Egypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydna, an
Absolute queen.

Ces. *This in the public eye?
Ces. I'the common show-place, where they ex-
nerse.
His son he there proclaim'd, The kings of Kings:
Great Ptolemy, and the Parthian,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy, he assign'd
Syria, Sicilia, and Phoenicia: She
In the habitations of the goddess of
That very afternoon; and oft before gave audience,
As 'ts reported, so.

Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.
Who, quacks'éd with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him,
Ces. The people know it; and have now receive'd
His accusations.

Ags. *Whom does he accuse?
Ces. Caesar; and, that, having in Sicily
Sextius Pompeius spoil'd, we have not rated
His part of the isle: they does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unreserved: lastly, he trets,
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Ags. *Sir, this should be answer'd.
Ces. *This done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he, a high authority abus'd;
And did deserve his change; for what I have con-
quer'd.
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Ces. He'll never yield to that.
Ces. Not must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA.

Oct. Hail, Caesar, and my lord! hail, most dear
Cesar!
Ces. That ever I should call thee, cast-away!
Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.
Ces. Why have you stoll'n upon us thus? You
come not
Like Caesar's sister: The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The majesty of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way
Should have borne men; and expectation faint,
Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Ras'd by your populous troops: But you are come
A market maid to Rome; and have prevented
The extent of our love, which, left untouch'd,
Is often left unvold: we should have met you
By sea, and land; suppying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hath sent word that you预备 for war, acquired
My grieved ear withal; whereon, I beg'd
His pardon for return.

Ces. Which soon he granted,
Being an obtruct' between him and his.

Octa. Do not say so, my lord.

Ces. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
What be he now?

Octa. My lord, in Athens.

Ces. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
Hath soli'd him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are living.
The kings o' the earth for war: He hath assembled
Bocceus, the king of Lybia; Archelaus
Of Cappadocia; Philadephos, king
Of Cappadocia; the Thracian king, Adalass;
King Medus of Arabia; king of Pont;
Sick, disgusted. *Assigned. *Show, token,

Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Ptolemaeus and Ambrosius,
The kings of M'de, and Lycaonum, with a
More larger list of seas.'

Octa. Ah me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!
Octa. *Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;
Till we perceive' d how you were wrong led,
And in our negligent duty.
Ces. You are not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities:
But let determin'd things to destroy
Hold unbelov'd this moment. Welcome to Rome:
Nothing more dear to me. You are abused
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
To do you justice, make them ministers
Of us, and every hour with you. Best of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.

Octa. Welcome, lady.
Mec. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only the adulterous Antony, most laige
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his patent regime's to a trull,
That insults it against.

Octa. Is it so, sir?
Mec. Most certain. Sister, welcome: Pray you,
Be ever known to patience: My dearest sister!

SCENE VII.—Antony's Camp near the Pronom-
orary of Actium.

Enter CLEOPATRA AND ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.
Enob. But why, why, why?
Cleo. Thou hast forspoke'my being in these wars,
And say'st, it is not fit.

Enob. Well, is it? is it?
Cleo. 'Tis not? Denounce against us, why should not we
Be there in person?
Enob. *Aside.* Well, I could reply:
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely 1 hust; the mares would bear
A soldier, and his horse.

Cleo. What's t'you say?
Enob. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his
time,
What should not then be spared. He is already
Traduced for levity; and 'is said in Rome
That Photinus an cunmich, and your muids,
Manage this war.

And sink Rome; and their tongues rot,
That speak against us! A charge we bear it thewar,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Enob. Nay, I have done:
Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY AND CASSIUS.

Ant. 'Is not strange, Cassius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundisium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in 'toryne— You have heard on't
sweet!
Cleo. Cerehy is never more admired,
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well become the best of men,
To taunt at slackness—Cassius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! What else?
Ant. Why will my lord do so?
Cleo. For he dares us to it.
Ant. So hath my lord dared him to single fight.
Cleo. Ay, and to wage this battle at Tharsalia,
Where Caesar fought with Pompey: But these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And should you, so.

Enob. Your ships are not well mann'd:
Your mariners are mutineers, repeacers, people
Ingross'd he lost that he met in Cesar's fleet
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:

Their ships are yere; yours, heavy. No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar’d for land.
Aunt. By sea, by sea.
Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiery you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of yon’ hard-mouthed, leave unexercised
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forgo
The way which promises assurance; and
Grow up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From other security. I’ll fight at sea.
Aunt. I have sixty sails? Caesar none better.
Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-main’d from the head of Act
Beat the approaching Caesar. But if we fail,
Enter a Messenger.
We then can do at land.—Thy business?
Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is desir’d;
Caesar has taken Tivyme.
Aunt. Can he be there in person? ’tis impossible;
Strange, his power should be.—Cænius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse:—We’ll to our ship;
Enter a Soldier.
Away, my Thetis!—How now, worthy soldier!
Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians,
And the Phænicians, go a-ducking; we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.
Aunt. Well, well, away.
[Exeunt, Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.
Sold. By Hercules, I think, I am’t the right.
Thou, soldier, think’st, but his whole action grows
Not in the power on’t: So our leader’s led,
And we are women’s men.
Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?
Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justinius,
Pothicola, and Cælius, are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Caesar’s
Carries beyond belief.
Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distinctions, as
Beguiled all space.
Can. Who’s his lieutenant, hear you? Sold. They say, one Taurus.
Can. Well I know the man.
Aunt. Enter a Messenger.
Mess. The emperor calls for Camillus.
Can. Will you this news to the tune’s with labor, and throes forth[1];
Each minute, some. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.—A Plain near Actium.
Enter Caesar, Taurus, Officers, and others.

Can. Taurus,—
Taur. My lord.
Can. O sir, strike not by land; keep whole;
Provoke not battle, till we have his all.
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll;
Our fortune lies upon this jump. [Exeunt. Enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on you side o’th’ hill,
In eye of Caesar’s battle from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [Exeunt.
Enter Camillus, marching with his Land Army
one way over the slaves; and Taurus, the Lieutenants
of Caesar, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a Sea-Fight.

A Taurum. Re-enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold
no longer:
The Antonius, the Egyptian admiral,
With all his sixty, fly, and turn the rudder;
To see ’t, mine eyes are blasted.

[Name of Cleopatra’s ship.

Enter Scared.

Scarc. Gods, and goddesses, All the whole synod of them?
Eno. What’s thy passion?
Scarc. The greater candle of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss’d away
Kings and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?
Scarc. On our side like the toke’d[5] pestilence,
Where death is sure. You ribatt-rid out of Egypt,
Whom leprosy o’take: if the midst o’ the pestilence,—
When Vintage like a pair of twins appear’d,
Both the same, or rather ours the rider,—
The brize[6] upon her, like a cow in June,—
Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld: mine eyes
Did sicken at the sight on’t, and could not
Endure a further view.

Eno. She once being loofd,[8]
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Chips on his sea-wins, and like a dying mallard,
Leaving the flight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honor, ne’er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Eno. Enter Camillus.

Eno. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinketh last lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well;
0, he has given example of our flight,
Most grossly by his own.
Eno. Are Antony and you thereabouts? Why then, good-night;

[Aside.

Eno. Our fortune is no worse.
Scarc. Tis easy to say, and there we will attend
What further comes.

Eno. To Caesar will I render
My legions and my horse: six kings already
Show the way of yielding.

Eno. I’ll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palatace.

Enter Antony and Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon’t,
It is ashamed to bear me! Friends, some hither,
I am settled! in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever:—I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it: fly,
And make your peace with Caesar.

[Aside.

Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed
Cowards to run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolved’ upon a course,
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treasure’s in the harbor, take it,—O,
I follow’d that I blush to look upon;
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprieve the brown for rashness, and them
For fear and doing.—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 loathing; take the hint
Which I was dispartly proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves myself: to the sea-side, straightway:
I will possess you of that ship and treasure,
Leave me, I pray, a little: ’tis, pray you now:—
Nay, do not so; indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you:—I’ll see you by and by.

[Silts down.

Enter Eros and Cleopatra, led by Charmian and Iras.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him:—Comfort
him:—
Iras. Do, most dear queen,
Chir. De! Why, what else?
Cleo. Let me sit down. 0 June! Ant. No, no, no, no.
Eros. See you here, sir.
Scott. Brought close to the wind.

[Related, heightened.
Scene XI. Antony and Cleopatra.

Ant. O fye, fye, fye.
Char. Madam,—
Iras. Madam! O good empress!—
Eros. Sir, sir.
Ant. Yes, my lord; yes;—He, at Philippi, kept
His sword even like a dancer; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and twas I,
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone,
I know not how: but 'twas without practice
In the brave squares of war: Yet now,—No matter.
Cleo. Ah, stand by.
Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.
Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him;
He is unparalleled with very shame.
Cleo. Well then,—Sustain me,—O! of
Eros. Most noble sir, arise: the queen approaches;
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her; but
Your comfort makes the rescue.
What has I offended reputation;
A most unnoble swerving.
Eros. Sir, the queen.
Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes.
By looking back on what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonor.
Cleo. O my lord, my lord! For
My fearful sakes! I little thought,
You would have followed.
Ant. Egypt, thou know'st too well,
My heart was to thy mother tied by the strings,
And I should tow me at her feet after thou hadst
Thy full supremacy thou know'st; and that
Thy neck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.
Cleo. O, my pardon.
Ant. Now I must
To the young man soul humble treaties, dodger
And gather in the shifts of lowness who
With half the bulk of the world play'd as I please'd,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all causes.
Cleo. O, pardon, pardon.
Ant. Fall not a tear, I say: one of them rates
All that is won and lost: give me a kiss;
Even this requises me.—We sent our schoolmaster;
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead:
Some wine, within there, and our viands:—Fortune
knows,
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows.
[Exeunt.}

Scene XI.—Cæsar's Camp in Egypt.
Enter Cæsar, Doliabella, Thryesus, and others.

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony,—
Know you him?
Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:
A man that is plunged, when he will, in
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which did have superfluous wings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.
Enter Euphorines.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.
Eup. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the mower-duck to the myrtle leaf
To his grand sea.
Cæs. Exp. Lord of his fortunes, he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,
He leaves his requests; and to thee says,
To him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: This for him.
Ner. Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
The circle* of the Plutarch for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.
Cæs. For Antony,
I have no care to his request. The queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall half fail, so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgrieved friend,
Or take his life there: This if she perform,
She shall not see unharm'd. So to them both.
Eup. I will.
Cæs. Exp. To his: I will.
Ner. Exp. Wilt thou hear his words?
Eup. He has described to me, with what ardor,
The imperial greatness of the Roman Cæsar.
Cæs. Exp. Euphorines, schoolmaster to Antony's children.
Ner. Exp. Fought by his officers.
Ant. Exp. Tasted of his faculties.
Eup. Exp. In equal value.
Fu. Exp. Euphorines, schoolmaster to Antony's children.
Hark! I hear.

Enter Thryesus.

Cæs. Cæsar's will!—
Thyr. Hear it apart.
Cæs. None but friends; say boldly.

Cæs. Conforms himself to this breach of his fortune.
Thyr. The only cause of dispute.
Cæs. Circumstances of splendor.
Cæs. Are of a piece with them.

Euphorines. To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: Despatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise
[To Thryesus.
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine own conduct, promises of friendship.
In their best fortunes, strong; but want will purgur
The enemy's defiance: Try thine cunning, Thryesus;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a low.
Thyr. Cæsar, I go.
Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,*
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.
Cæs. I shall.

Scene XI.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.
Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?
Eno. Think, and die.
Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?
Euphorines. That which would make his will
Lord of his reason. What although you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? why should he follow?
The itch of his ambition should then have
Have nick'd his captiuncus: at such a point,
When half to the half world oppos'd, he being
The merest question! Twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to cause your flying flag,
And leave his navy gazing.
Cleo. Priy'he, peace.
Enter Antony, with Euphorines.

Ant. Is this his answer?
Eup. Ay, my lord.
Ant. The queen
Shall then have courtesy, so she will yield
Us up.
Eup. He says so.
Ant. Let her know it.—
To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will till thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.
Cleo. That head, my lord?
Ant. To him again; tell him he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which the world should

Enter Euphorines.

Eup. Yes, like enough, high-batt'ed Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be staged to the show,
Against a stranger.—I see, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes: and things exterior
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. I that he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdued
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.
Cleo. What, no more ceremony!—See, my
women!—
Against the thrown rose may they stop their nose,
That knell'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir,
Eno. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square.

The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
Our faith more folly:—ye, he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a tamen lord,
Does conquer him whom he did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter Thryesus.

Cleo. Cæsar's will!—
Thyr. Hear it apart.
Cleo. None but friends; say boldly.

[Aside.

Cleo. Conforms himself to this breach of his fortune.
1 The only cause of dispute.
2 Circumstances of splendor.
3 In age and power.
4 Are of a piece with them.
5 Quarrel.
Thy. So, happily, 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's Caesar's.

Thy. So—

Thau. the thon, thou most renown'd; Caesar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'lt.
Further than he is Caesar.

Cleo. Go on: Right royal.

Thy. He knows, that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O

Thy. The scars upon your honor, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right: Mine honor was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Eno. To be sure of that, [Aside.]

Cleo. I will ask Antony,—Sir, sir, thou'lt so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee.

[Exit Eosinaraus.

Thy. Shall I say to Caesar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desired to give. It much would please him, that
Of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from you he had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thy. My name is Thyreus.

Most kind messenger,
Say to great Caesar this: In disputations
I kiss his conquering hand: tell him I am prompt
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him it from his almighty breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thy. To your noblest course,
With fortune 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.

Your Caesar's father,
Oft, when he hath mused of taking kingdoms in,
Re-low'd his hips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter Antony and Eosinaraus.

Ant. Favors, by Jove that thunders!—
Who art thou, fellow? One, that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there—Ay, you kite!—Now gods and devils!
Authority melts from me: Offlate, when I ried, Ha!
like a king, my kings would go forth,
And cry, Your will? Have you no ears? I am
Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Eno. This better playing with a lion's whole,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars! Whip him; weren't twenty of the greatest tribunes
That do acknowledge Caesar, should I find there
Sparing with the hand of heare all? Call her name
Since she was Cleopatra?]—Whip him, fellows;
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whose alms for mercy: Take him hence.

Thau. Mark Antony.

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again: This Jack of Caesar's shall
Bear us an enmity to him.

[Exit Mark Antony.

Ant. You have been a boggar evermore;
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
Supposed to be an error for depletion. e. & by proxy.
Obeyed. grant me the favor. Conquering.
Scorn'd. A form of contempt. Servants.

[O misery on't!] the wise gods send our eyes,
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors: laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is it come to this?

Ant. I found you as a modest, cold upon
Dead Caesar's bier: marry, you were a fragment
Of Cæsar's manners: besides what better hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fume, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out:—For, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this? Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And God give him! be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand; this kingly seat,
And plitger of high hearts!—O, that I were
Upon the hill of basan, to outgrow
The hoard'd herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.—Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter Attendants, with Thyr. Eos. I. Ant. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cry'd he! and begg'd he pardon? I. Ant. He did ask favor.

Ant. It that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To ask the knew'd I was: he makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 's to det'.'

Thau. When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shut their fires
Into the abyss of hell.

My speech, and what is done; tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd handmaid, whom
He has measure was ship, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quiñ'te me: Urse it thou:
Hence, with thy stripes, be gone.

[Exit Thyr. Eos. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrane moon
Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony !

Cleo. Ant. must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Caesar, would you mingle eyes
With one that tics his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet;

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender guilt,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop upward, and by its fall it determines;
Dissolve my life! The next Caesar's! smite
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the disencriding of this pelleted storm,
Lie graceless; till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey?

Ant. I am satisfied.

Cleo. Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
Have kept again, and fleet; threat'ning most see.

Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear
Lady from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will crown our chronicle;
There is hope in it yet.

Ant. That's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when nine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me say so; but now, I'll set my teeth
And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me
All my sad captives, till our bowls; once more
Let's in the midnight hell.

• Cleop. Close up. Ready, handy. • Requite.

• Earthly. Dissolves. • Her son by Julius Caesar.

• Molting. • Float. • Trilling.
Act IV.

SCENE I.—Cæsar's Camp at Alexandria.

Enter Cæsar, reading a Letter; Agrrippa, Me-  
Cenax, and others.

Cæsar. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had  

To beat me out of Egypt: my messenger  

He hath whip'd with rods; dareces me to personal  

Contact.

Cæsar to Antony: Let the old ruffian know,  

I have many other ways to die; meantime,  

Laugh at his challenge.

Me. Cæsar must think.

When one so great beems to rage, he's hunted  

Even to talking. 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 pitch him in.  

See it be done;  

And rouse the army; we have store to do,  

And they have car'd the waste. Poor Antony!  

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Antony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian,  
Iras, Alexas, and others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Dominius.

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twice better of fortune,  

He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,  

By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,  

Or fall in my dying honor in the blood  

Shall make it live again.  

Won't thou fight well?  

Eno. I'll strike; and cry, Take all.  

Ant. Well said; come on.—  

Call forth my household servants; let's to-night  

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,  

Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;  

And thou,—and thou,—and thou,—you have serv'd  

me well,  

And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this?

Eno. 'Tis one of those odd tricks, which sorrow  

shews.

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:  

And Antony: that I might do service,  

So good as you have done.

Serv. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:  

Scorn not my cups, and make as much of me,  

As when my empire was your fellow too,  

And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;  

May be, it is the period of your duty:  

Hapily, 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 brave. Mine honest friends,  

I turn you not away; but, like a master  

* Take advantage.

I'll make death love me; for I will contend  

Even with his pestilent scythe.

Exit. Cæsar, Cleopatra, and Attendants.

Eno. Now he'll out-stare the lightning. To be  

furious  

Is, to be frightened out of fear; and in that mood,  

The dove will peck the ostrich: and I see still,  

A diminution in our captain's brain  

Restores his heart: When valor preys on reason,  

It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek  

Some way to leave him.  

[Exit.

ACT IV.

Married to your good service, stay till death:  

Tend me to-night two hours. I ask no more,  

And the gods yield you not—

Eno. What mean you, sir,  

To give them this discomfort! Look, they weep;  

And I, an ass, am ominous; 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 heartly  

friends.

You take me in too dolorous a sense;  

I speak to you for your comfort: did desire you  

To burn this night with torches? Know, my hearts,  

I hope well to-morrow; and will lead you,  

Where rather I'll expect victorious lie,  

Than death and honor. Let's to supper; come,  

And drown consideration.  

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Before the Palace.

Enter two Soldiers to their guard.

1 Sold. Brother, good night; to-morrow is the day.  

2 Sold. It will determine one way: fare you well.  

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?  

1 Sold. Nothing. What news?

2 Sold. Behike, 'tis but a rumor:

Good-night to you.

1 Sold. Well, sir, good-night.

[Exeunt.

2 Sold. Soldiers,  

Have careful watch.

3 Sold. And you: Good-night, good-night.  

[The first two place themselves at  

their Posts.

4 Sold. Here we: [They take their Posts].  

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 of Haulbow under the Stage.

4 Sold. Peace, what noise?

1 Sold. List, list!

2 Sold. Mark!

1 Sold. Music 'tis the air.

3 Sold. Under the earth.

4 Sold. It signs well,  

Does not it?

3 Sold. No.

1 Sold. Peace. I say. What should this mean?

2 Sold. 'Tis the good here, whom Antony lov'd,  

Now leaves him.

1 Sold. Walk; let's see if other watchmen  

Do hear what we do. [They a chance to another Post.

2 Sold. How now, masters!  

Sold. How now!

How now? do you hear this?  

[Several speaking together.

1 Sold. Ay; is it 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 'twill give off.  

Sold. [Several speaking.] Content: 'Tis strange.  

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter Antony and Cleopatra; Charmian and  
others attending.

Ant. Eros! prime armor, Eros!  

Cleo. Sleep a little

° Ostrich.  

* Reward.  

° Bodes.
SCENE VI.—Caesar's Camp before Alexandria.

Flourish. Enter Caesar, with Agrippa, Enobarbus, and others.

Ces. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight: our will is, Antony be took alive; make it so known.
Agr. Caesar, I shall. [Exit Agrippa. Ces. The time of universal peace is near; prove this a prosperous day, the three-fook'd world shall hear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony is come into the field.

Ces. Go, charge Agrippa: plant those that have revolted in the van. That Antony may seem to spend his fury upon himself. [Exit Ces. Caesar, and Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry, on affairs of Antony: there did persuade Great Herod to incline himself to Caesar, and leave his master Antony: for this pains, Caesar hath hang'd him. Caudinis, and the rest. That fell away, have entertainment, but no honorable trust. I have done ill; of which I do accuse myself so sorely, that I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Caesar's.

Sold. Enter Antony, Eros, Officers, and Soldiers.

Ces. Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with his beauty overplus: the messenger came on my command, and by thy note is now, unloading of his mules.
Eros. I give it you.
Sold. Mock me not, Eros. Caesar I tell you true: Best that you saved the bragger Out of the host; I must attend mine office, or have would done't myself. Your emperor continues still a Jew. Soldier. 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 paid My better service, when even my nature Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart. If with a thought break it not, a swifter means Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do't, I feel. I fight against thee! No: I will go seek Some duch, wherein to die: the fool's best fits My better part of life. [Exit.

SCENE VII.—Field of Battle between the Camps. Alarmus. Drums and Trumpets. Enter Agrippa and others.

Agr. Retire, we have engaged ourselves too far: Caesar himself has work, and our oppression exceeds what we expected. [Exit. Alarmus. Enter Antony and Scared, wounded. Sear. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed! Had I done so at first, we had driven them home With clouts about their heads.
Ant. Thou bleed'st apace. Sear. I had a wound here that was like a t, But now 'tis made an H. They do retire. Sear. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet room for six score or more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serves for a fair victory.

Sear. Let us score their backs, and snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind; 'tis sport to nail a runner.
Agr. I will reward thee for thy sprightly comfort, and un-told For thy good valor. Come thee on.
Sear. I'll halt after. [Exit. SCENE VIII.—Under the Walls of Alexandria. Alarmus. Enter Antony, marching; Scared and Forces.

Agr. We have beat him to his camp: RUN one man to the queen; and let the queen know of our guess:—To-morrow, before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood that has to-day escaped. I thank you all.

Swells. Cuts.
SCENE X. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

For thy hand's sake, and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as it had been
Each man's like mine; you have shown yourselves
Heresy.

Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your fate; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honor'd gashes wide.—Give me thy hand!" — [To SCARES.

Enter Cleopatra, attended.

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o' the
World.'s great score snatched from us.

And joint.

My nighttime Is.

We have beat them to their beds. What, girl!

Do something mingle with our brown; yet have we
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
Command unto his lips thy favoring hand:—
Kiss it, my warior:—He hath bought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
 Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo.

I'll give thee, friend,
An armor all his gold; it was a king's.

He has deserve'd it here; it is enchanted
Like holy Pharaoh's car.—Give me thy hand;
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe
Them.

And our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all shall sup together;
And drink carouses to the next day's flight.
With drums and royal perils.—Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's car;
Make mingle with our rattling tambourines;
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds to-
gether.

Appraising our approach. — [Exeunt.

SCENE X.—CAESAR'S Camp.

Sentinels on their Post. Enter ENOBARCUS.

1 Sotl. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard; The night
Is shifty; and, they say, we shall embattle
By the second hour o' the morning.

2 Sotl. This last day was
A shewed one to us.

Era. O, hear me witness, night—

3 Sotl. What man is this!

Era. Breathe to witness me, O thou blessed moon,
Wherein my revolting sight profusely
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repeat!—

1 Sotl. Enobarbus! Peace; Hark further.

Era. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night dispense upon
That life, a very rebel to my will.
May hang no longer on me; Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Noble than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
As false a revenger, and as forgiving:
O Antony! O Antony! — [Dies.

2 Sotl. Let's speak
To him.

1 Sotl. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Caesar.

3 Sotl. Let's do so. But he sleeps,

1 Sotl. Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleeping.

2 Sotl. Go we to him.

3 Sotl. Awake, awake, sir; speak to us.

2 Sotl. Hear you, sir! — [Embrace.

1 Sotl. Beauty united with power, was the popular character-

4 Sotl. Armor of proof.

5 Sotl. Own.

1 Sotl. The hand of death hath rought him.

[Drums afer off. Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court of guard: he is of note: our hour
Is fully out.

3 Sotl. Come on, then; — He may recover yet. — [Exeunt with the Body.

SCENE X.—Betw een the two Camps.

Enter Antony and SCARES, with Forces, marching.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;

Sear. For both, my lord

Ant. I would, they'd fight the other, or in the air,
We'd fight there too. But this it is; our feet
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
They have put forth the same: I am here,
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavor. — [Exeunt.

Enter Caesar and his Forces, marching.

Car. But being charged, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take 't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his galley's. — To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. — [Exeunt.

Re-enter Antony and SCARES.

Ant. Yet they're not join'd: Where yonder pine
does stand,

I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
A waver, how 'tis like to go. — [Exit.

Sear. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers
Say, they know not, — they cannot tell: look
grain;
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant and deserv'd; and, by starts,
He fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Or what he has, and has not.

Alarum off, us at a Sea-Fight.

Re-enter Antony.

Ant. All is lost;
This foul Egyptian hath betray'd me;
My dear hand yieldeth to the foe; Luck, my yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore! this thou
Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.—But them all fly:
For when I am revenged upon my charm,
I have done all:—Bid them all fly, become,
E, E.

Sear. O sun, thy armour shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do weshake hands.—All come to this! — The hearts
That spank their wealth and houses, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Caesar; and this pine is bark'd,
That over-topp'd them all. — Be traitor! am
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,
Whose eyebeck'd forth my wars, and call'd them
t lome;
Whose bosom was my crownet? my chief end,
Like a right gipsy, bath, at last and ever.
Herein I'd mee to the very heart of loss.—
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah! thou spell! Avant!

Cleo. Why is my lord enraged against his love?

Ant. Vanish; or I shall give thee thy deserving
And blemish Caesar's triumph. Let him take thee
And hose thee up to the shouting plebeians;
And give his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all the sea; most mist-master-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives; to dole; and let
Patient Octavia plump thy visage up
With her prepared nails. — [Exit Cleopatra. Tis well
They gone.

If it be well to live: But better twice
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho! —

1 Cleopatra first belonged to Julius Caesar, then to An-

2 Antony, and now, as Antony supposes, to Augustus.

3 Reaches.

4 Without.

5 A cheating game, at present named praying at the belt.

6 For the smallest piece of money.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT IV.

Scenes XI and XII. - Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad Than Thanatos' for his shield; the boar of Thessaly Was never so emboss'd; I thirst to view the monument; There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.

The soul and body rive not more in parting, Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument: -

Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself; See, and as you spoke was, Antony, And word it, pythons, strangely: Hence, Mardian; and bring me how he takes his death.

- To the monument.

SCENE XI.-Another Room. Enter Antony and Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet beholdst me!

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish; A vapor, sometime, like a bear, or lion, A toreador's citadel; a pendent roc; A doted mountain, or blue promontory With trees upon't, that nod unto the world, And mock our eyes with air: Thou hast last seen these signs: They are black vesper's pagenets.

Eros. Ay, my lord. Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought,
The rack doth diminish; and makes it indistinct, As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good friend, Eros, now thy captain is Even such a body: here I am Antony; Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knife. 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 A million more, now lost, - she, Eros, has Pack'd cards with Caesar, and lab'd play'd my glory Unto an enemy's triumph.

Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us Ourselves to end ourselves, -o, thy vile lady!

Eros. She has robbed me of my sword.


Ant. Hence, saucy cumch; peace; she hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mur. Death of one person can be paid but once; And that she has discharged, what thou wouldst do, Is done unto thy hand; the last she spoke Was, Antony! most noble Antony! Then in the midst a tearing gout did break The name of Antony; it was divided Between her heart and lips: she render'd life, Thy name so buried in her. Dead then!

Ant. Dead. Dead. Ant. Eros, unarmed; the long day's task is done, And we must sleep: - That thou depart'st hence safe, Does pay thy labor richly: Go, - off, pluck off.

[Exit Mur.]

[Exit Mardian.]

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides! Heart once be stronger than thy sufferings, Crack thy frail case! - Apace, Eros, apace, No more a soldier; - Bruised pieces go; You have been nobly borne. - From me a while.

[Exit Eros.]

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now All length is torture; - Since the torch is out, Lie down, and stray no further: Now all labor Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles itself With strength: Stow then, and all is done - Eros! I come, my queen: - Eros! Stay for me: Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand, And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze: Dido and her Aeneas shall want troops, And all the haunt be ours. - Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter Eros.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died, I have liv'd in such dishonor, that the gods Detest my baseness, 1 that with my sword Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back With ships made cities, condemn'd myself, to lack The strength of a woman; less noble mind Than she, which, by her death, our Cesar tells, I am conqueror of myself. Thou art sworn, Eros, That, when the exigent should come, (which now is come), I at one stroke will end me.

The inevitable prosecution Of Disgrace and horror, that, on my command, Thou then would'st kill me: do't; the time is come:

Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cesar thou defiest, Put color in thy check.

Eros. The gods withhold me! Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts, Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Wouldest thou be window'd in great Rome, and see Thy master thus with plain'd arms, bending down His cragile neck, his face subdued To penetrative shame; whilst the wheel'd seat Of fortunate Cesar, drawn before him, branded His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see'.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I must be cured.

Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast fast found Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swear'st thou not then To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once, Or thy grandest services are all But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble comenation, Whereon the worships of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee! - [Turning from him.]

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Then let it do at once.

The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master, My captain, and my emperor! let me say, Before I strike this bloody stroke, Farewell. Ant. 'Tis said, man - and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief! Shall I strike now? Ant. Now, Eros, Eros. Why, there then! - [Falls on his sword. Thus do I escape the sorrow Of Antony's death.

Die.

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!

Thou tearest me, O valiant Eros, what I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and race Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me A nobleness in record: But I will be A braver man in death, and run into As to a lover's bed. - Come then; and, Eros, Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus

[Flitting off his sword,]


Enter Percibates and Guard.

Guard. What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends: O, make an end Of what I have begun.

Guard. The star is fallen.

Ant. I. And time is at his period.

All. Ah, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me strike me dead.

SCENE XIII.  

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Be breath'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe: 
Your love Octavia, with her modest ways, and still our inclinations, I shall acquire no honor Demurring up on me.—But come, come, Antony.— Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;— 
Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone. 

Cleo. Here's sport indeed!—How heavy weighs my lord! Our strength is all gone into heaviness, That makes the weight: Had I great Juno's power, The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up, And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,— Wishes were ever foids;— O, come, come, come: 
[They draw Antony up. 
And welcome, welcome! die, where thou hast liv'd: Quicken? with kisssg; 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 ral so high, That the idle housewife Fortune break her wheel, Provoked by my absence. 

Ant. One word, sweet queen: Of Caesar, seek your honor, with your safety,—0! 
Cleo. They do not go together. 

Ant. Gentle, hear me: None about Caesar trust, but Proculeion. 
Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust: None about Caesar. 

Ant. The miserable change now at my end, Lament not sorrow, but please your thoughts, In feeding them with those my former fortunes. Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince of the world, The noblest; and do now not basely die, Nor cowardly: put off my helmet to my countryman, a Roman, by a Roman 
Vanhant vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going; I can no more. 

[Execut, bearing Antony. 

SCENE XIII.—A Monument. 

Enter above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS. 

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence. 
Char. Be comforted, dear madam. 
Cleo. No, I will not. 
All strange and terrible events are welcome, But comforts we despise: our size of sorrow, Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great 
Enter DIOMEDES. 

As that which makes it,—How now! Is he dead? 

Cleo. His death's upon him, but not dead. 

Look out on the other side your monument, His guard have brought him thither. 

Enter ANTONY, borne by the Guard. 

Cleo. O thou sun, 
Be the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling stand 
The varying shore o' the world!—O Antony! Antony, Antony! Charmian, help; help, iras; Help, friends below: Let's draw him hither. 

Ant. Not Caesar's valor hath o'erthrown Antony, But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself. 

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony Should conquer Antony; but we 'tis so! 

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only 
I here importune death awhile, until 
Of many thousand kisses the poor last I lay upon thy lips.— 

Cleo. I dare not, dear, (Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not, 
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show 
Of the full-fortuned Caesar ever shall 

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ACT V.

SCENE I.—Cæsar’s Camp before Alexandria.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Doliabella, Messenias, Gallus, Proculeius, and others.

Cæs. Go to him, Doliabella, bid him yield; being so foolish, tell him, he mocks us by the parables that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [Exit Doliabella.

Enter Decretas, with the Sword of Antony.

Cæs. Wherefore is that! and what art thou, that dar’st appear thus to us?

De. I am call’d Decretas; Mark Antony I serv’d, who best was worthy Best to be serv’d; whilst he stood up and spoke, He was my master; and I were my life, To spend upon his haters; if thou please To take me to thee, as I was to him I’ll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not, I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is’t thou say’st?

De. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make A greater crack: The round world should have shook From its foundations.

And citizens to their dens.—The death of Antony Is not a single doom; in the name lay A moiety of the world.

De. He is dead, Cæsar; Not by a public minister of justice, Nor by a fired knife; but that self hand, Which writ his honor in the acts it did, Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it, Splitted the heart.—This is his sword; I robb’d his wound of it; behold it stain’d With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad friends, To wash the eyes of kings.

Agr. And strange is it, That nature must compel us to lament Our most persecuted deeds.

Waged equal with him.

His taints and honors

Agr. A rarer spirit never

Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us Some means to make us men. Cæsar is touch’d.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror’s set before him, He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony! I have follow’d thee to this:—But we do lack Diseases in our bodies: I must perfirce Have shown to thee such a declining day, For look on time; we could not stand together In the whole world; but yet let me lament, With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts, That thou, my brother, my companion, 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 huddle,—that our

Unreconcileable, should divide Our equalships to this.—Hear me, good friends;— But I will tell you at some winter season; Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him, We’ll hear him what he says.—Whence are you? I have follow’d thee to this:—But we do lack Diseases in our bodies: I must perfirce Have shown to thee such a declining day, For look on time; we could not stand together In the whole world; but yet let me lament, With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts, That thou, my brother, my companion, 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 huddle,—that our

Unreconcileable, should divide Our equalships to this.—Hear me, good friends;— But I will tell you at some winter season; Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him, We’ll hear him what he says.—Whence are you? Mess. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my messenger. Confi’d in all she has, her monument, Of thy intents desires instruction: That she preparedly may frame herself To the way she’s force to. Cæs. Did her have good heart; She soon shall know of us, by some of ours, How honorable and how kindly we Determine for her: for Cæsar cannot live To be ungentle. Mess. So the gods preserve thee! [Exit.]

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius: Go, and say, We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts The quality of her passion shall require; Lost, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke She do defeat us: for her life in Rome Would be eternal in our triumph: Go, And, with your speediest, bring us what she says, And by you find her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [Exit Proculeius.

Cæs. Gallus, go you along.—Where’s Doliabella, To second Proculeius! [Exit Gallus.

Agr. Mec. Doliabella! Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now How he’s employed; he shall in time be ready. Go with me to my tent; where you shall see How hardly I was drawn into this war; How calm and gentle I proceeded still In all my writings: Go with me and see What I can show in this. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Alexandria. A Room in the Monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. My dissolution does begin to make A better hit: To’s paltry to be Cæsar! Not being fortunate, he’s but fortune’s knife; A minister of her will; And it is great To do that thing that ends all other deeds; Which stumps accidents, and tucks up change; Which sleeps, and never palates more the dungen, The beggar’s nurse and Cæsar’s.

Enter, to the Gates of the Monument, Proculeius, Gallus, and soldiers.

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt; And bids thee study on what fair demands Thou mean’st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. [Within.] What’s thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. [Within.] Antony Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but I do not greatly care to be deceived, That have no use for trusting. If your master Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him, That majesty, to keep decorum, must No less be than a kingdom: if he please To give me conquer’d Egypt for my son, He gives me so much of mine own, as I Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer, You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing; Make your full reliance freely to my lord, Who is so full of grace, that it flows over On all that need: Let me report to you Your sweet dependency; and you shall find A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness, Where he for grace is kneel’d to.

Cleo. [Within.] Pray you, tell him I am his fortune’s vassal, and I send him The greatness he has got. I hourly learn A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly Look him in the face.

Pro. This I’ll report, dear lady. Have comfort; for I know, your plight is pitied Of him that could it.

Cleo. You see how easily she may be surpriz’d; For she Proculeius, and two of the Guard, ascend the Monument by a ladder placed over a Window, and having descended, come behind Cleopatra. Some of the Guardumber and open the Gates.

Guard her till Cæsar come. [To Gallus and the Guard. Exit Gallus.


[Drawing a Dagger.]

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold: [Seizes and disarms her. Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this Relieve’d, but not betray’d.]

Servant.
SCENE II. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 611

Cleo. What, of death too, sir?

Pro. Cleopatra.

Cleo. Do not abuse my master's bounty, by the undoing of yourself: let the world see His nobleness well acted, which your death Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death? Come hither, come, come, and take a queen Worth many labes and beggars. 

O temperance, lady! Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir; If idle talk will once be necessary, I'll not sleep neither. This mortal house I'll ruin, Do Caesar what he can. Know, sir, that I Will not wait pinn'd at your master's court; Not have the ship's boats'd with the sober eye Of dull Octavia. Shall they host me up, and show me to the shrouding clouds of Censoring Rome! Rather a ditch in Egypt Be gently grave to me! rather on Niph's mod Lay me stark naked, and let the water-dies Blow me into abolishing! rather make My country's high pyramids my gibbet, And hang me up in chains! You do extend These thoughts of horror further than you shall Find cause in Caesar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dot. Proculois, 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. So, Dolabella, It shall content me best: be gentle to her.— To Caesar I will speak what you shall please, [To CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. If you'll employ me to him. Say, I would die. [Execut Proculois and soldiers.

Dot. Most noble empress, you have heard of me? Cleo. I cannot tell. Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known. You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams, Is not your trick?

Dot. 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!

Dot. If it might please you, Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck A sun, and moon; which kept their course, and glittered The little O, the earth. Cleo. Most sovereign creature,—Cleo. His legs besmir'd the ocean; his regard arm Cress'd the world: his voice was propertied As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends; But when he meant to quaff and shake the orb, He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty, There was no winter in't; an autumn was, 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 crownlets: realms and islands were As plates dropp'd from his pocket. Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, such a man As this I dream'd of?

Dot. 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 against fancy Condemning shadows quite.

Dot. Hear me, good madam: your loss is as yourself; great: I desiring comfort; As answering to the weight: Would I might never O'errake pursued success, but I do feel, By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots My very heart at root.

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my change.—Wert thou a man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.
Cleo. Forbear, Selenus. [Exit Selenus.
Cleo. Be it known that we, the greatest, are
misthought.
For things that others do; and, when we fail,
We answer others' merits in our haste,
Are therefore to be pitied.
Antony. Cleopatra.
Not what you reserve 'd nor what acknowledg'd,
But we 't the roll of conquest: still be it yours,
Bestow on it your pleasure; and believe,
Cesare's no merchant, to make present you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be careful;
Make not your thoughts your princes: no, dear queen;
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and justice is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend: And so, adieu.
Cleo. My master, and my lord!—
Cleo.
Not so: Adieu.
Cleo. He words he; girls, he words me, that should
Be noble to myself; but hack thee, Champion.
Jesu. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.
Cleo. Hie thee again:
I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go, put it to the haste.
Char. Re-enter DOLABELLA.
Dol. Where is the queen?—Behold, sir. [Exit Champion.
Cleo. Farewell, and thanks, [Exit Dol. Now, Iras, what think'st thou?
Then, an Egyptian puppet, shall be shown
In Rome, as well as 1 mechanical slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hangmans, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclosed,
And forced to drink their vapor.
Iras. The gods forbid!
Cleo. Nay, tis most certain, Iras: Sance lietors
Will catch at us, like strumpets: and skill rhymer
Bald at us out o' time: the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunkon forth, and I shall see
Some squaking Cleopatra boys; my greatness
Of the posture of a whore.
Iras. O the good gods!
Cleo. Nay, that is certain.
Iras. I'll never see it; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.
Cleo. To be out their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.—Now, Champion!—
Enter Champion.
Char. Show me, my woman, like a queen.—Go fetch
My best attire:—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony:—SIRAH, Iras, go,
Not noble Champion, we'll depart indeed.
And, when thou hast done this charge, I'll give thee leave
To play till doomsday.—Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore this noise!—
[Exit IRAS. A Noise within.
Guard. Here is a rural fellow,
* Lively.
* Female characters were played by boys.

That will not be denied your highness' presence;
He brings you figs.
Cleo. Let him come in.
How poor an instrument
May do a noble deed! he brings me sportily.
My resolution's placed, and I have nothing
Of woman in man: Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.
Re-enter guard, with a Coal bringing a Basket.
Guard. This is the man.
Cleo. Avoid, and leave him.
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?
Cleo. Do, 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?
Clown. Very many, men and women too, I heard
Of one no longer than yesterday: a very honest
woman, but something given to lie; as a
woman sleek; not do, but in the way of honesty:
how she died of the biting of it, what pains she felt.—
Truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm:
But he that would believe all that they say, shall never
be saved! be that they do: But this is most
fallible, the worm's an odd worm
Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.
Cleo. I wish you all joy of the worm.
Cleo. Farewell. [Clown sets down the Basket.
Clown. You must think this, look you, that the
worm will do him kind.
Cleo. 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. Think no more:—it shall be feded.
Clown. Very good: give it nothing, I pray you,
for it is not worth the feeding.
Cleo. Will it not by chance?
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 eat it not. But, truly, these same whore-
son devils do the gods great harm in their women;
in every ten that they make, the devils mar rive.
Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.
Clown. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the
worm. [Exit.
Re-enter IRAS, with a Bole, 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:—
Aare, yare, good Iras: quick,—Medithinks, I hear
A voice: I see him: I hear rouse himself.
To praise my noble art; I hear him mock
The luck of Caesar, which the gods give men
To extend their after-thought: Husband, husband, I come:
To that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire, and air; my other elements
I give to baser life.—So, have you done
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Champion;—Iras, long farewell.
[Offers them. Iras falls and dies.
Have I the asp in my lips?—death all!
If thou and nature can so gently part
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desired. Dest thou lie still?
If thou dost vanish, thou tellst the world
It is not worth leaving living.
Char. Dissolve, thick cloud and rain; that I may
say,
The gods themselves do weep!
Cleo. This proves me base—
If she first meet the enlaid Antony,
He'll make demand of her; and spend that kiss,
Which he hath been a while. Come, let me depart,
To the Asp, which she applies to her Breast.
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrusive
Of life at once finite: poor venomous fool,
Be an agony, and depart. O, couldst thou speak
That I might hear thee call great Caesar, ass
Unprejudiced! [Exit.
Cleo. O eastern star! Peace, peace!
* Act according to his nature.
* Make haste.
* Unpolish'd, to leave me to myself.
SCENE II.  

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.  

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,  
That sucks the nurse asleep!  

Char.  
O Antony! Look!  
O, break!  

Cleo.  
As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—  
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:—  
[Apply another Aasp to her Arm.]  
What should I say—  

Guard.  
In this wild world!—So, fare thee well,—  
Now boast thee, death! in thy possession lies  
A less unparalleled.—Downy windows, close;  
And golden Phoebus never be beheld  
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;  
I'll mend it, and then play.  

Enter the Guard, rushing in.  

1 Guard. Where is the queen?  
Char.  
Speak softly, wake her not.  
1 Guard. Cesar hath sent—  
Char.  
Too slow a messenger.  
[Apply the Aasp.]  
O, come; apace, despatch; I partly feel thee.  
1 Guard. Approach, ho! All's not well: Cesar's beguil'd.  
2 Guard. There's Dolabella sent from Cesar;—  
call him.  
1 Guard. What work is here?—Charman, is this well done?  
Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess  
Descended of so many royal kings.  
Ah, soldier!  

Enter Dolabella.  

Dol.  
How goes it here?  
2 Guard.  
All dead.  
Dol.  
Cesar, thy thoughts  
Touch their effects in this: Thyself art coming  
To see perform'd the dreadful act, which thou  
So sought'st to hinder.  

[Within.]  
A way there, way for Cesar!  

Enter Cesar and Attendants.  

Ces.  
Bravest at the last;  
She level'd at our purposes, and, being royal,  
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths!  
I do not see them bleed.  

Dot.  
Who was last with them?  
1 Guard. A simple countryman, that brought  
her tigs:  
This was his basket.  
Ces.  
Poison'd, then.  
1 Guard.  
O Cesar,  
This Charman liv'd but now; she stood, and spoke  
I found her trimming up the diadem  
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,  
And on the sudden drop'd.  
Ces.  
O noble weakness!  
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear  
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,  
As she would catch another Antony  
In her strong toil of grace.  

Dot.  
Here, on her breast,  
There is a vent of blood, and something blown:  
The like is on her arm.  
1 Guard. This is an aspic's trail: and these fig-leaves  
Have slinc upon them, such as the aspic leaves  
Upon the caves of Nile.  
Ces.  
Most probable,  
That so she died; for her physician tells me,  
She hath pursued conclusions infinite  
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed;  
And bear her women from the monument:—  
She shall be buried by her Antony;  
No grave upon the earth shall clip it in it  
A pair so famous. High events as these  
Strike those that make them; and their story is  
No less in pity than his glory, which  
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,  
In solemn show, attend this funeral;  
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see  
High order in this great solemnity.  

* graceful appearance.  

[Exeunt.  

End of Act II.
Cymbeline.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Cymbeline, King of Britain.
Cloten, Son to the Queen by a former Husband.
Leonatus Posthumus, a Gentleman, Husband to Imogen.
Belarius, a banished Lord, disguised under the name of Romanus.
Guidenius, Sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names of Posthumus and Cadmus.
Arviragus, the Names of Posthumus and Cadmus, war supposed Sons to Belarius.
Philario, Friend to Posthumus, a Publican.
A French Gentleman, Friend to Philario.
Caio Lucius, General of the Roman Forces.
A Roman Captain.
Two British Captains.
Pirania, Servant to Posthumus.
Cornelius, a Physician.
Two Gentlemen.
Two Shepherds.
Queen, Wife to Cymbeline.
Imogen, Daughter to Cymbeline, by a former Queen.
Helena, Woman to Imogen.
Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, sometimes in Britain; sometimes in Italy.

ACT I.

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

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. You do not meet a man, but frowns: our bloods
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers;
Still seem, as does the king’s?
2 Gent. But what’s the matter?
1 Gent. His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom,
He purposed to his wife’s sole son, (a widow,
That late he married,) hath refer’d herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: She’s wedded;
Her husband banish’d; she imprison’d; all
Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king
Be touch’d at very heart.

2 Gent. None but the king?
1 Gent. He, that hath lost her too; so is the queen,
That most desir’d the match: But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king’s looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they say or at.

2 Gent. And why so?
1 Gent. He, that hath miss’d the princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report; and he that hath her
(1 mean, that married her,—alack, good man!—
And therefore banish’d,) is a creature such
As to seek through the regions of the earth
For six his like, there would be something falling
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So far an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2 Gent. You speak him fair.
1 Gent. I do extend him, sir, within himself; Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.

2 Gent. What’s his name, and birth?
1 Gent. I cannot delve him to the root: His father
Was call’d Sicilus, who did join his honor,
1 Inclination, natural disposition.
2, 3, 4. You praise him extensively.

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Against the Romans, with Cassibelen:
But had his titles by Tenanius, whom
He serv’d with glory and adm’r’d success;
So gain’d the sub-division, 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 kind of issue,) took such sorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Dag of this gentleman, our theme, deceas’d
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Posthumus;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber;
Put him to all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as ‘twas minister’d; and
To his spring became a harvest: Ly’d in court
(Which rare it is to do) most prais’d, most lov’d;
A sample to the young; to the more mature,
A glass that fent’ed 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 Gent. I honor him
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?
1 Gent. His only child.
He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it,) the eldest of them at three years old.
1 the swathing clothes the other, from their
Nursery were stolen; and to this hour, no guess in know-
ledge
Which way they went.

2 Gent. How long is this ago?
1 Gent. Some twenty years.
2 Gent. That a king’s children should be so con-
vey’d!
So slackly guarded! And the search so slow,
That could not trace them!

2, 3, 4. The father of Cymbeline. Formed their manners.
Cymbeline.

Act I. Scene III.

1 Gent. Howsoever 'tis strange, Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at, Yet it is true, sir.

2 Gent. I do well believe you.

1 Gent. We must forbear: Here comes the gentleman, The queen and princess. [Exeunt.]

Scene II.—The same.

Enters the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assured, you shall not find me, daughter.

Post. I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitting The pangs of bard'd affections; though the king Hath charged you should not speak together.

[Exit QUEEN.]

Imo. Dissembling courtesie! How fine this tyrant Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband, I something feyn my father's wrath; but nothing, [Always reserv'd my holy duty,] what His rage can do on me; you must be gone; And shall here abide the hours 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 yours can furnish. I will become a man! I will remain The loyallest husband that did e'er plight troth. My residence in Rome, at one Philaris's; To who my father was a friend, to me Known but by letter; thither write, my queen, And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send, Though ink be made of gold.

Re-enter QUEEN.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you: If the king come, I shall incur I know not How much of his displeasure: Yet I'll move him Aside.

To walk this way: I never do him wrong, But he does buy my injuries, to be friends; Pays dear for my oldness. [Exit Post.]

Should we be taking leave As long a term as yet we have to live, The state of the earth to depart would grow: Adieu! Imo. Nay, stay a little: Were you but riding forth to air yourself, Such parting were too petty. Look here, love; This diamond was my mother's; take it, heart; But keep it till you woo another wife, When imogen is dead.

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

While sense can keep it on! And sweetest, fairest, As I my poor self did exchange for you, To you, so infinite loss; so in our tribes I still win of you; For my sake, wear this; It is a memento of love; I'll place it Upon this fairest prisoner. [Putting a Bracelet on her Arm.]

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

Enter Cymbeline and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king! Cymb. Thou basest thing, avoid; hence, from my sight! If, after this command, thou frant'st the court With thy unworthiness, thou diest: Away! Thou art poison to my blood. Close up 

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

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

Cymb. O disloyal thing, That shouldst repair my youth; thou hast And a year's age on me! [Exit.]

Imo. I beseech you, sir, Harm not yourself with your vexation! I Am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cymb. Fast grace! obedience! Imo. Fast hope, and in despair; that way; past grace.

Cymb. That might'st have had the sole of my queen! Imo. O, bless'd, that I might not! I chose an eagle, And did love a pittance. Imo. Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my throne A seat for baseness. Imo. No; I rather added A lustre to it. Cymb. O thou vile one! Imo. Sir, It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus: You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is A man, worth any woman; overbears me Almost the sum he pays. Imo. What!'art thou mad! Imo. Almost, sir: Heaven restore me!—Would I were A next-bred's daughter! and my Leonatus Our neighbor shepherd's son!

Re-enter QUEEN.

Cymb. Thou foolish thing!— They were again together: you have done [To the Queen.]

Not after our command. Away with her, And pen her up.

Queer. 'Beshoo your patience—Peace, Dead lady daughter, peace—Sweet sovereign, Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort.

Out of your base advice! Cymb. Nay, let her languish A drop of blood a day; and, being aged, Die of this folly. [Exit.]

Enter Pilanto.

Queer. Fye!—you must give way: Here is your servant.—How now, sir? What news! Pis. My lord your son drew on me. Master. Ha! No harm, I trust, is done? Pis. There might have been, But that my master rather play'd than fought, And had no help of anger: they were parted By gentleness at hand.

Cymb. I am very glad of it. Pis. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his part— To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!— I would they were in Afric both together; Myself by with a needle, that I might prick The poor back.—Why came you from your master? Pis. On his command: He would not suffer me To bring him to the haven: left these notes Of what commands I should be subject to, When it pleased you to employ me.

Cymb. This hath been Your faithful servant; I dare lay mine honor, He will remain so. Pis. I humbly thank your highness, Queer. Pray, walk a while.

About some half hour hence, I pray you speak with me: you shall, at least, Go see my lord aboard: for this time, leave me. [Exeunt.]

Scene III.—A public Place.

Enter CLOTERN and two Lords.

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

1. A more exquisite feasting.

2. A kite.

3. Cattle-keeper.

4. Consideration.
Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—
Has not he hurt him?
2 Lord. No; faith: not so much as his patience.
[Aside.]
1 Lord. Hurt him! his body's a passable carcass,
If it be not hurt; it is a thoroughfare for steel if it be not hurt.
2 Lord. His steel was in debt; it went o' the backside of the town.
[Aside.]
Clo. The hearse would not stand me.
2 Lord. No; but he fled forward still, toward your face.
1 Lord. Stand you! You have had enough of your own; but he added to your having; gave you some ground.
2 Lord. As many inches as you have ocean's
Pains, or wishes. [Aside.]
Clo. I would they had not come between us.
2 Lord. So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground. [Aside.]
Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!
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. She blemishes upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her. [Aside.]
Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'Would there had been some hurt done!
2 Lord. He were not such unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is of no great hurt. [Aside.]
Clo. You'll go with us!
1 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.
Lir., Nay, come, let's go together.
2 Lord. Well, my lord. [Exeunt.]

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

Enter BORCHEN and PHARONIO.

Irau. I would thou gav'st unto the shores o' the haven
And question'd every sail; if he should write,
And if I have it, 'twere a paper lost
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spoke to thee?
Pha. Twas, His queen, his queen! Irau. Then wert'ard his handkerchief? Pha. And kiss'd it, madam. Irau. Senseless then! happier therein than I!—
And that was all?
Pha. No, madam; for so long
As he could make with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the sides and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.
Irau. Pha. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To ater-eye him.
Irau. Pha. I would, madam, so I did.
Irau. 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 melt'd from
The smoothness of a giant to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye and wept.—But, good Pharionio,
When shall we hear from him?
Pha. Irau. Be assured, madam,
When his next vantage.
Irau. 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 lamentations make him wear
The sides of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honor; or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of noon, at noon, at midnight,
To be his adorer, and thus make him weep:
Then the terrors of the storm, then the
Shakes all our buds from growing.

* To understand the force of this idea, it should be remembered that anciently almost every son had a motto, or
** Attempt at a wildeon, under which

Opportunity.

* Meet me with reciprocal prayer.
Scene VI.  CYMBELINE.

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

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

Iack. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iack. For your part, my fair mistress is dead, or she's out-prized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given; if there were wealth enough for the purchase: but the gift is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iack. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their grace, I will keep.

Iack. Yet, if you wear her, in time I think you, though strange fowl light upon neighboring ponds. Your ring may be stolen, too: so, of your brace of unspeakable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other cannot a country claim, or a that-way accomplished counter, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Iack. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier, to convince the honor of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail, I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding I fear not my Presenting a small Box.

Post. Let us leave here, gentleman.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signer, I think him, makes no stranger of me: we are familiar first.

Iack. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress: make her go back even to the yielding; had I admittance and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iack. I dare, therefore, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, over-values every thing: I come against your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against my lady in the world.

Post. I could abuse in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iack. Well that's it.

Post. A repulse: Though your attempt, as you call it, deserves more; a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iack. Would I had put my estate, and my neighbor's, on the approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What, lady would you choose to assault Iack. Yours: whom in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your grace, I think, is the moit: for nothing is so more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honor of hers, which I imagine so coveted.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

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

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bestow it in a purpose, I am sure, I hope.

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

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

Iack. I will have it no lay.

Iack. By the gods it is one:—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, say ten thousand ducats, or whatso where froward she comes off, and leave her in such honor 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 if nothing return but I have wronged you, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate: if she remain unauco, (you not making it appear otherwise,) for your ill opinion, and the other covenants you have made to her charity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iack. Your hand; a covenant: We shall have this thing enough by lawful counsel, and straightway,

Post. Will this hold, think you! Phi. Signor Iackimo will not from it.

[Exit.]

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

Enter QUEEN, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dews on ground, gather those flowers; Make haste: Who has that of the names?


Now, master doctor; have you brought those drugs? Cor. Pleafeth your highness, ay: here they are, madam; they are

Prepared a small Box.

But I beseech your grace, without ointence: My conscience bids me ask, wherewith you have Commanded of me these most poisonous commodities.

Which are the movers of a languishing death; But, though slow, deadly! Queen. Thou ask'st me such a question: Have I not been Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how To make perfumes! distil! preserve! yea, so, That our great king himself doth woe me oft Ty'd up in his politics: for my own practice, (Unless you think me deviish, I'st not meet That I did amplify my judgment in Other conclusions;) I will try the forces Of these thy compounds on such creatures as We count not worth the hanging, (but none human,) To try the vigor 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 PISARIO.

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

Cor. I do suspect you, madam;[Aside. But you shall do no harm. Queen. Hark thee, a word.—[To Pisario.

Cor. I do not like her. She doth think, some Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit, And will not trust one of her malice with A drug of such damn'd mixture: Tis she has, Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile: Which first, per chance, she'll prove on cats and dogs; Then afterward up higher; but there is No danger in what show of death it makes. More than the locking up the spirits a time, To be more fresh, reviving. She is bold 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.

[Aside. 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 last gasp: Return; he cannot take
Continue where he is; to shift his being?
Is to exchange one misery with another;
And every day that comes, comes to decay
A man's work in him: What shift the king expect,
To be obedient on a thing that leaves?
Who cannot be new built; nor has no friends,
[Exit Queen drops a Box; Pisanio takes it up.]
So much as to prop him?—Thou talk'st up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labor:
It is a thing made, which hath been
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know
What is more cordial:—Nay, I prythee, take it;
It is an earnest of a further good
That should then follow. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do, as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on; but think
Thou hast thy mistress still; to lost, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee? I'll move the king
To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
Think on my words. [Exit Pisanio and Ladies.]
To taste of too.—So, so;—well done, well done;
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet.—Fair thee well. Pisanio:
Think on my words. [Exeunt Queen and Ladies.]
Pis. And shall do:
And when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll change my self: there's all I'll tell you. [Exit.
SCENE VII.—Another Room in the same.
Enter Imogen.
Iuo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd;—O, that husband
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the place that's glorious; Blessed be those
How mean sover, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be! Fye!
Enter Pisanio and Iachimo.
Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome;
Comes from my lord with letters.
Iach. Change you, madam? The worthy Leonatus in safety,
And greets your highness dearly.
[Present a Letter. Thanks, good sir:
If she be furnished with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Baldness, be my friend! Amen, amen; then head to foot or,
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.
Iach. [Reads.]—He it is of the noblest note, to whom kindness I am most infinitely tied. Reflect
upon him accordingly, as you value your trust.
LEONATUS.
So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully,—
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have lost the wager: Baldness, be my friend! Amen, amen; then head to foot or,
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.
Iach. [Reads.]—He it is of the noblest note, to whom kindness I am most infinitely tied. Reflect
upon him accordingly, as you value your trust.
LEONATUS.
Upon the number'd beach! and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
Twixt fair and foul? Ill. What makes your admiration?
Iach. It cannot be the eye; for apes and monkeys,
Twixt this and such shews, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows the other: Nor I the judgment:
For idiots in this case of favor, would
Be wisely definite. Nor to the appetite:
Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so engulf'd to feed.
Iach. What is the matter, travellor? Ill. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well? Ill. Thanks, madam; well?—Beseech you, sir,
Assured desire To Pisanio.
My man's abode where I did leave him; he
Is strange and peevish. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [Exit Pisanio.
Iach. Continues well my lord! His health, he sees you!
Iach. Well, madam. Ill. Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is.
Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Britain rover.
Iach. When he was here, he did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.
Iach. I never saw him sad. There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent musician, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home, he furnishes
The thick sighs from him: whilsts the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean) laughs from his free lungs,
Eres! Can any man behold, think, that man,—who knows
By history, repart, or his own proof;
What woman is, yet, what she cannot choose
But must be—will his free hours languish for assurance?
Iach. Will my lord say so?
Iach. Ay, madam; with my eyes in flood with laughter.
It is a recreation to be, And hear him mock the Frenchman: But, heavens know,
Some men are more than blame.
Iach. Not he, I hope.
Iach. Not he: But yet heaven's bounty towards him might
Be used more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much:
In you,—which I count his, beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.
Iach. What do you pity, sir?
Iach. Two creatures heartily.
Iach. Am I one, sir? You look on me: What wretch discern you in me,
Deserves your pitty? Lamentable! Wha! To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
The dungeon by a snuff!—I pray you, fair
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands, Why do you pity me?
Iach. That others do.
Iach. I was about to say, enjoy your—But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on.
Iach. 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 go: For certainties
Either are not so pleasant, or so timely knowing,
The remedy then born, d'scover to me
What both you spur and stop!—
Iach. Had I this check
To hath my lips upon; this hand, whose touch
Whose every touch would force the feeder's soul
Making mouths.
Iach. Shy and fidget. [What you seem anxious to utter, and yet withhold.

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Note: The above text is a transcription of the dialogue from Act I, Scene VII of Shakespeare's play "Cymbeline."
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye, Fixing it only here: should I (damned then) Shake off my gait like a castle, built That mount the Capitol; join griples with hands Made hard with hourly falsehood; (falsehood, as With labor,) then he creeping in like Base and indelicate 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.

Troilus. My lord, I fear, I have forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I. Indeed to this intelligence, pronounce The beastry of his change: but 'tis your graces That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue, Charms this report out.

Troilus. Let me have no more.

Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady So far, and listened to an emissary. Would make the greatest king’s command to be partner’d With tomboys, hired with that self-exhibition Which your own collars yield! with discend’d ventures, That play with all infirmities for gold, Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil’d stuff As well might poison poison! be revenged; Or she, that bore you, was no queen, and you Recoil from your great stock.

Revenged.

How should I be revenged? If this be true, (As I have such a heart, that both mine ears Must not in haste abuse,) if it be true, How should I be revenged?

Iach. Should he make me Live like Diana’s priest, betwixt cold sheets; While he is vauling variable rampes, In your despite, upon your purse! Revenge it. I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure; More noble than that ringmate to your bed; And will continue fast to your affection, Still close, as sure.

Troilus. What ho, Pisania!

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Troilus. Away!—do condemn mine ears, that have So long attended thee.—If thou wilt honorable, Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not For such an end thou seek’st; as base, as strange. Thou wrotest a gentleman, who is as far From thy report, as thou from honor; and Solicit’st here a lady, that disdain’s Thee and the devil, even so, what’s this, Pisania!—The king, my father, shall be made acquainted Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit, A saucy stranger in his court, to mart As in a Romish stew, and to extimate His beauty mind to us; he hath a court He little cares for, and a daughter whom He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisania!—

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say:

The credit that thy lady hath of thee, Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness, Her assured credit,—blessed live you long! A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever Country called his! and you, his mistress, only For the most worthiest! sir! Give me your pardon. I have spoke this, to know if you will decline Being deeply-rooted; and shall make your lord, That which he is, new oer: And he is one The truest manner’d; such a holy witch, That he enchanted sometimes unto him: Half all men’s hearts are his.

Iach. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'nonest men, like a descended god: He hath a kind of honor sets him off, More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry, Most mighty princess, that I have adventur’d To try your taking of a false report; which hath honor’d with confirmation your great judgment In the election of a sir so rare, Which you know, cannot err: The love I bear him Made me to fond you thus; but the gods made you, Unlike all others, chasteless. Pray, your pardon.

I. Troilus. All’s well, sir: Take my power i’ the court for you.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot To entreat your grace but in a small request, And yet of moment too, for it concerns Your lord; myself, and other noble friends, Are partners in the business.

Troilus. Pray, what is’t?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord, (The best beaker of our wine,) have mingled sums, To buy a present for the emperor; Which I, the factor for the rest, have done In France: ‘tis plate, of rare device; and jewels, Of rich and exquisite form: their values great; And I am something curious, hot as the strange. To have them in safe stowage: May it please you To take them in protection.

Troilus. Willingly; And pawn mine honor for their safety: since My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk, Attended by men: I will make bold To send them to you, only for this night: I must abound to-morrow.

Troilus. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word, By lengthening my return. From Gallia I cross’d the seas on purpose, and on promise To see your grace.

Troilus. I thank you for your pains; But not away to-morrow!

Iach. Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please To greet your lord with writing, do’t to-night. I have outstood my time; which is maternal To the tender of our present.

Troilus. I will write. Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept, And truly yielded you: You are very welcome.

Exeunt.
1 Lord. It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that; but it is fit, I should commit offence to my inferiors.

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

Clo. Why, so I say. 1 Lord. Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court to-night? Clo. No, I know't; and I know not on't. 2 Lord. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

[Aside.]

1 Lord. There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus's friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

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

1 Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2 Lord. You are a fool, granted, therefore your issue, being foolish, do not derogate. [Aside.]

Lady. Come, I'll go see this Italian. I have lost to-day at bows, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 Lord. I'll attend your lordship. [Exit Cloots and first Lord.]

That such a crafty devil as his mother Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that Bears all down with her brain; and this her son Comes from the two from twenty-five in part, And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess, Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st! Before thy father by the nay-man govern'd; A mother hourly crying plots: a woe More hateful than the soul expulsion Is of thy dear husband, than that horrid act Of the crime he'd make! The heavens hold firm The walls of thy dear honor; keep unshak'd That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand, To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land! [Exit.

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

Imogen reading in her Bed; a Lady attending.

Lady. Who's there? my woman Helen? Helen. Please you, madam. Lady. What hour is it?

Helen. Almost midnight, madam.

Imogen. I have read three hours, then; mine eyes are weak—

Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed; Take not away the tape, leave it burning; And thou canst awake by four o'clock, I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep bath seiz'd me wholly. [Exit Lady.]

To your protection I commend me, gods! From silver vases, and the temples of the night, Guard me, beseech ye! [Steps. Lachino, from the Truck.]

Truck. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labor'd sense

Repairs itself by rest; Our Tarquin thus Did softly press the rushes ere he wak'n The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea, How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! Fresh lily! And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch! But kiss; one kiss! Ruhees unparagon'd, How dearly they don't! 'Tis her breathing that Perverse the chamber things. The flame o' the taper Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids, To see the enclosed lights, now canopied Under the windows: White and azure, laced With blue of heaven's own line.——But my design To note the chamber:—I will write all down:— Such and such pictures:—There the window:—

Such

The adornment of her bed:—The arras, figures, Why, such, and such:—And the contents o' the story,—

Ah, but some natural notes about her body, Above ten thousand manner movables Would testify, to enrich mine inventory:

* It was anciently the custom to strew chambers with rushes.

* i.e. The white skin laced with blue veins.

O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her! And be her sense but as a monument, Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off!—

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!—[Taking off her Bracelet]

'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly, As strongly as the conscience does within, To the madding of her lord. On her left breast Music was couched, like the crimson drop I' the bottom of a cowlisp: Here's a voucher, Stronger than ever law could make; this secret Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and

The treasure of her honor. No more.—To what end?

Why should I write this down, that's riveted, Screw'd to my memory? she hath been reading late The tale of Teseus; here the leaf's torn down, Where Philomel gave up;—I have enough; To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it. Swift, swift, you dragons of the night!—that dawning May bare the raven's eye; I lodge in fear; Though this a heavenly angel, hell shall never give o'er. First, a very excellent, good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her consider.

SCENE III.—An Ante-chamber joining Imogen's Apartment.

Enter Cloots and Lords.

1 Lord. Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace. Cloots. It is true, my lord; and this my lordship:—

1 Lord. But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your lordship: You are must hot, and fursome, when you win.

Cloots. Winning would put any man into courage: If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough: It's almost morning, is't not?

1 Lord. Day, my lord.

Cloots. I would this music would come: I am advised to give her music o' the mornings; they say, it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

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

SONG.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings, His steps to water at those springs On chasteled flowers that lies; And wanking Mary-buds begin To swell their own green eyes; With every thing that pretty bin: My lady sweet, arise; Arise, arise.

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

[Execunt Musicians.

Enter Cymbeline and Queen.

2 Lord. Here comes the king.

Cloots. I am glad I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early: He cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly.—Good-morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cyn. Attend you hear the door of our stern daughter? Will she not forth?

Cloots. I have assailed her music with music, but she vocalizes no notice.

Cyn. That exile of her minion is too new; She hath not yet forgot him: some more time Must wear the print of his remembrance out, And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king, Who lets go by no 'vantages, that may Preier you to his daughter: Frame yourself * Cupped.

* Will pay you more for it.
Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius. A worthy fellow, albeit he comes on angry purpose now; but that's no fault of his: We must receive him Accustomed to the honor of his shadow, and towards himself his goodness forespent on us.

We must extend our notice.—Our dear son, When you have given good-morning to your mistress, Attend the queen, and us: we shall have need To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.

[Exeunt Cvm, Queen, Lords, and Mess.

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

[Knocks.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?—

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours, Can justly boast of: What's your lordship's pleasure?

Clo. Your lady's person; is she ready?

Lady. Ay, To keep her chamber.

Clo. There's gold for you; sell me your good report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you What I shall think is good?—The princess—

[Knocks.

Enter Imogen.

Clo. Good-morrow, fairest sister: Your sweet hand.

Im. Good-morrow, sir: You lay out too much pains For purchasing but trouble; the thanks I give, Is telling you that I am poor of thanks, And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still I swear I love you. If you but said so, too deep as deep with me: If you swear still, your recompense is still That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer. But that you shall not any yield, being silent, I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: I'faith, I shall unfold equal discourtesy.

To your best kindness: one of your great knowing Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere mine: I will not.

Clo. Fools are not mad folks.

Im. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do; If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad; That cures us both. I am much sorrier, sir, You put me to forget a lady's manners, By being so verbal: and learn now, for all, That I can know my heart, nor be pronunt, By the very truth of it, I care not for you; And am so near the lack of charity,
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cesar
Smile at their lack of skill, but find their courage
Worthy hisrowning at; their discipline
Now armed with their courages] will make known
To their approvers; they are people, such
That lend upon the world.

Enter Iachimo.

Phi. See! Iachimo! Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land;
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Welcome, sir.

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

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

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

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post, Their letter good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britton 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 not
Too dull for your good wear?

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 sight of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britton; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by,
Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Iach. 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 honor,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
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 soul opinion
You had of her pure honor, gains, or loses,
Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves both
to who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Be no near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Proceed.

Post. First, her bed-chamber;
(Watch, I confess, I slept not; but, profess,
Had that was well worth watching?] It was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story,
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cyprus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride: A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value; which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was—

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of her, by me
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honor injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste decorum, loathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves; the catter
Was as another Nature, dumb; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. To those who try them.

This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted: Her andronis! (I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her honor!—
Let it be granted, you have seen all this, (and
Be given to your remembrance,) the description
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can,
((Pulling his Reserve.)
Be pale! 1 beg but leave to air this jewel: See—
And now 'tis up again: It must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Jove!—
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her!

Iach. Sir, (I thank her,) that:
She hadipp'd it from her arm; I saw her yet;
Her pretty action did o'ertell her gift,
And yet embrac'd it too: She gave it me, and said,
She priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send to me.

Iach. She writes so to you! doth she!

Post. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too;
((Gives the Ring.)
It is a basiulx unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't.—Let there be no honor,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance,
love,
Where there's another man: The vows of woman
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing:—
O, above measure, false!—

Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won;
It may be probable she last it on,
Who knows, if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her!

Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by't: Back my ring—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hack you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears,
Tis true—nay, keep the ring—tis true: I am sure,
She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn and honorable:—They induced to steal it;
And by a stranger!—No, he hath enjoy'd her:
The consequence of her meantime;
Is this,—she hath bought the name of whom thus dearly,
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be belov'd
Of one persuaded well of—
Never talk on';
She hath been col'd by him.

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

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

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post, Spare your arithmetic: never count the marks
As once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn,—

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

Thou hast made me cuckold.

Iach. I will deny nothing

1 Ornamented iron bars which support wood burnt in chimneys.

The badg; the token.
Post, O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal! I will go there, and do it; 'tis the court; before her father;—I'll do something—[Exit.]

Post. Quite beside the government of patience!—You have won; Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath Against him a prisoner.

Joth. With all my heart. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Another Room in the same.

Enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women Must be half-workers! We are bastards all; And that most vehemently, whose fathers Did call my father, was I know not where. When I was stamp'd; some conveir with his tools Made me a counterfeir. Yet my mother seem'd The Dame of that time; so did my uncle. The nonpareil of this:—O vengeance, vengeance! Me of my faithfull pleasure she restrain'd, And pray'd me, or, forbearance! did it with A patience so racy, the sweet view on't Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Britain. A Room of State in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Clown, and Lords, at one Door; and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. Then Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet Lives in men's eyes; and will to ears, and tongues, Be theme, and hearing ever) was in this Britain, And conquer'd it, Cæsar, Cassiblan, Cusar, (Famous in Cæsar's præsage, no whit less Than in his feats deserving it,) for him, And his succession, granted Rome a tribute, To the number of a thousand thousand pounds; which by that late Is left unenter'd.

Que. And, to kill the marvel, Shall be so ever.

Clon. There be many Cæsars,

Cym. Ere such another Julius. Britain is A world by itself; and we will nothing pay, For enhancing our own noses.

Que. That opportunity, When then they had to take from us, to resume We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege, The bargains your ancestors; together with The natural bravery of your isle; which stands As Neptune's park, ribbed and paved in With rocks uncalculated, and roaring waters; With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats, But suck them up to the top-hast. A kind of con quest Cæsar made here: but made not here his brag Of cause, and war, and crook'd nose:—with shame, (The first that ever touch'd him,) he was carri'd From off our coast, twice beaten: and his shipping (Poor ignorant babbles!) on our terrible seas, Landed; all sheelds moved upon their surges, could'd As easily against our rocks; for joy whereof. The famed Cassiblan, who was once at point (O, great fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword, Made Lundi'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 Cæsars: other of them may have crooked noses; but to owe such straight arms, none.

(Enter Posthumus, let your mother end.)

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

Cym. You must know,

Till the injurious Romans did extort This tribute from us, we were free Cæsar's ambition (Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch The sides o' the world,) against all color, here Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off, froward becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon ourselves to be. We do say then to Cæsar, Our ancestor was that Munius, which Ordain'd our laws; (whose use the sword of Cæsar Had too much mingled;) whose repair, and frus rhese, Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed, Though Rome be therefore angry? Munius, Who was the first of Britain, which did put His brows within a golden crown, and call'd Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline, That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar, (Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than Thyself domestic officers,!) theme enemy: Receive it not, my liege, for war, and confusion, In Cæsar's name pronounce I cannot see a look For fury not to be resisted:—Thus detested, I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius. Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent Much under him; of him I gather'd honor Which he, to seek of me again, perforce, Believes me keep at attendance? I am perfect, That the Pantomims and Dalmatians, for Their liberties, are now in arms; a precedent Which, not to read, would show the Britons cold So Cæsar shall not find them.

Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make past time with us a day, or two, longer: If you seek us afterwars in other terms, you shall, as we in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our cows shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and thine: All the reman is, welcome. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Another Room in the same.

Enter Pirando.

Pir. How! of adultery! Wherefore write you not What monster's her accuser?—Leonatus! O, master! what a strange mixture Is fallen into thy ear! What false Italian (As poisonous tongue'd, as handed) hath prevail'd On thy too ready hearing!—Desolate! No: At the extremity of desaines. Well informed.
Cymbeline, Act III.

She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue,—O, my master!
They find to her as low as
Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her!
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command!—I, her!—her blood!
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I
That I should seem to lack humanity
So much as this fact costs to! Do't: The better
[Reading.
That I have sent her, by her own command,
Shall give her opportunity.—O damn'd paper!
Black ink that's on thee! Senseless hand, Art thou a foolard for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without! Lo, here she comes.

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.
Ino. How now, Pisanio!
Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.
Ino. Who! thy lord! that is my lord, Leonatus?
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
That knew the stars, as I his characters;
He read the future open.—You are gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him.—
[Some cries are heard on the stage:] that is one of them,
For it doth plain love.—of his content,
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave: Bless'd be
You bees, that make these locks of counsell! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
Though forfathers you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables—Good news, gods!
[Reading.
Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take
me to his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as
you. Other dearer creatures, would not even once
but I do not wonder. The three lilies
At Milford-Haven. What your own love will, out of
this, advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all hap-
iness, that remains loyal to his row, and your, in-
terests in her.
Leonatus prosecuting,
O, for a horse with wings!—Hearst thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me
How far's thither. If one of mean affairs
May plead it in a week, why may not
I fill up the time in a day?—Lo, how crowded
[Long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who
Long'st,—
O, let me hate,—but not like me—yet long'st,—
But in a fitter kind:—O, not like me;
For mine's beyond beyond,) say, and speak thick.
[Love's counsellor shall fill the bares of hearing,
To make the summer of the season.
To this same blessed Milford: And, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
To inherit such a haven: But, first of all,
How we may steal from hence; and for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going
And our return, to excuse: but first, how get
hence;
Why should excuse be born or ceg hegot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
Twixt hour and hour?
Twice score, twixt sun and sun, and
Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.
Indo. Why, why, what that 'tide to his execution, man,
Could never go so slow! I have heard of riding
Waters,
Where horses have been nimble than the sands
That run t' the clock's behalf:—But this is foolery:
Go, but a man with a sickness; say
She'll home to her father; and provide me, pre-

ently,
A riding suit; no costlier than would fit
ANothingkin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.
Ino. I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee;

To take in a town, is to conquer it.

Confederate
Crowd one word on another, as fast as possible.
A freholder.

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

SCENE III.—Wales, A Mountains Country, with a Care.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arthurines.

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

Gu. Hail, heaven!
Ar. Hail, hail, heaven!
Bel. Now, for our mountain sport; Up to you hill,
Your legs are young; I'd tread these flats. Con-

When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens, and sets all,
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,
Sparing a profit from all things, banish'd,
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The shar'd beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Must, rather than attend for a cheerful
Richer, than doing nothing for a babe;
Pronder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk;
Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
Yet that they would not purchase: no life to ours!

Gu. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor un-

flee'd;
Have other wing'd from view o' the nest; nor
know not
What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,
That to your present known; well corresponding
With your stildage: but, unto us, it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed;
A prison for a debtor, that do not dare
To stride a limb.

Arv. What should we speak of,
When we are old as you when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this singleing cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away! We have seen nothing:
We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey;
Like wardlike as the wolf, for what we eat;
Our food to chose to what may taste, our cup
We make a quire, as doth the prison bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's naunes,
And left them knowing the art o' the court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb
Is certainly 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 honor; which dies i the
And hath as oft a sandrous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times.
Both ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
Mind power at the censure.—This, 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,
When we little thought, what mischance it was,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Gu. Uncertain favor!
Bel. My fault being nothing, (as I have told you oft)
But that two villains, whose false oaths provoked
Before my perfect honor, sware to Cymbeline,
Was coupl'd at with the Romans; and
Follow'd my banishment: and, this twenty years,
Out, shut, walk proudly, Sealy-winged.
I. i.e. Compared with ours. To overpass his bound.
This rock, and these descenes, have been my world; Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; paid More pious debts to heaven, than in all The for-end of my time.—But, up to the moun- tain.
This is not hunters' language:—He that strikes The venison first, shall be the lord of the feast; To him the other two shall minister; And to the young shepheards in place of greater state. I'll meet you in the val- lyes.

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature! They know little; they are sons to the king; Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive. They think, they are mine: and, though train'd up thus mainly I the eye, whereon they bow, their thoughts do hit The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them, in simple and low things to prince it, much Beyond the trick of others, This Polydore.— The herb of Cymbeline, and thou needst The king he father call'd Guidercius, Jove! When on my three-foot stool I sat, and tell The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out Into my story; say, Thus mine enemy fell: And thus I set my foot on his neck; even then The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats, Strains his young avenes, and puts himself in Scare torture.
That acts my words, The younger brother, Cadwal, (Once, Arviragus,) in as like a figure, Strikes a lesson into my speech, and shows much more His own conceiving. Hack! the game is round!'— O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows, Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon, At three and two years old, I stole these babes; Thinking to bar thee of succession, as Thou relst of my hands. Enrphile, Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother And every day do honor to her grave: Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd, They take for natural father. The game is up.
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent: whereunto I never
Purpose return! Why last thou gone so far,
To heabent, when thou hast on thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment: in the which
I th'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 car.
Therein false struck, can take no greater sound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak,

Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.
Most like;
Bunzing 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 thy master is abused;
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath made thee hold this cursed service.

Imo. Some Roman countenance.

Pis. 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 abide? 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 form a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you hide.

Imo. Where, then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain! I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest; Pr'ythee, think,
There's lives out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven.
To morrow: Now, if you could wear a mind
Jack as your fortune is; and but disguise
That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be,
But must resemble you; you should then strike
A course pretty, and full of view: yea, happly, near
The residence of Posthumus: so high, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Rome and her already hourly to your car,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means!
Thien 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 meekness,
(The handmaid of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self,) to a wagyard course;
Ready in places, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As peradventure as the may; you must forget
That rarest treasure of your check,
Exposing it (but, 0, the harder heart!
Aack, no remedy!) to the greedy touch
Of non-kissing Titan; and terrible
Your laborsome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one;
For thinking this, I have already in it
(Thy in my cloak-bag,) doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them: Would you, in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From the currier, of such a season, let proper
Lucius present himself, desire his service, tell him
Whereon you are happy, (Which you'll make him
Know
If that his head have car in music,) doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honorable,
And, doubting that, most holy. Your means abroad
You have me rich; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supplyment.  

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away:
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us; This attempt
I'm soidier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell:
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected
Of your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box: I had it from the queen;
What's in't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-quaint'n at land, a dram of
That will distil thine embitter. Pr'ythee take shade,
And fit you to your manhood:—May the gods
Direct you to the best!

Imo. Amen: I thank thee. 
[Exeunt.]

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

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.
My emperor hath wrote; I must from hence;
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cloten Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for our self:
To show less sovereignty than they must needs
Appear unconquered.

Luc. So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven:—
Madam, all joy befall thy grace, and you!
Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office:
That of honor in no point omits:—
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Cloten Receive it friendly: but from this time forth
I will it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner: Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords;
Till he have crossed the Severn.—Happiness!
[Exeunt Lucius and Lords.

Queen. He goes hencerowning; but it honors us,
That we have given him cause.

Cloten 'Tis all the better;
You valiant Britons have their wise in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us, therefore, truly,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
This nation that he already hath in Goldi
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His wrath for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus,
Made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath render'd
The duty of the day: She looks us like
A first more mad of malice, than of duty:
We have noted it,—Call her before us; or
We have been too slight in sufferance.
[Exit an Attendant.

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

Re-enter an Attendant.

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

Cloten. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loud'st of noise we make
Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pr'ythee'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereat constrain'd by her intimacy,
She should that duty unpay'd to you,
As for your subsistence abroad, you may rely on me.
Cymbeline

Scene VI.

Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

CLO. Her doors lock'd! so for Posthumus—
Not seen of late! Grant, heavens, that, which I fear,
Prove false! [Exit.

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

That man that hers, Pisania, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

Queen. [Exit CLOTON.

Pisania, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus—
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where she is come? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her;
Or, wringing with terror of her love, she's flown
to her desir'd Posthumus: Gone she is
To death, or to dishonesty: and my end
Cannot make good any of either: She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTON.

How now, my son! 'Tis certain she is fled;
Go in, and cheer the king; he rages; none
Dare speak about him.

Queen. All the better: May
This night forestall him of the coming day?

CLO. I love and hate her: for she's fair and royal;
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one
The best she hath, and she of all compounded,
Outselling them all: I love her therefore; But
Disdaining me, and throwing favors on
The low Posthumus, slander her judgment.
That what's else rare, is choked; and, in that point,
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be revenged upon her. For, when fools
Enter PIRANXO, with the Clothes.

Shall—Who is here? What are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither: Ah, you precious pandr! Villain,
Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I will have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whom so many many weights of baseless cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further halting; satisfy me home,
What is become of her?

Pis. Oh, my all-worthy lord!

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.

Clo. Let's see:—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

She's not so far; and this, or perish,
She's renegron; and what he learns by this [Aside.

May prove his travel, not her danger.

Pis. Humph! Haply,

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

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Yes, sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I mean, 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 in-
duence—that is, what villain so mean thou do.
ne to perform it, directly and truly.—I would think
thee an honest man; thou shouldst neither want
my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy
preference.

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
justest course of subversion 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 the master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodgings, 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.

Clo. That at Milford-Haven—I forget to
ask him one thing: I'll remember anon:—Even
there, thou villain, Posthumus, will I kill thee—I
would these garments were come. She said upon
a time, (thou knowest of it I now belie rich from
my heart,) that she held the very garment of Posthu-
mus in more respect than my noble and natural
person, together with the adornment of my quali-
ties. With that last true—To Milford-Haven I ravish
her: First kill him, and in her eyes: there shall she
see my valor, which will then be a torment to her
contempt. He on the ground, my speech of in-
sufficiency, that I have been in the military when my
lips hath danc'd, (which, as I say, to vex her, I will
execute in the clothes that she so praised,) to the
court I'll lead her back, fast her home again.
She hath despised me rejoycantly, and I'll be na-
thy in my revenge.

Re-enter PIRANXO, with the Clothes.

Be those the garments!

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford-
Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Brinz this apparel to my chamber; that is
the second thing that I have commanded thee: the
third is, thou shalt be a voluntary mate to my
design. Be but duteous, and true prerogive shall
render itself to thee. My revenge is now at Mil-
ford: 'Would I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true to me.

Pis. Thou bid'st me to my loss: for true to thee,
Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that await true—To Milford: do you hear?
Flow, flow, you heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's spee-
cross'd with slowness; labor be his need.

SCENE VI.—Before the Cave of Belarius.

Enter IMOGON, in Boy's Clothes.

IMOGON. I see a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tired myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me.—Milford, When
This month's wearied-top Pisania should't he,
Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think,
Foundations fly the wretched: such, I mean.
Where they should be relev'd. Two beggars told me,
I could not miss my way: Will poor folks lie,
That have affections on them; knowing 'tis
A punishment, or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true: To hypocrin fulness
Is ever to be; but even before thee,
A poor man is ever to be poor man.

At point of sink for food.—But what is this?
Here is a path to it? 'Tis some savage hold:
I were best not call: I dare not call yet: famine,
Ere clesing, makes o'er thee nature, makes it vallant.
Pleas, and peace, breed concoctions; hardiness ever
Of hardness is mother.—Ho! who's there here?
If any thing that's evil, speak it; if savage,
Take, or let us speak!—Ho! I give no answer
But to the man that doth best set out my sword:
and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on.
Such a foe, good heavens! [She goes into the Cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Artogall.

BEL. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman, 2

And are master of the feast; Cadwal, and I,
Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match

2 Best hunter.
The sweet of industry would dry, and die, 
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs 
Will make what's homely, savoury: Weariness 
Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth 
Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here, 
 Poor house, that keepst thyself! 

Gut. I am thoroughly weary. 
Arc. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite. 
Gut. There's cold meat! the cage; we'll browse on that, 
Whilst what we have kill'd be cool'd. 
Bel. Stay; come not in: [Looking in. 
But that it eats our victuals, I should think. 
Here were a tairy. 
Gut. What's the matter, sir? 
Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not, 
 An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness 
No elder than a boy! 

Enter Imogen. 

Imo. Good masters, harm me not: 
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought 
To have been kill'd, or bought, what I have took: 
Good, I have stolen naught; nor would not, though I had. 
Good strew'd o' the floor. Here's money for my meat: 
I would have left it on the board, so soon 
As I had made my meal; and parted 
With prayers for the provider. 
Gut. Money, youth? 
Arc. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt! 
This is the better reckoning, but of these 
Who worship dirty gods. 
Imo. I see you are angry: 
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should 
Have died, had I not made it. 
Bel. Whither bound? 
Imo. To Milford-Haven, sir. 
Bel. What is your name? 
Imo. Fidele, sir; I have a kinsman, who 
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford: 
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger, 
I am fallen into this solace. 
Bel. P'thoe, fair youth, 
Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds 
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd! 
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer. 
Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it.— 
Boys, bid him welcome. 
Gut. Were you a woman, youth, I should woo hard, but he your groom.—In honesty, I bid you for, as I'd buy. 

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

Imo. How! 'mongst friends! 

If brothers?—Would it had been so, that 
They had been my father's sons! then had my 

Axide. 

price 

Been less heard so more equal ballasting 
To thee, Posthumus. 

Bel. He wrings at some distress. 
Gut. Would I could fre'e! 
Arc. Or 1; what'ever it be, 
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods! 
Bel. Harl, boys, [Whispering. 

Imo. Great men, 

That had a court no bigger than this cave, 
That did attend themselves, that had the virtue 
Which their own conscience could them, (buying by 
That nothing gift of dutoing multitudes,) 
Could not out-per these twain. Pardon me, gods! 
I'll change my sex to be companion with them, 
Since Leonatius' false. 
Bel. It shall be so: 
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in: 
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have sup'd, 
We'll merrily demand thee of thy story, 
So far as thou wilt speak it. 

Gut. Pray, draw near. 
Arc. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark, 
less welcome. 
Imo. Thanks, sir. 
Arc. I pray, draw near. [Exeunt. 

SCENE VII.—Rome. 

Enter two Senators and Tribunes. 

Sen. This is the tenor of the emperor's writ: 
That since the common men are now in action 
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians: 
And that the legions now in Gallia are 
Full weak to undertake our wars against 
The fallen-off Britons: that we do incite 
The gentry to this business: he creates 
Lucius proconsul: and to you the tribunes, 
For this immediate levy, he commands 
His absolute commission. Long live Caesar! 

Tr. Is Lucius general of the forces? 

Sen. 

Tr. Remaining now in Gallia? 

Tr. 

[Exeunt. 

my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: Out 
word, 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. 

SCENE XI.—Before the Cave. 

Enter, from the Cave. Belarius, Gudierrez, 
Arrivaus, and Imogen. 

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

Arc. Brother, stay here: 
[To Imogen. 

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. 
Arc. Go you to hunting, I'li 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, and sick: So please you leave me; 
Such to your journal course: the breach of customary 
Is breach of all. I am ill; but your being by me 
Cannot amend me: Society is no comfort 
Keep your daily course.
To one not sociable: I'm not very sick.
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:
I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

Cymbeline. I love thee; I have spoken it:
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What? how? how? how?

Arr. If it be sin to say so, sir, I spoke it.
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason without reason; the bar at door,
And a demand, who's shall die, I'd say.

My father, not this youth.

Bel. O noble strain! [Aside.]

O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base:
Nature hath meal, and bran; contempt, and grace.

I am not their father; yet who this should be,
Poth miracle itself, let's be before me—
'Tis the tenth hour of the morn.

Arr. I wish ye sport.

Arr. You health.—So please you, sir.

[Aside. These are kind creatures. Gods,
What lies I have heard!
Cur courtiers say, all's savage, but at court:
Experience, O, thou disprosv't report!
The impious seas breed monsters; for the dish,
Each tributary river has sweet fish.
I am sick still; heart-sick—Pisania,
I'll now taste of thy drug.

Gut. He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arr. Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field.—
We'll leave you for this time: go in, and rest.
Arr. We'll not be long away.

Bel. For you must be our housewife.

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

Bel. And so shalt be ever.

[Exit Mogen.

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears, he hath had
Good ancestors.

Arr. How angel-like he sings!

Gut. But his next cookery! he cut our roots in characters;
And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he his dicer.

Arr. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh: as if the sigh
Was that it was, not for being such a smile?
The same mocking the sign of sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to compunction
With winds that sailors rack at.

Gut. That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.

Arr. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine.
His perishing root, with the increasing vine!

Bel. It is great morning. Come; away:—Who's there!

Enter Cloten.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath knock'd me—1 am faint.

Those runagates?

Mean's he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son of the queen. I fear some ambush.
I say him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he:—We are held as outlaws:—Hence.

Gut. He is but one; you and my brother, search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let alone with us.

[Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.

Clo. Soit! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?

Gut. A thing
More slavish did I never, than answering
As, being, without a knock.

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: Yield thee, thief.

*Imperial. *Well-born.* Spur's are the roots of trees.

Gut. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, the grandeur, there bigger; for we bear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art;
Why I should yield to thee?

Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gut. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Hence then, and thank
The man that gave thee them. Thou art some fool;
I am loath to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gut. What's thy name?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gut. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were't head, or adder, spader,
I would move me sooner.

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

Gut. I'm sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afraid?

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

Clo. Die the death:
When I have stain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of London's town set these heads:
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [Exeunt, fighting.

Enter Belarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arr. None in the world: You did mistake him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blur'd those lines of favor
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute,
'Twas very Cloten.

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

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

Re-enter Gerard, with Cloten's Head.

Gut. This Cloten was a fool: and a purse,
There was no money in't: not hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gut. I am perfect, what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in;
Displace our heads, where [thank the gods! they grew,
And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone,
Gut. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose
But, that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protecteth us: Then why should he be fonder,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh thrust us?
Play judge, and executioner, all himself;
For we do fear the law! What company
dever you abroad!

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants. Though his humor
Has nothing but inclination; ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have raved,
To bring him he's 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] he little breaths. But I swear
He'd fetch us in: yet 'tis not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,

1 Countenance. 2 Conqueror, subdue.
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,
If we did bear this body hath a tall
More perilous than the head.

Arr. 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 lour.

Guil. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw it into the creek
Behind our rock: and let it to the sea,
And all the fishes he's the queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I reck. [Exit.

Bel. I fear, 'twill be revenged:
'Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done! though valor
Becomes thee well enough.

Arr. So the revenge alone pursued me!—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly: but envy much,
Thou hast rob'd me of this deed: I would, revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit, I pr'ythee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

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

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two proude boys? They are as gentle
As gazels, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head: and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaufed, as the rust'd wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make it's stern steepy make the vale.
'Tis wonderful,
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd; honor untought;
Civility not seen from other; valor,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had worn'sd! Yet still it's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends;
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter General.

Guil. Whose my brother!
I have sent Cloten's chit-poll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
For his return.

Arr. [Solemn musick.]
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Had Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

Bel. Is he at home?

Guil. What does he mean? since death of my
dearst mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accents. The matter!
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys;
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.

Re-enter Artirages, bearing Images as dead, in
his arms.

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for:

Arr. 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. 0 sweetest, fairest lily;
My brother wears not thee one-half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O, melancholy! Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The coaze, to show what coaze thy shaggy ears?
Might the seadler harbor in?—Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made;
but I,

Cure. Tristes! A school-smiling, unhappily vessel.

Thou diest, a most rare boy, of melancholy—
I found you him?

Arr. Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some elf had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laught at his right
Cheek?

Reposing on a cushion.

Guil. Where?

Arr. Of the floor;
His arms thus leaped: I thought he slept; and put
My clouted brogues off from off my feet, whose rude
ness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Guil. Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arr. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; nor
The leaf of echantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweet'd could not thy breath: the radiant would
With charitable bill, (0 bill, sore-shaming,
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yes, much, and Muriold besides, when flowers are
none, to winter-ground'd thy corse.

Guil. Pr'ythee, have done,
And do not play in weech-like words, with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.

Arr. Say, where shall's lay him?

Guil. By good Euripiile, our mother.

Bel. Be't so:
And hauk, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannieach crack, sing him to the
ground,
As once our mother: use-like note, and words,
Save that Euripiile must be Fidele.

Guil. Cadwalad,
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee:
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Then priests and lames that lie.

Arr. We'll speak it, then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicin the less: for
Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys:
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid for that: Though mean and mighty,
But riding together, have one dust: yet reverence
(That angel of the world) doth make distinction
Of place between high and low, Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet be him as a prince.

Guil. 'Pray you, fetch him hither
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arr. If you'll go fetch him, we'll say our song the while.—Brother, begin.

Guil Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;
My father hath a reason for't.

Arr. Tis true.

Guil. Come on then, and remove him.

Arr. So,—begin.

SONG

Guil. Fear no more the heat of the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rage:
Thou weary laboring, panting, sighing wretch,
Thou hast to bear the冬天's rage.
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arr. Fear no more the frown of the great,
That art past the tyrant's stroke:
Care? no more to clothe, and eat;
To live the reed is as the oak:
The steeples, towers, palaces, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Stiff. Shoes plated with iron.

* Prob. A corrupt reading for either round thy corse.
Scene II. Cybeline.

After your will, have cross'd the seat attending
You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships:
They are here in readiness.
Luc. But what from Rome? Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service: and they come
I under the conduct of bold Fadimino,
Sienna's brother.
Luc. When expect you them? Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.
Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present
numbers
Be master'd; bid the captains look to.—Now, sir,
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's pur-
pose?
South. Last night the very gods show'd me a
(I fast, and pray'd for their intelligence:) Thus:
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, win'd
From the spongy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends
(Unless my sense abuse my divination)
Success to the Roman host.
Luc. Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here.
Without his top! The ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him! But dead, rather:
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let's see the boy's face.
Cap. He is alive, my lord.
Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.
Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems,
They crave to be demand'd: Who is this,
Thou mock'st thy beauty pillow? Or who was he,
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture! What's thy in-
teres?
In this sad week? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?
Imo. I am nothing; or, if not,
Nothing to be worse better. This was my master,
A very valiant Britain, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain.—Alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.
Luc. Back, good youth! Thou mov'st no less with thy conduct
Than thy master in bleeding: Say his name, good friend.
Imo. Richard du Champ. If I do live, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
[Draught.
They'll pardon it.—Say you, sir! Luc. Thy name? Imo. Pake.
Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.
Will take thy chance with me! I will not say,
Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,
No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth, prefer thee: Go with me.
Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, a'nt 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 gods hath ta'en us, men duties: Let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and particans
A grave: Come, arn him.—Boy, he is prefer'd
By two to us; and he shall be inter'd,
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes.
Some falls are means the happier to arise.
[Exit.]
SCENE III.—A Room in Cymbeline’s Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Perkin.

Cym. Again; and bring me word how ‘tis with her;
A fever with the absence of her son;
A madness, of which her life’s in danger:—
Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen, The great part of my comfort, gone; may queen Upon a desperate bed; and in a time
When fearul wars point at me; her son gone, So needed for this present: It strikes me, past The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Just seem so ignorant, we’ll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Sir, my life is yours;
I humbly set it at your will: But for my mistress,
I know nothing where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech you, my highness.
Hold me your loyal servant.
1 Lord. Good my liege,
There was that she was missing, he was here;
I dare be found true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally.
For Cloten—
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.
Cym. The time’s troublesome:
We’ll slip you for a season; but our jealousy
Does yet depend.
1 Lord. So please your majesty, The Roman legions has all from Gaul paused, Are landed on your coast; with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.
Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and queen,—
I am amaz’d with matter, 2 Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can afford no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more
The want is, but to put those powers in motion,
That long to move.
Cym. I thank you; Let’s withdraw;
And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here.—Away. [Exeunt.]
1 Lord. I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him, Imogen was slain: ’Tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings: Neither know I
What is belted to Cloten; but remain
Perplex’d in all. The heavens still must work:
Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the notch of the king, or I’ll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be cleared.
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer’d.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Before the Cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.
Guil. The noise is round about us.
Bel. Let us from it.

Arr. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock
It from action and adventure?
Guil. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us; or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts.
During their use, and slay us after.
Bel. Sons,
We’ll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king’s party there’s no going: news
Of Cloten’s death (we being not known, not muster’d)
Among the bands) may drive us to a render.
Wherein have lived; and so extort from us
That which we’ve done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.
Guil. This is, sir, a doubt,
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.
Arr. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Befoul their quarter’d fires, have both their eyes
And ears so coldly importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note, to
Know from whence we are.
Bel. Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv’d my service, nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of advising
The certainty of this hard life; nay hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis’d,
But to be still but summer’s tarnings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.
Guil. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o’ergrown,
Cannot be question’d.
Arr. By this sun that shines,
I’ll thither: What thing is it, that I never
Did see more die? scarce ever look’d on blood,
That but of coward harcs, hot goats, and vension;
Never bestrid a horse, one that had
A rider like myself, who ne’er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel; I am ashamed
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his bless’d beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.
Guil. 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!
Arr. So say I; Amen.
Bel. No reason I, since on your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack’d one to more care. Have with you, boys:
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I’ll lie:
Lead, lead. — The time seems long; their blood
Thinks scorn, Till it fly out, and show them princes born.
[Aside.]

ACT V.

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

Enter Posthumus, with a bloody Handkerchief.
Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I’ll keep thee; for I wish’d
Thou shouldst be color’d thus. You married ones,
If each of you would take this course, how many
Mist and anger wres: much better than them selves,
For wrying? but a little—O, Peace!
Every good servant does not all commands:
No bound, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ev’n vengeance on my faults. I never
* Confounded by a variety of business. 
* Noticing.
2 Deriving from the right way.

Had life to put on this; so had you sav’d
The noble Imogen to repeat; and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But,
Eneas,
You stoute 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 door’s thrift.
But I’ll to the island of: Do your best wills,
And make me bless’d to obey! I am brought
Latter
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against Diany’s kingdom: ’Tis enough
* Revellers. 
* An account
* Notice.
* Incite, instigate.
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace! I'll give new wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens, hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe of these Halmain words, and suit myself. As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight Against the part I come with; so I'll die For the right, O Imogen, even for whom my life Is, every breath, a death in this; and this, unknown, Pitted nor hated, to the face of peril Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know More men than me, than my last show. 

Gods, put the strength of the Leonati in me! To shame the guses of the world, I will begin The fashion, less without, and more within. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—The same.

Enter of oneside, Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman Army; at the other side, the British Army; Leonatus Posthumus following it, like a poor Soldier; They march over, and so out. Alarums. Then enter again in skirmish. Iachimo and Posthumus; he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then leaves him.

Lack. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady, The princess of this country, and the air on't Revengeth enterably me; Or could this card? A vestige of nature's, have subdued me, In my profession? Kindships and honors borne, As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn. If that thy gentility, Britain, go before The man and husband, he exceeds our laws, the odds Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [Exit.

The Battle continues, the Britons fly; Cymbeline is taken: then enter to his rescue, Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus. Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground.
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but The villany of our fears. 

Guil. Arr. Stand, stand, and fight! Enter Posthumus, and seconde the Britons. They rescue Cymbeline, and execute. Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Iagoen.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself.
$$ For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such As war were hood-wink'd.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes Let's reinforce, or fly. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Field. Enter Posthumus, and a British Lord.

Lord. Canst thou from where they made the stand I did: Though you, it seems, come from the fiers. Luc. Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost, But that the heavens fought: the kinz himself Of his wings destitute, the army broken, And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying Through a straight lane; the enemies full-hearted, Lolling the tongue with slaughter'stongue, having work More plentiful than tools to do, struck down Some, slay'd others, with a straight path, some falling Merely through fear; that the steel path was damn'd.

With dead men; hurt behind, and cowards living To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane! Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd and wall'd with turf, Which was advantage to an ancient soldier,— An honest one. I warrant; who deserv'd So long a breeding, as his white beard came to, In doing this for his country—stirr'd the lane, He, with two striplings, led more haste to run The country base, than to commit such slaughter; With faces fit for masks, or rather tamer Than those for preservation case, or shame.) Made good the passage; cry'd to those that fled, *Clown. *A country game called prisoner-bears, vulgarly prisoner-bears. Our Britain's hurt's die flying, and our men: To darkness' feet, souls that fly backwards! Stand; Or we are Romans; and will give you that Like beasts, which you know beastly; and many, many, But to look back in froun; stand, stand,—These three, Three thousand confident, in act as many. (For though the formers are the file, when all The rest do nothing,) with this word, Stand, stand, Accommodated by the place, more charming, With the hundred fancies, which could have turn'd A distast to a bace. [Exeunt all but Lucius. Part, shacle, part, spirit new; that some turn'd coward But by example, (O, a sin in war Dam'd in the first beginners!) try to look The way that they did, and to grin like lions Upon the piles of the hunters. Then began A-top I'll, on a high chaser, a retire, anon, A rout, confusion thrice: Forthwith they fly. Chickens, the way which they stoop? eagles; slaves, The strifes which victors made; and now our cowards (Like fragments in hard voyages) became The life o' the need; having sound the back-door open Of the ungarded hearts, heavens, how they wound! Some, slain before; some, dying; some, their friends O'erborne I the former wave: ten, chased by one, Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty: Those, that would die or e're resist, are grown The mortal bags of the field.

Lord. This was strange chance! A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys! Post. Nay, my lord, nor wonder at it: You are made Rather to wonder at the things you see, Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon, And vent it for mockery! Here is one: Two boys, and an old man yield a boy, a lane, Preserve'd the Britons, was the Romans' lane. Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir. Post. Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend: For if he'll do, as he is made to do, I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too. You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell, you are angry. [Exit.

Post. Still going! — This is a lord! O noble minesty! To be in the field, and ask, what news of me! To-day, how many would give their honors To have say'd their carcasses! took heels to do, And yet died too! I, in mine own woe char'd, Could not hear news any, were there, or here I did bid the man; nor do, nor is, nor was Nor felt him where he struck: Being an ugly monster. 'Tis strange! that the hides him in fresh cups, soft beds, sweet words; or hath more minstrels than we That draw his knives the war.—Well, I will find him; For being now a favorer to the Roman, No more a Briton, I have resumed again The part I came in: Fight I will no more, But yield me to the veriest hand, that shall Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is Here made by the Roman; great the answer be Britons must take: For me, my ransom's death; On either side I come to spend my breath; Which man before here I keep, nor I again, But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1 Cap. Great Jupiter he prais'd! Lucius is taken: 'Tis thought the old man and his sons were angels, 2 Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit, That save the Roman with them. So 'tis reported: But none of them can be found.—Stand I who is that?

Post. A Roman; Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds Had answered him. Lay hands on him: a dog! A leg of Rome shall not return to tell What crowes have peck'd them here: He hangs his service. As if be better note; bring him to the king, Enter Cymbeline, attended: Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Roman Captives. The * Bug-bears, terrors. * Encounter.
Capsians present Posthume's to Cymbeline, who
delivers him over to a Gailer: after which, all
go out.

SCENE IV.—A Prison.

Enter Posthume's and two Gaullers.

1 Gail. You shall not now be stolen, you have
locks upon you:
So, grab as you find pasture.

2 Gail. Ay, or a stomach. [Exeunt Gaullers.

Post. Most welcome bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty: Yet I am better
Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had rather
Groan in perpetuity, than be cured
By the sure physician, death, who has the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art
fetter'd
More than my shanks, and wrists: You good gods,
The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,
Then free for ever! Isn't enough, I am sorry!
So children temporal do oppose;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in grievances,
Desire'd, more than constraint'd: to satisfy,
If of my freedom 's the main part, take
No such rendering of me than yours.
I know, you are more element then vile men,
Whose of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixtieth part, letting the rest thrive again
On their abatement: that's not my desire:
For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you could't:
'Twixt your man's and your woman's hands of flowers:
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:
You rather mine, being yours: And so, great powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these troths. O Imogen! I'll speak to thee in silence. [He sleeps.

Solemn Music. Enter, as an Apparition, Scillus;
Leonatus, Father to Posthumus, an old Man,
attired like a Warrior: leading in his Hand an ancient Meteor, his Wife, and Mother to Post-
humus, With Music before them. Then, after
other Music, follow the two young Leonatti, Broth-
ers to Posthumus, with wofulnes, as they died in the
Wars. They circle Posthumus round, as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, show,
Thy spite on mortal flies;
With Mars fell out, with Juno chide,
That ever people suffer.
Rates and revenges,
Hath my poor boy done ought but well;
Whose head I never saw;
I died whilst in the life to stay'd, and
Attending nature's law.
Whose father then (as men report,
Thou orphan's father art)
Shouldst have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vesting smart.
Molt. Lucina lent not me her hand,
But took me in my throes:
That from me was Posthumus rapt,
Came crying 'mōnest his feet,'
A thing of pity!
Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Mounted the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise of the world,
As great Scillius' heir.
I knew, when once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel;
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his deity!
Molt. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exiled and thrown
From Leonatti 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 gok' and scorn
O' the other's villany!
Fetters. The fool.

2 Bro. For this, from stiller sets we came,
Our parents, and as twain,
That striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely, and were slain;
Our fathers, and Tenderius' right,
With honor to maintain.

1 Bro. Like hardiment, Posthumus hath
to Cymbeline perform'd;
The Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due;
Being all to doors turn'd!
Sici. Thy crystal window ape; look out;
No longer exercise,
Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
And potent injuries.
Molt. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.
Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion: help!
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest,
Against thy deity.

2 Bro. Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

Juverin descends in Thunder and Lightning, sit-
ing in an Eagle. He throws a Thunderbolt.
The Ghosts fall on their knees.

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Oftend our hearing: hush!—How dare you,
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebellling coasts!
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence and rest.
Upon your heads, and ravening hands of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents opprest;
No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.
Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,
The thunderer's delay'd, doth 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 en-marrried.—Rise, and ride!—
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;
And so, away: no further with your din.
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [Ascends.

Sici. He came in thunder: his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
Swoop'd as to foot us: his ascension is
More noble thy adulter'd fields: his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his beak,
As when his god is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, Jupiter!

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

[Ghost vanish.

Post. [Waking.] Sleep, thou hast been a grand-
sire, and begot
A father to me: and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers: But (O scorn!)
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born.
And so I am awake.—Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favor, dream, as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing. But, alas, I scarce
Many dream to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favors; so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.—
What were once haunt this ground! A book? O, rare
one!
Be not, as in our flogged world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers; let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our couriers,
As good as promise.

[Reads.] When as a lion's head shall, to himself
unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced
by a piece of tender air; and when from a safely
closed, or keep'd, breach, which, being
dead many years, shall after revive, be joined
at the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall
Posthumus end his matrices, be rich, be fortunate,
and dwell in peace and plenty.
'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not either both, or nothing;
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
Scene V.—Cymbeline's Tent.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Posthumus, Officers, and Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made
Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
Whose eyes shone as guided arrows, whose naked breast
Step'd before target of proof, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our care can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing:
Such strength and valour in one that promised nought
But bravery and purchasing.

Cym. No tidings of him?
Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief I am


The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
[To Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.]
By whom, I grant, she lives: "Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are:—report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria we are born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees;
Arise, my knights of the battle: I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities according to your estates.

Enter Cornelia and Ladies.

There's no more courtly face. Why so sadly
Greet you our victory! You look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king! To your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become! But I consider,
By medicine he 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
Next eras of herself, that she might
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. Pray thee, say,
Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you;
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhor'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this: And, but she spoke it dying, I would
Not believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.
Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpio to our sight; who, I live,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
T'a'en off by poison.

Cym. Most delicate friend! Who 's can read a woman!—Is there more?
Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and hang;
By inches waste you: In which time she purposed,
By watching, weeping, 'tendance, kissing, to
Overcome you with her show: yes, and in time,
(When you were nigh) to put with her courtiers
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, on her purpose: repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effect'd: so,
Despairing, died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?
Lady. We did so, please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her lilt'ry; nor my heart,
That think'd her like her seeming: if it had been
Vicious,
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was only thus, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, the Soothsayer, and other
Roman Prisoners, guarded; Posthumus behind, and
Iocen.

Thou com'st not, Caesars, now for tribute; that
The Britons have razed out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose known men have made
Suit
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
So think of your escape: our parts require it.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have
Threatened
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom: let it come: sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on't: And so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will extract; My hoy, 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 fast so mistrustful: let his virtue join
With my request, which, I'll make, your highness
Cannot deny: he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have serv'd a Roman: save him, sir, and
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him.

His favor 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: never thank thy master: live:
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it; Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest to en.

I, I.  I humbly thank your highness.

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

No, no, slack! There's other work in hand: I see a thing
Ritter to me as death: thy life, good master,
May shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me. He leaves me, scorns me: Briefly, die thy joys, that Place them on the truth of girls and boys.
Who stands so perpleas'd? Cym. What wouldst thou, boy, I love thee more and more: think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st thou him look'st on?
Will have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?
Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me,
Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore cry'st he so? Luc. 'Twill, I tell you, sir, in private, if you please To give me hearing. Cym. Ay, with all my heart. And lend my best attention. What's thy name? Imo. Fidele, sir. Cym. Thou art, my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master: Walk with me; speak freely.

Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart. Imo. Bel is not this boy reviled from death! One sand another.

Not more resembles: That sweet rosy lad, Who died, and was Fidele—What think you?
Girl. The same dead thing alive.
Bel. Peace, peace! see further, he eyes us not; forbear;
Creatures rosy be alike: were he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Girl. But we saw him dead.
Bel. He sent me; let's see further.

Ps. speak. It is my mistress: [Aside.

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

Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.

Cym. Come, stand thon by our side;
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, [To Imo.] step you forth,
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely: Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honor, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render Of whom he had this ring.
Post. What's that to him? [Aside.

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours?
Post. It was a present me to leave unspoken that Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How me? Post. I am glad to be constraint'd to utter that Which thou desirest me to conceal. By villainy I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel; Though thou didst disbanished (and which more may grive thee,
* Ready, dexterous.
* Countenance.
Scene V.

Cymbeline.

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Spir, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The doz of 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—
Pis. Shall we have a play of this? thou scornful
page,
There lies thy part. [Striking her: she falls]
Pis. Mine and your mistress, and your lord Posthumus!—
You meek, kind Imogen till now!—Help, help!—
Marry honor'd lady!
Pis. Does the world go round?
Pis. How come these staggars on me!

Cym. Wake, my mistress! If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.
Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
There 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 at 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!

Pis. It poison'd me.

Imo. What is this, gods!—
I left one thing which the queen confer'd,
Which must approve thee honest: if Pisano
Have, said she, given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for a cordial, she is serv'd
As he would serve a rat.

Cym. What's this, Cornelius? Cour.
The queen, sir, very o't! importun'd me
to tempt poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge only.
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dozes,
Of no esteem: I, dreaming that her purpose
Was more dangerous, 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. There was our error.

Gut. This is sure, Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think, that you are upon a rock; and now
This man again. —Enveloping him.
Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

Bel. How now, my flesh, my child! What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your blessing, sir. [Kneeling.
Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame
you not;
You had a motive for't.

To GUIDERSIS AND AMAZETS.

Cym. My tears that fall,
Prove holy-water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's death.

Gut. I am sorry for't, my lord,
But she was hard, and 'twas in her love to me,
That we meet here so strangely: but her son
Is gone, we know not how nor where.

Pis. No fear is from me. I'll speak truth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; ta'm'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 legned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed him
To search her on the mountains near to Milford,
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he enforced from me, away he went
With his purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honor: what became of him,
I farther know not.

Gut. Let me end the story:
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods foretell I
I would not thy good deeds should froth my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Be not again.

Gut. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Gut. A most unceiv'd one: The wrongs he did me
Were more than can be numbered; for he with
Language with that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me: I cut off his head;
And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee:
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law: Thou art dead.

Bel. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.
Bel. Stay, sir king:
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself: and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever seen for. —Let his arms alone.

They were not born for bondage:

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou under the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath! How of descent
As good as we?

Arc. In that he spoke too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three:
But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have in you. —My sons, I trust,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arc. Your danger is
Our's.

Gut. And our good his,
Have at it, then.—
By leave: —Thou hast, great king, a subject, who
Was call'd Belarius. 

Cym. What of him? he is
A banisli'd traitor.

Bel. He is it that hath
Assumed this age: indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how, a traitor.

Arc. Take him hence;
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons?
Bel. I am too blunt and saucy: Here's my knee;
See I arise, I will prefer my sons;
Then, spare not the old father; so, my sons,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine:
They are the issue of your boys, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue?

Bel. So sure as you your father's, I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd.
Your pleasure was my reproach, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason: that I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
(For such, and so they are) these twenty years
Have I ta'en up; they have not slighted me,
Yet, could I put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to: —
Having receiv'd the punishment before,
For that which I did then: Beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason: Their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shaped
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweetest companions in the world:—
The bequestion of these covereth her.
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speakest.
The service, that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st: I lost my children;
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Forbid.
Bel. Be pleas'd a while.—This gentleman, whom I call Polydore, is the most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius; this gentleman, my Cadwal, Arvigillus, your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd in such a curious mantle, brought by the hand of his queen-mother, which, for more probation, I now with ease produce. Guiderius had Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star; It was a mark of wonder. Bel. This is he; Who hath upon him still that natural stamp; It was wise nature's end in the donation, That this evidence now. O, what am I A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother Rejoiced deliverance more:—Bless'd may you be, That after this strange starting from your orbs, You may reign in them now!—O Imogen, Thou hast lost by this a kingdom. Ino. I have got two worlds by't.—O my gentle brother, Have we thus met? O never say hereafter, But I am true speaker; you call'd me brother, When I was but your sister; I you brothers, When you were so indeed. Did you e'er meet? Act. Ay, my good lord. Gun. And at first meeting lov'd; Continued so, until we thought he dead. Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd. Cym. O rare instinct! When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridge-ment Hath to it circumstantial branches, which Distinction should be rich in.—Where! how liv'd you? And when came you to serve our Roman captive? How parted with your brothers? how first met them? Why fled you from the court? and whither? These, And your three motives to the battle, with I know not how much more, should be demanded; And all the other by-de-aren'd ere your orbs, From chance to chance just but the time, nor place, Will serve long interrogatories. See, Posth'mus anchors upon Imogen; And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting Each object with joy; the counterchange Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground, And make the temple with our sacrifices.— Thou art my brother; so we'll hold thee ever. To Belarius. Ino. You are my father too; and did relieve me, To see this gracious season. Cym. All employed, Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too, For they shall taste our comfort. Luc. My good master, I will yet do you service. Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly sought, I would have well become this place, and grac'd The thankings of a king. Post. I am, sir, The soldier that did company these three I here beseeching: 'twas a timely for The purpose I then follow'd:—That I was he, Speak, lachino: I had you down, and might Have made you finish. Ino. I am down again: [Kneeling. But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee, As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you, Which I so often owe: but, your ring first; And here the bracelet of the true princess, That ever swore her faith. Cym. 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 the word to all. Arr. You holp us, sir, s. i. c. Which ought to be rendered distinct by an ample narrative. As you did mean indeed to be other brother; Joy'd are we, that you are. Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of Rome, Call forth your soothsayer. As I slept, methought, Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back, Appeard to me, with other splendid shows? Of mine own kindred: when I waked, I found This label on my bosom; whose containing Is so from sense and hardness, that it can Make no collection of it; let him show His skill in the construction. Luc. Phælomus,— South. Here, my good lord. Luc. Read, and declare the meaning. South. [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 lapp'd branches, which, being deck'd with many garlands, shall after view, to the old stock, and fresh' t'en crown; then shall Posth'mus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty. Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp; The hit and apt construction of thy name, Being Leonatus, doth import so much: The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter, Which we call modest air; and modest she, To Cymbeline. South. We term it matter: which matter I divine, Is this most constant wife; who, even now, Answering the letter of the oracle, Unknown to you, unsought, were chipp'd about With this most tender air. Cym. This hath some seeming. South. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline, Persuades thee: and thy lapp'd branches point Thy two sons forth: who, by Belarius stolen, For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd, To the majestic cedar joint; whose issue From hence Britain peace and plenty. Luc. Well, My peace we will begin:—And, Caius Lucius, Although the victor, we submit to Caesar, And to the Roman empire; paying tribute To pay our wonned tribute, from the which Were dissuaded by our wicked queen; Whom heavens, in justice,[both on her and hers,] Have laid most heavy hand. South. The fingers of the powers above do tune The harmony of this peace. The vision Which late was 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, Less'd herself; and, in the beams of the sun So vanish'd: which foreshew'd our princely eagle, The imperial Caesar, should again unite His favor with the radiant Cymbeline, Which shines here in the west. Cym. Laud we the gods; And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils From our bless'd altars! Publish we this peace To all our subjects. Set we forward: Let A Roman and a British ensign wave Friendly together: so through Lud's town march: And in the temple of great Jupiter, Our two in unison; seal it with feasts,— Set on there;—Never was a war did cease, Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace. [Execute.]

A SONG, SINGD BY GUIDERIUS AND ARRIBACES OVER FIDILE, SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.

By Mr. William Collins.

To fair Fidile's grassy tomb, Soft mounds and village kinds shall bring Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom, And rife all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear To weep with shraks his quiet grove; But shepherd bulls ensamble here, And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The red-breast off at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little feet;
With hourly moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shook the sylvan cell;
Or mock the chase on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell,

Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
For thee the tear be duly shed:
Beloved, till life could charm no more;
And mourn'd, till pity's self be dead.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SATURNINUS, Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor himself.
BASSIANUS, Brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.
TITUS ANDRONICUS, a noble Roman, General against the Goths.
MARCUS ANDRONICUS, Tribune of the People; and Brother to Titus.
LECUS,
QUINTUS, ] Sons to Titus Andronicus.
MARTIUS, ]
TYTON, ] Young Lucius, a Boy, Son to Lucius.
PEBIUS, Son to Marcus the Tribune.

EMILIUS, a noble Roman.
ALARUS, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, ] Sons to Tamora.
AARON, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.
A CAPTAIN, TRIBUNE, MESSANGER, and CLOTH; Romans.
GOths, and Romans.

TAMORA, Queen of the Goths.
LAVINIA, Daughter to Titus Andronicus.
A Nurse, and a black Child.
Kinmen of Titus, 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 Andronicis appearing; the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate.—Enter, below, Saturninius and his Followers, on one side; and Bassianus and his Followers, on the other; with Drum and Colors.
Sat. Noble patriots, patrons of my right, Deliver the justice of my cause with arms; And, countrymen, my loving followes, Plead my successive title with your swords; I am his first-born son, that was the last That ware the imperial diadem of Rome; Then let my father’s honors live in me, Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.
Bas. Romans,—friends, followers, favorers of my right,—If ever Bassianus, Caesar’s son, Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome, Keep then this passage to the Capitol; And suffer not dishonor to approach The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate, To justice, continence, and nobility: But let desert in pure election shine; And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.
Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft, with the Crown.
Marc. Princes that strive by factions, and by friends, Ambitiously for rule and empire,— Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand A special party, have by their 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 acc’ted home, From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;—

That, with his sons, a terror to our foes, Hath yok’d a nation strong, train’id up in arms. Ten years are spent, since first he undertook This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms Our enemies’ pride: Five times he hath return’d Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons In coffins from the field; And now at last, laden with honor’s spoils, Returns the good Andronicus to Rome, Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms, Let us entreat,—By honor of his name, Whom, wothily, you would have now succeed, And in the Capitol and senate’s right, Whom you pretend to honor 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 tribe speaks to calm my thoughts!
Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so do I sally In thy uprightness and integrity, And so I love and honor thee and thine, Thy noble brother Titus and his sons, And her, to whom my thoughts are humbled all, Gracious Lavinia, Rome’s rich ornament, That I will here dismiss my loving friends; And to my fortunes, and the people’s favor, Commit my cause in balance to be weigh’d.
[Exeunt the Followers of Bassianus.
Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right, I thank you all, and here dismiss you all; And to the love and favor of my country Commit myself, my person, and the cause.
[Exeunt the Followers of Saturninius. Rome, be as just and gracious unto me, As I am confident and kind to thee.— Open the gates, and let me in.
Bas. Tribunes! and me, a poor competitor.
[Sat. and Bas. go into the Capitol, and exeunt with Senators, Marcus, &c.
To Titus, his Father. It is well to know that there is a Roman who
hesitates to sacrifice his country to his country's storms. Let
him, therefore, think seriously of this matter. To Rome, then,

scene II.-The same.
Enter a Captain and others.

Curt. Romans, make way; the good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honor and with fortune is return'd,
For his reproach was but a prelude to his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Flourish of Trumpets, &c. Enter Mithras
and Martius, after them, two Men bearing a Coffin
cover'd with black; then Quintus and Lucius.

After them, Titus Andronicus; and then Tamora,
with Aaron, and other Goth's, prisoners; Soldiers and People,
following. The Bearers set down the Coffin, and
Titus speaks.

Tit. Hark, ye Romans, victorious in thy mourning weals!
Lo, as the bark that hath discharg'd her fraught,
Returns with precious hind to the bay,
To where we commence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-establish his country with his tears;
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome,—
That great defender of this faire City,
Stand gracious to the signs that we intend:
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that Pris'm had,
Behold the remains, alive! These,
That survive, let Rome reward with love;
These, that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors;
Here hath Andronicus given me leave with my sword,
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why sufferest thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the drearful shore of Styx!—
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

(The Tomb is opened.

There live in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
To which I never will need to return! Luc. Give us the most gracious prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,
Ad manes fratum sacriifica heis flesh,
Before this earthly prison of their bones;
That so the shadows be not unappas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth?
Tit. I give him you; the noblest that survivals,
The eldest of them, who didst, in former days,
Tomb. Stay, Roman brethren:—Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears shed,
And ever's tears in future shall incline:
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
0, think my son to be as dear to me.
Suffreth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beauty 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 the sight for ever shame the bosom:
We pitied in thine, as in these.
Andronicus, stand not thy tongue with blood;
What dost thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then, and perform our wish:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge;
Thrice noble Titus, spare my first-born son,
From the knife without, sav'd without, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom they have before,
Alive, and dead; and for their brethren slain,
Religious they ask a sacrifice:
To this your son is mark'd; and die he must,
To appease their groaning shades that are gone.
Luc. Away with him! and make it fire straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood.
Let's new in his arms, till they be clean consumm'd.

[Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, Martius,
and Muties, with Albanus.

Tam. O cruel, irreligious pitie! O0, what is this half so barbarous?

Dea. Oppose not Seytlin to ambitious Rome.

Albanus goes to rest; and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.

It was supposed that the ghosts of unbloodied people
appeared to solicit the rites of funeral.

Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope within.
The selfsame gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian truant in his tent,
May favor 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 Muties,
with their Swords.
Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites; Albanus' limbs are lay'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like meseune, doth perfume the sky.

Re-enter Marcus, and Renatus. Marcus has
been maacht, but toinary welcome them,
And with loud thrones welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so, and let Andronicus
Make this his last of farewell to their souls.

[Dreadful Trumpets sound, and the Coffins
laid in the Tomb.

In peace and honor rest you here, my sons;
Rome's richest champion, repose you here
Secure from worldly chances and misships.
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grinches; here are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.

End of Act I.
Tt. Content thee, prince: I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from them-

Bus. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honor thee, and will do till I die;
My faction, if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankfully be: and think of men
Of noble minds, is honorable need.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices, and your sufferings.
Will you bestow them on Andronicus?

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I make,
That thou createst thy emperor's eldest son,
Lau. I mean my lord; and for that, I will,
Reflect on Rome, as Titus's' rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this common-wealth:
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say—Long live our emperor!

Marc. With voices and appliance of every sort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor;
And say—Long live our emperor Saturnine.

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favors done
To us in our election this day,
I hold thee thee in part of thy deserts.
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness;
And, for an omen, Titus, to advance
Thy name, and honorable family,
Lau. I will make my emperor:
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espousal;
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and, in this match,
I hold me highly honor'd of thy grace:
And here in sight of Rome, to Saturnine—
King and commander of our common-weal,
The wide world's emperor—do I condescend
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners:
Possess well worthy Rome's imperial lord;
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Munificent and humblest at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life.
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gods,
Rome shall record; and, when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your folly to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an em-

[To TAMORA.

To him, that for your honor and your state,
We shall yield you nobly, and your fellows.

Sat. A godly lady, trust me; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance;
Though in a charge of war hath wrought this change
of cheer.
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Read on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes; Madam, he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

Lau. Not, my lord; sit! trust me.

Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let usage:
Record this house we set our princes in;
Proclaim our honors, lords, with drum and trumpet.
Bus. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.

[Setting LAVINIA.

Tit. How, sir? Are you in earnest then, my lord?
Bos. Ay, noble Titus: and rest you well.
To do myself this reason and this right.

[THE EMPEROR COURTS TAMORA IN DUMB SHOW.

Marc. SATURNUSrine our Roman justice;
That in all justice were the virtuous slave.
Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live;
Tit. Traitours, avaint! Where is the emperor's
guard?

Tresso. His majesty; Lavinia is surprised.

Sat. Surprised! by whom?

Bus. By him that justly may
Bear his betr'hood from all the world away.

[Exit MARCUS AND BASSIANUS, with LAVINIA.

Mal. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mal. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What, villain, boy bar?

[Exit LUCIUS.

LUC. My lord, you are unjust, and more than so
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine:
My sons have never so dishonored traitor,
Restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will: but not to be his wife,
That is another lawful promise's end.

[Exit SATURINE. Now, if the emperor needs her not,
Not her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:
I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;
They never, nor thy master's hundred sons,
Conferred all this to dishonor me.

Was there none else in Rome to make a stale of,
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That said'st, I beg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. 0 monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

Sat. But, go thy ways; go, give that changing piece
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to hand with thy lawless vice.
To rule the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of

[Seizing her arm. That, like the stately Phoebe 'mongst her nymphs
Dost overshine the gallant's dames of Rome,—
If thou be pleased with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee empress of Rome.

Luc. Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my
choice?

And hence wear by all the Roman gods,—
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And ladders burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hypermnestra stand,
I will not resolute 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

If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid to his desires,
A loving mother to his young prince.

Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon.—Lords, ac-
company.

Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens to your prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquer'd:
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[Exeunt SATURNUS, AND HIS FOLLOWERS, TAM-
ORA, AND HER SON; AGRUS, AND GOTHAS.

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride:
Titus, when wert thou to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Marcus, Lucius, Quintus, and TAMORA
Marc. O, Titus, see, 0 see, what thou hast done
In a barbarous rage; I, a virtuous slave,
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Marc. My lord, this is imperty in you:
My nephew Mutins' deeds do plead for him;
He most wronged me; with his brother
Quint. Mort. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall! What villain was it spoke that word?

Quint. That would vouch't in any place but here,
A stalking-horse, a ruffler was a bully. I invited.
Scene II.  

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Tue. What! would you bury him in my despi tea?  
Marc. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee  
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.  

Tid. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,  
And, with these boys, mine honor thou hast  
My foes I do repute you every one;  
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.  
Marc. Hearken to me, Titus.  
Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.  

[Marcus and the Sons of Titus kneel.  
Marc. Brother, for in that name doth nature  

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.  

Tid. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.  
Marc. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul—  
Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—  
Marc. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter  
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,  
That died in honor and Lavinia's cause.  
Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.  
The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax,  
That slew himself; and wise Ligius' son  
Did graciously plead for his funerals.  
Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,  
Be buried his entrance here.  

Tid. Rise, Marcus, rise:—  
The dismalst day is this that e'er I saw,  
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!—  
Well, bury me, and I'll go to heaven.  

[Mutius is put into the Tomb.  
Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,  
Till wealth with trophies do adorn thy tomb!  
All. No man shed tears for noble Mutius:  
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.  
Marc. My lord,—to step out of these dreary damps,—  
How comes it, that the subtle queen of Gods  
Is of a sudden thus advanced in Rome?  
Tid. I know not; Marcus; but, I know, it is;  
Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell:  
Is she not then beholden to the man  
That brought her for this high good turn so far?  
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.  

Flourish. Recenter, at one side. SATURNINES,  
attended: TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS,  
and AARON: at the other, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA,  
and others.  

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize;  
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.  

Bass. Am I not of yours, my lord? I say no more,  
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.  

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,  
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.  
Base. Madam, I charge you, my lord, to suffer bay own,  
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife!  
But let the laws of Rome determine all:  
Meanwhile I am possess'd of that is mine,  
Sat. 'Tis good, sir: You are very short with us;  
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.  
Bass. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,  
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.  

Tid. But you give your grace to know,  
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,  
This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,  
Is in opinion, and in honor wrong'd;  
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,  
With his own hand did shy his youngest son,  
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath  
To be control'd in that he frankly gave:  
Receive him then to favor, Saturnines;  
That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,  
A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.  

Tid. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds;  
'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonor'd me:  
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,  
How I have lov'd and honor'd Saturnines!  
Tam. My worthy lord, it ever Tamora  
Was reigned in these princely eyes of thine,  
Then hear me speak indifferently no more:  
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.  
Sat. What! madam! be dishonor'd openly,  
And basely put it up without revenge!  
Tam. Not so, my lord: The gods of Rome fore-  
fend,  
I should be author to dishonour you!  
But, on mine honor, dare I undertake  
For good lord Titus' innocence in all,  
Whose fury, not disbursed, speaks his griefs:  
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;  
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose;  
Nor with some looks afflict his gentle heart,—  
My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last;  
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:  
You are but newly planted in your throne;  
Lest then the people and patricians too,  
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,  
And so supplicate us for ingratitude.  
(Which being reputed to be a heinous sin,)  
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone,  
I'll find a day to massacre them all,  
And raze their faction, and their family,  
The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,  
To whom I sted for my dear son's life;  
And make them know, what 'his to let a queen  
Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.—  
Come, come, sweet emperor,—come, Andronicus,  
Take up this good old man, and cherish the heart  
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.  
Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevail'd.  
Tid. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord:  
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.  
Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,  
A Roman now adopted happily.  
And must advise the emperor for his good.  
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus:—  
And let it be mine honor, good my lord,  
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.  
For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd  
My word and promise to the emperor.  
That you will be more mild and tractable,—  
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia,—  
By my advice, all laid on your knees,  
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.  
Luc. We do, and vow to heaven and to his high-  

Tid. That, if ever we did, was mildly, as we might,  
Tend ring our sister's honor, and our own.  
Marc. That on mine honor here I do protest.  
Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more,—  
Tam. Or may, sweet emperor, we must all be friends:  
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;  
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.  
Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,  
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,  
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.  
Stand up.  
Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,  
I found a friend; and sure as death I swore,  
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.  
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,  
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends;  
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.  
Tid. To-morrow, an it please your majesty,  
To hunt the panther and the hare with me,  
With hounds and hound, we'll give your grace bonjour.  
Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.  
—Exeunt.
ACT II.

SCENE I.—Before the Palace.

Enter Aaron.

Aaron. New clombeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Sallet out of fortune's sotl: and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning's flash;
Advanced above pale envy's threatening reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And having girt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistening coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora—
Upon her wit doth earthly honor wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her crown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts
That is so aloft thy imperial mistresses,
And mount her pitch: whom thou in triumph long
 Hast prisoner held, letter'd in amorous chain,
And hasted bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
That is so promethian tied to Cæcrops.
Away with stivish weeds, and idle thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made emperess.
To wait, and fit her to the queen's
This goddess, this Seraphim;—this queen,
This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck, and his common-wealth's
Holes!—that storm is this!

Enter Chiron and Demetrius, before.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
And manners, to intrude where I am graded;
And may, for ought thou know'st, be affected;
Oh! Demetrius, thou dost overween in all;
And so in this to bear me down with braues,
'Tis not the difference of a year, or two,
Make me less gracious, thee more fortunate;
I am able, and as fit as thou, T. serve, and do to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. Clubs! Clubs! those lovers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate crown, to threat your friends?
Go to; have your hate gned within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.
Meanwhile, sir, with the horse-knell I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Aar. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave! [They draw.

Dem. Why, how now, lords?
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly!
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge;
I would not for a million of gold.
The case were known to them, it most concerned;
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.

Aar. Not I; till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and withal,
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonor here.
Oh! for that I am perfidious and full resolv'd—
Foul-spoken coward, that thunder'st with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing darst perform.

Aar. Away, I say.—

Now by the gods, that warlike Gods adore,
This petty brabblo will undo us all,—
What, gods—and think you I am not how dangerous
It is to jut upon a prince's right?
What, is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassanias so degenerate?
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,
Without controlment, justice, or revenge!
Young lords, beware!—so should the empress know
That is so vulgar, the more munificent not please.
Oh! I care not, I, knew she all the world;
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some manner choice;
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose, to achieve her whom I love
Aar. To achieve her!—How!

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be wroth;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd,
What, man! more water glisthen by the mill
Than wots the mudder of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive; we know:
Though Bassanias be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.

Dem. Then why should he despair, that knows to court
With word, fair looks, and liberality?
What! hast thou not full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch
or so
Would serve her turns.

Chi. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. Would you had hit it too
Then should not we be tind with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye,—And are you such fools,
To squander for this? Would it offend you then
That both should speed?

Chi. Faith, not me.

Dem. 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 resile
That what you cannot, as you would, achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me: Lavinia was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassanias' love.
A spe elder 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 unrequited plots there are,
Fitted by kind for rank and villany:
Sing thee a thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words.
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit,
To villany and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend;
And she shall file our engines with advice,
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of fame
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dumb
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your
turns;
There soar the lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. Sit juxta et mecum, till I find the stream
To cool this heat, that is so nigh to calm these
Per Stgia, per manes relax.

[Exeunt.


Enter Titus Andronicus, with Hunters, &c.

Marc. Lucius, Quentus, and Martius.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morr is bright and grey

[Silence.

[Quarrel.

[By nature

[Saved here signifies scourged; a Latifenda.
The fields are fruargt, and the woods are green: 
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay, 
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride; 
And raise the prince; and range the hunter's peal, 
That all the court may echo with the noise. 
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours, 
To tend the emperor's person carefully; 
I have been troubled in my sleep this night, 
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd. 

Horns wind a Peal. Enter SATURNUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LATINA, CHIRON, DEMETRIS, and Attendants. 

Til. Many good-mourners to your majesty;— 
Madam, to you as many and as good;— 
I promised your grace a hunter's peal. 
Sat. And you have run it lustily, my lords, 
So what too early for new-married ladies. 
Bas. Latina, how say you? 
Lav. I say, no; 
I have been awake two hours and more, 
And curtailed with a counsel-keeping let us have, 
And to our sport;—Madam, now shall ye see Our Roman hunting. 

(To TAMORA. 
Marc. I have dogs, my lord, 
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase, 
And climb the highest promontory top. 
Til. And I have horse will follow where the game 
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain. 
Dec. From us, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound, 
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [Execute.] 

SCENE III.—A desert Part of the Forest. 

Enter AARON, with a Bag of Gold. 

Aar. He that had wit would think that I had none, 
To bury so much gold under a tree, 
And never after to inherit it; 
Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly, 
Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem; 
Which, cunningly effected, will beget 
A very excellent piece of villany; 
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest. 

That have their limbs out of the empress' chest. 

Enter TAMORA. 

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad. 
When every thing doth make a cheerful boast! 
The birds chant melody on every bush; 
The bees, who lie rolled in the-enamelled sun; 
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind, 
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground: 
And then, as if in snoring, my lord, 
To solace thee, Aaron, let us sit, 
And— whilst the babbling echo notes the hounds, 
Replying shrilly to the well-toned horns, 
As if a double hunt were once at hand,— 
Let us speak, and prate our yellowtering, 
And—after conflict, such as was now— 
The wandering prince of Bido once enjoyed, 
When with a happy storm they were surpris'd, 
And curtailed with a counsel-keeping cave,— 
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms, 
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber; 
Whiles hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds, 
Be unto us, as is a nurse's song. 

Or, happily, to bring her babe asleep. 

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires, 
Saturn is dominator over mortal dreams: 
What signifies my deadly-standing eye, 
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy! 
My heave of woolly hair that now uncurls, 
Even as an adder, when she doth unroll 
To do some fatal execution? 
No, madam, these are no venereal signs; 
Vexations in my heart, death in my hand, 
Blood, and revenge are hammering in my head. 
Hark, Tamora,—the empress of my soul, 
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee. 
This is the day of doom for Bassianus; 
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day: 
Thy son make palace of her chastity, 
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood. 
Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee, 
Possess,
* Possess. 

And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll:— 
Now question me no more, we are espied; 
Here comes a parcel of our hopes to bed, 
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction. 
Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life! 
Aur.—And, more, great empress, Bassianus comes 
Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons 
To back thy quarrels, what'so'er they be. [Exit. 

Enter BASSIANUS and LATINA. 

Bas. Who have we here! Rome's royal empress, Uniform'd of her well-heseeming troop! 
Or is it Dana, habitu'd like her? 
Who hath abandoned her holy groves, 
To see the general hunting in this forest? 
Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps! 
Had I the power, that some say is hers, 
Thy temples should be planted presently. 
With horns, as was Acteon's; and the hounds 
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs, 
Unfurnished at thy assurance. 

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress, 
If I thought you had a goodly zit in hornig; 
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you 
Are singly for your try experiments: 
Jove shun your husband from his hounds to-day! 
'Tis pity they should take him for a stag. 
Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian 
Doth make me lose the honour of his book is his 
Spotted, detested, and abominable. 
Why are you soquerster'd from all your train? 
Dismous'd in your snow-white goodly steed, 
And wander'd hither to an obscure spot, 
Accompanied with a barbarous Moor, 
If soul desire had not conducted you! 
Lav. And, being interrupted in your sport, 
Great reason that my noble lord be rated 
For sauceness,—I pray you, let us hence, 
And let her joy her raven-color'd love; 
This valley fits the purpose passably well. 
Bas. The king, my brother, shall have note of this. 
Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted 
Good kinl; to be so michly abused! 

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this? 

Enter CHIPON and DEMETRIS. 

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother, 
Why does your highness look so pale and wan? 
Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale? 
These two have 'ticed me hither to this place, 
A barren, debased vale, you see, it is: 
The trees, with scarce shoots yet; and, the dry and lean, 
O'ercome with moss, and baneful mistletoe. 
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds, 
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven. 
And when they should be done this ancient retreat, 
They told me here, at dead time of the night, 
A thousand fends, a thousand hissing snakes, 
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many arches, 
Would make such fearful and confused cries, 
As any mortal body, hearing it, 
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly, 
No sooner had they told this hellish tale, 
But straight they told me they would bind me here 
Unto the body of a dismal yew; 
And leave me to this miserable death, 
And then they call'd me foul adulteress, 
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitter 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. 

Enter BASSIANUS. 

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show my strength 
[Shattering him likewise. 
Lav. Ay, come, Semiramus,—say, barbarous 
Thou art! 
For no name fits thy nature but thy own! 
Tam. Give me thy poniard; you shall know, my heart, 
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong. 
Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her: 
Part. * Hedge-hogs.
First, thrust the corn, then after burn the straw: 
This munition stood upon her chastity,
Unto her virginal vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted hope it vainly might
And shall she carry this unto her grave? 
This do I know, I would increase my care.
Drat hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.
Tam. But when you have the honey you desire,
Let that waste which is as fresh as these distill'd rain flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me—
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?
Mort. O, brother, with the damnest object
That ever man's eyes met! and that must be constant.
Aar. [Aside.] Now I will fetch the king to find them here:
That he thereby may give a likely gage,
How these were they that made away this brother
[Exit Aaron.
Mort. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole!
Quin. I am surprised with an uncouth fear:
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.
Mort. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
And thou look down into the very soul,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.
Quin. Aaron is gone and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes to close my hold.
The thing whereat it trembles by surprise:
O, tell me how it is: for 'ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.
Mort. Thro' Bassianus' lies embrac'd I am here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.
Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?
Mort. I do his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Both shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit;
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bathed in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,
If fear hath made thee faint, as me at bath—
Out of this felt devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Coecytus' nasty mouth.
Quin. With such thy hand, that I may help thee out;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pull'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pull thee to the brink.
Mort. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.
Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not lose again
Till thou art here aloft, or I below;
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.
[Quin. Dies.

Enter Saturninus and Aaron.
Sat. Along with me.—I'll see what hole is here
And what he is, that now is leap'd into it.
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?
Mort. The unhappy son of old Andronicus;
Brought hither in a most uncivility hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.
Sat. My brother dead! I know thou dost but jest
He and thy lady both are at the lodgings.
I upon the north side of this pleasant chase:
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.
Mort. I know not where you let him all alive,
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 grief'd with killing grief.
Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?
Sat. Not now is the sexton dost thou search my wound;
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.
Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
[Reads.] [Enter a letter
The compact of this timeless tragedy;
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

[Exit.}
ACT III. SCENE I.  
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Sal. [Reads.] An if we miss to meet him hand-some.—

Sweet huntman, Bassianus 'tis, we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the ground for him;
Thou know'dst our meaning: Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree,
Which overshadows the mouth of last pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy honest friends.

O, Tamora! was ever heard the like!
This is the pat, and this the elder-tree.

Look, sirs, if you can find the huntman out,
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aer. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

Sal. Two of thy whelps, [To Tar.] tell ears 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.

Tona. What are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!

Sal. How easily murder is discovered!

Till. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That cause of every fault of my accursed
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them.—

An. If it be prov'd! ye see it is apparent—

Till. Who found them, Tamora? O, yes! the king himself
An. Andonnicus himself did take it up.

Till. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail:
For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,
They shall be ready for the king's hostile laws,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sal. Thou shalt not bail them: see, thou follow us.

Some being 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 should then these should be execut'd.

An. Andonnicus, I will entreat the king;
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Till. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them.

SCENE V.—The same.

Enter Demetrius and Chiron, with Latnia; her hands cut off, and her Tongue cut out.

Dem. So now, go, tell an if thy tongue can speak,
When she that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so;
And, if thy stumps will let thee, write the scribe.

Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can speak.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;

And so I crave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An I were my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou hast hands to help thee knit the cord.

Enter Marcus.

Marc. Who's this,—my niece, that flies away so fast?
Cousin, a word; Where is your husband—
If I do dream, 'twould all my wealth would wake me!
If I do dream, see some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!

Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches! those sweet ornaments
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in;
And might not gain so great a happiness,
As half thy love? Why dost not speak to me?—

Ahs, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Both rise and fall between thy rose lips,
Comming and going with thy honey breath.

But, sure, some Terence hath defac'd thee;
And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.

Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
And, now, discomposing all these lily hands,
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,—

Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titus' face,
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.

Shall I speak for thee? I shall! I do so!

O, that I knew thy heart! and knew the breast,
That I might rai1 at him to ease my mind!

Sorrow conceal'd, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart; and wert it not for thee,
Fair Philomela, she lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind;
So, love, so, I'll use her golden words;

But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A crazier Terence hast thou met within
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.

O, had the monster seen those lily hands,
Trouble, like aspen-leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
He would not then have touch'd them for his love:

Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,
Which that sweet tongue had made,
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,
As Cercerns at the Thracian poet's feet.

Chi. Come, Marcus, come; I'll speak for thee:
For such a sight will blind a father's eye:

One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eye?

Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee;
O, could our mourning case thy misery!

[Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice.

with Marcus and Quintus, bound, passing on to the Place of Execution: Titus going before, pleading.

Till. Hear me, grave friends! noble tribunes, stay! For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed,
For all the frosty nights that I have wander'd;
And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkled in my cheeks;
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted as his thought!
For two and twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honor's lofty bed.

For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write
My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears.

Let my tears stain the earth's dry appetite;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

[Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, y c. with the Prisoners.

O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
Which you shall April shower with fresh showers;
In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still;
In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face.
So thou, my heart, to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter Lucius, with his Sword drawn.

O, reverend tribunes! gentle aged men!
Unbend my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O, noble father! I am loath to think thy vain;
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Till. Ah, Lucius, for thy brother's sake let me plead:
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Till. Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,
They would not mark me; or, if they did mark,
All bootless to them, they'd not pity me.

* Orpheus.
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;  
When the birds they cannot answer, or less,  
Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunals,  
For that they will not intercept my tale;  
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet  
Receiv'd and carried, and round about some fountain;  
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks  
How they are stain'd? like meadows, yet not dry  
With miry slime left on them by a flood!  
And in the fountain shall we gaze some time,  
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearing,  
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears!  
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?  
Or shall we leave our tongues, and in dumb shows  
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?  
What shall we do? Let us that have our tongues,  
And with the fountain shall we gaze some time,  
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for at your  
See how my wretched sister sob and weeps.  
Marc. Patience, dear niece:—good Titus, dry thy  

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  
Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy checks.

Tit. O, Marcus, Marcus! I understand her  
Signs: had she a tongue to speak, now would she say  
That other brother which I said to thee;  
His napkin, with his true tears all her own,  
Can do no service on her sorrowful checks:  
O, what a sympathy of woe is this!  
As far from help as Hamo is from bliss!  

Enter AARON.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor  Sends thee this word.—That, if thou love thy sons,  
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,  
Take any one of them in his own hand,  
And send it to the king: for he the same  Will send thee either 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: and in the same turn:  
My youth can better spare my blood than you;  
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.  
Marc. Not one of your hands hath not decreed  
Rome,  
And read'd not the bloody battle-axe,  
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle!  
A word of both but high decrees  
My hand had been but idle; it is serve  
To ransom my two nephews from their death;  
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.  
Auu. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,  
For fear they die before their pardon come.  
Marc. My hand shall go.  
Luc. By heaven, it shall not go  
Tit. Sirs, strive no more: such wucher'd he's as these  
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.  
Aar. The better father, I shall be thought thy  
son,  
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.  
Marc. And, for our father's sake, and mother's  
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.  
Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Marc. [To EXCELSIOR AND Marcus]

Til. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both  
Lest my thy hand, and I will give thee mine.  
Aar. As I can, that be call'd deceit; I will be honest,  
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:—  
But I'll deceive you in another sort,  
And that you'll say, ere half an hour can pass.

Asst. [Aside.]

He cuts off Titus's hand.  

* The River Nile.  

9 Handel widow.


Enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.

TITUS. Now, stay your strife; what shall be, is de- spatch'd.

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand; Tell him, it was a hand that warded him From the rashness and dangers bid him fear; More hath it merited, that let it have. As for my sons, say, I account of them As jewels purchased at an easy rate.

And yet dear too, because I bought mine own. AOR. I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand, Look by and by to have thy sons with thee: Their heads, I mean,—O, how this villany! [Aside.

Both fat me with the very thoughts of it! Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace, And I will have his soul's head work for me.

Tit. Then, I heretofore, and for this, as I do, And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aor. I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand, Look by and by to have thy sons with thee: Their heads, I mean,—O, how this vilany! [Aside.

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Tit. Then, I heretofore, and for this, as I do, And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.
Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep lancets:
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.
Marc. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
Doth the deep wound to see his grandsire close.
Tid. 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, Marc? Marcus with thy knife?—
Marc. At that I have that kill'd, my lord; a fly.
Tid. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart:
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:

And which of these two, Marcus or thy knife?

[Enter Tullus, carrying a bag full of leaves.]

Marc. Pardon me, sir; 'twas a black ill-favord leaf.

Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.
Tid. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,
Come, hence; purposely to poison me.—
There's for thy skill, and that's for Tamar.
Ah, sirrah!—
Yet I do 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.
Marc. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,
He takes his shadows for true substances.
Tid. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:
I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
Sad stories, chance'd in the times of old.—
Come, buy, and go with me; thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

—Exeunt

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Before Titus's House.

Enter Titus and Marcus. Then enter young Lucius, Lavinia running after him.

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me everywhere. I know not why:—
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!
Ah, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.
Marc. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thing aught.
Tid. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.
Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.
Marc. What means this? What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?
Tid. Fear her not, Lucius;—somewhat doth she mean:
See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee:
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.
Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,
Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orators.
Canst thou not guess wherefore she pleaseth thee thus?
Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy
Ran many a mile, because that made me fear:
Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:
Which makes me down to throw my books, and fly:
Causeless, perhaps: But pardon me, sweet aunt:
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.
Marc. Lucius, I will.

[Lavinia turns over the Books which
Marcus has let fall.

Tid. How now, Lavinia!—Marcus, what means this
Some book there is that she desires to see:—
Which is it, girl, of these!—Open them, boy.—
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd;
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguin thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—
What lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?
Marc. I think, she means, that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact. — Ay, more there was:—
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.
Tid. Lavinia, art thou Ovid's Metamorphoses?
My mother gave thee.
Boy. Good grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphoses;
My mother gave it me.
Boy. Boy. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps she cul'd it from among the rest.
Tid. So! see, how busily she turns the leaves!
Help her!—

Tully's Treatise on Eloquence, entitled Orator.
TITUS

Scene II.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter Aaron, Chiron, and Demetrius, at one Door; at another Door, young Lucius and an Attendant, with a bundle of Weapons, andVerses upon them.

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver us.
Aur. Ay, some mad message from his mad
dadfather.
Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honors from Andronicus:—
And pray the Roman gods confound you both.

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius: What's the news?
Boy. That you are both the dearer'd, that's the news,
For villains mark'd with rape. [Aside.] May it
never see you.

My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent me by
The goodliest weapon of his armory,
To gratify your honorable youth,
As circular as the heavens of Rome:
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 do, you know, to this height,
Bloody villains.

[Exeunt Boy and Attendant.

Dem. What's here? A scroll; and written round about:

Let's see.

Integer vita, sacerisque purus,
Non ego Maevi iactus, nec area,
Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aur. Ay, just—a verse in Horace;—right, you
have it.

Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here's no sound jest! the old man hath
found their guilt;
And sends the weapons wrapp'd about
With this line.

That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.

But were our witty empress well a-foot,
She might apply had Anna, Marcus; lead
But let her rest in her unrest awhile,—
And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Careless, to be advanc'd, and all such:
It did me good, before the palace gate,
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

4 The point of a spear. 4. 6. Grand merit; great thanks.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aur. Had I not reason, lord Andronicus?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a day, by turn to serve our lust.
Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aur. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.
Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.
Aur. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us
This.

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 & Moor Child in her Arms.

Nur. Good-morrow, lords:—

O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

Aur. 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!

Aur. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep?
What dost thou wrap and humbleable arms?

Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empress' shame, and state Rome's disgrace;
She is deliver'd; lords, she is deliver'd.

Aur. To whom?

Nur. I mean, she's brought to bed.

Aur. Give her good rest! What hath she sent here?


Aur. 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 city.

The empress scarce sees it: there, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aur. Out, out, you whore! is blinck so base a hue?
Sweet blowe, you are a beantious bosom, sure,

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aur. Done! that which thou
Cannot undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Nur. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her lost choice!

Accursed the offspring of such foul a fraud!

Chi. It shall not live.

Aur. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must: the mother wills it so.

Aur. What? the mother? then no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll break the tadpole on my rapier's point;

Nur. Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon despatch it.

Dem. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels.

[Takes the Child from the Nurse, and drawn,
Stay, murderious villains! will you kill your brother?

Now, by the burning havoc of the sky!
That shone so bright when this boy was got,
He dies upon my seminar's sharp point,
That touches this my first-born son and heir!

I tell you, you mean it; not I care for these.

With all their threatening band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.

What, what! ye vanguards, shallow-hearted boys!
Ye white-lim'd wals! ye ace-house painted signs!
Coast-black is better than another hue,
In that it scarce to bear another hue:

For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn a swain's black legs to white,
Although she love them hourly in the flood.

Tell the empress from me, I am of age
To keep mine own; excuse it she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aur. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself.

The visor and the picture of my youth:
This, before all the world, do I let pass.
This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Splt. In spite of
Dem. By this our mother is for ever shamed.
Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.
Tit. What shall I do? I must prevent her death.
Dem. I blush to think upon this ignorance.
Aur. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears;
Fye, treacherous hue! that will betray with blush
The close eneles and counsels of a woman's heart?
Here's a young lad framed of another leer?
Look how the black slave smiles upon the father;
As who should say, Old iat, I am those own.
He is young, his father, lords; sensibly
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;
And, from that womb, where you imprison'd were,
He is exasperated and come to light:
Now, by your people's sufferage
Although my seal be stamped in his face.
Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?
Aaron. What, nurse! what, Aaron, what to do, and we will all subscribe to thy advice;
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.
Aur. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you;
Keep there: Now talk at pleasure of your safety,
[They sit on the Ground.]
Dem. How many women saw this child of his?
Aur. Why, so, brave lords! when we all join in league,
I am a lamb; but if you brave the Moor,
The clouded bow, the mountain lioness.
The bath is not so as the eunuch's—
But, say again, how many saw the child?
Nur. Corinna, the midwife, and myself;
And no one else but the deliver'd empress.
The empress, the midwife, and yourself:
Two may keep counsel when the third's away:
Go, to the empress; tell her, this I said:—
[Slipping her.
Weke, weke,—so cries a pig prepared to the spit.
Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron! Wherefore didst thou this?
Aur. O, lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy:
Shall she live to betray this guilty couch? a long-bonzed babbling goose! no lords, no,
And now he it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Milletus, live, my countryman;
His consort yesternight was brought to bed;
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pac^ with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all;
And how by this their child shall be advanced,
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine.
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
And make the emperor consider his own.
Hark ye, lords, ye see, that I have given her phys-
[Pointing to the Nurse.
... You must needs bestow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you call not rooms:
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.
The nurse, and the nurse's whole away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.
Chi. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.
Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself, and hers, are highly bound to thee.
[Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron, bearing off
the Nurse.
Aur. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And secretly to greet the empress's friends.—
Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll hear you hence;
For you on that place puts us to our heart.
I'll make you feel on berries, and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and such the goat,
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [Exit.

SCENE III.—A Public Place.

Enter Titus, bearing Arrows, with Letters at the
Ends of them; with him Marcus, young Lucius,
and other Gentlemen, with Bows.
Tit. Come, Marcus, come;—Kinsman, this is the way—
Sir boy, now let me see your archery;
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight:
Tarma Astrea relinquat:
[i.e., Innomacy. * Complexion. 4 Contrive, bargain with.
Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.
Sir, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
seal the death to the empress's heart, and stamp it out.
Happily you may find her in the seas;
Yet there's as little justice as at law:—
No: Pulsibus and Sempronius, you must do it;
Tis you must dig the grave and put her in it, and
And pierce the immost centre of the earth:
Then, when you come to Plato's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition:
Tell him, it is for justice, and for God;
And that it comes from old Andronicus.
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome—
Ah, Publius,—Well; well; I mage thee miserable,
What time I thee the people's suffrances
On him that thus doth tyrannize over me:—
Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,
And if you take, the man of war they sent to you;—
This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence,
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.
Marc. O, Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see this noble uncle thus distrust'd?
Publ. Therefore, my lord, it highly concerns,
By day and night to attend him carefully;
And feed his humor kindly as we may.
Tell time heget some careful receipt.
Marc. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war
Tell him of Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Sempronius.
The. Publius, how now! how now, my masters!
What have you met with her?
Publ. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you word,
If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall:
Marc. Of course, sir; she is so emply:
He thinks, with Jove in heaven; or somewhere else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.
Tit. He doth me wrong, to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels,—
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we;—
No big-bod'd men, framed of the cyclops' size
but Marcus, I, to Marcus, I may steal to the very back.
Yet wrong? with wrongs, more than our backs can bear;
And sit there is 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 Apollinion.—
Ad Marutem, that's for myself:—
Here, boy, to Pallus;—Here, to Mercury;
To Phoebus, and Juno, not to Saturnus.
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 unsusceptible.
Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court;
We will affright the emperor in his pride:
Tit. Now masters, draw. [They shoot.] O well said, Lucius!
Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallus,
Marc. My lord, I am a mile beyond the moon;
You will not give me Jupiter by the
Tit. Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.
Marc. I do, my Lord, and was the sport, my lord: when Publius shot,
The bull, being gall'd, gave Ari's such a knock,
That down iell both the ram's horns in the court;
And who should find them but the empress' villian?
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 your lordship 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 has
them taken down again, for the man must not be hanged till the next week.
* Strained. 1 Sces. 2 Revenge.
Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow? wouldst thou speak with us?

Clos. Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clos. Their he, God, and Saint Stephen, give you good den:—I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons here.

[Enter SATURNINIUS reads the Letter.]

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clos. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah, and fast the hang'd.

Clos. Hang'd! By'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [Esc. guard'd.]

Shall I endure this monstrous villany?

I know from whence this same device proceeds;

May this be borne!—as it his traitorous sons,

That died by hand of mother or our trollops?

Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully.

Go drag the villain hither by the hair;

Nor age, nor honor, shall shape privilege:

For this strong mock, I'll be thy slaughter-man;

Sly, frante wretch, that help'st to make me great,

In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter EMILIUS.

What news with thee, Emilius?—Emilius!—Emilius. Arm, arm, my lords; Rome never had more need.

The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil.

They either march amain, under conduct Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus; Who threat's, in course of this revenge, to do As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?

Tam. His men are much mistaken, and the head As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.

Ay, now begin our sorrow's to approach:—

Is he the common people love so much? Myself hath often overheard them say,

(When I have walked like a private man.) That Lucius is a prince, that Lucius is a prince,
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

Sat. Why should you fear? is not your city strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favor Lucius;

And will revolt from me, to succor him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.

Is the sun dimm'd, that the swine fly in it?

The eagle suffers little birds to sing,

And is not careful what they mean; thereby

Knowing that with the shadow they destroy things

He can at pleasure stilt their melody:

Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome,

Then cheer thy spirit; be thou emperor,

I will enchant the old Andronicus:

With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,

Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;

When as the one is wounded with the bait,

The other rooted with delicious feasts.

Sat. But he will not entertain his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entertain him, then he will:

For I can smooth, and fill his aged car

With golden treasures; that, were his heart

Almost impenetrable, his old ears deaf.

Yet should both car and heart obey my tomez:—

Go thou before, be our ambassador.

Emilius. Say, that the emperor requests a parley

Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting.

Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

Sat. Emilius, do this message honorably:

And if he stand on hostage for his safety,

Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Emilius. Your bidding shall I do effectually.

Tam. Complain to Lucius.

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 thou revived,

And bury all thy fears in my devices.

Sat. Then go successfully, and plead to him. [Exeunt.}
ACT V.

SCENE I.—Plains near Rome.

Enter Lucius and Goth, with Drum and Colors.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends, I have received letters from great Rome, Which signify what hat they bear their emperor, And how desirous of our sight they are. Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness, insolent, and unpatience of your wrongs: And, wherein Rome hath done you any strath, Let him make treble satisfaction.

1 Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus.

Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort: Whose high exploits, and honorable deeds, Instructive Rome requites with far less, Be hold in us: we'll follow where thou leadest.—

Like stingling bees in hottest summer's day, Led by their master to the flower'd fields,—

And be avenged on cursed Tamora.

Luc. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all. But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading Aaron, with his Child in his Arms.

2 Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd, To gaze upon a ruinous monastery; And as I earnestly did fix mine eye Upon the warded building, suddenly I heard a child cry underneath a wall: I made unto the noise: when soon I heard The crying babe control'd with this discourse:

Peace, harmless slave; half me, and half thy dam! Did not thy bowery whereon thy bow art, But hast lent thee but thy mother's look, Villain, thou must have been an emperor: But where is the bail and curb are made white, They never do beget a coat-black calf.

Peace, villain, peace! even thus he ratest the babe.—

For heav'n hear thee to a true day, both God; Who, when he knows thou actst the emperor's, Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake. With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him, Surfaced him suddenly; and grasp'd what him hither, To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth! this is the incarnate devil
That robbed Andronicus of his good hand; This is the peal that pleas'd your empress' eye; And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—

Say, wall-eyed slave, whether wouldst thou convey This great image of thy head-like face! Why dost thou speak? What! dear! No; not a word! A halter, soldiers; hang him on this tree, And by his side his fruit of basely.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.—

First, hang the child, that he may see it sprawl; A sight to wet the father's soul within.

[They ascend a ladder.

Luc. Save the child; And hear it from me to the empress.

If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things, That hardly may advantage thee to hear: If thou wilt not, tell them what I may tell: I'll speak no more; but vengeance rot you all! Luc. Say on, and, if it please me which thou

Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd. Aar. An if it please thee? why, assure thee, Lucius.

"I will very well to hear what I shall speak; For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres, Acts of black night, abominable deeds, Conspiraies of mischief, treason; villanies Run to hear, yet pitiously perform'd:

But this shall all be buried by my death. Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live."

Luc. Tell on thy mind: I say, thy child shall live. Aar. Swear, that he shall, and then I will begin. Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believest no god; That god I know, how canst thou believe an oath? Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not: Yet—for I know thou art religious, And hast a thing within thee, called conscience; Which of thy popish tricks and cursed treachery, Which I have seen thee careful to observe,—

Therefore I urge thy oath;—For that, I know, And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears; To that I'll urge him:—Therefore thou shalt vow By that same god, what god soe'er it be, That I dost not and hast use repentance; To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up; Or else I will discover naught to thee.

Luc. Even by my god, I swear to thee, I will. Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the empress,

Luc. O most insatiate, luxurious woman! Aar. Tut, Lucius! this was but a deed of charity, To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.

Twas her two sons that murder'd Bastianus: She sent thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her, And cut her hands; and trimm'd her as thou seest.

Luc. O, detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming? Aar. By thy very soul, was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd; and 'twas Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself! Aar. I spoke that, I was their tutor to instruct them; That codding spirit had they from their mother, As sure a card as ever won the set: They that had the doing of it, And the deed itself, and brought it there; She brought it with her to the guilty hole, To save her dead corpse of Bastianus lay: I wrote the letter that thy father found, And bid the gold within the letter mention'd, Coferedicate with the queen, and her two sons: She had not done, that thou hast cause to rue, Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it! I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand; And when I had it, drew myself apart, And spake with heart my wish, and my desire, And pr'y me through the crevice of a wall; When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads: Behold his tears, and laugh'd so heartily, That they have done a thousand things like to his; And when I told the empress of this sport, She swounded almost at my pleading tale, And, for my tidings, gave me twenty kisses.

Gods! What canst thou say all this, and never blush? Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds? Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more. Even now I curse the day, and, yet I think, Few come within the compass of my curse, Wherein I did not some notorious ill: As kill a man, or else devise his death; Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it; Accept a wage for honest service, and forswear it; Set deadly enmity between two friends; Make poor men's cattle break their necks; Set false alarms, and hay-stacks in the night; And bid the strangers question them with their fears Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves, And set them upright at their dear friends' doors, Even when their sorrow's almost were forgot; And on their skins, as on the barb of a bow, Have with my knife carved, in Roman letters, Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead. And therefore I have done a thousand dreadful things, As willingly as one would fly a
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long;  
And when I cannot do from duty's strength  
Until his very downfall in the sea.  
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,  
So thou destroy Rape and Murder there.

Enter TITUS, then, and what's from the enemy:  
Thus, in this strange and sad habitation  
And say, I am Revenge, sent from below,  
To join with him, and right his helious wrongs,  
had he in his study, where, the time to  
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;  
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,  
And who shall be immediately deliver'd.  
I speak, what says our general!  
I say, let the emperor give his pledges  
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,  
We will come.—March away.  

TITUS. This closing with him fits his lunacy:  
Whate'er I lose, to feed his brain-sick fits,  
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,  
For no less to defend you and to save.  
I am Revenge, and Murder, you are welcome too:  
How like the emperor and his sons you are!  
Well are you fitted, had you a Moor?  
Could not all Hell afford such a devil!  
For, well I wot, the emperor never wags,  
And, in her company there is a Moor;  
And, would you represent our queen bright,  
The heaven's correction you have sent on well.  
Welcome, welcome, let me see the Moor.  
I am not thy name, but I must play my theme.  

TITUS. Long have I been forbidden, and all for thee:  
Welcome, welcome, let me see the Moor.  
I am not thy name, but I must play my theme.  
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Welcome, welcome, let me see the Moor.  
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TITUS. Long have I been forbidden, and all for thee:  
Welcome, welcome, let me see the Moor.  
I am not thy name, but I must play my theme.  
I am not thy name, but I must play my theme.
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tit. [To his Son]. What say you, boys! will you
abide with him,

Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
How I have govern'd our determined jests;
Yield to his humor, smooth and speak him fair,
And marry with him, till I come again.

Tit. I know them all, though they suppose me
mad;
And will over-reach them in their own devices,
A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam.

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

Tit. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a compleat to betray thy foes.

Tit. I know, thou dost; and, sweet Revenge,
farewell.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be em-
ploy'd?

Tit. Tit. You, come here, come, very goodly
enough for you to do —
Publius, come with Caesar, and Valens! —
Enter Senators and others.

Pub. What's your will?

Tit. Enter you these two?

Pub. [Hautboy sound.] The Company sit down at
Table.

Enter Senators and TAMORA, with Tribunes,
Senators, and others.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord: welcome, dear
queen.
Welcome, ye warlike Gods; welcome, Lucius.
And welcome all; although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

Sal. Why art thou thus attired, Andronicus?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness, and your empress.

Tam. We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. And your highness knew my heart, you were.
My lord emperor, resolve me this: Was it well done of rash Virginius,
To shay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enured, staid, and deflourd?

Sal. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord?

Sal. Because the girl should not survive her
shame.

Tit. And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant.

Sal. Why dost thou speak so to me, as if I were
not a woman?

Tit. You, in your jealousy, I shall be so.

Sal. What? came you to me thus?

Tit. [Hautboy sound.] The Company sit down at
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not a woman?

Tit. You, in your jealousy, I shall be so.

Sal. What? came you to me thus?

Tit. [Hautboy sound.] The Company sit down at
Table.
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 bloody hand, sharp point. [Killing TAMORA.]

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed.

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There's need for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[Kills SATURNINUS. A greatTamou. The People in confusion disperse. MARCUS, LUCIUS, and their Followers, ascend the Steps before Titus's House.]

Marc. You sad-faced men, people and sons of By uproot sever'd, like a flitch of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knot again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf.
These broken limbs again into one body.

Sen. Last Rome herself be bane unto herself;
And she, whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,
Like a barren and desolate casuist,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and claps of time,
Grieve witnesses of true experience,
Observe produce you to attend me lords—
Speak, Rome's dear friend; [To LUCIUS] as erst our ancestor,
When with his sov'reign tongue he did discourse
The first book, Divine, the story of the tale that hurly-burly burning night,
When subtle Greeks surpris'd king Pram's Troy.
Tell us what Shem hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or what the light brought the future eminence in,
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.
My heart is not compact of slant, nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief.
But flakes of tears will drown what I oratory,
And break my very utterance; even i' the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble audience, be it known to you,
That cursed Chlor and Cimon's betrothed.
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;
And they it were that ravished our sister:
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;
Our father's tears droped; and hotly cozen'd
Of that true hand, that ought Rome's shield out,
And sent her enemies into the grave.
Lastly, myself unhindly banished.
The gates are closed, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies,
Who down'd their cunty in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend;
And in time turn'd-father, I know to to,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my adventuous body.
Alas! you know, I am no warrior, J.
My scars can witness, doubt although they are,
That my report is just, and full of truth.

But, soft; methinks, I do digress too much;
Our worthier cause, the emperor's life,
For when no friends are by, men praises themselves.

Marc. Now is my turn to speak: Behold this child.

[Pointing to the Child in the arms of an Attendant. Our son was thus Tamora delivered;
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes:
The villain is alive in 'Titus' house,
Handed as he is, to you for true;
Now judge, what cause had Titus to Revenge these wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear?
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?

Marc. Have we done ought amiss? Show us wherein,
And hold us now, the poor remainder of Andronicus,
They made a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak; and, if you say, we shall,
Lo, hand-in-hand, Lucius and I will fall.

[Exit. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor; for well I know,
The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

Rom. [Several speeches.] Lucius, all hail! Rome's royal emperor! Lucius, &c. desist.

Marc. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house;

[To an Attendant.
And hither tale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjust'd some direful slaughtering death,
As for his punishment, let me have one.

Rom. [Several speeches.] Lucius, all hail; Rome's gracious governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans: may I govern so,
To heal Rome's burdens, and wipe away her woze!
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile—
For nature puts me to a heavy task—
Stand all about— but, uncle, draw near you,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk:
O take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,
[Recess Titus.
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true duties of thy noble son are.

Marc. Tears for fear, and loving kisses for, thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and undesigned, and world beseech them.

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
To melt our showers; Thy grandsire lov'd thee well;
Many a time he dance thee on his knee,
Sum thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet, and agreeing with timely infancy;
In that respect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require so;
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe;
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart
Would I were dead, so you did live again—
O lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me, if I open my mouth.

Enter Attendants, with Aaron

I Rom. You said Andronicus, have done with woes;
Give sentence on me, my reverend lord;
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and damn him.
There let him stand, and rave and cry for food;
If any one relieves or pitied him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay, to see him fasten'd in the earth
Aur, O. why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no babby, 1, that, with base prayers,
I should repent the evils I have done;
Ten thousand, worse than ever yet I did;
Would I perform, if I might have my will;
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave:
My father, and Launia, shall withfeud With closed doors to our house, and henceforth;
As for that honsious tiger, Tamora,
No funeral nor, man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her to the lion's mouth, and lands of prey:
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done to Lucius the half-father'd Moor,
By whom our heavy losses had no clothing;
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [Exeunt.]
PERICLES,
PRINCE OF TYRE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ANTIOCHUS, King of Antioch.
PERICLES, Prince of Tyre.
HEDdicUS, Two Lords of Tyre.
ESCANES, Cleon, Governor of Thatos.
LYSIMACHUS, Governor of Mitylene.
CERMON, A Lord of Ephesus.
THELAIAD, A Lord of Antioch.
PHILEMON, Servant to Cerimon.
LESINE, Servant to Dioneza.
Mmarch.
A PANDER, and his Wife.
BOUET, their Servant.
GOWER, as Chorus.
The Daughter of Antiochus.
DIONYZ, Wife to Cleon.
THAIS, Daughter to Simonicides.
MARIS, Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.
LUCHORNA, Nurse to Marina.
DIANA.
Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers, &c.

SCENE, dispersedly in various countries.

That the reader may know through how many regions the scene of this drama is dispersed, it is necessary to observe that Antioch was the metropolis of Syria; Tyre, a city of Phenicia, in Asia; Tharsus, the metropolis of Cilicia, a country of Asia Minor; Mytilene, the capital of Lesbos, an island in the Aegaean Sea; and Ephesus, the capital of Ionia, a country of the Lesser Asia.

ACT I.

Enter Gower. Before the Palace of Antioch.

To sing a song of old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come;
Assuming man's inmisibles,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves, and holy days,
And lords and ladies of their lives
Have read it for restoratives;
Purpose to make men glorious;
Et quo antiquus, co 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 lie would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light—
This city then, Antioch the great
Built up for his choicest seat:
The fairest in all Syria;
(I tell you what mine authors say:) This king unto him took a phære, Who died and left a female heir, So buxom, blithe, and full of grace, As heaven had lent her all his grace; With whom the father living took, And her to incest did provoke; Bad 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 shipwreck dame Made many princes thither prone,

1 Chorus: in the character of Gower, an ancient English poet, who has related the story of this play in his Con-
2 Tessio Amantis. 3 i.e. That of old. * Whitousshakes, &c.
4 Wife: the word signifies a mate or companion.

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 whose ask'd her for his wife, His riddle told not, lost his life: So for her many a wight did die, As you grim looks do testify? What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye I give, my cause who best can justify. [Exit.

SCENE I—Antioch. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Antiochus, Pericles, and Attendants.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large receiv'd The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and with a soul Embolden'd with the glory of her praise, Think death no hazard, in this enterprise. [Music. Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride, For the embracements even of Jove himself; At whose conception, (till Lucina reign'd,) Nature this dowry gave to glad her presence, The senate-house of planets all did sit, To knit in her their best perfections.

Enter the Daughter of Antiochus.

Per. See, where she comes, apparel'd like the king.

Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king Of every virtue gives renown to men! Her face, the book of praises, where is read Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence Sorrow were ever rash'd, and lusty wrath Could never be her mild companion.

* Pointing to the scene of the palace gate at Antioch, on which the heads of those unfortunate wights were fixed.
Ye gods, that made me man, and sway in love,
That have inflam'd desire in my breast,
To taste the fruit of ye celestial tree,
Or die in the adventure, be my highway.
As dead a son and servant to my will,
To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles,

Per. That would be death to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For death-like draçons here allright thee hard;
Here lie like heaven, but seeming hell.
A countless glory, which desert must gain:
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
You can behold, the fame, the power, the conclave
Drawn by report, advent'rous by desire,
Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance pale.
That, without covering, save you field of stars,
They stand here martyr, slain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead check advise thee to desist.
For going on death's death, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hast taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them: to what thine end
For death remember'd, should be like a mirror,
Who tells us, life's but breath; to trust it, error.
I'll make my will then; and as sick men do,
Who know the world, which is like heaven, but feeling woe,
Grasp not at earthly joys, as erst they did;
So I hequeath a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as every prince should do;
My soul to the earth from whence they came,
But my unsought fire of love to you.

The Daughter of Antiochus.

Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus,
Scorning advice.

Ant. Read the conclusion, then;
Which read, and not explained, 'tis decreed,
As thou, my son, hast played thee, this play'st thou.

Dough. In all, save that, may'st thou prove prosperous.
In all, save that, I wish thee happiness!

Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness and courage.

[He reads the Riddle.]

I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh, which did me breed;
I sought a husband, in which labor,
I found that kindness in a lady.
He's father, son, and husband mild;
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet be two,
As you will live, resolve if you.

Sharp physic is the last; but you power;
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually.
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still.
[Enter the Daughter of the Princess.]

Not were this glorious casket stord' with ill:
But must you tell,—now, my thoughts revolt;
For he's no man on whom perfection cast,
That knowledge sin within, without the gate.
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings;
Who, unac'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,
Hill only dance at so harsh a chime:
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd;
End it now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'Twould brand yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who's a book of all that man's found?
He's more secure to keep it shut, than shown;
For vice repeated, is like the wand'r'ng 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
Cop'd hills towards heaven, to tell, the earth is worn.
By man's oppression, and the poor worm doth die for't.
Kings are earth's gods: in view their law's their will;
And if I shalb ye, who dares say, love doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What helping more known grows worse, to smother it.
All love the wond that their first beings bred,
Then give me this once leave like leave to love my head.

Ant. Heaven, that I had thy head! he has found
The meaning:—
But I will gaze'v with him. [Aside. Young prince

Though, by the tenor of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed with regard of your days?
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:
Forty days longer do we respect you;
But, by which time our secret be unknown,
This mercy shows, we'll joy in such a son;
And until then your entertain shall be,
As doth befit our honor, and your worth.

[Exit Antiochus, his Daughter, and Attendants.

Per. How cormesy would seem to cover sin!
When what is done is like a hypocrite,
I wish you do a 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 claspings with your child;
[Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father;]
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the dangerous of father's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison bred.

Ant. You wish it so far, not a father.
And an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the dangerous of father's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison bred.
[Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father;]
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the dangerous of father's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison bred.

Per. As I wish it to be so far, not a father.
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the dangerous of father's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison bred.
[Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father;]
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the dangerous of father's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison bred.
[Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father;]
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the dangerous of father's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison bred.
[Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father;]
PEKICLES, Prince of Tyre. Act I. Scene III.

ANT. Thaiard, adieu! till Pericles be dead.

My heart can lend no succor to my head. [Exit.

Scene II.—Tyre. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Pericles, Helianthus, and other Lords.

Per. Let no one disturb us: Why this change of

The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,

By me so used a guest is, not an hour,

In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night.

(The too much care one should sleep,) can breed me quiet.

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes

shun them.

And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,

Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here:

Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,

Nor can the other side disturb me:

Then it is thus: the passions of the mind

That have their first conception by mis-deed,

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

(Years whom I am too little to contend,

Since he is great, can make his will his act)

Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;

Nor boots it me to say, I honor him,

If he suspect I may dishonor him:

And what may break his blash in being known,

He'll stop the course by which it might be known:

With hostile forces he'll overspread the land,

And for the ease of war will look so huge,

Amazement shall drive couriers from the state:

Our men be vanquish'd, ere they do resist,

And subjects punish'd that never thought offence:

Which care of them, not pity of myself.

(Who am no more but as the tops of trees,

Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them)

Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,

And punish that before, that he would punish.

1 Lord. Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!

2 Lord. And keep your mind, till you return to us,

Peaceful and comfortable!

Hel. Peace, peace, my lords, and give experience tongue.

They do our king, the flatter him:

For flattery is the hollows hiss up sun:

The thing which is flatter'd, but a spark,

To which that breath gives heat and stronger glowing.

Whereas proofed, obedient, and in order,

Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.

When signior Sossi here does proclaim a peace,

He doth it, making war upon your life:

Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;

I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else: but let your cares o'ershow

What shipping, and what incident to our haven,

And then return to us. [Exit Lords.] Helianthus, thou

Has not need'd us: what sweet thou in our looks?

Hel. An eager hour, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' fowls,

How dart thou thine wings move anger to our face?

Hel. How dost thou the plants look up to heaven,

From whence they have their nourishment?

Per. Thou know'st I have power to

Take to my life.

Hel. [Kneeling.] I have ground the axe myself; Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, pr'ythee, rise; Sit down, sit down; thou art no more

Thine for it; and high heaven forbid,

That kings should let their cars hear their faults bid;

I'll counsel, and servant for a prince,

Who for the most part bear a piece thy servant,

What wouldst thou have me do?

Hel. With patience bear

Such grief as do thyself upon yourself.

Per. Thou speakest like a physician, Helianthus; Who minister'st a potion unto me,

That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.

Therefore, we will go to Antioch,

Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death

I bought the purchase of a glorious beauty,

From whence an issue I might propagate,

Bring arms to princes, and to subjects joys.

Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder,

The rest, (dark in his ear,) as black as incest;

When by thy knowledge found, the sinful father

Seem'd not to strike, but smooth; but thou know'st this,

'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.

With fear which grew in me, I little red,

Under the covering of a careful night.

Who seem'd my good protector; and being here,

Brought me what was past, what might succeed.

I knew him tyrannous; and tyrant's fears,

Decrease not, but grow faster than their years;

And should he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth,) That I should open to the listening air,

How a worthy tyrant's bloody hand is shed.

To keep his hand of blackness unaided eye,—

To stop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,

And the king's dispenser of wrong that I have done him;

When all for mine, if he may call offence,

Must feed war's blow, who spares not innocence;

Which love to (all of which thyself art one), Who now reprovet for me it—

—Alas, sir! [Exit.

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,

Music to my mind, a thousand doubts

How I might stop this tempest, ere it came;

And finding little comfort to relieve them,

I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

Hel. Well, by lord, since you have given me leave to speak,

Freely I'll speak. Antiochus you fear,

And justly too, I think you fear the tyrant,

Who does usurp power by public war, or private treason,

Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,

Tell thy brave rage and anger be forgot,

Or Desirius do cut his thread of life.

Your rule direct to any: if to me,

Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

Per. I do doubt thy faith:

But should it wrong my liberties in absence—

Hel. We'll mingle bloods together in the earth,

From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. I, too, do now look from thee then, and to

Tharsus

Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;

And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.

The care I had and have of subjects' good.

On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can hear it,

I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;

Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both:

But much of gold and great gold is so round life,

That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,

Thou show'st a subject's shine, I a true prince. [Exit.

Scene III.—Tyre. An Antechamber in the Palace.

Enter Thaiard.

Thai. So, this is Tyre, and this is the court. Here must I kill Pericles: and, if I do not, I am sure to be hanged at home: his dangerous.—Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good dealing; but I'll hang bid ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets. Now do I see he had some reason for it: for a king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the incivility of his birth to be one.—Hush, here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter Helianthus, Escanes, and other Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow-peers of Tyre,

Further to question of your king's departure. His ear and commission, left in trust with me,

Both speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

Thais! How! the king gone! [Aside.

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,

Why, all were anxious of your loves:

He would depart, I'll give some light unto you. Being at Antioch—


Hel. Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not) Took some displeasure at him; at least he judged so,

And doubting lest he had err'd or sign'd,

To show his sorrow, would correct himself; 1

In our different spheres. 2

Overcome.
Pericles, what our Rise, Must I'll present me. Peace to the lords of Tyre! We have no reason to desire it, since Commended to our master, not to us: Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,— As friends to Antiochus, we may feast in Tyre. 

Exeunt. 

SCENE IV.—Tarsus. A Room in the Governor's House. 

Enter Cleon, Dionyzia, and Attendants. 

Cle. My Dionyzia, shall we rest us here, And, by relating tales of others' griefs, See it will teach us to forget our own! 

Dio. That were to blow at fire, in hope to quench it; 

For who digs hills because they do aspire, Throstles down one mountain, to cast up a higher. 

O my distressed lord, even such our griefs: 

Here they're but felt, and seen with mistful eyes, 

But like to groves, being topl'd, they higher rise. 

Cle. O Dionyzia, 

Who watch'd food, and will not say he wants it, Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish'd! 

Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our woes 

In these our eyes do weep, till lungs 

Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder; that, 

If heaven number, while their creatures want, 

They may awake their habits to comfort them. I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years, And, wanting breath to speak, help me with tears! 

Dio. I'll do my best, sir. 

Cle. This Tharsus, o'er which I have government, 

(A city on whom plenty held fall hand.) 

For riches, shew'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 joc'd, and adorn'd, 

Like one that had no glass to trim them by: 

Their tables were stord' of full, to glad the sight, 

And not so much to feed on, as delight; 

All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great, 

The magic of help grew odious to repeat. 


Cle. But see what heaven can do! By this our change, 

These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air, 

Were all too little to content and please, 

Although they gave their creatures in abundance, 

As houses are fill'd for want of use— 

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 infants, who, to trouble up their labors, 

Thought taun't 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 may sink, yet those which see them fall 

Have scarce strength left to give them burial. 

Is not this true! 

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it. 

Cle. O, let us see, that of Pinctus's cup 

And her pesterous so largely taste, 

With their superfluous riots, near 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, in haste, 

For comfort is too far for us to expect. 

Lord. I have descried, upon our neighboring shore, 

A portly sail of ships make bitherward. 

Cle. I thought as much. 

One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir, 

That may succeed as his inheritor; 

And so in ours: some neighboring nation, 

Taking advantage of our misery, 

 Hath stiff'd these hollow vessels with their power, 

To beat us down, the which are down already; 

And make a conquest of unhappy me, 

Whereas no glory's got to overcome. 

Lord. That's the least fear: for, by the semblance 

Of their white flags display'd they bring us peace, 

And come to us as favorers, not as foes. 

Cle. Then speak'st like bears untutor'd to repeat; 

Who makes the easiest show, means most deceit, 

But bring they what they will, what need we fear? 

The ground's the lowest, and we are hale-there. 

To tell their general, we attend him here, 

To know for what their eyes open, and whence he comes, 

And what he craves. 

Lord. I go, my lord. [Exit. 

Cle. We have peace, if he on peace consist; 

If war, we are unable to resist. 

Enter Pericles, with Attendants. 

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are, 

Let not our ships and number of our men, 

Be, like a beacon light, to anaze your eyes. 

We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre, 

And seen the desolation of your streets: 

Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears, 

But to relieve them of their heavy load; 

And these our ships you happily may think 

Are, like the Trojan horse, want fill'd within, 

With bloody views, expecting overthrow, 

Are stored with corn, to make your needy bread, 

And give them life, who are hunger-starv'd, half dead. 

All. The gods of Greece protect you! 

And we'll pray for you. 

Per. 

Rise, I pray you, rise; 

We do not look for reverence, but for love. 

And harborage for ourselves, our ships, and men 

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify, 

Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought, 

To give it our children, or ourselves. 

The curse of heaven and men succeed their ews! 

Till when, (the which, I hope, shall never be seen,) 

Your grace is welcome to our town and us. 

Per. We shall, on our welcome we accept; feast here 

A while, 

Until our stars that frowr, lend us a smile. [Exit.] 

ACT II. 

Enter Gower. 

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king 

His child, I wise, to meet bring; 

A better prince, and benign lord, 

Prove事宜 both in deed and word. 

He quiet then, as men should be, 

Till I hath pass'd necessity, 

I'll show you those in trouble's reign. 

To jet is to strait, to walk proudly. 

To serve fondly. 

Know. 

Losing a mine, a mountain gain, 

The good in conversation! 

(To whom I give my benison) 

It is still at Tharsus, where each man 

Thinks all is writ by he spoken can: 

And, to remember what he does, 

Gild his statute glorious: 

But tending to the contrary 

Are brought your eyes; what need speak I? 

1 If he stands on peace. 

i.e. Conduct, behavior
Dumb Show. Enter at one Door, PERICLES, talking with CLEON; all the Train with them. Enter, at another Door, a Gentleman, with a Letter to PERICLES; PERICLES shows the Letter to CLEON; then gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exeunt PERICLES, CLEON, &c. severely.

Gree. Good Helicanie hath stood at home, Not to eat honey, like a drone, From others' labors; forth he strive The even had, keep thee alive, And to fulfill his prince's desire, Sends word of all that hap in Tyre: How Tharaid came full bent with sin, And haughty, to murder him; And that in Tharsus was not best Longer for him to make his rest: He have put forth to sea, Where when men been, there's seldom case: For now the wind begins to blow; Thunder above, and deeps below, Make such unquiet, that the sea Should house safe, it's wreck'd and split; And he, good prince, having all lost, by waves from coast to coast is lost: All perishing of man, of sea, Ne'ath way escape but himself; Till fortune, tired with doing bad, Threw him ashore, to give him glee: And here the greatness of your rulers, To have bequeath all his and all his fortunes; And having thrown him from your watry grave, Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.  

Enter three Fishermen.

1 Fish. What, ho, Piche!  
2 Fish. Ho! come, and bring away the nets.  
3 Fish. What, Patch-breech, I say!  
4 Fish. What say you, master?  
5 Fish. Look how thou strivest now! come away, or thou art through with a waston.  
6 Fish. Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us, even now.  
7 Fish. Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to hear you wish to help them, when, wide-awake, we could scarce help ourselves.  
8 Fish. Nay, master, said not I as much, when I saw the populous, how he bounded and tumbled! they say, they are half fish, half flesh; a plague upon them, they never come, but I look to be washed, Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.  
9 Fish. Why, as men do a-land: the great ones eat the little ones: I can compare our rich masters to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor try before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such's the right of kingship, when no man in the land, who never leave sweping, till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeples, bells, and all.  

Per.  

3 Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have had that day in the beleth.  
4 Fish. Why, man,  
5 Fish. But you were not he should have swallowed me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a pangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeples, chime up again, but that the good king Simonides were of my mind—  
6 Fish. Simonides!  
7 Fish. We would purge the hand of these drones, that roll the heavy, or we might unreele all that may men approve, or any detect!  

2 Fish. Honest! good fellow, what's that! if it be a day fits you, scratch it out of the calendar, and nobody will look after it.  
Per. Nay, see, the sea hath cast upon your coast—  
7 Fish. Cast thou catch any fishes then?  
Per. I never practis't.  
8 Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve sure; for here's not to be got now andays, unless thou cast fish for't.  
Per. What have I been, I have forgot to know; but I had a dream teaches me to think on: A man shrunk 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; What if you shall refuse, when I am dead, For I am a man, pray see me buried.  
1 Fish. Die, quotha! Now gods forbid! I have a gowan here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, thou hast a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting days, and morece', puddings and flapjacks; and thou shall be welcome.  
Per. Thank you, sir.  
2 Fish. Hark you, my friend, you said you could not give per, I did but crave.  
2 Fish. But crave! Then I'll turn craver too, and I shall scarce whipping.  
Per. Why, are all your barggeys whipped, then?  
1 Fish. O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your barggeys were whipped, I would wish no better office than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net.  
Per. I'll tell him honest mirth becomes their labor!  
1 Fish. Hark you, sir; do you know where you are?  
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 called, for his peaceable reign, and good government.  
Per. He is a happy king, since from his subiects He gains the name of good, by his government.  
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 tourncy for her love.  
Per. But did my fortunes equal my desires, I'd well to break one theeches and many debts.  
1 Fish. O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.  

Re-enter the two Fishermen, drawing up a Net.  
2 Fish. Help, master, help, here's a fish hangs in the net, will not go by to the fry: it is a sea perch, or perch, or perch, it is a fish.  
Per. I thought it hardly come out. Ha! bots out, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armor.  
Per. An armor, friends! I pray you, let me see it.  
2 Fish. See more, what's this? I have seen them. Thou gave me somewhat to repair myself; and, through it was none own, part of mine heritage, Which my dead father did bequeath to me.  
1 Fish. Yes, sir; and he deserves to be called, even as he is his life.  
Per. Keep it, my Fishers, if it has been a shield  
2 Fish. Twart me and death, and (pointed to this brace!)  
Per. For I scarce would keep it; in the necessity,  
2 Fish. Well, what way did you leave it?  
Per. I kept where I kept, I so dearly loved it;  
2 Fish. Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,  
Per. Too much, and well, and well, and well;  
2 Fish. Thank thee for't;  
2 Fish. I'll ship thyrecke's no more ill,  
Per. Since I have here my father's gift by will.  
1 Fish. What mean you, sir!  
2 Fish. That of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,  
2 Fish.  

Footnotes:  
1 Armor for the arm.
PERICLES,
The He's
But
there
Knight.
[Exeunt.

SCENE
1
And
This
to
best
Unto
And
And
And
Now,
thee
As
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The
Is
Sint.

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISI, Lords, Knights, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph ?
Lords. They are, my liege;
And now your coming to present themselves.

Return them, we are ready; and our daughter,
In honor of whose birth these triumphs are,
Shall here, like beauty's child, whose nature get
For me to see, and seeing, wonder at.

[Exit a Lord.
Thais. It pleaseth you, my father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit's less.
Sim. 'Tis fit it should be so; for princes are
A model, which heaven makes like to itself;
As jewels lose their glory, if neglected,
So princes, though victorious, if not respected.
'Tis now your honor, daughter, to explain
The labor of each knight, in his device.
Thais. Which, to preserve mine honor, I'll perform.

Enter a Knight; he passes over the Stage, and his
Square presents his Shield to the Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?
Thais. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;
And the device he bears upon his shield,
is a black Aithon, reaching at the sun;
The word, Lux tua-vita mihi.
Sim. He loves you well, that holds his life of you.

[The second Knight passes.

Who is the second, that presents himself?
Thais. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
The device he bears upon his shield,
is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady:
The motto thus, in Spanish. Piu per du vero que per fueras.

[The third Knight passes.
Sim. And what's the third?
Thais. The third, of Antioch;
The device, a wreath of chivalry,
The word, Ne pomer proverxit opus.

[The fourth Knight passes.
Sim. What is the fourth?
Thais. A burning torch, that's turned upside down:
The word, Quod me attoll, ne extinct.
Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power
and will,
Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

[Fifth Knight passes.

That. The fifth, a hand environed with clouds;
Holding out gold, that's by the turquoise tried:
The motto thus, Sic spectacula tides.

Keeping.
A kind of loose breeches.
More by sweetness than by force.

The sixth Knight passes.
Sim. And what's the sixth and last, which
the knight himself
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?
Thais. He seems a stranger; but his present is
A wither'd branch, that's only green at top;
The motto, In hoc spes sigma.
Sim. A pretty moral;
From the deepened state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.
Lords. He had need mean better than his outward show
Can any way speak in his just commend:
For, by his rusty outside, he appears
To have practis'd more the whipstock, than the lance.

Lord. Nor shall it well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honor'd triumph, strangely furnish'd.
Lord. And on set purpose let his armor rust,
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.
Sim. Upon his head, so cold, it seems we scan
The outward habit by the inward man.
But stay, the knights are coming; we'll withdraw
Into the gallery.

[Exeunt.

[Great shouts; and all cry, The mean knight!

SCENE III.—The same. A Hall of State.—A Bouquet prepared.

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISI, Lords, Knights, and Attendants.

Sim. Knight.

To say you are 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 such commendations,
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are my guests.

Thais. But you, my knight and guest,
To whom this wreath of victory give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Sim. Give it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing artists, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed:
And you're her labor'd scholar. Come, queen o' the feast.

[For, daughter, so you are,] here take your place:
Marchal the rest, as they deserve their gage.

Knights, We are honor'd much by good Simonides.

Sim. Your presence gales our days; honor we love,
For who sees honor, hates the gods above,
Marsh. Sir, you're my 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.

Sim. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sit; sit.

Per. By Jove, I wonder; that is king of thoughts,
These rites resist me; she not thought upon.

Thais. By Juno, that is queen
Of marriage, all the words that I eat
Do seem unsavory, wishing him my meat;
Sure he's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He's but
A country gentleman;
He has done no more than other knights have done,
Broken a stall, or so; so let it pass.

Thais. To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. You king's to me, like to my father's picture,
Which tells me, in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for the moon to reverence;
None that beheld him but, like lesser lights,
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy;
Where now his son's a glow-worm in the night,
The which has fire in darkness, not 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 crave.

Sim. What are you merry, knights?

[Inc. These delicacies go against my stomach.]
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

Scene I.—Tyre. A Room in the Governor's House.

Enter Helicanus and Escanes.

Hel. No, no, my Escanes; know this of me,—Anchises from incest liv'd not free;
For which the most high gods did him nothing more;
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital offence,
Even in the height and pride of all his glory.
When he was seated, and his daughter with him,
In a chariot of most splendid value,
A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up
The body even to the loathing; for they so stark
That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall;
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Esc. 'Twas very strange.

Hel. And yet but just; for though
This king was great, his greatness was no gaad
To bar heaven's shall, but sin had his reward.

Esc. 'Tis very true.

Enter three Lords.

1 Lord. See, not a man in private conference,
Or council, has respect with him but this.
2 Lord. It shall no longer grieve without reproof.
3 Lord. Follow me then: Lord Helicanus, a word.
Hel. Welcome! and welcome: Happy day, my lords.

1 Lord. Know that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your graces, for what! wrong not the prince you love.

1 Lord. Wrong not yourself then, noble Helicanus.
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or knowledge of his death's made known by his breath.
If in the world he live, well seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, well find him there.
And be resolv'd he lives to govern us,
Or death gave ancient funeral to our general,
And leaves us to our free election.
2 Lord. Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in
our council:
And knowing this kingdom, if without a head,
(I like goodly buildings left without a roof)
Will soon to ruin fall, your noble self,
That princes only know how to rule, and how to reign,
We thus submit ourselves,—our sovereign.

All. Live, Lord Helicanus!

Hel. Try honor's cause, forbear your suffrages,
If you love prince Pericles, let's hear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's case.
A twelvemonth longer let me then entreat you
To forgo your choice in the absence of the king;
If in time which expir'd, he return not.
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to his love;
To search like noblemen, like noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;
Whom you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

[To the Arches, and exits.]

1 Lord. And, since lord Helicanus enjoyn us,
We with our travels will endeavor it.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll cleasp
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.
[Exeunt.

Scene V.—Pentapolis. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Simonides, reading a Letter, the Knights meet him.

1 Knight. Good-morrow to the good Simonides.

Sim. Blessings, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelvemonth, she'll not undertake
A married life.
Her regard to herself is only known,
Which from herself by no means can I get.
2 Knight. Nay, we not get access to her, my lord.

Sim. Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly
Tied her
To her chamber, that it is impossible.

1 Knight. That she is in the livery of Cynthina's
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
And on her virgin honor will not break it.
3 Knight. Though loath to bid farewell, we take
our leave.

Sim. So
They're well despatch'd; now to my daughter's love,
She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.

Mistress, 'tis well, your choice agrees with mine,
I like that well,—not how absolute she's in,
Not minding which or what I dislike or not.
Well, I commend her choice;
Enter Flowers.

Flowers. Now sleep y'elsh'd! hath the rout, no din but snores, the house about
Made houder by the o'er-fed breast,
Of this most pompos marriage-feast,
The cat, with yene of burning coal,
Now croches 'fore the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
As the bitter for their drouth.
It's men hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulde;—Be attend,
And time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine medicines, oxen, eat.

What's dun as in show, I'll plain with speech.

Dumb show. Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES at one
door, with attendants; a Messenier meets him,
Kneels, and gives Pericles a Letter. Pericles
shows it to Simonides; the Lords kneel to the
former. Then enter DAMAS with child, and Ly-
chorida. Simonides shows his Daughter the
Letter; she replies; she and Pericles take leave
of her father, and depart. Then Pericles, &c.
refute.

Flowers. By many a dearn and painful perch,| Of Pericles the careful search,
By the four opposing colours,| Which the world would know, is made with all due diligence,
That horse, and sail, and high expense,| That horse, and sail, and high expense,
can steal the quest. 3 At last from Tyre,| Can steal the quest. At last from Tyre,| (Some answering the most strong inquiry,)| (Some answering the most strong inquiry,)
To the court of King Simonides| To the court of King Simonides,
Are letters brought; the tenant these| Are letters brought; the tenant these,
Antiochus and his daughter's dead.| Antiochus and his daughter's dead.
The men of Tyre, on the head| The men of Tyre, on the head,
of Helicanus would set on| of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:| The crown of Tyre, but he will none:

Grown. Even in his throat (unless it be the king) That calls me traitor. I return the lie.

Sim. By the gods, I do applaud his courage.

Flowers. Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts
That never relish'd of a base descent.

Sim. I came unto your court, for honor's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This event shall prove his honor's enemy.

Flowers. Per. No!

Enter Simonides.

Flowers. Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter Thaisa.

Flowers. Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you?

Thaisa. Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?

Flowers. Sim. I, or I will make you—man and wife.

Thaisa. Per. That's all your hands and lips must seal it too;
And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;
And for a farther grief,—God give you joy!

Flowers. What, are you both pleased?

Thaisa. Yes, if you love me, sir.

Flowers. Per. Even as my life, my blood that fosters it.

Thaisa. Sim. What, are you both agreed?

Flowers. Yes, please your majesty.

Thaisa. Sim. It pleases me so well, I'll see you wed;
Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.

ACT III.
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having cal'd them from the deep! O still thy deaf'ning,
Thy drowsy thunders; gently quench thy nimble
Sulphureous lightnings—O how, Lychoria,
How does my queen?—Thou storm, thou! venomous!
With thou spit all thyself?—The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard.—Lychoria!—Lucina, O
Dinest patiences, and midwife, gentle
To seize that ery by night, craft thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's trials!—Now, Lychoria——

Enter Lychorida, with an infant.

Lyc. Here is a thing
Too rare for such a place, who, if it had
Conceit, would die as I am like to do.
Take in your arms this piece of your dead queen.
Per. How! how, Lychoria!

Lyc. Your queen, sir; do not assist the storm.
Here's all that is left of living—your,
A little daughter; for the sake of it,
Be main', and take comfort.

Per. O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We, here below,
Recall not what we give, and therein may
We honour with yourselves.

Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more bruis'd birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions!
For thou'rt the ruddiest welcome'ud to this world,
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding a nativity.
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb! even at the first,
Thy lost is more than can thy portage quit.
With all thou canst and here—Now the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon it!

Enter two Sailors.

1 Sail. What courage, sir! God save you.

Per. Courage enough; I do not fear the flaw;
It is that lone to me the worst. Yet, for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh—new sea-farer,
I would, it would be quiet.

1 Sail. Mark the billows there; thou wilt not,
Wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.

2 Sail. But sea-room, on the brine and cloudy
Billow kiss the moon, I care not.

1 Sail. Sir, your quay 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 supersition.

1 Sail. Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it still had
been observed; and we are strong in earnest.
Therefore briefly yield her; for she must overboard
straight.

Per. Be it as you think meet.—Most wretched
queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible child-bed hath thou had, my dear,
Not light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallowed to thy grave, but straight
Must carry thee, scarcely coll'd, in the ooze.
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye—remaining lamps, the holching whale,
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Living and famous—Lychoria, bid
Nestor bring me spices, ink, and paper;
My casket, and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the sweet cofen: lay the babe
Upon the pillow: lie the child, whose love
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

2 Sail. Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatchets,
caul'd and harnessed ready.

Per. 1 thank thee. Mariner, say, what coast
This is!

2 Sail. We are near Tharsus.

Per. Thruster, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach it?

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 Tyris; there I'll leave it
At care or good fortune, so the ways, good mariner;
I'll bring the body presently.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Ephesus. A Room in Cerenio's House.

Enter Cerenio, 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 hath been a turbulent and stormy night.

Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as this,
Till I, I, I, never enter'd.

Cer. Your master will be dead c'ry you return;
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature,
That can recover him. Give this to the 'pochaery,
And tell me how it works.

[To PHILEMON, 
Exeunt PHILEMON, Servant, and those who
had been Shipwrecked.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Good-morrow, sir.

2 Gent. Good-morrow to your lordship.

Cer. 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 us quit the house.

2 Gent. This is the cause we trouble you so early;
'Tis not our husbandry.

Cer. O, you say well.

1 Gent. But I much marvel that your lordship,
Having
Rich 'treasure about you, should at these early hours
Shake all the golden slumber of repose.
It is 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;
And immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning over authorities, I have
(Together with my practice) made familiar
To me and to my aid, the best infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And I can speak the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures; which give me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thrice after tottering honor,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.

2 Gent. Your honor has through Ephesus
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restored;
And not your knowledge, personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath kept and Cerin
Such strong renown as time shall never——

Enter two Servants with a Chest.

Serv. So: lift there.

Cer. Serv. So, sir, even now
Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest?
'Tis of some wreck.

Cer. Set 't down, let's look on it.

2 Gent. 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Cer. What'cever it be,
'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight;
If any sea's stomach be overcharged with gold,
It is a good constraint of fortune, that
It becalme upon us.

1. The principalis are the strongest rafters in the roof
2. Economical prudence, early rising.
Scene IV. Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

2 Gent. 'Tis so, my lord.

Cer. How close 'tis caul'd and bitumed!—
Did the sea cast it up?

Serc. I never saw so huge a bilow, sir,
As toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Come, wrench it open. Soft, soft!—it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2 Gent. A delicate odor.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril; so,—up with it,
O you most potent god! what's here! a cens! 
I Gent. Most strange! Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and en-
treasured
With bags of spices full! A passport too!
Apollo, perfect me! the characters!—
[Unfolds a scroll. [Reads.

Here I give to understand,
(If ever this caiian drive a-hand,
I King Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane cost,
Who finds her, give her burning,
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 every archs for woe!—This chance to-night.

2 Gent. Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night,
For look, how fresh she looks!—They were too

That threw her in the sea. Make fire within;
Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet.
Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again.
The overpressed spirits, I have heard
Of an Egyptian, had nine hours lien dead,
By good appliance was recovered.

Enter a Servant, with Boxes, Napkins, and Fire.

Well said, well said; the fire and the cloths.—
The rough and wanton music that we have,
Cause it to sound, beseech you.

The valet once more,—How thou stirrest, thou block—!

The music there.—I pray you, give her air:—

Gentlemen,
This queen will live; nature awakes; a warmth
Breathes out of her; she hath not been en-
tranced
Above five hours. See how she 'gins to blow
Into life's dover again!

1 Gent. The heavens, sir,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their tresses of bright gold;
The diamonds of a most praised water
Appear to make the world twice rich. O live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair crea-
ture,

Rare as you seem to be!—[She moves.

Thais. O dear Diana,
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is

2 Gent. Is not this strange?

1 Gent. Most rare.

Cer. Hush, gentle neighbors; lend me your hands: to the next chamber bear her.
Get linen; now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come, come;
And [Escalpula, guide us!—[Exit, carrying Thaisa away.

Scene III.—Tharsus. A Room in Cleon's House.

Enter Pericles, Cleon, Dionyz, Lychorida, and Marina.

Per. Most honor'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyros stands
In a fitigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
Make up the rest upon you! 
Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt
You mortally,
Yet glance full wand'ringly on us.
Dion. O your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought
her hither.
To have bless'd mine eyes!

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My babe Marina (whom,
For she was born at sea, I have nam'd as) here
I charge your charity withal, and leave her
The infant of your care; beseeching you
to give her princely training, that she may be
Manus'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord:
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,
(For which the people, grate and pray still fall on you,) I
Must in your child be thought on. If neglectation
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you relev'd, would force me to my duty:
But to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenue it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

Dion. I believe you.
Your honor and your goodness teach me credit,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honor all,
Un-cress'd shall this hair of mine remain.
Though I know will 'tis, I take my leave.
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect,
Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and praysers.

Cle. We'll bring your grace even to the edge
Of the shore;
Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune,
And the gentles winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dear'ist madam.—O, no tears.
Lychorida, no tears:
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord.

Scene IV.—Ephesus. A Room in Cerimon's House.

Enter Cerimon and Thaisa.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your charger: which are now
At your command. Know you the character?
Thais. That's it.
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my earning time; but whether there
Delivered or no, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say: But since kind Pericles,
My wedded lord, I never shall see again,
A vestal liveth will I take me to,
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may 'bide until your date expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thais. My remembrance is thanks, that's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.
[Exit.

* The common people.

[Appar. wilful.
Enter Gower.

Gowr. Imagine Pericles at Tyre, Welcome to his own desire.
His queen and he are both at Ephesus, To Dion there a votaries.
Now to Marina bend your mind, Whom our last-growing scene must find At Tharsus, and by Cleon trim'd.
In music, letters; who hath gain'd
The offer'd love, all the grace,
Which weke both the heart and place
Of general wonder. But alack!
That monster envy, on the rack
Of earned praise, Marina's lie.

And in this kind both our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage fight; this maid
Helps Philemon: and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be:
Be't when she wear'd the shiel'd silk
With fingers long, small, white as milk;
Or when she would with sharp needes wound
The cambic, which she made more sound
By burning it; or when to the fate
She sung; and when the side-born mode,
That still record'd with moon; or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dion; still
This Philotus contends in skill
With absolute! Marina: so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow
Vie feathers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so darks
In Philotus all gracious marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peaceless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to steal,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead;
And cursed Dionyza hath
The personal warrant of wrath
Press for this blow. The unbroen event
I do commend to your content:
Only I carry winced time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way.—
Dionyza does appear.

With Leonine, a murderer.

[Exit Dionyza and Leonine.

SCENE I.—Tharsus. An open Place near the sea-shore.

Enter Dionyza and Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath, remember; thou hast sworn to do it:
'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing 'tis the world so soon
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, infame love in thy bosom,
Infame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I'll do't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods should have her.

Here

Weeping she comes for her old nurse's death.
They art resolv'd?

I am resolv'd.

Enter Marina, with a Basket of Flowers.

Mar. Nay, no. I will rub Tellus from her weed,
To strey the green with flowers; the yellows, blues,
The purple violts, and marigolds,
Shall, as a chaplet, hang upon thy grave.
* Called.  
  • Unvisited.
* Sends.  
  • Accomplished, perfect.
* Ready.  
  • The earth.
Your lady seeks my life: come you between, And save poor me, the weaker. I am sworn, Leon. And will despatch.

Enter Pirates, whilst Marina is struggling. 1 Pirate. Hold, villain! [Leonine runs away. 2 Pirate. A prize! a prize! 3 Pirate. Halife-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's have her aboard suddenly. [*Excuse Pirates, with Marina.*

SCENE II.—Thrace. Re-enter Leonine. Leon. These roving thieves serve the great pirate Valdes; and they have seized Marina. Let her go. This thing may well be dead. And thrown into the sea.—But I'll see further; Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her, Not carry her aboard. If she remain, Whom they have ravished, must by me be slain. [Exit.

SCENE III.—Mitylene. A Room in a brothel. Enter Pander, Bawd, and Boult.

Pand. Boult. Bawd, Sir. Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart, by being too wanton. There are but so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and with continual action are ever as two asses rotter. Pand. Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be no a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper. Boult. Then say'st true; 'tis not the bringing up of poor fastards, as I think I have brought up some eleven—

Boult. Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again. But shall I search the market? Pand. What else man! The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Boult. Thou say'st true; they are too unwholesome, of conscience. The poor Tresilian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, she joyed poor devil; she made him most meat for worms; but I'll go search the market. [Exit Boult. Pand. Three or four thousand cheapskins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so live over. Boult. Verily, all's true. Verily, pray you! it is a shame to get when we are old! Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with the damnable, as is lawful, if in our youth we could pick up some pretty estate; weren't amiss to keep our doores hatted. Besides, the rarest terms we stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving over. Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we. Pand. As well as we? ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade! it's no calling;—but here comes Boult.

Enter the Pirates, and Boult, draggling in Marina. Boult. Come your ways. [To Marina.]—My masters, you say she's a virgin! Pir. O, Sir, we did think it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone thorough for this piece, you see: if you like her, so: if not, I have lost my earnest. Pir. Boult, has she any qualities? Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes; there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused. Pir. But, what's her price, Boult? Boult. I cannot be bated one dost of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently. We'll instruct her in such manner as she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment. [Exit Pand and Pirates. Bawd. Boult, take you the marks of her; the color of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity; and, in short, I'll give such shall have her first. Such a maidhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Go on with me as I command you. Boult. Performance shall come as follows; [Exit Boult. Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow! (He should have struck, not spoken;) or that these (Not enough barbarous) had not overboard Thrown me to seek my mother! Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one? Mar. That I am young. Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you. Mar. I accuse them not. Bawd. You are in my hands, where you are like to live. Mar. The more my fault. To scarce his hands, where I was like to die. Boult. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure. Mar. No. Bawd. Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the entertainments of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears? Mar. Are you a woman? Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman. Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman. Bawd. Marry, whip thee, goddess; I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young foolish sapling, and must be bawed as I would have you. Mar. The gods defend me! Bawd. Post, then, give the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up,—Boult's return'd.

Enter Boult.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market? Boult. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs. Mar. Then dost thou desire her? Boult. And I pr'ythee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the young Bawd. Boult. Faith, they listened to me, as they would have heartened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so water'd, that he went to bed to keep very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to night. But, mistress, do you know she shall have knight that cow's? the hens! Bawd. Who! me must give over Verole. Boult. Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he wouldn't do so much.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know, he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveler, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. Pray you, come lady hither a while. You have fortune lying upon you. Mark me; you must seem to do that terribly, which you commit willingly, to despise profit, where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do, makes pay in your low estate. And pray, be merciful. Bawd. Boult. You tell me, you have a good opinion, and that opinion a piece profit. Mar. I understand you not. Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home; these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice. Bawd. Thou sayest true, faith, so they must; for your side goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with wanton. Boult. 'Faith some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint. Bawd. You mayst cut a moral of the spit. Boult. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a squawman we have you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she

* Beads.
mean't thee a good turn; therefore say what a parcel she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

BOLD. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels, as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

PERICLES. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If tires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,

United I still my virgin knot will keep.

Dion. Aid my purpose!

BOLD. What has we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Tharsus. A Room in Cleon's House.

Enter Cleon and Dionyza.

DION. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone!

CLE. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter

The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

DION. I think

You'll turn a child again.

CLE. Were I chief lord of all the spacious world,

I'll give it to undo the deed. O lady,

Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess

To crown the throne! I'll protest you,

I the justice of compare! O villain Leonine,

Whom thou hast poison'd too!

If thou hast drunk to him, it had been a kindness

Rather than a fault. What cares thou then,

When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

DION. That she is deed. Nurses are not the fates,

To keep her, nor ever to preserve.

She died by night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?

Unless you play the impious innocent,

And for an honest attribute cry out,

Shall be by foul play.

CLE. O go to. Well, well,

Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods

Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those that think

The petty wrens of Tharsus will try hence,

And open this to Pericles. I do shame

To think of what a noble strain you are,

And of how low'd a spirit.

CLE. To such proceeding

Who ever but his approbation added,

Though not his pre-consent, he did not flow

From honorable courses.

Dion. Be it so then:

Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead;

Nor can she know, Leonine being gone,

She did disdain my child, and stood between

Her and her fortunes: None would look on her,

But cast their gazes on Marina's face;

While she was blushed at, and her eyes悩み

Nor worth the time of day. It pierced me through;

And though you call my course unnatural,

You not your child well loving, yet I find

Great praise in me, as an enterprise of kindness,

Perform'd to your sole daughter.

CLE. Dion. And as for Pericles

What should he say? We went after her hearse,

And even yet we mourn: her monument

Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs

In glittering golden characters express

A general praise to her, and care in us

At whose expense 'tis done.

DION. Thon art like the harpy,

Which, to betray, doth wear an angel's face,

Seize with an eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one, that superstitiously

Both swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies;

But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [Exeunt.]

Enter Gower, before the Monument of Marina,

at Tharsus.

Gower. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues

make short;

Sail seas in cockles, have, and wish but 'tis;

Making (to take your imagination)

From bough to bough, region to region.

By you being courteous, we commit no crime

To use one language in each several clime

A piece with the rest of thy exploit.

An ignominy was formerly a common appellation for

An idiot.

A course which, not worth a good morrow.

Therefore our scenes seem to live.

I do beseech you To learn of me, who stand I the gap to teach you

The stages of our story. Pericles

Is now again thwarting the wayward seas

(Attended on by many a lord and knight)

To see his daughter, all his life's delight.

Old Escanes, whom Helenus late

Advanced in time to great and high estate,

Is left to govern. Here you it in mind,

Old Helenus goes along behind.

Well-sailing ships, and bounteous winds, have

This king to Tharsus, (this think I pot our thought;

So with his steagage shall your thoughts grow on.)

To fetch his daughter home, first is gone.

Like this, and heavens see they meet me a while;

Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

Dumb show. Enter at one Door, PERICLES, with his Train; CLEON and DIONYZA, at the other.

CLEON shows PERICLES the Tomb of MARINA,

wherein PERICLES makes lamentation, puts on

Sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs.

Then CLEON and DIONYZA retire.

Gove. See how belief may suffer by foul show!

This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;

And I in solitude cut all the world down,

With sighs shot through, and biggest tears over-sower'd,

Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks, he sweats

Never for his face, nor ever to develope;

He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears

A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,

And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit

The epitaph is for Marina writ

By wicked Dionyza.

[Reads the Inscription on MARINA's Monument.] The fairest, sweetest, and best, lies here,

Who was born in her spring of year.

She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter,

On whom foul death hath made this death;

Marina she was call'd; and, at her birth,

Thee, being proud, swallow'd some part of the earth;

Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,

Hath Tharsus birth-child on the heavens bestowed.

Wherefore she does (and sweares she'll never stop!) Make raging battery upon shores of flint.

No visor does become black villany

So well as soft and tender flattery.

Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,

And thus order his courses to be order'd

By lady and gentle, while our scenes are done.

We 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.—Mitylen. A Street before the Brothel.

Enter, from the Brothel, two Gentlemen.

GENT. 1. Did you ever hear the like?

GENT. 2. Nor, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone away.

GENT. 1. But to have divinity preached there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

GENT. 2. No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses: shall we go hear the vestals' discourse?

GENT. 1. I'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting, forever. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—The same. A Room in the Brothel.

Enter Pander, Bawd, and Bawd.

PAND. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her, she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Eye, eye upon her: she is able to freeze the gods, and much deceive a world's great wits with her imagination. We must either get her ravish'd, or be rid of her. — When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the honour of your profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-questions, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritain of the devil, if he would cheapen a kiss of her.

Pand. Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll despise us all our cavaliers, and make all our swearer's priests.

2. The sea.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lyse. How now! How a dozen of virginites! Bawd. Now, the gods to bless your honor! Bawd. I am glad to see your honor in good health.

Lyse. You may say; 'tis the better for you that your resorted stand upon sound legs. Now how, 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 Stilevene.

Lyse. If she'd do the deeds of darkness, thou wouldst say.

Bawd. Your honor knows what 'tis to say, well enough.

Lyse. Well; call forth, call forth.

Bawd. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—

Lyse. What, pr'ythee?

Bawd. Sir, I can be modest.

Lyse. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

Enter MARINA. 

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk;—never plucked yet, I can assure you. Is she not a fair creature? 

Lyse. Faith, she shall serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you,—leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honor, give me leave; a word and I'll have done presently.

Lyse. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. First, I would have you note, this is an honorable man.

MARINA. To MARINA, whom she takes aside.

Lyse. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he is the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Lyse. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honorable 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.

Lyse. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lyse. Have you done?

Bawd. My lord, she's not pased yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manager. Come, we will have him honor and her together. [Exit Bawd, Pander, and Bawd.]

Lyse. Go thy ways.—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lyse. What I cannot name but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with your trade. Please you to name it.

Lyse. How long have you been of this profession? Mar. Ever since I can remember.

Lyse. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester at live, or at seven?

Mar. Rather too, sir, if now I be one.

Lyse. 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 honorable parts, and are the governor of this place.

Lyse. Why, hath your principal made known unto you, who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lyse. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious mowing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place. Come, come.

Lyse. How much? what price?

Mar. If ye were born to honor, show it now; if put upon you, make the judgment good.

Lyse. That thought you worthy of it.

Mar. How's this? how's this?—Some more—be sake.

Lyse. For me.

Mar. That am a maid, though most uneventful fortune Hath placed me here within this hazardous sty.

Lyse. Where, since I came, diseases have been sold Dearer than physic,—O that the good gods would set me free from this unfallow'd place.

Lyse. Though this old clime else move to the meaneast bird That flies the purer air.

Lyse. I did not think I had brought hither a corrupted mind.

Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee.

Lyse. Perisset still in that clear way thou goest, And the gods strengthen thee! Mar. The gods preserve you! Lyse. That I came with no ill intent; for to me The very doors and windows savor vilely. Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue, and I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.—Hold; here's more gold for thee. A curse upon him, die he like a thief; That robs thee of thy good success!—If thou hearst from me, it shall be for thy good.

[As LYSIMACHUS is putting up his Purse, Bawd enters.

Bawd. I beseech your honor, one piece for me.

Lyse. Avast, thou damned door-keeper! Your house, But for this virgin, that doth prop it up, Would sink, and overwhelm you all. Away! [Exit LYSIMACHUS.

Bawd. How's this! We must take another course with you. If your peasant chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, and a mind so loose and sluttish, can be gilded like a spangled. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Bawd. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your ways. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

[Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! what's the matter?

Bawd. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken bawdy words to the lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O abominable!

Bawd. She makes our profession, as it were, to stink afores the face of the gods.

Mar. Nay, hang her forever!

Bawd. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Bawd, take her away; use her at thy pleasure; crack the glass of her virginitie, and make the rest malactics.

Bawd. If she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be plucked.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures: away with her. Would she had never come within my doors! Marry hang you! She shall not go to pardon us. Will you not go the way of woman-kind! Marry come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! [Exit Bawd.

Bawd. Come, mistresse; come your way with me.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Bawd. To take you from the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first.

Bawd. Come, come, your one thing, Mar. What canst thou wish time enemy to be?

Bawd. Why, I would wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art, Since they do better thee in their command. Thou holdest a place, for which the pained'st fiend Of hell would not in reputation change.

Thou art the devil's door-keeper to every coxcomb That lither comes inquiring for his tit;

*Cope or canopy of heaven. *Paley fellow.
To the cholerick stinging of each rogue thy ear
Is liable; thy very food is such
As hath beene beheld on by injected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me? go to the wars,
would you? where a man may serve seven years
for the loss of a leg, and have not money
enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing of this kind doest. Empty
Old receptacles, common sewers of sights;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman;
Any of these ways are better yet than this:
Every man such a glass of a moon,
Could he but speak, would own a name too dear:
O that the gods would sparely from this place
Deliver me! Here, here, is gold for thee.
If thou wilt, thou shalt have what I can do for thee:
If I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women?

Boult. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them.
But since my master and mistress have
bought you, there's no going but by their consent;
Therefore I will make them acquainted with
your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them
readie enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can;
come your ways.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel's leapers, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says,
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As godless-like to her admired lays:
Deep clerks' she dumes; and with her need's composes
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry;
That with her art sisters the nature by
Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubber cherry:
That pupils lack's she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain
She gives the cursed lux'd. Here we her place;
And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost;
Whereas, driven before the winds, he is arrived
Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast
Suppose him now at anchor. The city striev'd
God Neptune's annual feast to keep; from whence
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship expels
Her hangers able, trimm'd with rich expense;
And to him in his large with fervor hies,
In your supposing once more put your sight:
Of heavy Pericles think this the bark:
Where, what is done in action, more, if might,
Shall be discover'd; please you, sit, and hark.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE I.—On board Pericles' Ship, off Mitylene. A close Partition on Deck, with a Curtain before it; a Drinkers without 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; to them HELICANIC. 

Tyr. Sail. Where's the lord Helicanus? He can receive you. [To the Sailor of Mitylene.

O, here he is.—

Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene;
And in it is Lysimachus the governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentleman.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gen. Both your lordship call.

Hel. Gentlemen.

There is some of worth would come aboard; I pray
You to greet them fairly. [The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and go on board the Barge.

Enter from thence LYSIMACHUS and Lords; the four Tyrian Gentlemen and the two Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir,

This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you.

Lys. Hau! reverend sir! The gods preserve you! Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am, And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.

Being on shore, honoring of Neptune's triumphs,
" Learned men. * Needles.

And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again, And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house.

Boult. But can you teach all this you can do for thee:
If I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women?

Boult. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them.
But since my master and mistress have
bought you, there's no going but by their consent;
Therefore I will make them acquainted with
your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them
readie enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can;
come your ways.

[Exeunt.]

Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, sir, what is your place?

Lys. I, a governor of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir,

Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man, who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance;
But to prostrate his rieu.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperment?

Hel. Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat;
But the grief of all the springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him, then?

Hel. You may, indeed, sir; but but bootless is your sight; he will not speak
To any.

Lys. Yet, let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him, sir; ['PERICLES discovered'] this was a goodly person,
Till the disaster, that, one mortal night,
Drove to this;

Lys. Sir, king, all hail! the gods preserve you!

Hel. Hail, royal sir!

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

1 Lord, Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I buried
War, would win some words of him.

Lys. *Pis well betouched.
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony
And other choice attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deed's part;
Which now are modestly stopped;
She, all as happy as of all the fairest,
Is, with her fellow-maidens, now within
The leafy shelter that clings against
The island's side.

[He-whispers one of the attendant Lords.—

Exeunt Lord, in the Barge of Lysimachus.

Hel. Sure, all's effectess; yet nothing we'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness
We have stretch'd 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 stales.

Lys. 0, sir, a courtesy,

Which if we should deny, the most just God
For every gruel would send a caterpillar,
And so infect our province.—Yet once more
Let me conjure you to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sir, sir, I will recount it;
But see, I am prevented.

Enter, from the Barge, Lord, MARINA, and a young Lady.

Lys. 0, here is

The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!
Isn't not a goodly presence?

Hel. A gallant lady.

Lys. She's such, that were I well assured she came
To lengthen or prolong his grief.

* Seas
Scene I. PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

Of gentle kind, and noble stock, I'd wish
No better choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounti
Expect even here, where is a kindly patient;
I speak the prosperous, artificial fest
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught
Thy sacred physi shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided none but I and my companion
Be suffer'd to come near him.

Ly. Come, let us leave her,
And the gods make her prosperous. [Mar. sings.]

Ly. Mark'd he your music! Mar. No, nor looked on us.
Ly. Least wise, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear—

Ly. Per! Ha! hu!
Mar. Our lord, that I am a maid,
My lord, that never before invited eyes,
But have been gazed on comet-like: she speaks,
My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a great
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:
But she hath rooted out my parentage
And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude.—I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, Go not yet; I speak.

[Aside.] My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine;—was it not thus! what say you?

Mar. Said I, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.

Per. I do so think. I pray you turn your eyes again upon me,
You are like something that—What country woman!
Here of these shores!

Mar. Nay, nor of any shores:
Yet one briefly brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver
My weeping.

Mar. My dearest wine was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's square brows,
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
As silver-voiced; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cased as richly: in pace another Juno;
Who starves the cars she feeds, and makes them hungry.
The more she gives them speech.—Where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred?
And how achiev'd you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe;

Mar. If you would I tell my history,
'Twould seem like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Pr'ythee speak; Falsehood cannot come from thee, for thou look'st
Most honest justice, and though of a palace.*

For the crown'd dwell to dwell in: I believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation,
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I should love: or that were the friends?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,
(Which was when I perceiv'd thee,) that thou

Per. From good descending?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
That thou hast been toss'd from wave to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.

Mar. Some such thing indeed
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story; If thou consider'dst prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl; yet thou dost look
Like Patience,caring on king's graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?

How long thou them? Thy name, my most kind
virgin!
Recount, I do beseech thee; come, sit by me.

Mar. My name, sir, is Marina.

Per. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hence
To make the world laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient:
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name Marina,
Was given me by one that had some power;
My father, and a king.

Per. 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 fairies?
No motion!—Well; speak on. Where were you born?
And whence do call'd Marina!

Mar. Call'd Marina,
For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea? Thy mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the very minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath o't
Delivered weeping.

Per. O, stop there a little!
This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad souls withal: this cannot be.
My daughter's buried. [Aside.] Well.—where were you bred?
I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

Mar. You will therefore 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 I quite alone? who brought you hither?

Mar. The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave me:
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me; and having wond
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn,
A crew of pirates came, and rescued me
Brought me to Mytilene. But now, good sir,
Whether will you have me? Why do you weep?

Hel. It may be,
You think me an impostor; no, good faith;
I am the daughter to king Pericles,
If good king Pericles be.

Per. Hoo, Helicanus! Hel. Calls my gracious lord!

Per. Thon art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general: Tell me, if thou canst,
What is this maid, or, what is it like to be,
That thus hath made me weep!

Hel. Here is the regent, sir, of Mytilene,
Speaks nobly of her.

Ly. She would never tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honor'd sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Let this great sea of joys rushing upon me,
Overbear I share of my immortal being,
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come
luther.
Thou that beggest him that did thee begget;
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 confirmed 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
(As in the rest thou hast been godlike perfect)
My drossy, or queen's name, thou art the heir
of kingdoms,
And another lie to Pericles thy father.

* E. No puppet dressed up to deceive me.
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

ACT V.

Scene I.—The Temple of Diana at Ephesus: Thaisa and Marina, Sirs.  

Enter PERICLES, with his Train; LYCIMACHUS, MARINA, and a Lady.  

Per. Hail, Danae; to perform thy just command  
I here confess myself the king of Tyre;  
Whom, if I frightened from my country, did wed  
The fair Thaisa, at Pentapolis.  
At sea in child-bed died she; but brought forth  
A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,  
Wears yet thy silver ivery.  
She at Tharsus  
Was nurs'd with Cleon; whom a speen years  
He sought to murder; but her better stars  
Brought her to Mitylene; against whose shore  
Ruling, her fortunes brought the maid abroad,  
And, by her own most clear remembrance, she  
Made known herself my daughter.  

Thaisa.  

Voice and favor!—  
You—thou—ye are O royal Pericles!  
[She faints.  
Per. What means the woman! she dies! help, gentlemen!  

Cer. Noble sir,  
If you have told Diana's altar true,  
This is your wife.  
Per. Reverend appearer, no;  
I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.  
Per. Upon this coast, I warrant you.  
Per.  
Thaisa.  

To the most certain,  
Cer. Look to the lady; O, she's but o' erjoy'd.  
Early, one blust'ring morn, this lady was  
Thrown on this shore. I oped the collum, and  
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her and placed  

Here in Diana's temple.  
Per.  
May we see them?  
Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought to you by my  
Whither I invite you. Look! Thaisa is Recover'd.  
Per.  
Thaisa. O, let me look!  
If he be none of mine, my sanctity  
Will by my senses and no licentious ear,  
But curb it spite of seeing, O, my lord,  
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,  
Like him you are: Did you not name a tempest,  
A birth, and death!  
Per.  
The voice of dead Thaisa!  
Thaisa. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead,  
And awak'd.  
Per. Immortal Diana!  

Thaisa.  

Now I know you better.—  
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,  
The king, my father, gave you such a ring.  
Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your present kindness  
Makes my new words expire: You shall do well,  
That on the touching of her lips I may  
Melt, and no more be seen. O come, be buried  
A second time within these arms.  

Marina.  
My heart  
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.  

Enter Gower, before the Temple of Diana at Ephesus.  

Gower. Now our sands are almost run;  
More a little, and then done.  
This, as my last boon, give me  
[For such kindness must relieve me]  
That you aptly will suppose  
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,  
With music, and pretty din,  
The recent made in Mitylene,  
To greet the king. So he was thrived,  
That he is promis'd to be wived  

i. e. Regent of the silver moon.  

Scene.
Can you remember what I call’d the man?
I have named him oft.
Thais.
"Twas Helicanus then.
Per. Still confirmation:
Embrace him, dear Thaisa: this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How possibly preserved; and 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 within the temple,
No needful thing omitted.
Per. Pure Dian!
I bless thee for thy vision, and will offer
My night oblations to thee. Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament? that makes me look so dismal,
Will I, my lov’d Marina, clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch’d,
To grace thy marriage day, I’ll beautify.

[i. e. His beard.

Thais. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit,
Sir, that 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 Tyreus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay
To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead the way:

[Exeunt. Enter Gower.

Gower. In Antioch, and his daughter, you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen
(Although assai’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 desery
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reverence Cerimon there well appears
The worth that learned charity aye wears.
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, and honor’d name
Of Pericles, to rage the city burn.
That him and his they in his palace burn.
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish them; although not done, but meant.
So on your patience evermore attending.
New joy wait on you! Here our play’s ending.

[i. e. The king of Antioch.

Scene III. PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE. 675
KING LEAR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEAR, King of Britain.  
Duke of Burgundy.  
Duke of Cornwall.  
Duke of Albany.  
Earl of Kent.  
Earl of Gloster.  
Edgar, Son to Gloster.  
Edmund, Bastard Son to Gloster.  
Chester, a Courtier.  
Old Man, Tenant to Gloster.  
Physician.  

FOOL.  
OSWALD, Steward to Goneril.  
An Officer, employed by Edmund.  
Gentleman, Attendant on Cordelia.  
A Herald.  
Servants to Cornwall.  

GONERIL.  
REGAN.  

Cordelia, Daughters to Lear.

Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE, Britain.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Room of State in King Lear's Palace.

Enter Kent, Gloster, and Edmund.

Kent. I thought the King had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us; but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weight'd that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is this your son, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge; I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon she grew round-womb'd: and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being proper.

Glo. But I have, sir, a son, by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came somewhat privately into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair: there was good sport at his making, and the whomso'er must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honorable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again. The king is coming.  
[Trumpets sound within.]

Enter Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

[Most scrupulous needy.  Part or division.  Open plains.]
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find, she names my very deed of love;
Nor price comes too short;—That I profess
Myself to all enemy other joys,
Which the most precious square of sense possessest;
And and, I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness's love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia!

And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
More rarer than my tongue's;
Lear. To thee, and thine, heraldly ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom:
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than thou canst confirm! on Cordelia, our joy,
Although the last, not least; to whose young love
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be interested: what can you say to draw
A third so equal than your sisters?—Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.


Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love my majesty
More than my bow; no more nor less.
Lear. How, how, Cordelia! mend your speech a little,
Lest it 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 honor you.
What were my sister-Burdens, if they were
They love you all? Happily, when I shall wed,
That lord, whose hand must take my rightful, 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 this with thy heart?

Cor. Ay, good my lord.

Cor. So young, and so untender.

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so.—Thy truth then be thy dover:
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I discharge all my paternal care,
Propinquity, and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this! forever. The barbarous

Or he that makes his generation's messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbor'd, pitted, and relieved,
As thou, my sometime daughter.

KENT. Good my liege,

Lear. Peace, Kent! Come not between the dragon and his wrath:
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight!—

To Cordelia. So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her!—Call France!—Who stirs?

Call Burgundy. Cornwell, and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest this third;
Lear. rice, which she calls plain may marry her,
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty.—Ourselves, by monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make us, you by due turns. Only we still retain
The name, and all the additions to a king;
The sway,
Revenue, execution of the rest
Becoming sons, be you; which to confirm,
This coronet part between you. (Giving the crown.

KENT. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honor'd as my king.
Lear. Right noble Burgundy
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.

KENT. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmanfully,
When Lear is mad! What wouldst thou do, old man?
Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flatter bow's! To plainness house,
When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom;
And, in thy best consideration,
This hideous rashness: answer my life my judgment.

Youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
Reveres no holiness;

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

KENT. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies; nor fear to lose it,
Thy safely being the motive.

Out of my sight!—

KENT. See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo,—

KENT. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swearest thy gods in vain.

LEAR. O, vassal, miscreant! (Laying his hand on his sword.


KENT. Do;
Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the soul disease. Revoke thy will:
Or whilst I can vent nor from my throat,
I'll tell thee thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!

On thine allegiance hear me!—
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
(Which we durst never yet,) and, with strain'd pride,
To come to our text our sentence and our power;
(Which nor our nature, nor our place can bear:)
Our potence make good, take thy reward.
Five days we do abate thee, for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world:
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death: Away! By Jupiter,
This shall not be revok'd.

KENT. Fare thee well, king: since thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.—
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid.

[To Cordelia. That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!—
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
(To Regan and Goneril.)
That good effects may spring from words of love—
Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;
He'll shape his old course in a country new. (Exit.

Re-enter Gloster; with France, Burgundy, and Attendants.

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

LEAR. My lord of Burgundy,
We first address towards you, who with this king
Hath rival'd for our daughter; What, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

Burgundy.

Majesty
I crave no more than hath your highness other'd,
Nor will you tender less.

LEAR. Right noble Burgundy
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there she stands;
I sought within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure pleased.
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

Burgundy.

I know no answer.

LEAR. Sir, Will you, with those infirmities she owes; Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Bower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our trait,
Take her, or leave her?

Burgundy.
Pardon me, royal sir; Election makes not up on such conditions.
Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king.

[To France.]
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
To wilt your liking a more worthy one.

On what a wreath whom nature is ashamed
Almost to acknowledge hers.

France. To speak and purpose not; since what I will intend,
I'll do before I speak,) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
Nor base action or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favor:
But even for want of that, for which I am richer;
A still-sobered view, and such a tolerant
That you have glad I have not, though not to have it,
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born, than not to have pleas'd me better.

France. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do—My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with respects, that stand
About from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Daughter of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.
Bur. I am sorry then, you have so lost a father,
That you must lose a husband.

Cordelia. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, thou art most rich,
Being poor;
Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon;
Be it thy lot, I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflamed respect.—
The envious father, king, through my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of war-like Burgundy
Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—
Bid them farewell, Cordelia; though unkind;
Thou bestow 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. 6

Come, noble Burgundy.

[Exeunt, Lear, Burgundy, Cornwall, Albany, Gloucester, and Attendants.

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you; I know you what you are;
And, like a sister, am most loath to call
Your faults, as they are named. Use well our father:
To your professed bosoms I commit him;
But, if you, alas! should issue within his view,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.

Gen. Prescribe not us our duties.

Bur. Let your study
Be, to content your lord; who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms. You have obedience seem'd,
And well are worth the want that you have
wanted.

Blessed.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plaiz'd cunninguels
who cover faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.  

[Exit France and Cordelia.

Gen. Sister, it is not a little I have to say,
of what most nearly appertain's us both. I think,
our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you; next month
with us.

Gen. You see how full of changes his age is: the
observation we have made of it hath not been
little: he alter'd us'd our sister most; and with what
poor judgment he hath now cast her off appears
to grossly.

Reg. The infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever
but slenderly known himself.

Gen. The test and soundest of his time hath been
but rash; then must we look to receive from
his authority, not alone the imperfections of long-en-
crafted condition, but therewithal, the unruly way-
wardness that inflam'd and choleric years bring
with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have
from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gen. There is further compliment of leave-taking
between France and him. Pray you, let us hit
together; for his days are many with party glad

Gen. As honest madam's issue! Why brand they us
With base! with baseness! bastards! base! base!
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
Many composition and fierce quality.

SCENE II.—A Hall in the Earl of Gloucester's
Castle.

Enter Edmund, with a Letter.

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound: Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom; and permit
The exorbitancy of nations to deprive
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard! wherefore base!
When my dimensions are as well compact
My mind is more generous, and my shames
As honest madam's issue! Why brand they us
With base! with baseness! bastards! base! base!
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
Many composition and fierce quality.

Glo. Bid them farewell, Cordelia: Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:
Now, gods, stand up for bastard

[Exit.

Glo. Kent banish'd! thus! And France in cholерь
parted!
And the king gone to-night! subscribed! his power!
Confined to exhibition! All this done
Upon the gad—Edmund! How now? what news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

[Putting up the Letter.

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that
letter

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading it

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No, what needed then that terrible
despatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing
hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: Come,
it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. No? What needed then that terrible despatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: Come, it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.
KING,
say,
'knave,
advice
Room
when
swear
ment
and
business
and
of
Elm.
Edm.
•
[Reads.]
the
He
my
Never,
son
It
was
know
the
breed
as
reason
were
mine
by
rain;
s
you
graves!—
you
be
in
I
be
by
I
be
out
all
us

Scene III. — KING LEAR. 679

Edm. I hope, for my brother’s justification, he wrote this but as an essay3 or taste of my virtue.

Edm. [Reads.] This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us; fills our abodes cannot reach them. I begin to find an idle and fruitless bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, and as it hath power, as it is at pleasure. How in this case, I speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, Edgar.—[Exit.]

Glo. [Concealing Edgar] Edgar! till I waked him you should enjoy his revenue.—My son Edgar! had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? Who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord, there’s the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the easement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother’s?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never herebefore sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: But I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as wand to give his power, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain!—his very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutal villain!—If it were worse than brutish—Go, strait seek him: I’ll apprehend him:—Abominable villain!—Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please my lord to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where? if you violently proceed against him, mistake not your means, you would make a breach in your own honor, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to fell my affection to your honor, and no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honor judge it meet, I will place before you where you shall hear him confute of this, and by a course that you shall have your satisfaction; and I assure you that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He is a man, but a mad one.

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; send me him in, I pray you: I cannot blame the towards you from your own wisdom: I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: Though the wisdom of nature does order it thus and yet, nature finds herself scourged by the sequent evils: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide; in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and this villain breaks his heart against his father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there’s son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there’s father against child. We have seen the best of our time: Machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ravenous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves!—I find out this villain, Edmund, it shall lose the nothing; do it carefully.—By the noble and trusting heart banished his offence, honour, strangelie!—Strange! strange! —Edm. This is the excellent topick of the world! that when we are seek in fortune, (of all things the surest of life) we meet withall our misfortunes, the asters, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, this by the influence of the firmament: drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary

"Trial. Weak and foolish.
"Manage. Following.
"Traitors.

Glo. enter Edgar. and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy: My one is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o’Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do

Edg. How now, brother Edmund? What serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of, exceed urbanity; and are hard to be reached by the child and the parent; death, death, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless divisions, banishment of friends, dissolution of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sextary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come, when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spent it with him?

Edg. Two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Benthink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and, at my entreaty, forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of your displeasure; and at this instant so rude a jest in him, that with the mischfit of your person it would scarcely aly.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That’s my fear. I pray you, have a contenent forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fally bring you to hear my lord speak: Pray you, go; there’s my key:—If you do stir abroad, so armed.

Edg. Armed, brother?

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; go armed; heaven bless the man, if there be any good meaning towards you! I have told you what I have seen and heard, butiani; nothing like the image and horror of it: Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.—

Enter Goodrich and Swear.

Edm. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Edm. By day and night! he wrongs me; every hour.

He dashes into one gross crime or other. That sets us all at odds; I’ll not endure it:—Is this king not but just, and himself uprised on every tribe:—When he returns from hunting, I will not speak with him; say, I am sick—If you come back, I am in the service. You shall do well; the fault of it I’ll answer.

Stew. He’s coming, madam; I hear him.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you will.

You and your fellows; I’d have it come to question: It like not, let him to my sister. Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one.

Stew. [Horns within.]

These sounds are unnatural and offensive in music.

For cohorts some editors read courts. Temperate.
Not to be overruled. Idle old man, That still would manage those authorities, That he hath given away!—Now, by my life, Old fools are babes again; and must be used With coups and fumitories,—when they are seen abused.

Remember what I have said. Nay, very well, madam. Go. And let his knights have colder looks among you: What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so: I will relieve from hence occasions, and I shall, That I may speak.—I'll write straight to my sister, To hold my very course.—Prepare for dinner. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A Ball in the same.

Enter Kent, disguised.

Kent. If but as well: I other accounts borrow, That can my speech detect, my good intent May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I raz'd my likeness.—Now, banish'd Kent, If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd; (So may it come!) thy master, whom thou lov'st, Shall find thee full of labors.

Horns within. Enter Lear, Knights, and Attendants.


Lear. What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou with me? Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly, that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise, and to have little; to laugh much, to light, when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish. Lear. What art thou? Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou? Kent. Service.


Lear. Doest thou know me, fellow? Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would call master.

Lear. What's that? Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do? Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious face to tell me, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou? Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me: if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where's my knife! my fool! Go you, and call my fool hither:

Enter Steward.

Stew. You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter? Stew. So please you.— Lear. Stew. Saw the fellow there? Call the cotsobble back.—Where's your fool, ho!—I think the world's asleep.—How now, where's that mountebank? Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me, when I call'd him? Knight. Sir, he answer'd me in the roundest manner; but he would not.

Lear. He would not! Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not enter-taining with that ceremony but affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ho! say'st thou so? Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'st me of mine own conception; I have perceived a most faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence, and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into't. —but where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much puned away.

Lear. Uncouth nonsense. I have noted it well.—Go, you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—Go you, call hither my fool.—

Re-enter Steward.


Lear. Why, my lady's father! my lord's knave: you whereon dog! you slave! you cur! Stew. I am none of this, my lord; I beseech you, pardon me.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with you, you rascal! Stew. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Lear. Nor tripped neither; you base foot-ball player! I Tripping up his Heels.

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I love thee.

Kent. Now, sir, arise, away; I'll teach you differences; away, away; if you will measure your monarch's length again, tarry: but away; go to: Have you wisdom? no. [Pins the Steward out. Lear. What? a friendly kind, I thank thee; there's earnesty of thy service. [Giving Kent Money. Give Lear. Fool. Fool. Let me hire him too:—Here's my coxcomb. [Giving Kent his Cap. Lear. How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou? Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb. Lear. Why, fool! Fool. Why, it's taking one's part that is out of favor: Nor thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: There, take my cokcomb; Why, this fellow lasc bath'd two of his daughers, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my cokcomb.—How now, nuncle! 'Would I had two cokcombs, and two daughters! Lear. Why, my boy! Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my cokcombs myself: There's mine: beg another of thy daughters. Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip. Fool. Truth's a dog that must to kennel; he must be whipp'd out, when Lady, the brach, may stand by the fire and stalk. Lear. Then I must call to me! Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech. Lear. Do. Fool. Mark it, nuncle:—Here more than thou dost show, Speak less than thou knowest, Lead less than thou art, Ride more than thou goest, Learn more than thou knowest, Set less than thou receivest, Leave thy drink and thy yolk's, And keep in-odour, And thou shalt have more Than two tens to a score. Lear. This is nothing, fool. Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfe'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for't: Can you make me no use of nothing, nuncle? Lear. Why, no, nuncle; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Oho! go; other, shall tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to; he will not believe a fool.

[To Kent.

Lear. A better fool! Fool. Bost thou know the difference, my boy, between a better fool and a sweet fool? Lear. No, lad; teach me.

Fool. That lord, that counsel'd thee, To give away thy land,

—Funishious jealousy. • Beaten. • Pitch-bound. • Ownest, possessed. • Believeth.
Come place him here by me.— Or do thou them tenderly:—
The sweet and bitter fool Will presently appear: The one in madly here.

**KING LEAR.** Dost thou call me fool, boy! All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

**KENT.** This is now no other fool, my lord. To that I am I. Exit, boy.

When thou closest thy crown 'round the middle and gavest away both parts, thou onst time ass on thy back over the dirt: Thou hadst little wit in thy body, when thou gavest thy golden one away. It I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so.

**Fool.** And be wiser, sir; Thine old, and I trow, you should be wise: Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires: Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd, and bold, That this our court, meeted with their manners, Shows like a motley inn; epicurism and lust Make it more like a tavern or a brothel, Than a grace'd palace. The shame itself doth speak For instant remedy. Be then desir'd By her, that else were I the thing she begs, A little to disquainty your train; And the remainder, that shall still depend, To be such men as may besot your age, And know themselves and you.

**Lear.** Darkness and devils!— Saddle my horses; call my train together.— I'll come last! I'll not trouble thee; Yet I have left a dame here.

**Gon.** You strike my people; and your disorder'd rabble May serve masters of their better.

**Enter Albany.**

**Lear.** Good, sir, be patient. 

**Gon.** Done:—I have a mind of choice and rarest parts, That all particulars of duty know; And in the most exact regard Support The worship of their name.—O most small fault, How natural is that in Cordelia! Which, like an engine, wench'd my frame of nature From the bad place; drew from my heart all love, And added to the call. O Lear, Lear! Beat at this gate that let thy heart in.

**Singing.**

**Lear.** Striking his head! And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my people. 

**Gon.** Thus. 

**Lear.** May I be so, my lord. Hear, nature, hear! Dear goddess, hear! Suspand thy purpose, if Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful Into her womb convey sterility! Dry up in her the organs of increase; And from her decrepit body never spring A babe to honor her! If she must be, Create her child of spleen; that it may live, And be a thwart dismattured torrent to her! Let it stamp wrinkles on her brow of youth; With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks; Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits, To laughter and contempt; that she may feel How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is To have my childless child!—Away, away! 

**Exit.**

**Alb.** Now, gods, that we adore, whereon comest this! 

**Gon.** Never afflict yourself to know the cause; But let the exposition have that scope That dotage gives it.

**Re-enter Lear.**

**Lear.** What, fifty of my followers, at a clap! Within a fortnight!

**Storied.**

**Complexion.** Continue in service

**The rack.** Degraded. Falling.
ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Court within the Castle of the Earl of Gloucester.

Enter Edmund and Cornwall, meeting.

Edm. Save thee, Cornwall.

Corr. 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?

Corr. Nay, I know not; you have heard of the news abroad; I mean the whispered tales; for they are yet but half-kissing arguments.

Edm. Not I; Pray you, what are they?


Edm. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Corr. You may think, in time. Fare you well, sir.

Edm. The duke be here to-night! The better! He weaves itself perforce into my business! My father hath set guard to take my brother; and I have one thing of a queasy question, Which aught to be said:—Brickess, and fortune, work!—Brother, a word! descend:—Brother, I say;

Enter Edgar.

My father watches:—O sir, fly this place; V. Delicate.
Scene II.  

Intelligence is given where you are hid;  
You have now the good advantage of night;—  
Have you not spoken against the duke of Cornwall?  
He's coming farther; now 'tis the last,  
And Regan with him; have you nothing said  
Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany?  
Advise yourself.  

Ed.  
I am sure on't, not a word.  

Edin. I hear my father coming,—Pardon me—  
In coming, I must draw my sword upon you;—  
Draw: seem to defend yourself: now quit you  
well,  
Yield: come before my father;—Light, ho  
here!  
Fly, brother,—Torches! Torches so farewell.  
[Exit Edgar.  

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion.  

Of my more fierce endeavor: I have seen drunkards  
Do more than this in sport.—Father! father!  
Stop! stop! No help!  

Enter Gloster, and Servants with Torches.  

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?  

Edin. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword  
out,  
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon  
To do his anxious metaphysical work.  

But where is he?  

Glo. Look, sir, I bled.  

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?  

Edin. Fleed this way, sir. When by no means he  
could—  

Glo. Pursue him, ho!—Go after.  
[Exit Serv.  

By no means,—what!  

Edin. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;  
But that I told him, the revenging gods  
Gainst partridges did all their thunders bend;  
Spoke, with how mantled and strong a bond  
The child was bound to the father—Sir, in fine,  
Seeing how heartily opposite I stood  
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion.  
With his prepared and set-on purpose  
My unprovoked body, hance mine arm:  
But when he saw my best arm'd spirits,  
Bold in the quarter's right, round to the encounter,  
Oft broken by the noise I made,  
Full suddenly he fled.  

Glo.  
Let him fly far:  
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;  
And bound—despair.—The noble duke my master,  
My worthy arch'd and patron, comes to-night:  
By his authority I will proclaim it,  
That he, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks,  
Recompensing the mourners even to the stake;  
He, that conceals him, death.  

Edin. Where? I discomposed from his intent,  
And found him right to do it, with curse'ble speech  
I thought it were the best to discover him;—  
Thou unassuming bastard! dust thou think,  
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal  
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee.  

Make thy words thine? No: what I should deny,  
(Ass this I would; ay, though thou dost produce  
My very character,) I'd turn it all  
To thy suggestion, post, and dammed practice;  
And thou must make a duellist of the world;  
If they not thought the profit of my death  
Were very pregnant and potential spears  
To make thee seek it.  

Glo.  
Strong and fast'd villain!  
Would he deny his letter!—I never got him.  

Hark, the duke's Trumpets! I know not why he comes:—  

[Trumpets within.  

All ports I bar: the villain shall not scape;  
The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture  
I hang near, the last that spoke to him.  
May have due note of him; and of my land,  
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means  
To make thee capable.  

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.  

Corn. How now, my noble friend! since I came either,  

(Which I can call but now.) I have heard strange news:  

Consider, recollect yourself.  

Frightened news.  

Chief.  

Pitied, exec'd.  

Severely, harsh.  

i.e. capable of succeeding to my land.  

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,  
Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord!  

Glo. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is crack'd!  

Rec. What, did my father's godson seek your life?  
He whom you betray'd? your Edgar?  

Glo. O lady, lady, shame would have it hid!  

Rec. Was he not companion with the riotous knights  
That tend upon my father?  

Glo.  
I know not, madam:  

It is too bad, too bad.—  

Rec. No marvel then, though he were ill affected;  
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,  
To have the waste and spoil of his revenues,  
I have this present evening from my sister,  
I have been warned of them; and with such cautions,  
That, if they come to sorrise at my house,  
I'll not be there.  

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.  

Edin. I hear that you have shown your father  
A child-like of,  

Edin. 'Twas my duty, sir.  

Rec. He did bewray his practice; and receiv'd  
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.  

Corn. Is he pursued?  

Glo. Ay, my good lord, he is.  

Rec. If he be taken, he shall letter more  
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,  
How in my strength you please.—For you, Ed-  

mund.  

Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant  
So much commend itself, you shall be ours;  
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;  
We first seize on.  

Edin. 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, —  

Reg. We come out of season; threading darkly'nd night.  

Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poise?  

We must have use if of you in the scene of—  
Our father the hath writ so, hath our sister,  
Of differences, which I best thought it fit  
To answer from our house; the several messengers  
his envoy despatch. Our good old friend,  
Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow  
Your needful council 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 Steward, severally.  

Stew. Good dawning to thee, friend: Art of the house?  

Kent. Ay.  

Stew. Where may we set our horses!  

Kent. 'gainst the morn.  

Stew. Perchance if thou love me, tell me.  

Kent. I love thee not.  

Stew. Why, then I care not for thee.  

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pantaloon, I would make thee care for me.  

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.  

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.  

Stew. What dost thou know me for!  

Kent. A knave; a rascal, an enter of broken meals; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited,  
Beggarly, three-suited, fiery, wroth, saucy fellow; a  
Hly-liver'd, action-taking knave; a whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, sinew rogue; one-trunk- 
Sinew, a one-trunked slave; one that would be a bawd, in  
way of good service, and art nothing but the com- 
position 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 deny'st the least  
thee.  

Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou,  
thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee,  

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou,  

deny thou know'st me! Is it two days ago, since  
I tripped up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king!  

I, thy rogue; for, though it be night, the  
moon shines; I'll make a sop of the moonshine of  

* Wicked purpose.  

* Weight.  

* Title.
KING LEAR.

Act II.

Harbor more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly ducking observers,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,
Under the sun, and like Venus in the puppet's part,
against the royalty of her father: Draw you
go, or I'll so carbonado your shanks:—draw,
you rascals; come your ways.

Serv. Help, ho! murder! help! Kent.

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rage, stand;
you next slave, strike. (Beating him.)

Serv. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and SERVANTS.


Kent. With you, good man, by you, if you please;
I'll fetch you; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Kent. Keep peace upon your head.

He dies, that strikes again: What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Cordelia. What is your difference? speak.

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestir'd your valor.
You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in the tail that made the tailor.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man!

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir; a stone-cutter, or a paint-
er; for I have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient rathen, sir, whose life I have spared.

At suit of his grey beard.—

Kent. Thou whore'st zed! thou unnecessary letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will fetch you an unblinded, bit by bit, into mort, and daub the walls of a jakes with him.—Spare my grey beard, you waftick!

Peace, sirrah!

You begg'd him, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger has a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a

Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,

Like rakes, off bite the holy cords at will.

Which are too intrinsick! unlose: smooth every passion

That in the natures of your lords rebels;
Bring in the fire, sorrow to their colder bodies;
Reneges, affirm, and turn their holy canvans beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,

As knowing nought, like doves, but following —

And that by all the dignity upon your eyes,

Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?

Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive you cackling home to Camelot.

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 knife.

Corn. Why doth thou call him knife? What's

his elocution.

Kent. His censure stands me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, or his, or hers.

Kent. Sir, 'is my occupation to be plain;
I have you better faces in my time,

Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Cordelia. This is some fellow

Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect

A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb,
Quite from his nature: He cannot flatter, he!—

And his blustering and plain, —he never speak truth;—

And they will take it, so if not, he's plain.

These kind of knives I know, which in this plain-

ness

A character in the old moralties.

Unfriend'd, Perplex'd. The bird called the king-fish, which, when dead and hung up by a thread, is supposed to turn his bill to the pole from whence the wind blows.

In保证金-house, where are bred great quantities of geese.

— Hark! ——

[i.e. Ajax is so fool to them.]

Saying or proverb.
SCENE IV.—A Part of the Heath.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. | I heard myself proclaimed:
---|---
And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
escaped the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. While I may 'scape,
I would preserve myself: and am therewith
To save 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 lones; e'f all my hair in knots;
And with presented nakedness outface
The winds, and persecutions of the sky.

The country gives me proof and precedent
Of man, and bears, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their mub'd and morthel'd bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And all the horrible object, from low inms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes and mills,
Sometime with inmatite bars, sometime with
prayers.

Enforce their charity.—Poor Turlygood! poor Tom! 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
And not send back my messenger.

Gent. | As I learn'd,

The night before there was no purpose in them Of the remove.

Kent. | Hail to thee, noble master! Lear. | How! Kent. | Makest thou this shame this pastime! Kent. | No, my lord.

Fool. | Ha, ha; look! he wears crested garters! Horses are tied by the heads; dogs and bears, by the tail, to the monkeys by the loins; and men by the legs: when a man is over-asty at legs, then he wears wooden neither stocks? Lear. | What's he, that hath so much thy place mistook To set thee here? Kent. | It is both he and she,


Kent. | I say, yes.

Lear. | No; they would not.

Kent. | Yes, they have.

Lear. | By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. | By Juno, I swear, yea.

Lear. | They do not, do not; They could not, would not do; 'tis worse than murder.

to do them so 'pect such violent outrage: Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way Thou mightst deserve, or they impose this usage, Coming from us.

Kent. | My lord, when at their home I did commend your highness' letters to them, Ere I was sent from the place that show'd My duty kneeling, came there a rocking post, Sway'd in his baste, half-bred Shake his shifting body, panting forth From Goneril his mistress, salutations; Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission, Which presently they read; on whose contents, They summoned'd up their mealy, straight took horse; Commanded me to follow, and attend

The leisure of their answer: gave me cold looks: And meeting here the other messenger, Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine, (Being the very fellow that of late Display'd so saucily against your highness,) Having many man more wit than at me, drew: He raised the house with loud and coward cries: Your son and daughter found this trespass worth The shame which here it suffers.

Foot. | Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way.

Fathers, that wear rags, Do make their children blind; But fathers, that bear bags, Shall see their children kind.

Fortune, that arrant whore, Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dollars for thy daughters, as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. | Be this my mothers swells up toward my heart.

Hybernia passio! down, thou climbing sorrow, Thy element's below!—Where is this daughter? Kent. | With the ear, sir, here within.

Lear. | Follow me not: Stay here.

Gent. | Made you no more offence than what you speak of.

Kent. | None.

How chance the king comes with so small a train? Fool. | An thou hast 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 laboring in the winter. All that follow thee are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's sticking. Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck: now am I giving 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 use gives it.

That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain, And follows but for form. Will pock, when it begins to rain, And leave thee in the storm. But I will terny, the pool will stay, And let the wise man fly. The knave turns fool, that runs away; The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. | Where learned you this, fool! Fool. | Not i' the stocks, fool.

Kent. | Re-enter LEAR, with GLOSTER.

Lear. | Deny to speak with me! They are sick! They have travel'd hard to-night! Mere fetches; The images of revolt and dying off! Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. | My dear lord, You know the fiery quality of the duke; How unremovable and fix'd he is In his own course.

Lear. | Vengeance! plague! death! confusion! Fiery! Ye gods! Why, Gloster, Gloster, Gloster, I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall, and his wife. Glo. | Well, my good lord, I have informed them so. Lear. | Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man! Glo. | Ay, my good lord. Lear. | The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father Would with his daughter speak, commands her service: Are they inform'd of this?—My breath and blood!—

Fiery! the fiery duke!—Tell the hot duke that— No, but not yet,—may be he is not well: Intempery doth still neglect all office, Wherefore it is well the matter is bound; we are not ourselves. When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind To suffer with the body: I'll forbear; And am fallen out with my more headier will, To take the horses and sickly fit For the sound man,—Death on my state! wherefore

[Looking on Kent.]

Should he sit here? This act persuades me, That this remotion of the duke and her Is practicably. Give me my servant forth: Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with them, Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,

A quibble between dollars and dollars. The disease called the mother. Removing from their own house.
Enter Cornwall, Regan, Glosfer, and Servants.

Lear. Good-morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grave! [Kneeling, and at liberty.

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason
I have to think so: if you should not be glad,
I would divest me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulchring an adulteress,—O, are you free!

Points to his Heart.

Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught: O, Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here.—

Reg. I cannot think, my sister, in the least
Would fail her obligation: if, sir, in peace,
She have restrained the riots of your followers,
Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, sir, you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confines: you should be ruled, and led
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself: Therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return,
Say, you have wrong'd her, sir...

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?

Reg. Do you but mark how this becomes the house?

Lear daughter. I confess that I am old;—
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg, [Kneeling.
That you'll vouchsafe me rainment, bed, and food.

Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly
Return you to your sister.

Lear. Never, Regan: She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me; spoke to me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like upon the very heart:—
All the storm'd vengences of heaven fall
On her ingratitude; Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!

Fye, fye, fye!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding
Flames
Into her sorrowful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fume-struck? Orgs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride!

Reg. O the blest gods!
So will you wish on me, when the rash mood's on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse,
Thy tender-heaved nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn: 'Tis not in thee
To exercise my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To handi badly words, to scare me up!
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in: thou better know'st
The powers of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude.
Thy half o' the kingdom thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose.

[Trumpets within.

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks!

Reg. I know it, my sister's: this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
Dwell'd in the sickly grace of her he follows:—
Out, varlet, from my sight!

Reg. What means your grace?

Lear. Who's this goodly servant? Regan, I have
Some good hope Thou didst not know of.—Who comes here? O heavens,

Enter Goneril.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause: send down, and take my part.
Art not ashamed to look upon this beauteous

Reg. O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

Lear. Why not by the hand, sir! How have I offended?

All's not offence, that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

Lear. Will you yet hold!—How came my man i' the stocks?

Reg. I set him there, sir: but his own disorders
Deserve much less advancement.

Lear. You! did you?—

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You take your 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 must be helpful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and let thy men demiss'd!
No, rather I abjure all roosts, and choose
To wage against the enemy o' the air;
To be more hearted with the wolf and owl

Lear. Do not you think with her?

Goneril. [Looking on the Steward.

Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngestborn, I could as well be broght
To kneel his throne, and, square-like, pension beg
To keep base life atop.—Return with her?

Reg. Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom.

Goneril. At your choice, sir.

Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad.
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell;
We'll not meet, no more see one another;—
But 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
Thy past and future, till this 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.

Lear. Not altogether so, sir; 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, now?—

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir: What, lofty followers!
Is it not well? What should you need more of?
Yea, or so many! stith' that both charge and danger
Speak against so great a number? How, in one

Lear. Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

Reg. Why might not you, my lord, receive at
This from those that she calls servants, or from mine?

Lear. Why not, my lord! If then they chose
to slack you,—

We could control them: If you will come to me
(For now I spy a danger,) I entreat you
To bring but live 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 depositories;
But keep your services to be follow'd
With such a number: What, must I come to you
With live and twenty, Regan! said you so?


A horse that carries necessaries on a journey.

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
Dwell'd in the sickly grace of her he follows:—
Out, varlet, from my sight!

Lear. What means your grace?

Lear. Who's this goodly servant? Regan, I have
Some good hope Thou didst not know of.—Who comes here? O heavens,

Lear. Enter Goneril.
ACT III. SCENE II.  

KING LEAR.

eg. And speak it again, my lord; no more with

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-

favour'd,

When others are more wicked; not being the worst,

Stands in some rank of praise—"I'll go with thee:"

[To Goneril]  

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 beg-

gars

Are in the poorest thing superfluous:

Allow not more nature than nature needs,

Man's life is cheap as beasts'; thou art a lady;

If only to go warm were gorgeous,

Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous warest,

Which scarcely keeps thee warm—But, for true need,

You heavens, give me that patience, patience I

Have you seen me here, you gods, a poor old man,

As full of grief as age; wretched in both!

If he be that you stir these daughters' hearts

Against their father, feed 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 checks! No, you unnatural hags,

I will have such revenge on you both,

That all the world shall—I will do such things—

What are they, yet I know not; but they shall be

The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep;

No, I'll not weep:—

I have full course of weeping; but this heart

Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,

Or ere I'll weep: O, fool, I shall go mad!  

[Exit Lear, GLOSTER, KENT, and Fool.  

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.  

[Storm heard at a distance.  

Reg.  

This house is little; the old man and his people

Be well bestow'd.  

Gon.  

'Tis his own blame; he hath put himself from rest, and must needs taste his folly.  

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,

But not one follower.  

Gon.  

So am I purposed.  

Where is my lord of Gloster?  

Re-enter Gloster.  

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth;—he is re-

turn'd.  

Glo. The king is in high rage.  

Corn. Whither is he going?  

Glo. He calls to horse; but will I know not

whither.  

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.  

Glo. Alack! the night comes on, and the bleak

winds:

Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about

There's scarce a bush.  

Reg. O, sir, to wilful men,

The injuries that they themselves procure,

Must be their schoolmasters: Shut up your doors,

He is attended with a desperate train,

To which may incense him to, being apt

To have his ear abused, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild

night.  

My Regan counsels well: come out o' the storm.  

[Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Heath.  

A Storm is heard, with Thunder and Lightning.  

Enter KENT and a Gentleman meeting.  

Kent. Who's here, beside foul weather?  

Gent. One has minded like the weather, most un-

quietly.  

Kent. I know you; Where is the king?  

Gent. Contending with the fiendish element:

But the wind blow the earth into the sea,

Or swell the cur'd waters have the main,

That things might change, or cease: tears his

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyesless rage,

Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:

Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn

The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain.

This night, wherein the curt'd-drawn beard would

conch.

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf

Keep their fur dry, unboasted he runs,

And bids what will take all.  

Kent.  

But who is with him?  

Gent. None but the fool; who labors to out-jest

his heart-struck injuries.  

Kent.  

Sir, I do know you;  

And dare, upon the warrant of my heart,

Comment a deare thing to you. There is division,

Although as yet the face of it be cover'd

With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;

Who have (as who have not, that their great stars

Thron'd and set high!) servants, who seem no less;

Who hear it from France the spites and speculations

Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,

Either in snouts and packings of the dogs;

Or the hard run which both of the have borne

Against the old kind king; or something deeper,

Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings—

But, true it is, from France there comes a power

Into this better'd kingdom, who already,

Wise in our negligence, have secret feet

In some of our best ports, and are at point

* Whose dogs are drawn by its young.  

† Snouts are mislaid, and packings undesired contrib-

utories.  

‡ Examples.  

To show their open banner.—Now to you;

I can my credit you dare build so far.  

To make your speed to Dover, you shall find

Some that will thank you, making just report

Of how unnatural and beholding sorrow

The king hath cause to 'plain.

I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;

And from some knowledge and assurance, offer

This office to you.  

Kent. I will talk further with you.  

Corn. No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more

Well hair Than my out wall, open this parcel take

What it containeth: Here you shall see Cardelia,

(Afear not but you shall,) show her this ring;

And she will tell you who your fellow is

That yet you do not know. Fix on this storm!

I will go seek the king.  

Gent. Give me your hand: Have you no more to say?  

Kent. Few words, but to effect, more than all yet;

That, when we have found the king, (in which

your pain

That way; I'll this;) he that first lights on him,

Holla the other.  

[Exeunt severely.  

SCENE II.—Another Part of the Heath.  

Storm continues.  

Enter Lear and Fool.  

Lear. Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! rage!  

in your teeth.

You cataracts, and hurricanes, spout

Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the

cock's!

You sulphur-beds and thought-elected fires,

Vain-curteys, to oak-leafing thunder-bolts,

Sing me your head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,

Strike at the thick rotundity of the world!

Crack nature's moulds, all sermons spilt at once,

That make ingratitude man!  

Fool. O uncle, court holy-water in a dry house

* Instigate.  

† Quick as thought.  

‡ Avant-curteys, French.  

§ A proverbial phrase for fair words.
is better than this rain—water out o' door. Good
humble, in, and ask thy daughters' blessing; here's
a might pities neither with men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy belly—full! Spit, fire, spat, rain!

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I have no children, you elements, I
never gave you kingdom, call'd you children.
You owe me no subscriptions: why then, let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand your slave,
And find your children, young, old, and decrepit
—But yet I call you service ministers.
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your bent—against a head—of a head
So old and withered: O! this 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 falls an
The head and he shall house:—
So beggars marry many,
The man that makes his foe,
Shall of a corn cry woo,
And turn his sleep to wake.

—where there was never yet fair woman, but she
made months in a glass.

Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience, I
will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Lear. Fool. Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece; that's
a worse treason, a fool.

Kent. Also, sir, are you here? things that love
night,
Love not such nights as these: the wrathful skies
Guard the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves. Sir, I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of hurled thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard man's nature cannot carry
The affliction, nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods, that keep this dreadful path over our heads,
Find out all your enemies now. Tumble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee unkindled crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice: Hide thee, thou bloody hand,
Thou peevish, and thou singular man of virtue,
That art incessant: Caull'd, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life:—Close pent-up guilt's,
Like your correling continental, and cry
These dreadfull sunnysides grace.
I am a man
More smir'd against than sinner.

Kent. Fool. Black, bare-headed!

Geronimo, my lord, hard by here is a howel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest;
Repose you there: while I to this hard house
[More hard than is the stone whereon 'tis rais'd;
Which either breaketh, or despatched after you,
Denied me to come in] return, and force
Their scanted courtesy.

Lear. My wing begin to turn, —
Come on, my boy: How do, my boy! Art cold?
I am cold myself. — Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your howel.
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. A knot that has a little wofl —
With height, ho, the wind and the rain —
Must make content with his fortunes' fall —
For the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. —My boy, my good boy. Come, bring us to this howel.

Kent. Lear. And Kent, Fool. This is a brave night to cool a constant.
—'I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:
When priests are more in word than matter;
When rulers more their mind with letter;
When nobles are their barrier's burthens;
No heroes burn'd, but weep, and weep;
If every case in time is right;
No square in deed, nor no good Knight;
When sleds do not live in tongues;
Nor carriages come not to thongs;

Observe, more or less
Good.
Favor.
Part of the clown's song in Twelfth Nigh.

When usurers tell their gold & the field;
And bawds and whores do churches build:—
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to a close conclusion.
Then comes the time, who late saw
That going shall be used with feel.

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 pit them, 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 assist him.

Edm. Most savage, and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing: There is division between the dukes: and a worse matter than that: I have received no answer this night;—'tis dangerous to be spoken;—I have locked the letter in my closet: these injuries the king now bears will be revenged there; it is part of a power already foiled: we must meditate to the king. I will seek him, and privately relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perjured. If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I desire it, as he less in the whole, the king my old master must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund; pray you, be instant.

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke
Instantly know; and of that letter too:—
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me That which my father loses; no less than all
The younger rises, when the elder falls.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.—A Part of the Head, with a Howel.

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter.

The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For more to endure. [Storm still]

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own: Good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contem'nations storm
Inva'des to the skin; 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fit'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'st shun a bear:
Thou'st shun the thy fly'ght toward the raging sea,
Thou'st shun the bear; — the mouth. When
The mind's free,
The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind
Both doth my senses take all feeling else,
Save what but this there. Fill'd inordinately
Is it not as this mouth should bear this hand,
For lifting food to? — But I will punish home;—
No, I will weep no letter, — in such a night
To shut me out! — Pour on; I will not hear,
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril —
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—
O, that my madness lies; let me shun that:
No more of that —

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things will hurt me more.—But I'll go in:
In boy; go first. — [To the Fool] Thou houseless
poverty.

Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.

[Fool goes in.

Poor naked wretches, where'er you are,
That hide the pelting of this mutinous storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unkind sides,
Your loop'd, and window'd raggedness, defend you
From rains such as these! O, I have been
Too little care of this! Take physic, parishers,
Expose thyself to see what wretches feel;
That you mayst shew the superfluous to them,
And shed the heavens more just.

Edg. [Within.] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!

[The Fool runs out from the Howel]
KING LEAR

Scene IV.

FOOT. Come not in here, mnce, here's a spirit.

HOUD. My lord, help me.

KENT. Give me thy hand:—Who's there?

FOOT. A spirit, a spirit; he says his name's poor Tom.

KENT. What art thou that dost grumble there? I'll the straw!

Come forth.

Enter Edgar, disguised as a Madman.

EDG. Away! the foul fiend follows me!—Through the sharp Hawthorn blows the cold wind.—

Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

KENT. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters? And art thou come to this?

EDG. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flames, and not one soul to help him? Your names?—

EDG. Judicious Hill, and the Pawpaw. There

Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters! Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

LEAR. Death, traitor! nothing could have saved them! To such a lowness, but his uncompaid fathers. Should have thus little mercy on their flesh? Their tenderest punishment! this was this f oolish

These pelican daughters.

EDG. Pack, pack on pack, on pack, on pack!—

Hang fated over men's faults, light on thy daughters!—

EDG. The worst will turn us all to fools and madmen.

EDG. Take heed o' the foul fiend: obey thy parents, and be, as they are, wealthy; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; a love that thy sweet heart on proud array: Tom's a-cold.

LEAR. What hast thou been?

EDG. A laughing-man, proud in heart and mind: that cur'd his hair; wore gloves in his cap; served the list of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words; and bedded them in the sweet face of heaven one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and walked to do it: Wine loved I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramour'd the Turk: False of heart, light of ear, bloody of mind: Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in pity. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women: Keep the foot out; our broth, thy hand out of pockets; thy pen from lending's book; and defy the soul fiend:—Still through the hathorn blows the cold wind: Says sum, man, ha no no nymph, dolphin my boy, my boy, sess; 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 owst the very silk no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no pittance:—Is man more bastards?—Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—O, O, thou lendings!—Come, unbout, the burning of his Clothes.

Foot. Pr'ythee, mnce, be contented; this is 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 of his body cold.—Look, here comes a dancing gale.

EDG. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curlew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the barnyard-maws drink the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Sacred Wisdom—wrote the world;—

He met the night-mare, and her non-fold;

Neither cloth;

And her frock pluckt.

And around thee, witch, in round 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, have you arm'd your grace with no better company?

EDG. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water-frog in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend urges, eats cold from the cold bed; he soups the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing-pool; who is whipp'd from tything to tything, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned; who had three years to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,—

But more, and rats, and such small deer.

Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower.—Peace, Smolkin; peace, thou friend!—

GLO. Why, he hath your grace no better company?

EDG. The prince of darkness is a gentleman;

MODE he's call'd, and Mulo. He

GLO. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so wise,

That it doth hate what it gets.

EDG. Poor Tom's a-cold.

GLO. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer To obey in all your daughter's hard commands Though their injunction be to bar, to box, to send, To set a bound in your butt, and limit your seat. And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you Yet have I ventured to come seek you out, And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

LEAR. May I accept it?

GLO. What is the cause of thunder?

KENT. Good my lord, take his offer;

Go into the house.

LEAR. I'll talk a word with this same learned Théban.—

What is your study?

EDG. Here to prevent the fiend, and to kill err

LEAR. Let me ask you one word in private.

KENT. Importune him once more to go, my lord; his wits begin to un falsehoods.

GLO. Canst thou blame him? His daughters seek his death.—Ah, that good Kent!

He said it would be thus:—Poor banish'd man! Thou say'st, the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend, I am almost mad myself; I had a son, Now out in my mind, out on my blood; he taught my life, But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,— No father his son dearer: true to tell thee.

*Storm still continues.*

The grief hath craz'd my wits; What a night's thus! I do beseech your grace.—

LEAR. Noble philosopher, your company.

EDG. Tom's a-cold.

GLO. In, fellow, there, to the howel: keep thee warm.

KENT. Come, let's in all.

LEAR. This way, my lord.

KENT. With him; I will keep still with my philosopher.

KENT. Good my lord, soothe him; let him take the fellow.

GLO. Take him you on.

KENT. Scurry, come out; go along with us.

LEAR. Good Arabian.

*Disseases of the eye.

1 A saint said to protect his devotees called the night-mare.

2 Wild dogs, so called in various parts of England.

3 i.e. The water-bolt.

4 A tything is a division of a county.

5 Name of a spirit.

6 The chief devil.
KING LEAR.

ACT III.

SCENE V.—A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.

Cor. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Cor. I am percipient, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a work by a reprovable baseness 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 the detector!

Cor. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Cor. I shall, if I hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out why that father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [Aside.] If I find him comforting the king, it will stiff his suspicion more fully, I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Cor. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love.

[Exit.

SCENE VI.—A Chamber in a Farm-House, adjoining the Castle.

Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, FOOL, and EDGAR.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it the will, and put out the present comfort with what addition I can; I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatient.— The gods reward your kindness.

[Exit Gloster.

Edg. Frateretto calls me; and tells me, Nero is an angel in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Pr'ythee, uncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

 Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. Not; he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits Come hussing in upon them—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's cash.

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign them straight—

Come, sit thou here, most learned justice.

Edgar. To the Fool:—Now, you she-gooses—

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares!—

Wanted thy eyes at trial, madman! Come over the bearn? Bessy, to me—

Fool. Her hot butt a leak, And she must not speak When the dore and come over ther.

Edg. The foul fiend hunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Halpittance crees in Tom's belly for two white herrings. Crook not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd?

Will you be hewn down and rest upon the cushions? Lear. I'll see their trial first—bring in the evidence.

Thou rabid man of justice, take thy place:

[To Edgar.

And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, To the Fool.

Child is an old name for knight.

* Addressed to the Fool, who were anciently called In Scenius.

Brook, or skidlet.

Bench by his side:—You are of the commission, Sit you down, sir, and hear me! [To Kent.

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Sleazest, or walkest thou, Jolly shepherds? Thy sheep be in the corn;

And for one blast of thy minikin mouth, Thy sheep will take no harm.

Per' the Hapless Phare.

Lear. Araign her first; 'is Goneril, I here take my oath before this honorable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress; is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a jointed

Lear. And here's another, whose wap'd looks proclaim

What store her heart is made of,—Stop her there! Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption, in the place! False justice, why hast thou let her escape?

Edg. Blesse thy live wits!

Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now, That you so oft have heast to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much, They'll mar my counterfecting.

Lear. Have little dog of all—

Tray, Blanch, and sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them—

Avant, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white, Truth that pricks in' if it bite, Mostif, greyhound, mongrel grim, Hownd, or spainel, brace, or tym; Or boath fur, or brindle-fast; This will make them weep amain; For, with throwing thus my head, Dogs leap the hatches, and all are fient.

Do de, do de, Sessa, Come, march to wanks and fairs, and market towns:—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatopize Regan, see what breed's about her heart: Is there any cause in matter that makes these hard hearts?—You, sir, I entertain you for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments; you will say, they are Persian attire; but let them be changed.

Kent. Now, good my lord, he's here, and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains: So, so, so: We'll go to supper! the morning was dry.

To Edgar.

Kent. New, good my lord, he's here, and rest awhile.

Lear. Where is the litter ready? lay him in,

And drive towards Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master,

If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,

With thine, and all that offer to defend him,

Stand in armed boses. Take up, take up;

And follow me, that will with some provision

Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppress'd nature sleepes:

This rest might ye'd have bold'd thy broken sense,

Which, if convenience will not allow,

Stand in hard cure.—Help, come, to help thy master; Thou must not stay behind.

[To the Fool.

Glo. Come, come, away.

[Execunt KENT, GLOSTER, and the Fool, bearing off the King.

Edg. When give our better see hearing our woes, We scarcely thank our miseries less.

Who alone suffers, suffer most it the mind;

Leaving free thins, and happy shows, behind;

But the vast and many much sufferance doth over pass

When grief hath mates, and bearing fellow sorrow.

How light and portable my pain seems now,

* A bloodhound.
When that which makes me bend, makes the king bow;
He chills, as I father'd!—Tom, away:
Mark the high noises; and thryself bewray.
When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles the
In thy just proof, repeals, and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-morrow, safe 'scape the king!
Lurk, lurk. [Exit.]

SCENE VII.—A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Goneril, Edmund, and
Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord, your husband; show him this letter:—the army of France is landed. Seek out the villain Gloster.

[Execute 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 revenues we are bound to take upon your traitor father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most estimable preparation: we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift, and intelligenced, betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister;—farewell, my lord of Gloster.

[Execute Steward.

How now! Where's the king!
Stew. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence; no news.

Some five or six and thirty of his knights.

Hot questrers! after him, met him at gate;
Who, with some other of the lord's dependants. Are gone with him towards Dover, where they beat To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

[Exit Goneril and Edmund.

Corn. Edmund, farewell.—Go, seek the traitor Gloster.

Finion him like a thief, bring him before us:

[Execute 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 better be in the least control. Who's there? The traitor.

Re-enter Servants, with Gloster.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'Tis he.

Glo.Bind fast his corky arms.

Glo. What mean your graces!—Good my friends, counsel friends.

You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.


Hard—no!—a filthy traitor! Glo. Unmerciably lord as you are, I am none.

Corn. To this chair bind him:—Villain, thou shall find— [Regan plucks his Beard.

Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done,
To pluck me by the beard. Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Corn. Naughty lady, These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin, Will quicken! and accuse thee: I am your host;
With robber's hands, my hospitable favors? You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Cope, sir, what letters had you late from France!

Reg. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.
Corn. And that confederacy have you with the traitors

Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king!

Speak. Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart, And not from one oppos'd. Corn. 

Cuming. And false. Reg.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. To Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at thy peril— Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him first answer that.

Glo. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister In his appointed flesh stick burning brand The sea, with such a storm as his bare head In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up, And quench'd the stelli'd fires; yet, poor old heart, He holp the heavens to rain.

If wolves had at thy gate how'd that stern time

Thou shouldst have said, Good porter, turn the key; All curses else subscribed:—But I shall see. The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See it shall thou never—Fovels, hold the chain. Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

[Gloster is held down in his Chair, while Cornwall plucks out one of his Eyes, and strikes his Foot on it.

Glo. He, that wilt thank to live till he be old,
Give me some help:—O cruel! O ye gods!
Reg. One side will mock another; the other too, Corn. If you see vengeance,

Serr. Hold your hand, my lord: I have serv'd you ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you, Than now I do, Reg. How now, you dog?

Serr. If you did wear a beard upon your chin, I'd shake it on this quarrel! What do you mean? Corn. My villain! [Drags and rattens at him.

Serr. Nay, then come on, and take the chance of anger.

[Drags. They fight.

Corn. Where's the wound, Regan? Come, let it be seen. Serr. 0, I am slain!—My lords, you have one eye left To see some mischief on him:—0! [Dies. Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it:—Out, vile jelly! Where is thy lustre now? [Tear out Gloster's other Eye, and throws it on the Ground.

Glo. All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son Edmund? Edmund, unkindle all the sparks of nature, To quench this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treach'rous villain! Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he That made the o'erture of thy treasons to us; Who is too good to pity thee. Glo. O my follies! Then Edgar was abused— Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him! Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell His way to Dover.—How isn't, my lord? How look you?

Corn. I have received a hurt:—Follow me, lady,

Turn out that eyeless villain: throw this slave Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace:— Untimely comes this hurt: Give me your arm. [Exit Cornwall, led by Regan.—Servants Assist Gloster, and lead him out.

1 Serr. I'll never care what wickedness I do, If this man comes to good.

2 Serr. If she live long, And, in the end, meet the old course of death, Women will all turn monsters.

1 Serr. Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam? To lead him whither he would; his rogish madness Allows itself to any thing.

2 Serr. Go thou; I'll fetch some flax, and whites Corn. eggs, To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him! [Execute severally.

--- Starred.

Yielded, submitted to the necessity of the occasion.

Requisite. —Laid open.

Bedlamite, madman.
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Death.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be contemned, Than still contemned and flattered. To be worst, The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune, Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear: The lamentable change is from the best; The worse returns to laughter. Welcome, then, Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace! The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst, Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here!

Enter Gloster, led by an Old Man.

My father, poorly led!—World, world, O world! But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee, Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good lord, I have been your tenant and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, begone: Thy comforts do me no good at all, Their they may hurt. Old Man. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes; I stumbled when I saw: Full oft 'tis seen, Our mean secrecies; and our mere defects, Broke on our companions.—Ah, dear son Edgar, The fool of thy abused father's wrath! Might I but live to see thee in my touch, I had recorded my eyes again.

Old Man. How now! Who's there?

Edg. [Aside] O gods! Who is't can say, I am at the worst.

I am worse than ever I was.

Tis poor mad Tom. Edg. [Aside] And worse I may be yet: The worst is not, So long as we can say, This is the worst.

Old Man. Fellow, where goest? Glo. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.

Edg. I have the last night's storm I such a fellow saw; Which made me think a man a worm: My son Came then into my mind; and yet my mind Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard more since: As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods; They kill us for their sport.

Edg. How should this be?

Bad is the trade must play the fool to sorrow, Ang'ring itself and others. [Aside.]—Bless thee, master!

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Then, pray thee, get thee gone: If, for my sake, Thou wilt overtake us, hence a mile or twain, I' the way to 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's mad.

Glo. Tis the time's plague, when madmen lead the blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure; Above all, thou, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'pale' that I have, Come on what will. [Exit.]

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom, his a-cold: I cannot doubt it further.


Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and footway; Both Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits: Bless the good man from the foul head! Five fates have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, of Oldbrat, Hobbidobner, prince of dumness; Made, if he stumbles: More, of murder; and Fuller's-tigbbed, of mopping and mussing: who since possesseth chamber-maids and waiting-women. So bless thee, master!

1 In hea.

2 [Aside.]

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heavens' plagues Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched, Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal so still! Let the superfluous, and lust-deited man, That slays your ordinance, that will not see Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly; And so distribution should undo excess, And each man have enough.—Dost thou know Dover?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head Looks fearfully in the confined deep: Bring me but to the very brink of it, And I'll repair the misery thou dost hear, With something rich about me: from that place I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm; Poor Tom shall lead thee. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Before the Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter General and Edmund; Steward meeting them.

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel, my mild husband.

Not met us on the way:—Now, where's your man?

Stew. Madam, within; but never man so changed: I told him of the army that was landed; He smil'd at it: I told him you were coming: His answer was, The source; of Gloster'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 to him: What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no further.

[To Edmund.]

It is the cowish terror of his spirit, That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs, Which thelie to an answer: Our wishes, on the way, May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother: 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; [Giving a Facer.]

Decline your head: this kiss, if it throst 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 Gloster! [Exit Edmund.]

0, the difference of man, and man! To thee A woman's services are due; my fool Usurps my bed.

Stew. Madam, here comes my lord. [Exit Steward.

Enter Albany.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle? Alb. O General

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind Blows in your face,—I fear your disposition: That nature, which contains its origin, Cannot be border'd in the business: She that herself will sive and disbranch From her material sap, perforce must wither And come to deadly use. Alb. The most is foolish.

0, the virule of the vile seem vile; Fitt's door but themselves. What have you done? Tigers, not daunted what have you perform'd! A father, and a gracious aged man: Whose reverence the head-leg'd bear would lick, Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you madd'd and roar'd, and made me other suffer: you to do it! A man, a prince, by him so benefitted! If that the heavens do not their visible spirits 1 1. Our wishes on the road may be completed. 2 Worth calling for. 3 Tear ed.
Scene IV. KING LEAR.

Send quickly down to tame these vile offences, Th' imperial house. Humanity must perforce prey on itself, Like monsters of the deep.

Gent. Milk-liver'd man! They starv'd a cheek for blood, and put a head for wrongs; Who hath not in thy brows an eye discerning Thine honor from thy suffering; that not know'st Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd! See they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum?

France spreads his banners in our noiseless land; With plumed helm thy slander becometh threats, With them, a moral fool, 'tis still, and cry'st, 

Alack! why does he so?

Alb. See thyself, devil! Proper deformity seems not in the field
So horrid, as in woman.

Gent. O vain fool!

Alb. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for Men, she.

Re-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness To let these hands obey my blood, They are apt enough to disolute and tear Thy flesh and bones—How'er thou art a fiend, A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gent. Marry, thy manhood now!

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news!

Mess. O, my good lord, the duke of Cornwall's dead!

Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloster.

Alb. Gloster's eyes!

Mess. A servant that he bred, thril'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword To his great master; who, threat enrag'd, Flew on him, and amongst them kill'd him dead: But not without that harmful stroke, which since Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our mother crimes So speedily can ven're!—But, O poor Gloster! Lost he his other eye?

Mess. Both, both, my lord.—

This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer; 'Tis from your sister.

Gent. [Aside.] One way I like this well; But as a widow, and my Gloster with her, May all the building in my fancy pluck Upon my hateful lie: Another way, The news is not so tart—I'll read, and answer.

[Exit.]

Alb. Where was his son, when they did take his eyes?

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wretchedness!

Mess. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd against him; And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloster, I live To thank thee for the love thou show'st the king, And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend, Tell me what more thou knowest. [Exit.]

Scene III.—The French Camp near Dover. Enter Kent and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the king of France is so suddenly come back, know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state, Which since his coming forth is thought of; which Imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger, That his personal return was most required, And necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The Marshal of France. Monsieur le Feu. Did you not perceive the queen to any demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my presence;

And now and then an ample tear trill'd down Her delicate check: it seem'd, she was a queen Over her passion; who, most rebel-like, Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.

Gent. Not to a race: patience and sorrow strowe Who should express her goodness. You have seen Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears Were like a better day:Those happy smiles, That play'd on her fair visage, seem'd to know What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence, Asparris from diamonds dropp'd;—in brief, sorrow Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all Could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question!

Gent. Faith, once, or twice, she hear'd the name of Father. Faintingly forth, as if she press'd her heart; Cried, Sisters! sisters!—Shame of ladies! sisters! Kent! father? sisters? What? the storm? the night?

Let pity not be believ'd;—There she shook The holy water from her heavenly eyes, And clamor modestly then away she started To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars, The stars above us, govern our conditions Else one sole mate and mate could not beget Such different issues, You spok'd not with her since! Gent. No. Kent. Was this before the king return'd! Gent. No, since. Kent. Well, sir; the poor distress'd Lear is in the town: Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers What we are come about, and by no means Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good sir! Kent. A sovereign shame so elongus him: his own unkindness That strip'd her from his beneficence, turn'd her To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things stung His mind so ven'mously, that burning shame Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman! Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you have not heard yet.

Gent. 'Tis so; they are about.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear, And leave you to attend him; some dear cause Will in equity wrap me up awhile; When I am known aright, you shall not grieve Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go Along with me. [Exeunt.]

Scene IV.—The same. A Tent. Enter CORDELLA, Physician, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even now As mad as the vox'd sea: singing aloud; Crown'd with rank fustian, and furrowed streets, With harlots' hems, nettles, cumber-some flowers, Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth; Search every acre in the high-born field, And bring him to our eye. [Exit an Officer.]

What can man's wisdom do, In the restoring his bequeasen sense! He, that helps him, take all my outward worth. Why, there is means, madam: Our foster-nurse of nature is repose, The which he lacks; that to provoke him, Are many single operable, whose power Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All bless'd secrets, All you un publish'd virtues of the earth, Spring in their tears, is thy aidant, and mediate, In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek for him; Lost his ungenerate rage dissolve the Life That means the want to lead us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Madam, news; The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands In expectation of them—O dear father, is thy last, your let us that I go about; Therefore great France My mourning, and important tears, hath pitied. No blow'n ambition doth our arms incite, • Discourse, conversation. • Dispositions. • Fumitory. • Charlocks. • Importunate. • Inflated, swelling. •
KING LEAR.

Act IV.

Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: The murmuring
Surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high:—I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the delicious sight
Topple downheadlong.

Glo. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand: You are now within a foot
Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, is another purse; in it a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: Fairies, and gods,
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off; bid me here well, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well, good sir. [Seems to go.

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why do I trifle thus with his despair,
Is done to cure it.

Glo. O you mighty gods!

This world I do renounce; and, in your sights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off!
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with my great opposeless wills,
My soul's lost loathing; part of nature, should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!—
Now fellow, fare thee well.

[He leaps, and falls along.

Edg. Gone, sir! farewell. —
And yet I know not how concert may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft: Had he been where he thought,
By this, had he thought been past,—Alive, or dead! 
Ho, you sir! friend!—Hear you! sir!—speak.
Thus might he pass indeed?—Yet he revives:
What are you, sir?—

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer,
Frathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Then hast'st shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe;

Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art sound.
Ten masts of each make not the altitude,
Which thou hast perpendicularity fell;
Thy life's a miracle: Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fallen, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn;
Look up a-height;—the shill-gorged lark so far
Cannot have seen or heart: do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes—
Is wretchedness deprav'd that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm:

Up;—So!—How isn't? Feel you your legs? You stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangethness.
Upon the crown 'o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought, his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns which he led and waved like the curdled sea;
It was some fiend: Therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them heard.

Of men's impossibilities, have preserve thee.

Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itself.

Edg. Enough, enough, and ever, That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man: often would they say,
The fiend, the fiend: he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts,—But who comes here?

Enter LEAN, fantastically dressed up with

Flowers.

The safer sense will never accommodate
His master thus.

1 Her cock-boat.
2 Thus might he die in reality.
3 Shill-throated.
4 Twisted, convoluted.
5 The purest.
Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coming; I am the king himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight! Whate'er there's in that sight respect.—There's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper; draw me a clothier's yard,—Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace,—this piece of toasted clotted cream was mine; but I'll myself put it on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills.—O, well flown. — bird!—t the clout, t the clout: hewh!—

Give the words?

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Gentleii,—with a white beard!—The fletch of my hair and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To say ay, and no, to every thing I said!—Ay and no too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found them, there they smell them out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie: I am not ague-posed.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remember: Is't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king: When I do scarce, see, how the subject quakes. I pardon that man's life; what was thy cause?—

Adultery.— Thou shalt not die: Die for adultery! No: The web 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 God's own disobedient. To't, luxury, bell-mell, for I lack soldiers.— Behold you simpering dame, Whose face between her forks presages snow; That minecruel virtue, and does shake the head To hear of pleasure's name; The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to'—

Go, more righteous spirit. Down from the waist they are centaurs, Though women all above; But to the griddle do the gods inherit. Beneath is all the head's; there's hell, there's darkness.

There is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption:—Fie, fie, fie! pah! pah! Give me an ounce of eyew, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination: there's money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Glo. You couldn't piece of nature! This great world Shall so wear out to naught—Dost thou know me! Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squint at me? No, doth thy blind, blinder Cupid; I'll not so love. and thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it.

Glo. We were all the letters suns, I could not see one. Edg. I would not take this from report—is it, And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, bo, are you there with me! No eyes in you to money in no 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 your simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: change places; and, hungrily, which is the justice, which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar.

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creation run from the cur! There thou might'st behold the great image of authority: a dog's overy'd in office.

Thou rascal bende, hold thy bloody hand;
Why dost thou lash that where! Strip thy own back; Thou holy lust'st to use her in that kind For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozen.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear; Robes, and for'd gowns, hide all. Plate sin with gold, And the hard glance of justice hurtles breakless. Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it. None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll dissemble: Take that of me, my friend, who have the power. Get thee glass eyes; And, like a scurvy politician, see To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now, now, Pull off my boots:—harder, harder; so.

Edg. O, matter and impiertinence wax'd! Reason in madness!

Lear. I'll then will steep my fortunes, take my eyes.

I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster. Thou must be patient; we came crying bitter. Thou keepest the first time that we smell the air. We waw, and cry.—I will preach to thee; mark me.

Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are both, we cry, that we are come

To this great stage of fools: —This a good block? It was a delicate stratagem: to show A troop of horse with will, I'll put it in proof; And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law, Thou kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is; lay hand upon him.—Sir, Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue! What, a prisoner! I am even The manage of a foot; if I should come well; You shall have ransoms. Let me have a surgeon, I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds! All myself! Why, this would make a man a man of salt, To use his eyes for garden water-pots, Ay, and for laying autumn's doct.

Gent. Good sir.—

Lear. I will die bravely, like a brudgeyon: What! I will be jovial; come, come; I am a king, My masters, know you that! Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you. Lear. Then there's life in it. Nay, an you get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, so.

[Exit, running; Attendants follow.]

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch; Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast one daughter, Who retains not nature from the general curse Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: What's your will? Edg. Do you hear, sair, of a lately toward

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar; every one hears that,

Which can distinguish round.

Edg. But by your favor, How near's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot; the main desery Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir; that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is here. Her army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thank you, sir. [Exit Gent.]

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me; Let not my worser spirit tempt me again To die before you please.

Edg. Well pray you, father. Glo. Now, good sir, what are you! Edg. A most poor man, made tame by fortune's loves; Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrors, Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand, I'll lead you to some biding.

Glo. Heartly thanks: The bounty and the benizons of heaven To boot, and boot!
Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy! That eyeless head of thine was first framed flesh To raise the fortunes—Thou old unkind traitor, Briefly thou remember:—The sword is out That must destroy thee.

Cor. New let thy friendly hand Put strength enough to it. [Exit Steward.

Stew. Wherefore, bold peasant, Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence! Let him, the vast infection of his fortune take Like hold on thee. Let him go his arm. Edg. Ch'ill not let go, sir, without further cusion. Stew. Let go, slay, or thou diest. Edg. Good greatness, go: I go, and let poor folk pass. And ch'ill has been swagger'd out of my life, 'twould not ha' been so long as 'tis by a vortight. Nay, come not near the old man; keep out, shall not be thy worthy costard, or my bat be harder; Ch'ill be plain with you.

Stew. Out, duns hil! Edg. Ch'ill pick your teeth, sir; Come; no matter var thy bolts.

[They fight; and Edgar knocks him down. Stew. Slay, thou hast lain down:—Villain, take a purgative.

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body; And give the letters, which thou find'st about me, To Edmund earl of Gloster: seek him out Upon the British party:—O, unthinkingly! [Dies. Edg. I know thee well: a serviceable villain; As dutiful to the vices of your mistress, As goodness would desire. What, is he dead? Edg. Sit you down, father: reet you.—— Let's see his pockets: these letters, that he speaks of, May be my friends. He's dead: I am only sorry He had no other death's man.——Let us see: Leave, genteel wax; and, manners, blame us not: To know your enemies' minds, we'd rip up their hearts; Their papers, is more lawful. [Reads.] Let our reciprocal rates be remembered. You have many opportunities to eat him up: if you'll well eat not, time and place will be fredifully effect. There is nothing there, if he retrench: That's more the prisoner, and his bed may stand; from the burnt warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labor. Your ease, (so I would say,) and your affectionate service,

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will! A plot upon her virtuous husband's life; And the exchange, my brother!—Here, in the sands, Th' shall take care; the post unsanctified Of murderous leechers; and, in the mature time, With this ungracious paper strike the sight Of the death-practis'd duke: For him 'tis well, That of the time is such. There is nothing there, if he retrench: That's more the prisoner, and his bed may stand; from the burnt warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labor. Your ease, (so I would say,) and your affectionate service,

General.

Reciter Edgar.

Edg. Give me your hand; Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum. Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend. [Exit.

SCENE VII.—A Tent in the French Camp.

Lear on a Bed, astir; Physician, Gentleman, and others attending. Enter Cordelia and Kent. Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live, and what shall I do?

To match thy goodness? My life will be too short, And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'erpaid. All my reports go with the modrest truth; Nor more, nor cliptly, but so.

Cor. Be better suited: I'll cover thee (the dead steward) in the sands.

These weeds are memories of those worder hours; I pr'ythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam; Yet to be known, shorten my immortal: My boon I make it, that you know me not, Till time and I think meet.

Cor. This is not, so, my good lord.——How does Your Majesty to the king? [To the Physician.

Phys. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods, Care this great breach, his abused nature! Th't unturned and jarring senses, O, wind up, Of this child-changed father! Phys. So please your majesty, That we may make the season! He hath slept long. Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd? Kent. Ay, madam: in the heaviness of his sleep, We put fresh garments on him.

Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him; I doubt not of his temperance. Cor. Very well.

Phys. Please you, draw near.—Louden the music there.

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration, hang Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters Have in thy reverence made! Kent. Kind and dear princess! Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flukes Had challenge'd pity of them. Was this a face To be engage against the new warning? To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder? In the most terrible and mumble stroke Of quick, cross lightning? to watch [poor perd!] With this the hand? Mine enemy's dog, Though he had bit me, should have stood that night Against my fire; And wast thou soon, father, To bore him with swine, and rages forborn, Short, heavy mutton cawl! Ah, think, sheaves! Tis wonder, that thy life and ways at once Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him. Phys. Health, man, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord! How fares your majesty! Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the grave:— Thon art a soul in bliss; but I am bound Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears Do cool like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me? Lear. You are a spirit, I know: When did you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide! Phys. He scarce awake; let him alone awhile. Lear. Where have I been!—Where am I!—Fair day-light!— I am mightily abused,—I should even die with pity, To see a father thus, and know not what to say,— I will not swear, these are my hands;—let's see; I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were assured Of my condition. Cor. O, look upon me, sir, And hold your hands in benediction o'er me.— No, sir, you must not kneel. Lear. Pray, do not mock me: I am a very foolish fond old man, Four-score, and upwards; and, to deal plainly, I fear, I am not in my perfect mind. Methinks 'should she look on you, and how this man; Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant What place this is; and all the skill I have Remembers not these garments; nor I know not Where I did lodge last night: Do not laugh at me. For, as I am a man, I think this lady To be my child Cordelia.

Lear. Be your tears wet! Yes, faith. I pray, weep not: If you have poison for me, I will drink it. You do not love me; for your sisters Have, as I do remember: I done me wrong. You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause. Lear. Am I in France?

[The alkaus is to the forlorn hope in an army, called in French, enfans perdus. This covering of hair
ACT V. SCENE III. KING LEAR. 697

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir, Lear. Do not abuse me! Phys. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
You see, is cured in him; and yet it is danger
To make him rue the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,
Till further settling.
Cor. Will not please your highness walk! Lear.
[Exeunt Lear, Cordelia, Physician, and Attendants.
Kent. Who is conductor of his people? Kent.
As 'tis said
The bastard son of Gloucester.
Kent. 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 o' the kingdom Approach apace.
Kent. The arbitration is like to be a bloody.
Fare you well, sir, [Exit. Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly writ.
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 Drums and Colors, Edmund, Regan, Officers, Soldiers, and others. Edm. Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold, Or, whether since he is advis'd by augury To move the course of Fortune, or of war, And self-apposing: — Bring his constant pleasure.5
[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 honor'd love.
Reg. But have you never found my brother's way To the forlorned place?
Edm. That thought abuses you.
Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct And bosom'd with her, as far as we call her. Edm. No, by mine honor, madam.
Reg. I never shall endure her; Dear my lord, Be not familiar with her.
Edm. Fear me not: —
She, and the duke her husband, —
Enter Albany, Goneril, and Soldiers.
Con. I had rather lose the battle, than that sister Should loosen him and me. [Aside. Alb. Our very loving sister, well be met,— Sir, this I hear,—The king is come to his daughter, With others, whom the rigor of our state Forced to cry out. Where I could not be honest, I never yet was valiant: for this business, It toucheth us as France invades our land. Not hinder the king: with others, whom, I fear, Most just and heavy causes make oppose.6
Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.
Reg. Why is this reason'd? —
Con. Combine together 'gainst the enemy: For these domestic and particular broils Are not to question here.
Alb. Let us then determine With the ancient of war on our proceedings. Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent. Reg. Sister, you'll go with us! Con. No, Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.
Con. O, ho, I know the riddle: [Aside.] I will go. As they are going out, enter Edgar, disguised. Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor, Hear me one word. Alb. I'll overtake you.—Speak. [Exeunt Edmund, Regan, General Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants. Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter. If you have victory, let the trumpet sound For him that brought it: wretched though I seem, 4 To record it to his apprehension.
* His settled resolution. 5 Forbidden.
* Imposition on you. 6 E. G. Emboldens him.
* Opposition
KING LEAR.

Act V.

Leat. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I
not thrown thee?
He that parts us, shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire to his, like flocks. Wipe their eyes;
The goutiers shall devour them, flesh and all;
Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see them
spear first.

Edm. About it: and write happy, when thou hast done.
Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so,
As live set it down.

Edm. I'll not draw a cart, nor eat dried oaths;
If it be man's work, I will do it. [Exit Officer.

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, OFFICERS,
And Attendants.

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant
strife,
And fortune led you well: You have the captives,
Who were the opposites of this day's strife;
We do require of you; so to use them,
As 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 place of rest, to be answered to;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impressed fancies in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the
queen;
My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time,
We sweat, and bleed: the friend hath lost his
friend,
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness—

The question of Cordelia, and her father,
Requires a fitter place.

Alb. By your patience, I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Edm. That's as we list to grace him,
Met with our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;
Hire the commission of my place and person;
The which immediacy may well stand up,
And cut off your bonds.

Gon. Not so hot;
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your advancement.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.
Gon. That were the most, if he should husband you.


Gon. I'll Hollos, Hollos! That eye, that told you so, look'd but a squint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach.—General,
Take thou thy soldiers, prisoners, patronage;
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine:
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Edm. Mean you to enjoy him?
Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.
Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title
thine.

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason—Edmund, I arrest
On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,
This gilded serpent: [Pointing to GON.]—for your
claim, fair sir.

Edm. Sir, to-day, in a wild'd prison, packets and sects of great ones,
This o'er, and flaw by the moon.

Take them away.

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 Globe.]

Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O, sick!
Gon. If not, I'll me'er trust poison.

Edm. There's my exchange: [Throwing down a Globe.] 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 honor firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald!

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. This sickness grows upon me.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.

Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.

Giff. Sound trumpet. [A Trumpet sounds.

Herald reads.

If any man of quality, or degree, within the
lists of the army, will maintain upon Edmund,
supposed Earl of Gloucester, that he is a manifold
traitor, let him appear at the third sound of the
trumpet: He is held in his defence.

Edm. Sound.

[Trumpet.

Herm. Again.

[2 Trumpet.

Herm. Again.

[3 Trumpet.

[Trumpet answers within.

Enter Edgar, armed, preceded by a Trumpet.

Alb. Ask him his purpose, why he appears
Upon this call of the trumpet.

Herm. What are you?
Alb. Your name, your quality; and why you answer
This present summons?

Edg. Know, my name is lost
By treason's tooth bare-grawn, and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble, as the adversary
I came to cope with.

Alb. Which is that adversary?
Edg. What's he, that speaks for Edmund earl of
Gloucester!

Edm. Himself:—What say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword! That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.
Behold it is the privilege of mine honors,
My oath, and my profession: I protest,—
Maugref thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,

* Alluding to the proverbs: "Love being jealous makes good eye look a-squint."

* i.e. A Valor.

Notwithstanding.
Scene III.  
KING LEAR.  

Despite thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,  
Thy valor, and thy heart,—thou art a traitor:  
Father thy gods, thy buried; and thy father:  
Conspiring 'gainst this high illustrious prince;  
And, from the extremest upward of thy head,  
To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,  
A more than head-secret traitor.  
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent  
To prove upon thy heart, whereof I speak,  
Thou liest.  

Edg.  
In wisdom, I should ask thy name;  
But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,  
And that my tongue some say's of breathing breathes,  
What safe and nicely I might well delay  
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:  
Back dash these tears to the head;  
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;  
Which (for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,)  
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,  
Where they shall rest forever,—Trumpets, speak.  
[Alarums. They fight. EDGUM falls.  

Ab.  
O save him, save him!  

Gent.  
This is more practice.  

Clar.  
By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to answer  
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,  
But cozen'd and beguil'd.  

Edm.  
Shut your mouth, dame,  
Or with this paper shall I stop it:—Hold, sir;  
Thou wiser than any name, read thine own evil:—  
No tearing, lady: I perceive you know it.  

[Reads the Letter to Edmond.  

Gent.  
Say, if I do: the laws are none, nor thine:  
Who shall arrange thee for?  

Ab.  
Most monstrous!  

Know'st thou this paper?  

Gent.  
Ask me not what I know.  

[Exeunt Gentleman.  

Edm.  
Go after her: she's desperate; govern her.  

Edm.  
What have you charged me with, that I have done?  
And more, much more: the time will bring it out;  
'Tis past, and so are I: But what art thou,  
That hast this fortune on me? If thou art noble,  
I do forgive thee.  

Edg.  
Let's exchange charity.  
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmond;  
If more, the more howest wrong't me.  
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.  
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices  
Make instruments to scarce us.  
The dark and vicious place where thee get,  
Cost him his eyes.  

Edm.  
Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;  
The villain has come full circle; I am here.  
Ab.  
Methought, thy very gait did prophesy  
A royal nobleness,—I must embrace thee;  
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever  
Did hate thee, or thy father!  

Edm.  
I know it well.  

Ab.  
Where have you hid yourself?  
How have you known the miseries of your father?  

Edg.  
By nursing them, my lord.—List a brief tale:—  

And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!—  
The bloody proclamation to escape,  
That follow'd me so near. (O, our lives' sweetness!  
That with the pain of death we'd hourly die,  
Rush never an hour since I taught you to shift  
Into a mad-man's rags; to assume a semblance  
That very dogs disdain'd; and in this habit  
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,  
Their precious stones new lost: hence his guide,  
Led him, bezir'd for him, sav'd him from despair;  
Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,  
Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,  
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,  
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last  
Told him my pilgrimage: but his law'd heart,  
(Alack, too weak the conflict to support!)  
Twixt two extremities of passion, joy and grief,  
 Burst surpassingly.  

Edm.  
This says of yours hath mov'd me,  
And shall, perchance, do good: but speak you on;  
You look as if you had something more to say.  

Edg.  
If there be more, more woeful, hold it in,  
For I am almost ready to dissolve,  
Hearing of this.  

Edg.  
This would have seem'd a period  
To such as love not sorrow; but another,  
To amplify too much, would make much more,  
And top extremity.  
Whilst I was big in clamor, came there a man,  
Who having seen me in my worst estate,  
Shunn'd my abhorred secret: but then, finding  
Who 'twas that so endured, with his strong arms  
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out  
As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father;  
Told the most plausible tale of Lear and him,  
That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting,  
His grief grew pious, and the strings of life  
Began to crack: Twice then the trumpet sounded,  
And there I left him transe'd.  
But who was this?  

Edg.  
Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise  
Follow'd his enemy, 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?  

Edg.  
What means that bloody knife?  

Gent.  
'Tis hot, it smokes;  

It came even from the heart of  

Ab.  
Who, man? speak.  

Gent.  Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister  
By her is poison'd; she confesses it.  

Edm.  
I was contracted to them both; all three  
Now marry in an instant.  

Produc'their bodies, he Ye alive or dead!—  
This judgment of the heavens, that makes us  
Tremble. Touches us not with pity.  

[Exit Gentleman.  

Enter Kent.  

Edg.  
Here comes Kent, sir,—  

Ab.  O! it is he.  

The time will not allow the compliment,  
Which very manners urges.  

Kent.  
I am come  
To bid my master and master Aye® good-night;  
Is he not here?  

Edm.  
Great thing of us forgot!—  

Speak, Edmund, where's the king! and where's  
Cordelia!—  

Seest thou this man, Kent?  

[The Body of Goneril and Regan are brought in.  

Kent.  
Alack, why thus!  

Edm.  
Yet Edmund was belov'd:  

The one the other poison'd for my sake,  
And after slew herself.  

Edm.  
Even so—Cover their faces,  

Edm.  
I pant for life:—some good I mean to do,  
Despite of none 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.  

Edm.  
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.  

Ab.  
Haste thee, for thy life.  

[Exit Edgar.  

Edm.  
He hath commission from thy wife and me  
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and  
To lay the blame upon her own despair,  
That she for'd herself.  

Edm.  
Thou dost defend her! Bear him hence awhile.  

[EDMUND IS Borne off.  

Enter Lear, with Cordelia dead in his Arms;  
Edgar, Officer, and others.  

Lear.  
How! how! how! how!—O, ye are men of stones:  
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so  
That heaven's vault should crack:—O, she is gone  
For ever!—  

I know when one is dead, and when one lives;  
She's dead as earth:—Lend me a looking-glass;  

[For ever.  

Dmy destroyed herself.
Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.

KENT. That's but a trifle here.

EDG. You lords and noble friends, know our intent;

What comfort to this great decay may come,

Shall be applied: For us, we will resign,

During the life of this old majesty,

To him our absolute power:—You to your rights;

KENT. With boot, and such addition as your honors

Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste

The wages of their virtue, and all foes

The cup of their deserving.—O, see, see!

LEAR. Cordelia, that my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life:

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,

And thou no breath at all? O, thou wilt come no more,

Never, never, never, never, never!—

Pray you, undo this button: Thank you, sir,—

Do you see this? Look on her,—look,—her lips,—

Look there, look there!—

[He dies.

LEAR. He faints!—My lord, my lord.—

KENT. Break, heart; I pr'ythee, break!

[To EDGAR and KENT.

LEAR. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him,

That would upon the rack of this tough world

Stretch him out longer.

KENT. That wonder is, he hath endured so long;

He but usurp'd his life.

ALB. Bear them hence.—Our present business

Is general woe. Friends of my soul, you twain

Rule in this realm, and the good state sustain.

KENT. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;

My master calls, and I must not say, no.

ALB. The weight of this sad time we must obey;

Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say,

The oldest hath borne most: we, that are young,

Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[Exit, with a dead marge.]
ROMEO AND JULIET.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ESCALES, Prince of Verona.
PARIS, a young Nobleman, Kinsman to the Prince.
MONTAGUE, i Peaks of Two Houses at variance
CAPLETS, i with letters other.
AN old Man, Uncle to Capulet.
ROMEO, Son to Montague.
MERCUTIO, Kinsman to the Prince, and Friend to
Romeo.
BENVOLIO, Nephew to Montague, and Friend to
Romeo.
TYRALT, Nephew to Lady Capulet.
FRIAR LAURENCE, a Franciscan.
FRIAR JOHN, of the same Order.
BALTHAZAR, Servant to Romeo.
SAMSON, a Servant to Montague.
GREGORY, i Servants to Capulet.

SCENE, during the greater Part of the Play, in Verona; once, in the fifth Act, at Mantua.

PROLOGUE.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-crossed lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd pITEOUS overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.

The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, naught could remove:
Is now the two-hours' traffic of our stage;
The which, if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Public Place.

Enter Sampson and Gregory, armed with Swords
and Bucklers.

SAM. Gregory, o't my word, we'll not carry coals;
SAM. No, for then we should be colliers.
SAM. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.
SAM. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.
SAM. I strike quickly, being moved.
SAM. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.
SAM. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.
SAM. To move, is—to stir; and to be valiant, is—to
stand to it: therefore, if thou art moved thou
run'st away.
SAM. A dog of that house shall move me to
stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid
of Montague's.
SAM. That shows thee a weak slave; for the
weakest goes to the wall.
SAM. True; and therefore, women, being the
weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall:—therefore
I will push Montague's men from the wall,
and thrust his maid to the wall.
SAM. The quarrel is between our masters, and
us their men.
SAM. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant:
when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel
with the maids; I will cut off their heads.
A phrase formerly in use, to signify the bearing injuries.

GRE. The heads of the maids!
SAM. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-
heads; take it in what sense thou wilt.
GRE. They must take it in sense, that feel it.
SAM. Me they shall feel, while I am able to
stand: and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of flesh.
GRE. 'Tis well, thou art not fish; if thou hast
thou hast been poor John. 2 Draw thy tool; here
comes two of the house of the Montagues.

Enter Abram and Balthazar.

SAM. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will
back thee.
GRE. How! turn thy back, and run?
SAM. Fear me not.
GRE. No, marry: I fear thee!
SAM. Let us take the law of our sides; let them
begin.
GRE. I will frown as I pass by; and let them
take it as they list.
SAM. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at
them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear
it.
ABRAM. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?
SAM. I do bite my thumb, sir.
ABRAM. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?
SAM. Is the law on our side, if I say—ay?
GRE. No.
SAM. No, sir: I do not bite my thumb at you,
sir: but I bite my thumb, sir.
EOMEO

Ah no, [I keylight.

Enter BENVOLIO, at a distance.

That streets, Cast and On not good If CamkoiM

As By came While He to Have thee, La. Abr. Abr. Sam. Sam. Cit. Sam. manage Clubs I clubs.

Enter TYBALT.

That, what art thou drawn among these heart-less hands.

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon that 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 Partizans of both Houses, who Join and Fight them for Citizens with Clubs.

Cid. Clubs, bills, and partizans! 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 come, and flours his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain, Capulet! — Hold me not, let me go!

La. Mon. Thou shall not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince, with Attendants.

Prin. Reliquions subjects, enemies to peace, Proflhers of this neighbor-stained seat,— Will they not hear! — what, ho! you men, you beasts,

That quake with the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins, On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mischievous weapons to the ground,
And give the sentence of your moved prince.

Three civil brawls, bred of an arvy word, By thee, old Capulet and Montague,
Have three disturbed the quiet of our streets; And the venomous wit of your ancient city Cast by their grave becommg ornaments, To yield old partizans; in hands as old, Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate.

If ever you disturb our streets again, Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.

For this time, all the rest depart away:
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon, To know our further pleasure in this ease, To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.

Once more, on pain of death, all men depart. — Exeunt Prince and Attendants; CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, TYBALT, Citizens, and Servants.

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad? — Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began? Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary, And yours, else fighting ere I did approach; I drew them apart there: thy good man's image The they Tybalt, with his sword prepared; Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears, He swung about his head, and cut the winds. Whom, with his darts and darts, himself he smote: While we were interchanging thrust and blowes, Came more and more, and fought on part and part, Till the prince came, who parted either part.

Cap. Was the usual exclamation in the ayres, as we now call Watch. —

A kind of pike.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo? — saw you him to-day?

Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worship'd sun Peer'd forth with the golden window of the west.

A troubled mind drive me to walk abroad;

Where,—underneath the grove of sycamore, That westward roosteth from the city's side,— So early walking did I see your son

Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me, And stole into the covert of the wood:

1, measuring his affections by my own,—

That roses were best suited when they were most alone.

Pursued my humor, not pursuing his, And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen, With Montague decrying the fresh morning's dew, Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs; But all so soon as the all-cheering sun Should in the forthest east begin to swell The shady curtains from Aurora's bed, Away from light steals home his heavy son, And private in his chamber pens himself; Shuts up his window, locks his daylight out, And makes himself an artificial night:

Black and portentous must this humor prove, Unless good counsel may the cause remove. Ben. This noble murther, do you know the cause? Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him. Ben. Have you importuned him by any means? Mon. Both by myself and many other friends: But is his own adored counsel, Is to himself. — I will not say, how true— But to himself so secret and so close, So far from sounding and discovery, As is the bad bit with an envious worm, Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air, Or dedicate his beauty to the sun. Could we but learn from whence his sorrow grows, We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter ROMEO, at a distance.

Ben. See, where he comes: So please you, step aside;

I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Mon. Now, noble nobleman, do you hold so happy a stay, To hear true shrillr. — Come, madam, let's away. — Exeunt MONTAGUE and Lady.

Ben. Good-morrow, cousin.

Rom. What is the day so young? Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast? Ben. It was — What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours! Rom. Not having that, which having, makes a man forget. Ben. In love! Rom. Out! Ben. Of love! Rom. Over-taint of her favor, where I am in love. Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view. Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof! Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still, Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will! Where shall we dine! — O me! — What fray was here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all. Here's much to do with hate, but more with love: Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate! O any thing, of nothing first create! O heavy lightness! serious vanity! Of all the arts and arts of pleasing forms! Feather of lead, bright-smoke, cold fire, sick health! Still waking sleep, that is not what it is! — This love's i, I feel no love in this. Dost thou not sigh? Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what! Ben. At this, I feel no love in this.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.

Grief of mine own lie heavy in my breast; Whom thou wilt propagate, to have it prest With willing mind: this love, that thou hast shown, Doth add more grief to too much of mine own. Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs; Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes: Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears.
SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter Capulet, Paris, and Servant.

Cap. And 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 honorable reckoning? are you both?

Cap. By these masks, that kiss fair Lucrece, 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 eunuch ne'er to thee forget! Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.  

[Exeunt.]

Scene II. Romeo and Juliet, Act 3, Scene 3

Inherit'st at my house; hear all, all see, And like her most, whose merit most shall be.

Cap. Ere I die, I'll hold as I did hold. What is it else! a madness most discreet, A choking gall, and a preserving sweet. For, when my coz, 

[Go out.]
SCENE III.—A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

Nurse. Where's my daughter? call her to me.

Laura. Would you have my headmaiden at twelve year old,
I bade her come.—What, lamb? what, lady-bird!
God forbid I—where's this girl!—what, Juliet!

[Enter Juliet.]

Jul. How now, what calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here.

What is your will?

Laura. This is the matter—Nurse, give leave awhile,
We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again;
I have remember'd me: thou shall hear our counsel.
Then kneel, and ray daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.
Laura. Nurse, she is not fourteen.

Jul. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,—
And yet, to my teeth, she spoken, I have but four;
She is not fourteen: How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

Laura. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen; Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls!—
Well, Susan is a God; She was too good for me: But as I said.
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
This since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean'd,—I shall never forget it,—
Of all the days in the year, upon that day:
For I had then laid wormwood to my dog,
Sitting up under the dove-house wall,
My lord and you were then at Mantua:—
Nay, I do bear a brain:—But, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my poor dog, and felt it bitter, pretty well.
To see it teetily, and fall out with the dog.
Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,
To thee no trouble.

And since that time it is eleven years:
For then she could stand alone; nay, by the road,
She could have run and waddled all about,
For even the day before, she broke her bow.
And then my husband—God be with his soul!—
'A was a merry man;—took up the child;
Yet, quoth he, did thou fall upon thy face?
They are well skilled barber's, when they do more wilt
Will thou not, Jule? and by my holy dam
The pretty wretch left crying, and said—Ay:
To see how, why a jest shall come about:
I never said, I should love a thousand eyes,
I never should forget it; Will thou not, Jule?
quoth he:
And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said—Ay.
Laura. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam; Yet I cannot choose but laugh.

To think it should leave crying, and say—Ay:
And yet I warrant, it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone;
A parous knock; and it cried bitterly.
Yet, quoth my husband, fall upon thy face?
They will fall backward, when thou com'st to age;
Will thou not, Jule? it stinted, and said—Ay.
Juliet. So, I will turn thee, I pray thee, Nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:
An I might live to see thee married once,
I, Lady Capulet.

Laura. Marry, that marry is the very theme
I must to talk of.—Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How standeth your disposition to be married?
Juliet. It is an honor that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honor! were not I thine only nurse,
I, thou hadst not get such wisdom from thy tatt.

Laura. Well, think of marriage now: younger than you,

* To my sorrow.
* i.e. I have a perfect remembrance or recollection.
* The cross.
* Holy dame, i.e. the blessed Virgin.
* It stopped crying.

Here, in Verona, ladies of ease,
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief:—
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Laura. A man, young lady! I know a man,
As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax.

Laura. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower, in faith, a very flower.

Laura. What say you? can you love the gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at your feast:
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face.
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen.
Examine every married lineament,
And now one and another lends content:
And what obscured in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide;
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold claps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

Laura. No less! nay, bigger; women grow by love.

Laura. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Juliet. I look to like, if looking like move:
But no more deep will I endart many eyes
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up,
you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity.
I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

Laura. We follow thee.—Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. A girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—A Street.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six—
Maskers, Torchbearers, and others.

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?

Benv. The date is out of such proximity;
We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of youth,
Searing the ladies like a crop-keeper;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After a prompter, for our entrance:
But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rome. Give me a torch,—I am not for this night.

Benv. Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Merc. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rome. Nay, I believe you; you have dancing shoes
With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead,
So makes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Merc. You are a lover: borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common roof.

Rom. I am too sore impierced with his shaft
To soar with his light feathers; and so bound
I cannot fly a pitch above dull woe.

Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Merc. And, to sink in it, should you burden love;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rome. How to bear this, or to bear any thing, it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous; and it pricks my heart.

Merc. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;

* Well made, as if he had been modelled in wax.
* The comments on ancient books were always printed in the margin, i.e. not yet caught, whose skin was wanted to bind him.
* A scarecrow, a figure made up to frighten crows.
* A dance.
* A torch-bearer was a constant appendage to every troop of maskers.
Scene V.  R O M E O A N D J U L I E T.  705

Prick love for prick, and you beat love down.—
Give me a case to put my views in the

Put on a Mask.
A visor for a visor:—what care I,
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle brows, that suit for me.
Ben. Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner in,
But every man betake to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me: let us wantons, light of
Tickle the senseless RESSELS with their heels;
For I am prov'd, with a grand'sire phrase,—
I am, a candle-holder, and look on.

The game was never so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut! dim's the mouse, the constable's own word.

If thou art a man, we'll draw thee from the mine
Of this [save reverence] love, where thou stich sti'll
Up to the car.—Come, we burn daylight, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay.
We waste our lights in vain like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning: for our judgment sits
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.

Rom. And mean well, in going to this mask;
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Mer. Rom, I dream a dream to-night.

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed, asleep, while they do dream things true.

Mer. O, I see; I see, queen Mab hath been with you.
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 omies!
Attrack men's noses as they lay asleep:
Her waggon-pokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The whip, of the moonshine's watery beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her waggoner, a small grey-crocketed gnat,
Not half so big as a royal little worm

Puck'd from the lazy finger of a maid;
Her chariot is an empty hazel-bum.
Made by the joker squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in his state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brims, and then they dream of
love;
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court's eyes.

O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
Which o'er the angry Mab with blisters plaques,
Because their breath with sweetest-ghosts burned are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
A Romans' nose,

Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting off a hat;
A Roman's neck:
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's nose,
And then dreams he of another benefice;

Sometimes she driveth o'er a captain's neck,
And then dreams he of being made a knight;
A captain's neck:

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace; Thou talkst of nothing.

Mer. Right, but what I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air.

1. Obstetric.
2. It was anciently the custom to strow rooms with rushes.
3. Aims.
4. i.e. Fairy-like, burns of hair clotted and tangled in the night.

And more inconsistent than the wind, who wouls

Ben. You now of the fount of both these well.
And, being angered, pulls away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind you talk of, blows us from our,

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early: for my mind misgives,
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bladder him by his fear to-day.

With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast.
By some vice fortit of untimely death:
But it is, that this appearance of course,
Direct my sail!—on, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.

SCENE V.—A Hall in Capulet's House.

Musicians wedding.  Enter Servants.

1 Serv. Where is Potpan, that he help not to take
Away a trencher? he scarce a trencher! 2 Serv. When good manners shall lie all in one
or two men's hands, and they unwash'd too, 'tis a
loath thing.

1 Serv. Away with the joint stools, remove the
court-cupboard, look to the plate:—good thou,
save me a piece of march-paane; and, as thou lov'd me,
let the porter let in Susan Grundstone, and
Nell.—Anthony and Potpan?

2 Serv. Ay, boy; ready.

1 Serv. You are looked for, and called for, asked for,
and sought for, in the great chamber.

2 Serv. We cannot be here and there too—Clercely,
boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all.

[They retire behind.

Enter Capulet, &c., with the Guests and Maskers.

Cap. Gentlemen, welcome! ladies, that have
their toes
Cuplogued with corns, will have a bout with you:
Alas, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she,
I'll swear, hath corns; Am I come near you now?
You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day,
That I have worn a visor; and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear.
Such as would please:—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone,
You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, play;
A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.

[Music plays, and they dance.

More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up.
And quench our fires, the room is grown too hot.
Ah, sith, this unlook'd-for sport comes well,
Nay, sit, sit, sit, good cousin Capulet;
For you and I are past our dancing days:
How long is now, since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

2 Cap. By lady, thirty years.

1 Cap. What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so
much;
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five-and-twenty years; and then we mask'd.

2 Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir;
His son is thirty.

1 Cap. Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. Well, what lady's that which doth enrich the
hand
Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth deck the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night.
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear?

Thy. This, his by voice, should be a Montague:
Fetch me my rapier, boy.—What! dare the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To leer and scorn at our solemnity?

1 A sidetable on which the plate was placed.
2 Almond cake.
3 i.e. Make room.
4 The dance.
Now, by the stock and honor of my kin,
To raise my hand when my heart is here!
1 Cap. Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore
Storm you so?
Tyb. Uncle, this, is a Montague, our foe:
A villain, that is lighter come in spite
To scorn at our solemnity this night.
1 Cap. Young Romeo's?
Tyb. Yes, he, that villain Romeo.
1 Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;
He bears him like a partly genial an.
And, to say truth, Verona brings 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 will all of the more thou respect.
Show a fair presence, and put off all these frows,
An ill-becoming semblance for a feast.
Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest;
I'll not endure him.
1 Cap. He shall be endured;
What, goodman boy!—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, 'ts a shame.
1 Cap. Go to, go to, you are a saucy boy;—'Is't so indeed?
This trick may chance to seath you;—I know what,
You'll make a mystery of me, marry, torture,
Well said, my heart;—You are a prince of go:
Be quiet, or—More light, more light! —For shame!—
I'll make a mystery of you! What!—Cheerly, my hearts.
Tyb. Patience perforce with witty fellow meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall,
Now seeing sweet, convert to bitter call. [Exit.]
Rom. If I profane with my unworthy 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.
Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy pilgrims' kiss.
Rom. Ay, pilgrim lips, and holy pilgrims too?
Jul. Ay, pilgrim lips, that they must use in prayer.
Rom. 0 then, dear saint, let lips do what hands dare,
Thy gaudy cloth so counterfeited take,
Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prays' sake.
Rom. Saints do move not, while my prayer's effect
I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purged.
[ Kissing her.]

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.
Rom. O, kiss me but this once, and I beseech you, O trespass sweetly urged!
Give me my sin again.
Rom. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
Jul. What is her mother?—
Rom. 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—hee, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chinks.
Jul. Is she a Capulet?
Rom. O dear account! my life is the font's debt.
Ben. Away; become; the sport is at the best.
Rom. Sir, so fear I the more is my unrest.
1 Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trilling 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.
Ah, sirrah, [To 2 Cap.] by my faith, it waxes late;
I'll to my rest. [Exeunt all but JULIET and Nurse.]
Rom. Come hither, nurse: What is you gentle-
mans?—
Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.
Rom. What's he, that now is going out of door?—
Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.
Rom. What's he, that follows there, that would not dance?
Nurse. I know not.
Rom. Go, ask his name:—if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding-bed.
Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.
Rom. My only love sprung from my only hate,
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
Th' which I must love a loathed enemy.
Nurse. What's this?—what's this!
Rom. A rhyme I learn'd even now,
Of one I danced withal. [One calls within. JULIET. Nurse. Come, come, away:— the strangrs all are gone. [Exeunt.]

Enter CHORUS.

SCENE II.—An open place adjoining Capulet's Garden.

Rom. Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
[Enter BENVENUTO and MERCURO.]
Rom. My cousin Romeo!—
Mec. Ah me!—
Rom. How is it with you? be you wise?—
Mec. You are my life, hath stolen him home to bed.
Rom. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:
Call, good Mercutio.
Mec. So say I, my friend. Nay, I'll conjure too—
Roméo! humors! madman! passion! lover! A
Apparition in the likeness of a sigh,
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but—Ah me!—couplet—love and love—
Speak to my gossip Venice one fair word,
Do you an injury.

One nick-name for her purblind son and heir, Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid—
He heareth not, stirreth not, he moveth not;—
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—
Conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high cheek bone, and her scarlet lip,
By her true foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the denominator that there adjacen, 
Then by like likeness thou appear'st me.
Mec. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.
Rom. This cannot anger him;—wouldst thou anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle,
Of some strange nature, letting, if they stand
Till she had laid it, and conjured it down;
That were some spice: my invocation
A faith.

* Alluding to the old ballad of the king and the beggar.

When Romeo's departure's time was used as an
expression of tenderness.
SCENE II.  ROMEO AND JULIET.

Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name, I conjure only but to raise him.
Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among those trees, to be consorted with the humorous' night.
Blind is his love, and best behits the dark.
If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will I have some light, and have that fairest view.
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit, as maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—
Romeo, good night—'Till to my delicate bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go? 
Ben. Go, thou; for 'tis in vain To seek him here, that means not to be found.

SCENE II.—Capulet's Garden.

Enter Romeo.

Romeo. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.—[JULIET appears above, at a Window.]
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
Is it the east and Juliet is the sun?
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious frowns, Who is already sick and pale with grief, That thou hast made fairer far than she: She is not half so fair as her untimely issue;
Her violent livery is but sick and sere, And none but fools do wear it; cast it off—
It is my lady; O, it is my love:
O, she speaks yet she says nothing: What of that? Her eye doth discourse, I will answer it—
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven, Having some business, do entreat her eyes To twinkle in their spheres till they return. What if her eyes were there, they in her head? The bright and glorious cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven Would through the airy region stream so bright, That birds would sing; and think it were not night. Said he, 'tis but a leave to her; O! That I were a glove upon that hand, That I might touch that cheek! 
Juliet. 'Tis now the very hour, sweet Juliet, Most seasonable for love's smooth progress.
Romeo. And, sweet Giuliet, now is my heart most free, And with the winged chariot of the sun Have I besought the marriage of my soul.
Juliet. Yes, Romeo, Romeo, whose love art thou? Romeo? Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt but be my husband, I'll no longer be Capulet.
Romeo. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this? 
Juliet. That thou art mad, though not so mad as love; Thou maddest of all men, though not mad at love.
Thou art my soul's good night, though not a Montague.
What's Montague! It is not hard, 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 called, Retain that dear perfection which he owes; With this word I'll Henry call the king; And, but that name, which is no name to thee, Take all myself.
Romeo. In thy sweet will I take thee at thy word: Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd; Henceforth I never will be Romeo.
Juliet. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,
So stubbest on my counsel? 
Romeo. By a name I know not how to tell thee who I am: My true name, dear saint, is hateful to myself, Because it is an enemy to thee; And I am such a pox and plague in thine ear, Had it not been for that I loved thee not, It would not be for love; no, for the world, I and my hate were here not Montagues. 
Romeo. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike. 
Juliet. How canst thou luther, tell me! and wherefore? 

The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb; And the place death, considering who thou art, If any of them famish'd, I had thee there. 
Romeo. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls; For sleny limits cannot hold love out:
And what love cannot overcome, that fair attempt, Therefore thy kinmen are no less to me. 
Juliet. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.
Romeo. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye, Than twenty of their swords; for, no, for them but sweet, And I am proof against their enmity. 
Juliet. I would not for the world they saw thee here. 
Romeo. I would my night's cloak to hide me from their sight; And, but that thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate. 
Then death prolonged, waiting for thy love.
Juliet. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
Romeo. By love, who first did prompt me to inquire; He lent me counsel, and his aid I saw;
I am no pilot; yet went thou as far As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea; I would adventure for such a merchant.
Juliet. Then wouldst thou speak false, if I knew not, That with this wouldst thou have smother'd me, Else would a maiden blush pervert my cheek.
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night, Fain would I dwell on form, fair, fond, deny All that I knew; but for to-morrow's coming,
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, that love's as lying as the sea; 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 lose me, not for the world. In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond; And therefore thou may'st think my 'havior light; But, trust me, my love, I'll prove more true Than those that have more course and course of strange. I should have been more strenuous, I must confess, But that thou overheardst, ere I was ware. 
Romeo. My true love's passion; therewithal receiv'd me; And not impute this yielding to light love, Which the dark night hath so discovered.
Juliet. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear, That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—
Juliet. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon, 
That monthly changes in her circled orb, 
But that thy love is constant as the sun. 
Romeo. What shall I swear by? 
Juliet. 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. 
Romeo. If my heart's dear love—
Juliet. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee, 
There is no joy of this contract tonight; 
It is too rash, too madam'd, too sudden; Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be, 
Ere one can say, It is done. 
Romeo. Sweet, good-night! This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath, May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet. 
Good-night, good-night! as sweet repose and rest 
Come to my heart, as that within my breast. 
Romeo. O, wilt thou leave me so soon? 
Juliet. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night? 
Romeo. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.
Juliet. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it; And yet I would it were to give again. 
Romeo. Wouldst thou withdraw at all? for what purpose, love?
Juliet. 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 thee, the more I have, for both are infinite.

Romeo. O blessed, blessed night! I am afraid.

Juliet. I fear some noise within: Dear love, adieu! Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true, 
But a little, I will come again. 
"Ext. Romeo. O blessed, blessed night! I am afraid."

Hindrance. • Unless. • shy.
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering sweet to be substantial.

_Renate Juliet, above._

**Jul.** Three words, dear Romeo, and good-night, indeed,
If that thy bent of love be honorable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
Lest I should forget to come in time to meet 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—
[Exit Romero.]

**Madam.** Jul. I come, anon—but if thou meanst not well,
I do beseech thee,—

_Nurse. [Within.]_ Madam.

**Jul.** By and by, I come—
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.

_Romeo._

So thrive my soul, my lord,

_Jul. A thousand times good-night!_ [Exit.]

_Romeo._

A thousand times the worse, to want thy light!

**Rom.** Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their books.
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

_Romeo._

**Jul.** My sweet!

_Sweet._ At what o'clock to-morrow shall I send to thee?

_Romeo._

At the hour of nine.

_Sweet._ I will not fail; this twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

_Romeo._

Let me stand here till thou remember it.
Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still there standing,
Remembering how I love thy company.

_Romeo._

And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Jul. 'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone:
And yet no further than a morning's ride;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gipsy?
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So lovingly of his liberty.

_Romeo._

And would I were thy bird.
Jul. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good-night, good-night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That shall I say—good-night, till it be morrow.

_Exit Romeo._

_Romeo._

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest! Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;
His help to crave, and my dear heart to tell.

_SIGN III._—Frier Laurence's Cell.

_Frier Laurence, with a basket._

**Fri.** The grey-ey'd morrow smiles on the frowning night,
Cheerishing the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And the sun's first dart of dark beams through the shutters,
From forth day's pathway, made by Titan's wheels:
Now crees the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must till up this ere case of gold.
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers,
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying grace, that is her womb:
And from her womb children of divers kind.
We sticking on her natural bosom find;

1 inclination.
2 the brest is the mate bawke, the fleson the female.
3 Pettes.
4 Choses, fortune.
5 Spotted, stroked.
6 THE SUN.

Many for many virtues excellent,
None but what some, and yet all different.
O, mielle is the powerful grace, that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities.
For naught so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to thy taste some special good or office;
Nor ought so good, but, strait from that fair use,
Revolves from true birth, stumbling on abuse.

_Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometime by action dignified._

Within the infant mind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine power:
For this, being smelt, with that past cheers each part.
Being tasted, slays all senscs with the heart.
Two such opposed does encamp them still,
In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will.
And where the worser is predominant,
'Tis soon the canker death eats up that plant.

_Romeo._

_Rom. Good-morrow, father!_ 

_Brief._ Benevolence!

What early tongue so sweet saluteth thee?
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 we, care lodgers, sleep will not obey but
Where unbruised youth with unshrift'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
Therefore this early morn doth me assure,
_Theun_ is rose-rosed, and some distant nature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right—
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

_Romeo._

_Rom. Frier._

To-morrow is fair, the wedding-day was mine.

_Fri._

_God pardon sin!_ waft thou with Rosaline!

_Rom._

_Rosaline, my ghostly father! no;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woeful.

_Fri._

That's my good son: But where last thou

_Rom._

Till I tell thee, cre thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy;
Where, when a sudden, one hath words with 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 steaks my feet.

_Fri._

Be plain, good son, and honestly in thy drift,
Better confession finds but footing shilth.

_Rom._

_Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is

_Frier._

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on her, so hers is set on mine:
And so she neighs, saying what things shall combine
By holy marriage, when, and where, and how;
We meet, we woo'd, and made exchange of vows,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us this day.

_Fri._

_Holy saint Francis!_ what a change is here!

_Rom._

_Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken! young men's love then lies
Not true in their hearts but in their eyes.

_Jesu Maria!_ what a deal of brine
Hair'd thou didst 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 twain thy cheek the stain doth sit!
And all I fear that is not wash'd off yet;
If e'er thou wast thyselvish, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline;
And a thou'st changed! pronounce this sentence then—

_Women may fall, when there's no strength in men._

_Rom._ Thou chidest me oft for loving Rosaline.

_Fri._

_Rom._

And bad'st me bury love.

_Fri._

_Not in a grave

To lay one in, another out to have.

_Rom._

Thou chidest not thee, chide not she, whom I love now,

_Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow;
The other did not so._

_Fri._

_O, she knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come go with me,
In one respect I'll try thee to the point.
For this aliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancor to pure love.
Romeo and Juliet.

SCENE IV.—A Street.

Enter BENVOLIO AND MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?

Ben. Nay to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mer. A, that same pale hearted wench, in Rosaline,

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet, 

Hath sent for 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. And, mark you, Romeo, he is already dead! stabbed with a white wench's black eye! shot through the heart with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's but-shirt! And, mark how sensibly Tybalt!

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you.

O, he is the courageous captain of compliments; He fights as your eye-sick song; keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minstrel rest one, two, and the third in your bosom; the very butcher of a silk button, a dulcist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and second cause: Ah, the immortal passo! the panto verso! the hay!

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pan of such antic, lisping, affecting fantasticoes; these new turners of accents!—By Jove, a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a real good man!—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, Grandier, that we should thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these pardoner-songs, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot shut what is case on the old bench! O, thou, thou, their souls!

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring;—O fish, flesh, how art thou disfigured!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch loved in Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench;—marry, she had a better love to be rhyme her: Doe, do, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a spy; Helen and Hero, bawdishes and harpies; and all the songs that they sang! If I am the youngest of that name, I am sure the laziest of the young Romeo! I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you were a little in the song. And, in the name of the Duke! I am the youngest of that name, for laziest of the worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worse well! very well took, 

Faith; was not a worse.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you!

Ben. She will invite him to some supper.

Mer. A hand, a hand! a hand! 

Romeo. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hand, sir; unless a hand, in a Kenten cut, that is something stale and hour ere it be spent.

An old bare hour's 

And an old bare hour,

Is very good meat in Lent; 

But a bare that is hour,

A bare that is hour for too much for a score.

What an hour's bare is he spent.

Romeo. Will you come to your father's! we'll to dinner thither.

Romeo. I will follow you.

Mer. For, by my young lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady.

[Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.

Nurse. Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his money?

Romeo. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. A man: speaks any thing against me, I'll take him down an 'a were hester than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those

I. An apple. 2. Soft stretching leather. 3. Good even.

Point. 4. A term of disrespect, in contradiction to a gentleman.
Act II. Scene VI.

Juliet. The clock struck nine, when I did send for the nurse; in half an hour she promised to return. Perchance she cannot meet me: that's not so—she is a pretty woman; she should spend her time in thinking, which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams; Driving back shadows over lowering hills: Therefore she doth pine—doth pine with love—And therefore with the wings of Cupid, swift and heavy; now is the sun upon the highest hill.

Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve is three long hours,—yet she is not come. Had she perished, or, perchance, was she warm'd with venomous breath, she'd be as swift in motion as a ball; my words would bandy her to my sweet love; and his, too, were such as would concur and meet by playing it to me with so sweet a face.

Nurse. I am weary, give me leave a while:—FYE, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had. I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:

Nurse. Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesus! What haste! can you not stay a while?

Juliet. Do you not see that I am out of breath! Juliet, I doth 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 make of it. 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. 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 tongue exceeds all men's; and for a hand and a foot, and a body, though they be not to be compared on, yet they are past compare: He is not the lower of courtesy,—but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb,—his heart!—and his right hand; serve God,—What, have you done at home? Nurse. No, no: But all this did I know before;

What says he of our marriage! what of that! Nurse. I know the head aches! what a head have I!

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces. My back o' the other side, O, my back, my back!—Beshrew your heart, for sending me about, To catch my death with jaunting up and down! Juliet. I'faith, I am sorry that thou art not well: Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love to you?

Nurse. Your love says, like an honest gentleman, And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, And, I warrant, a virtuous:—Where is your mother? Juliet. Where is my mother?—why, she is within; Where should she be! How oddly thou reply'st; Your letters are like an honest gentleman,— Where is your mother? Nurse. O, God's lady dear! Are you so hot? Hurry, come up, I trow, Is this the patience for my aching bones! Henceforward do your messages yourself. Juliet. Here's such a coil!—come, what says Romeó? Nurse. Do you get leave to go to shrift to-day? Juliet. I have.

Nurse. Then hire you hence to friar Laurence? cell There stays a husband to make you a wife: Now comes the warrant blood in your cheeks; They'll be in scarlet straight at any news. Hire you to church? I must another way, To fetch a ladder, by which the love your love Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark: I am the drudge, and toil in your delight; But you shall bear the burden soon at night. Nurse. I'faith, I'll hire you to the cell.

Juliet. Hire to high fortune!—honest nurse, fare-well.

SCENE VI.—Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar Laurence and Romeó.

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act, That after-hours with sorrow chide us not. 2 Drive her, as a ball struck with a wand, &c. a bat or battledore.

Bustle.
ACT III.

Scene I.—A Public Place.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, Page, and Servants.

Ben. I go, my lord; good M.P., let's retire; The day is hot, the Capulets abroad.

And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl; For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

The art like one of those fellows, that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps up his sword upon the table, and says, "God send me no need of thee!" and, by the operation of the second cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there's no need.

Ben. And what to do?

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 that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes; What eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel! "Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been the cause of many quarrelling! Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath been asleep in the sun. But thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter! with another, for thynging his new shoes with old rubad; and yet thou wilt tenter me from quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple! O simple!

Enter Tybalt and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my beard, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them,— Gentlemen, good-den; a word with one of you. Mer. And with the word come with one of us! Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. Thou wilt find me apt enough to that, sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Merc. Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo.—

Merc. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels, thou makest minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men: Else would I draw into some private place, or reason coldly of your grievances, or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

The long white filament which flies in the air.

Jul. Good-even to my ghostly confessors.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too little.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy Be heaped'd like mine, and that thy skill be more Than blazon'd in, it, then sweeten with thy breath This neighbor hour, and let rich music's tongue Unfold the imag'd happiness that both Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words, Braces of his substance, not of ornament: They are but baggers that can count their worth; But my true love is grown to such excess, I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short work; For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone, Till holy church incorporate two in one. [Exeunt.]
a braggar, a rogue, a villain, that fights for the book of arithmetic!—Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Romeo. I thought all for the best.

[Exit Benvolio, and they return to their places.

[Enter Tybalt.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio’s dead;
That callant spirit hath aspire’d the clouds;
That very untimely here did seem the earth.

Tybalt. This black late on more days doth depend:

This but begins the woe, others must end.

Re-enter Benvolio.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio’s dead;
That callant spirit hath aspire’d the clouds;
That very untimely here did seem the earth.

Romeo. If I delay, the fiend doth wink at me.

Tybalt. Go, take the villain back again,
That late thou gav’st me; for Mercutio’s soul
Is bound a little way above our heads Tybalt.

[Exit Tybalt.

Enter Citizens, &c.

Cord. Which way can he be, that kill’d Mercutio?

Romeo. He is gone, and Tybalt is dead.

But now, alas! such words as these are words
That I should not utter, for they show the depth
Of that which I do fear.

Enter Prince, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPulet, their Wives, and others.

Prince. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Benv. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man slain by young Romeo,
That sweet and tender lover of his cousin.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin!—O my brother’s child!

Unhappy night! ah me, the blood is spil’d
Of my dear kinsman.—Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.—
O cousin, cousin!

Romeo. Why slay you, Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Benv. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo’s hand
Did slay:
Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
Since the quarrel was, and would withal
Your high displeasure—All this—unto
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bent
The cords.

Could not this brave to the unry spleen
Of Tybalt, dead, to peace, but that he lifts
Which pouring stream at bolt Mercutio’s breast;
Who, all red hot, turns deadly point to point.
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death asile, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Betore it: Romeo he cries aloud and aloud.
Hold, friends! friends, part!—and, swifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down the fatal points.
And but these radius; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life

[Controversy.

[Conductor.

[Accompany.

[Slight, unimportant.

Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt died:
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain’d his revenue,
And to they go like lightning; for, even
Could do no justice, which thou, prince, must give;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prince. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe!

Cap. O, not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio’s friend;
His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prince. And, for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence;
I have an interest in your fates’ proceeding,
My blood for your rude brows doth lie a bleeding;
But I’ll amerce you with so strong a fine
That you shall all repent the loss of mine.
I will be deal to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses;
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he’s found, that hour is his last.
Dear hence his body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room in Capulet’s House.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus’ mansion; such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in clouds and showers, that the sight
Of their bright course, spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!
That run-away’s eyes may wink; and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk’d of, and unseen:
Lovers can see to do their amourous rites
By their own beauties: or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black;
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play’d for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
Hood my unmann’d hot bathing in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,
Think true love acted, simple modesty.

Come, night!—Come, Romeo! come, thou day in night.
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven’s back—
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow’d night.

Give me my Romeo: and when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.—
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possessed it; and, though, I am sold,
Not yet enjoyed: so tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival.
To an inamorato child, that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O, here’s my nurse.

Enter Nurse, with Corin.

And she brings news: and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo’s name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there,
That Romeo bade thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords; [throws them down.]
Jul. Ah me! what news? why dost thou wink thy hands?

Nurse. Ah well-a-day!—he’s dead, he’s dead, he’s dead.

Jul. Can heaven be so ensorcell’d?

Nurse. Romeo can, though heaven cannot.—O Romeo! Romeo!
Who ever thought he would think it!—Romeo!—

[Prick by fine.

[Grave, solemn.

[These are terms of felicity.

[Gay, showy.
Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus? This torture should be read in dismal hell, Where Tybalt's sorrow steals, and Romeo stain'd! And that bare vowel I shall poison more Than the death-dar'ning eye of cockatrice: I am not I, if there he such an I. Or does e'en I, save thee answer, I? If he be slain, say—1; 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 main breast: A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse; Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood, All in gore blood; I swooned at the sight. Jul. O break my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at once! To prison, eyes! 'tis now on liberty! Thee, earth respites; say my motion here; And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy tear! Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had! O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman! That ever I should live to see thee dead! Jul. What storm is this, that blows so contrary! Is Romeo slumber'd; and is Tybalt dead? My dear-loved cousin, and my dear lord!— The birthday trumpet, sound the woe-ful doom! For who is living, if these two are gone! Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banish'd; Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banish'd. Jul. O God!—sir, Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood! Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did. Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face! Did ever course keep so fair a cave? Beautiful tycoon! fond anguish! Dove-feather'd raven! wofish raving lamb! Desped subervance of divinest show! Just topic to what thou pretend'st, A dammed saint, an honorable villain!— O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell, When man did bow the gait of thy gend In mortal paradise of such sweet flower? 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 mauncht, all dissembler— Ah, where's my man! give me some good tidings!— These griefs, these woes, these sorrows, make me old. Shame come to Rome! Jul. Nurse. Rister'd be thy tongue, For such a wish! he was not born to shame: Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit; For 'is a throne where honor may be crown'd Sole company: His death, his end! O, what a beast was I to chide at him! Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd my lord? Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that kill'd my lord? When I muse, hour's, hour's, hour's, wife, have mangled it— When, wherefore, villain, didn't thou kill my cousin? That villain cousin would have kill'd my lord; Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring; Your pillows are dry; your eyes are dry, Which you, mistaking, o'er up to joy. My husband lives, that Tybalt shall have slain; And Tybalt's death, that would have slain my husband. All this is comfort; Wherefore weep I then? Some word there was, worse than Tybalt's death That murder'd me; I would forget it soon; But, O! it presses to my memory. Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds: Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banish'd, That—banish'd, that one word—banish'd, Haunted doth each thousand Tybalt's, Tybalt's death Was wee enough, if it had ended there; Or,—if sour woes delights in fellowship, And sorrow and sorrow be rank'd with other griefs,— Why follow'd not, when sire's, sire's, sire's, 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 banish'd, —to speak that word, Is well, in other. Romeo is banish'd! All slam, all dead,—Romeo is banish'd. There is no end, no limit, measure, bound, In that word's death; no words can that woe sound. —There is no father, mother, and my Tybalt's death Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's core; Will you go to them? I will bring you thither. Jul. Place thy hand with tears upon mine heart; When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment. Take up those cords;—Poor repes, you are beguile, Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd: He made you a words-man to move to freed; But I, a mad, die midden-widow'd. Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wed-bed; And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead! Nurse. He to you and charms for you, and Romeo To comfort you;—I well know where he is. Bark ye, your Romeo will be here at night; I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

Jul. O God! find him! give this ring to my true knight, And bid him come to take his last farewell. —Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Friar Laurence's Cell. Friar. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fear-ful man; Affliction is enamor'd of thy parts, And thou hast wedded to calamity. And now what news what news! what is the prince's doom! What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand, That I yet know not! Friar. Too familiar Is my dear son with such sour company: I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom. Romeo. What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom! Friar. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips, Not body's death, but body's banishment. Nurse. His banishment he may increase it by—death: For exile hath more terror in his look, Much more than death; do not say—banishment. Friar. Hence from Verona art thou banish'd; Be patient, for the world is broad and wide. Nurse. There is no world without Verona walls, But purgatory, torture, hell itself. Hencébanish'd is banish'd from the world, And world's exile is death—thee's banishment, Is death mis-ter-m: calling death—banishment, Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe, And smit'st upon the stroke that murders me. Friar. O devil sit! O devil sit! owe no kindness! Thy foul who calls death; but the kind prince, Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law, And turned him black to death to banishment: This is dear mercy, and the death's own death. Nurse. Romeo. His torture, and no mercy: heaven is here, Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog; And little live here, and may look on her, But Romeo may not.—More validity. More honorable state, more courtship, lives in carriages, bones crouch: the hearse On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand, And steal immortal blessing from her lips; Who, even in pure and vestal modesty, Still blush, and think death their own kin's sin; But Romeo may not: he is banish'd; Fies may do this, when from this must fly: They are free men, but I am banishéd. And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death? Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-grind knife, No sudden mean of death, though he'er so mean, But,—banish'd—to kill me; banish'd! O friar, the spliceing of the word is well; Howlings attend it: How hast thou the heart, Being a divine, a ghostly confessor, A woodswilower, and more, and more, To muzzle me with that word—banishment! Friar. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word. Nurse. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment. —Exeunt.
Fri. I'll give thee an armor to keep off that word:
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To crown thee, thou art banished.
Rom. Yet banished!—Hang up philosophy!

Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It must be told thee, thou art banished.

Fri. 0, then I see that madmen have no ears.
Rom. How should they, when that wise men
have no eyes?

Fri. I give thee a name with thee of thy estate.
Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost
not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An honest and married Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear
And fall upon the ground as I now do,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Fri. Arise; one knock's; good Romeo, hide thy-
self;—Rom. Not 1; unless the breath of heart-sick
growns,
Mist-like, undo me from the search of eyes.

Fri. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—
Rom. Arise.

You will be taken.—Stay a while;—stand up;—
[Knocking.
Run to my study.—By and by;—God's will!
What wilfulness is this?—I come, I come;
[Knocking.
Who knocks so hard! Whence come you! what's
your will?

Nurse. [Within, Let me come in, and you shall
know my errand.

I come from Lady Juliet.

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears
washed his face.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case!—

Fri. O woesful sympathy!

Fituous predicament.

Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubber-
ning,—

Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

Rom. Nurse! Nurse! Ah sir!—ah sir!—Well, death's the end of
all,
Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Does not the name of an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceit'd lady to our cancel'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name;
Stain'd from the deadly level of a prince true
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
Murther'd her kinman.—O tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Both my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [Drawing his Sword.

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;
Thy tears, the womanish, thy acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast.

Unceunly woman, in a seeming man!
Or ill-becommg beast, in seeming man!—
The thoughts of an amaz'd man: by my oaths,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt! wilt thou slay thyself?
Art thou so thy lady too? that lives in thee,
By doing damn'd hate upon thyself?

Why rais'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once; which thou at once wouldst lose.

Fye, fye! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like an usurer, abound in it,
And hast none in them, thou true love banish'd.
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.

Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Dissolving from the valor of a man:
Thy love, sweetest, but hell's own purity,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish:

Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skillless soldier's hand,
Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence
What, rose thou, man? thy Juliet is alive.

For where thy self was sate but bread abred,
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou siew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too:
The love that Tybalt each to death, begett'st thou
Kind, and it turns to exile; there art thou happy:
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a Juno-beard andullen wench,
Thou pou'st upon thy fortune and thy love:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.

Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend and make thy pleasure, 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 bide with thy 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 with 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 young.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have staid here all the
night,
To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come,

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir;
Hee, you make haste, for it grows very late. [Exeunt.
Nurse. O, tell me the news,——shine dimly:
Thou hast—
Fri. Go hence: good-night: and here stands all
your state:—
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguised from hence:
Sop'rum in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every thing that happens to you, that chance there:
Give me thy hand; 'ts late; farewell; good-night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
We were a grief, so brief to part with thee:

Fri. Farewell. [Exeunt.

SENE IV.—A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter.
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I.—Well, we were born to die,—
'Tis very late, she'll not come down tonight;
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Paris. These times of woe afford no time to woo.
Madam, shall I commend me to your daughter?
La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-
morrow.

To-night she's mov'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love: I think, she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; may nay, more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris's love;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But soft: what day is this?


Cap. Monday? ha! ha! Well, Wednesday is too
soon.
O' Thursday let it be.—Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl!—
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
We'll keep no great ado—a friend, or two;
For, mark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
*A Whole of thy fortune depends on this.

What up. Bold.
Scene V.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And prattle with them. But later on Thursday:
Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to
Cap. Well, get you gone.—O' Thursday be it
then!—Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—
 Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho! Atone may it be so very late, that we
May call it early by and by.—[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Juliet's Chamber.

Enter Romeo and Juliet.

Jul. Will thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark.
That pierced the fearful heart of thine ear;
Nighly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.
Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, what envious streaks
Do face the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands laughing in the east already:
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.
Jul. You light is not day-light, I know it, I:
It is some joicer that the sun exahles,
To be to thine this night a torch-bearer.
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.
Rom. Let me be taken, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it:
I'll say, you grey is not the morn's eye,
Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow!
Nor is that not the lark, whose note doth beat
The clapper'd heaven so high above our heads;
I have more care to stay, than will to go:—
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—
Hark, 'tis the watchman. Let's go to bed. [Exeunt.

Jul. It is, it is, his he'me, be gone, away;
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Some say, the lark and toad change eyes:
O, now I would they had changed voices too;
Since arm from arm that voice doth us sfady,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up¹ to the day.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.
Rom. More light and light!—more dark and dark our woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam! Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber.
The day is broke; be wary, look about. [Exit. Nurse. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.
Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend,
[Roméo descends.
Jut. Art thou gone so! my love! my lord! my friend:
I must heare from thee every day t' the hour,
For in a moneth there are many days:
O! if this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my kinsman.
Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.
Jul. That day's not past, we shall ever meet again!
Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall
Serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.
Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul:
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art below.
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails, or thou'lt look'st pale.
Rom. And trust me, love, I see no worse in thee:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adeus! adeus! [Exeunt Romeo.

Jul. O fortune! fortune! all men call thee hice:
If thou art hice, what dost thou to me?
¹ Reflection of the moon.
² Inclination.
³ Division was the technical phrase for musical composition.
⁴ A tune played to wake hunters; also a morning song
to a man the day after marriage.

That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune:
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

[La. Cap. (aside) Ho, daughter! are you up?
Jul. Who is that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustomed cause procures her hither?

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet? 
Jul. Madam, I am not well.
La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;
Therefore, have done: Some grief shows much of love,
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.
Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.
La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend,
Which you weep for.
Jul. Feeling so the loss, I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.
La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much
Mourn'st; nor dost thou find the end:
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.
Jul. What villain, madam?
La. Cap. Do you know the same villain, Romeo?
Jul. Villain and he are 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 murder'd love:
Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.
Would, none but I might 'venge my cousin's death,
La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, near thou not:
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Man-
Where that same banish'd runagiate doth live,—
That shall bestow on him so sore a draught,
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 far a kinsman's woe?—
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it:
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet.—O, how my heart aches
To hear him say'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, g'd.
Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time.

What are they? I beseech your ladyship?
La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father,
Child; one, who, but thee from thy hearethness,
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?
Romeo.

That 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,
I shall be such a wife, who you know I hate.
Rather than Paris,—These are news indeed!
La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him so
yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;
But for the sunset of my brother's sun,
Brings.
It rains downright,—
How now! a conduit, girl! what, still in tears?
Ever more showering: in one little body
Thou counterfeist 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 on restless seas; the winds thy sighs;
Who, raging with thy tears, and with them with
Without a sudden calm, will overcast
Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife?
Have you believed to her our decree?
Lab. 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.
How! will she none! doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blessing,
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-logie! What is this!
Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not,—
And yet not proud;—Misstress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proude me no prounds,
But settle your fine joints against Thursday next,
To go with Paris to St. Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
But in a green-sickness carry out, you baggage!
You tallow-face!
Lab. Cap. Fye, fye, what, are you mad?
Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.
Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday, or
Never after look me in the face.
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me:
My fingers itch—Wife, we scarce thought us blessed.
That God send us but this one child: But now I see this one is too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hiding!  
Nurse. God in heaven bless her!—You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.
Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue.
Good prudence; smarter with your gossips, go.
Nurse. I speak no treason.
Cap. Nurse. May not one speak?
Cap. Peace, you humming fool! Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need not it.
Lab. Cap. You are too hot.
Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad: Day, night, late, early.
At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been
To have her matched: and having now provided
A gentleman of princely parentage,
Of fair, demesne, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Still'd (as they say) with honorable pars,
Proportion'd as one's heart could wish a man,—
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer,—I'll call you none,
I am too young.—I pray you, pardon me;—
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
For, if you will, you shall not house with me:
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise,
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
For, if you be not, hang, beg, starve, die! the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll never acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
Trust to't, betheink you, I'll not be forsworn.
[Exit Jul.
Cap. Is there no patching in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief,
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage, for a month, a week;
Or, if it be not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.
Lab. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word.
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. 
[Exit Jul.
Jul. O God!—O nurse! how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth.
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth!—Comfort me, counsel me.—
Alas! what should heaven possess—stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself—
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.
Nurse. Faith, here 'tis; Romeo is banish'd; and all the world to nothing.
That he dares never come back to challenge you
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since he who came so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
O, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a dissembler to him; an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,
As Paris hath. Bless me! thou hast so much
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first; or it if did not,
Your first is dead; or 'twere as good be were,
As living here and you no use of him.
Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?
Nurse. From my soul too,
Or else beseech them both.
Jul. Amen! What to what?
Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.
[Exit Jul.
Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin—to wish me thus for sorrow?
Or to deprive my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath praised him with above compare
So many thousand times? Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain—
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die.
[Exit

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Friar Laurence's Cell.

Friar. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.
Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And thou, nothing slow, to shackle his haste.
Friar. You say you do not know the lady's mind;
Uneven is the course; I like it not.
Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And there have I little talk'd of late.
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway;
And, in his wisdom, bastards our marriage.

Enter Nurse.

[Aside.

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter Juliet.

Por. Happily met, my lady, and my wife!
Jul. That may be, sir, when I may say, my wife.
Por. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.
Jul. What must be shall be.
Fri. That's a certain text.
SCENE III.

ROME AND JULIET.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?
Jul. To answer that, were to confess to you.
Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.
Jul. I will confess to you, that I love him.
Par. Do so will you, I am sure, that you love me.
Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.
Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abused to those tears, that you have got some story by that;
For it was bad enough before their spite.
Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with
That report.
Jul. Thou know'st slander, sir, that is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake to my face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.
Jul. It may be for some, but not for mine own.
Are you in leisure, holy father, now;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?
Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter,
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.
Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion!
Juliet, on Thursday early will I converse you:
Tell then, adieu! and keep this holy kiss.
[Exit Paris.]
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night; for I have need of many orisons,
To move the heavens to smile upon my state.
Which, well thou knowest, is cross, and full of sin.

Enter LADY CAPULET.
Lu. Cap. What, are you busy! do you need help?
JUL. No, madam; we have 'full such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you; For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

Lu. Cap. Good-night!
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need,

[Exit LADY CAPULET and Nurse.
JUL. Farewell!—God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me;—
Nurse. What?—Should she be here so long?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone,—
Come, phial,—
What is this mixture do not work at all?
Must all my force be hurried to the grave?—
No, no,—This shall forbid it—lie there there.—
[laying down a Dagger.
What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subly hath minister'd to have me dead?
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonest,
Because he married me before to Romeo!
I can it hear, and yet, methinks, it should not;
For he hath still been tried a holy man:
I will not entertain so bad a thought,—
How, if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me! there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be staid in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there distraught ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Turns with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;—
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies feasting in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night, spirits resort;—
Alack, alack! is it not like, that, I say?
So early waking,—what with breathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad?—
O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environd with all these hideous fears?

Or madly play with my forefathers' joints!—
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
And with a club, dash out my desperate brains!—
O, look methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point.—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee;—

[She throws herself on the Bed.

SCENE IV.—Capulet's Hall.

Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse.
Lu. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices
Nurse. They call for dates, and quinces in the pantry.

Enter Capulet.
Lu. Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,
The curfew-bell hath rung, six 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.

[Exeunt.}

Proverbs.
1. The tabulate accounts of the plant called mandrake
give it a degree of animal life, and say that, when it is
torn from the ground, it groans, which is fatal to him
that pulls it up.
2. Distracted.
3. The room where please were made,
ACT V.

SCENE I.—Mantua. A Street.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
My dreary path will be paved with flowers at hand;—
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And this day, an uncustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I know, my lady-custard and found me near
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think.)

And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That my heart's blood and an emperor's grace
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd;
When love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter BALTHAZAR.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthazar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?

1 Mus. Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.
Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up; put up;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.

Enter Nurse.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians. Heart's ease, heart's case; O, an you'll have me live, play—heart's ease.

1 Mus. Why heart's case?
Pet. 0, musicians, because my heart itself plays—My heart is full of woes: O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

2 Mus. Not a dump we; its no time to play.

Pet. You will not then, then?
Mus. No.
Pet. I will then give you it soundly.
1 Mus. What will you give us?
Pet. No money, on my faith; but the gleeck: I will give you the minstrel.

1 Mus. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I play the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll re you, I'll fa you; Do you note me! An you re us, and fa us, you note us.

1 Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. The slave at you with my wit; I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger:—Answer me like men:

When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And daisy dumps the mind oppres;
Then music, with her silver sound.

Why, silver sound? why, music with her silver sound?

What say you, Simon Catling?

1 Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.
Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2 Mus. I say—silver sound, because musicians sound for silver.
Pet. Pretty too!—What say you, James Sound-hog?

3 Mus. Faith, I know not what to say.
Pet. O, I cry you mercy! you are the singer; I will say for you. It is—music with her silver sound, because such fellows as you have seldom gold for sounding:

Then music with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend repress.

[Exit, singing.

1 Mus. What a pestilent knife is this same!

2 Mus. Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here: tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.

[Exeunt.]
Romeo. Tush, thou art deceived! 
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee; 
Ha! then no letters to me from the friar! 
Balth. No, my good lord. 
Romeo. 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 herewithal he dwells—whom late I noted 
In tatter'd weeds, with overw helming brows, 
Cutting of simples; meanly he beggar'd. 
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones; 
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung, 
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins 
Of woful breadth; and about his shelves 
A beggarly account of empty boxes, 
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds, 
Remnants of pickle-bowls, and old cakes of roses, 
Were thinly scattered, to make up a show. 
Noting this penury, to myself I said— 
As if a man did need a poison now, 
Whose sale is present death in Mantua, 
Here lives a cativt 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: 
Becoming holiday, the tezzer's shop is shut. 
What, ho! apothecary! 
Enter Apothecary. 
Apo. Who calls so loud? 
Rom. Come hither, man.—I see, that thou art poor: 
Hold, there are forty drachms: let me have 
A dram of poison: such soon-spreading geese 
As will disperse itself through all the veins, 
That the life-weigher may take full dead; 
And that the trunk may be disbur'd of breath 
As violently, as hasty powder fired. 
Both hurry from the fatal cannon's wound. 
Apo. 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 hast to die? I am no less in thy cheeks, 
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes, 
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery, 
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. 
Apo. My poverty, but not my will, consents. 
Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will. 
And in this any hurtful 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 loathed world, 
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not reject. 
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none, 
Farewell: buy food, and get thy soli 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. 
John. Holy Francesco! friar! brother, ho! 
Enter Friar Laurence. 
Law. This same should be the voice of Friar John. 
Welcome from Mantua: What says Romeo? 
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter. 
John. The devil hang the longest brother out, 
One of our order to associate me, 
Here in this city visiting the sick, 
And in his name, the searchers of the town, 
Suspecting that we both were in the 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. 
Law. Who bare my letter then to Romeo? 
[Stud. 
John. I could not send it,—here it is again,— 
Not a messenger nor yet brought it home; 
So fearful were they of infection. 
Law. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood, 
The letter was not nice, but full of charge, 
Of dearth and port, and the neglecting fate. 
May do much danger: Friar John, go hence; 
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight 
Unto my cell. 
John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. 
[Exit. 
Law. Now must I to the monument alone; 
Within the course of two hours will fair Juliet wake; 
She will bestrew her grave with such thing as 
Hath no notice of these accidents; 
But I will write again to Mantua, 
And do my best to have all things come; 
Poor living corse, close'd in a dead man's tomb! 
[Exit. 
SCENE III.—A Churchyard; in it, a Monument belonging to the Capulets. 
Enter Paris and his page, bearing Flowers and a Torch. 
Par. Give me thy torch, boy: Hence, and stand about; 
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen. 
Under your new trees lay they all along, 
Holding thiine ear close to the hollow ground; 
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread, 
(Beneath a uniform, with digging up of graves,) 
But thon shall hear it: whistles them thry. 
As signal that thou hear'st some thing approach. 
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go. 
Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone 
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure. 
[Exeunt. 
Par. Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy tender bed; 
Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain 
The perfect model of eternity; 
Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain, 
Accept this latest favour at my hands; 
That living honor thee, and, being dead, 
With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb! 
[The Boy whistles. 
The boy gives warning, something doth approach. 
What cursed foot wanders this way to night, 
To cross my obsequies, and true love's rites? 
What, with a torch!—muffle me, night, a while. 
[Exeunt. 
Enter Romeo and Balthazar, with a Torch, Maltock, &c. 
Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wenching 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, 
What'er thou hearst or seest, stand all aloof, 
And do not interrupt me in my course. 
Why I descend into this bed of death, 
Is, partly, to behold my lady's face. 
But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger 
A precious ring; a ring that I must use 
In dear employment; therefore hence, begone: 
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry 
In what I further shall intend to do, 
By heaven, I will tear thence joint by joint, 
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs: 
The time and my intents are savage wild; 
More force, and more inexcusable bat, 
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea. 
But, I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you. 
Rom. So shall thou show me friendship.—Take the letter. 
Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow. 
Bel. For all this same I'll hide me hereabout; 
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. 
[Exeunt. 
Rom. This day, I'll tear this maw, the womb of death, 
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth, 
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open. 
[Breaking open the Door of the Monument. 
And, in the meantime, I'll cram thee with more food. 
Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague, 
That murder'd my love's cousin,—with which grief, 
It is supposed, the fair creature died,— 
[&c. On a trivial or the subject. 
1 1 6. A matter of importance.
To grubs and eyeless skulps! as I discern, It burneth on the Capel's monument.

Bat. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master, One that you love.

Fri. Who is it?

Bat. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there?

Bat. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Bat. I dare not, sir; My master knows not, but I am gone hence; And fearfully did menace me with death; I'll do it shall look on his intents.

Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone.—Farewell come upon me:

O, much I fear some ill-fitting thing.

Bat. Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains The stony entrance of this sepulchre!— What mean these masterless and gory swords To be discolor'd by this place of peace?

[Enters the Monument.]

Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris, too! And steeple in blood!—Ah, what an unknown hour Is guilty of this lamentable chance!— The lady in the chamber who flies here!

Jul. O, comfortable friar! where is my lord? I do remember well where I should be. And there I am:—Where is my Romeo?

[Exit within.]

Fri. 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 stay not longer.

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.— What's here? a cup, clasp'd in my true love's hand? Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end;— O charl! 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 her.] Thy lips are warm! 1 Watch. [Within.] Lead, boy!—Which way? 2 Watch. Yea, more!—Then I'll be brief!—O happy dagger!— [Snicethong Romeo's Dagger.] This is my father's, and his honour's: [Stabs herself.] there rude, and let me die.

[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 churchyead:

Go, some of you, wher'e you find, attache.

[Exeunt some.]

Petiful sight! here lies the country slain;— And Juliet bleading; warm, and newly dead, Who here hath lain these two days dead,— Go, tell the prince,—unto the Capulet's, Raise up the Montague,—some others search;— [Exeunt other Watchmen. We see the ground where the late pilot, now at his ease lie; But the true ground of all these pitiose woes We cannot without circumstance descre.

Enter some of the Watch, with BALLIARD.

2 Watch. Here's Romeo's man, we found him in the churchyard.

1 Watch. Hold him in safety, till the prince come hither.

Enter another Watchman, with FRARR LAURENCE.

3 Watch. Here is a friar, that tremhles, sighs, and weeps: We took the watchcock and this spade from him, As he was coming from this churchyard side.

1 Watch. A great suspicion! Stay the friar too.

[Enter the Prince and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up, That calls our person from our morning's test?
Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and others.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad!

1. A. Cap. The people in the street—Romeo, some—Juliet, and some—Paris; and all run, With open outcry, toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which startles in our ears?

1 Watch. Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain; And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before, Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

1 Watch. Here is a riar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man; With instruments upon them, fit to open These deadly men's tombs.

Cap. O, heavens!—O wife! look how our daughter bleeds! This dagger hath mischanc'd—for lo! his house Is empty on the back of Montague.—

And is mis-shafted in my daughter's bosom.

1. A. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell, That warns my old age to a sepulture.

Enter MONTAGUE and others.

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while, Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And knew their spring, their lead, their true descent.
And then I shall be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: Meanime forbear,
And let me chance be slave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.
Then shall I be the greatest; able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the true and place
Both made against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

Fri. I will be brief for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife: I married them; and their stolen marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death Banished the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.
You—to remove that siege of grief from her,—
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
To county Paris;—Then comes she to me;
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage.
Or, in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion; which so took effect
As I intended, for it work'd on her
The form of death; meantime I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come at this dire night,

3. A. i.e. the steeple.  

To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the poison's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, friar John,
Was stand by accident; and yesternight
Return'd my letter back: Then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her walking
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo;
But, when I came, (some minute ere the time
Of her awakening,) here unlately lay
The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience:—
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;
And she, too tender, would not go with me,
But (as it seems,) did violence on herself.
All this I know; and to the marriage,
Her nurse is privy: And, if taught in this
Misarief'd by my fault, let my old life
Be secure before his time, unto the rigor of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man,
Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?
But, I brought my master news of Juliet's death;
And then in post he came from Mantua,
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father;
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!
See what a scuffle is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love;
And, I, for working at your discord so,
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.

Mereutio and Paris.
HAMLET,  
PRINCE OF DENMARK.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CLAUDIUS, King of Denmark.  
HAMLET, Son to the former, and Nephew to the present King.  
POLONIUS, Lord Chamberlain.  
HORATOIO, Friend to Hamlet.  
LAERTES, Son to Polonius.  
VOLTAIRE, COURTIER.  
COUNSELLORS.  
ROSENCRANTZ,  
GUILDENSTERN,  
OSRIC, a Courtier.  
Another Courtier.  
A PRIEST.  
MARCUS,  
BERNARDO,  
{ Courtiers.  
Officers.  

FRANCISCO, a Soldier.  
REYNALDO, Servant to Polonius.  
A Captain.  
An Ambassador.  
Ghost of Hamlet's Father.  
FORTINBRAS, Prince of Norway.  
GERTRUDE, Queen of Denmark, and Mother of Hamlet.  
Ophelia, Daughter of Polonius.  
Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Players, Gravediggers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Elsinore.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Elsinore. A Platform before the Castle.

FRANCISCO on his Post. Enter to him BERNARDO.

BER. Who's there?

FRAN. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.

BER. Long live the king!

FRAN. Bernardo!

BER. He.

FRAN. You come most carefully upon your hour.

BER. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

FRAN. For this relief, much thanks; 'tis bitter cold.

And I am sick at heart.

BER. Have you had quiet guard?

FRAN. Not a mouse stirring.

BER. Well, good-night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,

The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

FRAN. I think, I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who is there?

HOR. Friends to this ground.

MAR. And liegenmen to the Dane.

FRAN. Give you good-night.

MAR. O, farewell, honest soldier:

Who hath relieved you?

FRAN. Bernardo hath my place. [Exit Francisco.

BER. Give you good-night.

FRAN. [Exit Horatio.  

BER. What is Horatio there?

HOR. A piece of him.

BER. Welcome, Horatio; Welcome, good Marcellus.

HOR. What, has this thing appear'd again tonight?

BER. I have seen nothing.

* Partners.

Mar. Horatio says, 'tis but our fantasy,

And will not let belief take hold of him,

Touching this dreadful 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,

When you same star, that's westward from the pole,

Had made his course to illumine that part of heaven

Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself;

The bell then beating one,—

Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!

Enter Ghost.

BER. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio.

BER. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.

HOR. Most like;—it harrows me with fear, and wonder.

BER. It would be spoke to.

MAR. Speak to it, Horatio.

HOR. What art thou, that usurpest this time of night?

Together with that fair and warlike form

In which the majesty of buried Denmark

Did sometimes march! By heaven, I charge thee, speak.

Mar. It is offended.

BER. See! it walks away.

HOR. Stay, speak; speak, I charge thee, speak.

[Exit Ghost.

* Make good, or establish.
HAMLET.

Re-enter Ghost.

But, soft: behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll cross it, though it负债 what me—so, Illusion! If thou hast any sound, or use of voice, Speak to me: if thou art good any thing to be done, That may to thee do ease, and grace to me, Speak to me: if thou art privy to thy country's fate, Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid, O speak! Or, if thou hast upborne in thy life Exerted treasure in the womb of earth, For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death, and lock crost. Speak of it:—stay, and speak. Stop it. Marcellus Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partisan? Hor. Du, if it will stand. Ber. *Tis here! *Tis here! [Exit Ghost.

We do it wrong, being so majestic, To offer it the show of violence; For, this, is the air, invulnerable, And our vain blows meltuous mockery. Ber. Let's speak, who's what a cock crew. Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing Upon a tearful summons. I have heard, The cock that crow's is the trumpet of the morn. Doth with his lily and shrill-sounding breath Awake the god of day; and, at his warning Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air, The extravagant and imperious spites To his continue: and of the truth herein This present object made probation. Mar. It faded on the crowning of the cock. Some say, that ever against that season springs Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated. This bird of dawning singeth all night long: And then they say no spirit dares stir abroad; The nightingale and lark, then not one planet, No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm, So hallow'd and so gracious is the time. Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it. But, look, the morn; in russet mantle clad, Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill, Break we our watch up; and, by my advice, Let us impart what we have seen to-night Unto young Hamlet: for, upon my life, This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him: Do you consent we shall acquaint him with, As soon as may be, this amusing duty? Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this meaning know Where we shall find him most convenient. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room of State in the same.

Enter the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, POLONIUS LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CONELIUS, Lords, and ATTENDANTS.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death The memory be green; and that it us befitted To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom To be contracted in one hour of woe; Yet so far faith discretion fought with nature, That we did wisest sort to row them to their deaths, Together with remembrance of ourselves. Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen, The imperial joint-stock of this Western state, Have we, as twere, with a defeated joy, With one suspective, and one drooping eye; With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage, In equal state and equal delight and dejection: Taken to wife: nor have we herein bard Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone With this affair along:—For all, our thanks. Now when that fate of your departures, the universals, Holding a weak supposal of our worth; Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death, Our state to be disjoint and out of frame, Collecting with this dream of his accomplishment, He hath not fail'd to pester us with message, Importing the surrender of those lands Lost by his father, with all lands of law, To our most valiant brother.—So much for him.
Now for myself, and for this time of meeting. Thus much the business is: We have here writ
To Norway, under some suspicion. For that:
Who, importun and bed-rid, sorely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
His further gait! therein; in that the levies,
The seamen, and the forces, are both out
Of his subject:—and we here despatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
Get you to no further place than Wittowsea.
To business with the king, more than the scope
Of these dilated articles allow.
Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.
Cor. Poul, and all things, will we show
our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell.
[Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.
And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit: What is't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice: What wouldst thou beg,
Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

Laert. Fear not, my lord, your leave and favor to return to France:
From whence, though willingly, I came to Den-
mark,
To show my duty in your coronation:
Yet, Horatio, I must, therefore, unfold,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave! What says
Pтол. Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow
leave,
By laborious petition; and, at last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:
By these means, you give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces; spend it at thy will,—
But, Laertes, in my kingdom;

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind.

[Aside.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on
you?—
Ham. Not so, my lord, I am too much i'the sun.
Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy meditated color off,
And let thy true nine color come like a friend to
Denmark.
Do not, for ever, with thy varied lods
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st, 'tis common; all, that live, must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.
Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, madam! I say, it; I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor wavy suspiration of forced breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the defected 'havior of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That one may think there's more in heaven
Than is dreamt of in your philosophy;
For you are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within, which passeth show;
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your
nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father:
That father lost, lost this; and the survivor bound
In filial obligation, for some term
To do obsequious sorrow: But to perceive
In this melancoly, in this deplorable, in this
Impious stubborness: 'Tis unmanly grief;
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, or mind impatient.
And without regarding simple and unskill'd:
For what we know, must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our several opposition,
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
A way, path.

* Lowering eyes.
HAMLET,

Act I.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral-ged meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

Hor. My lord, I saw him once, he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again in heaven
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio.

My father,—Methinks, I see my father.

Hor. My lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again in heaven
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio.

Hor. Saw, who?

Ham. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father!

Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear; till I may deliver,
I, from the wax to the wax, the image
That marvel to you.

Ham. For God's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen, Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waist and middle of the night,
Been thus encountered. A figure like your father,
Armed at point, exactly cap-a-pi.
Appears before them, and with solemn march,
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd,
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncate length; whilst they, distill'd
And almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them, the third night kept the watch:
Whereat they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father:
True hands are not more like him.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did;
But answer made it none: yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did address
Its motion, like as it would speak;
But, even then, the morning cock crow loud;
And at the sound it shriek'd in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. Tis very strange.

Hor. As do I live, my honor'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To report it to your lordship.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

All. We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

All. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not

His face?

Hor. O, yes, my lord! he wore his beard up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more
In sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Ham. Nay, very pale.

Hor. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Ham. Most constantly.

Ham. It would, I have been there.

Ham. It would have much amazed you.

Ham. Very like.

Very like: Stay'd it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell
A hundred.

Ham. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw it.

Ham. His beard was grizzled? no?

Hor. He was, as I have seen it in his life, a
Sable silver'd.

Ham. I will watch to-night;

Pceanence, 'twill 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 range,

*Christo.* — That part of the helmet which protects the lower part of the face and may be lifted up.

*Attire.* — The mask which covers the eyes.

And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tellable in your silence still:
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Gave it an undertow setting, but not current,
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 honor.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: Farewell.

[Exit Hon., Mar., and Bern.

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 enwreathen them, to men's eyes.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—A Room in Polonius's House.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My necessaries are embark'd; farewell:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favor,
Hold it a dead treason, and a stay in blood,
A violet in the youth of pruny nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and supplience of a minute;

No more.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more:
For nature, crescent, do not grow alone
With them that have a thought, and both, as tis born waxes,
The honest service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Theret, he loves you now;
And now no soul, nor canst thou but presum
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 unadorn'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 circumstance'd
Into 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 force of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honor may sustain,
If with such an errand you have sent him.
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.

Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chaste maid is prodigious enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes;
The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their bottoms be disclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagions blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then: best safety lies in fear;
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. Be not rash in the effect of this good lesson keep:
As watchman to my heart: But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilst, as the puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primate path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own end.

Laer. O fear me not.

I stay too long—But here my father comes.

Enter Polonius.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! abroad, abroad, for shame;
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And your boat stands for Tener—Tener—my blessing with you; [Laying his hand on Laertes's Head.
And these few precepts in thy memory

*Increasing.

*Sinews.

*Subtlely, deceit.

*Discord.

*Believing.

*Listen.

*Ludicrous.

*Pego's not his own lessons.
Look thou character? Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thoughts to voice
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar,
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried, Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel:
But be not dull in those new-dun, unledg'd comrade. Beware Of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in, Bear it, that the opposer 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 expressed 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 itself, and friend is engraven. Bear not the wrath of man against the man;
Nordurst thou then, when thou art in the right, Bear the. At this rate, 'tis more than wisdom Do what this mean, my lord? Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his reose, Keeps watch, and the swaggarer up-spring?reets; And, as he drains his draughts of Ebenish down, The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out The triumph of his pledge. Hor. Is it a custom? Ham. Ay, marry, 'is't: But to my mind, though I native here, And to the manner born,—it is a custom More honor'd in the breach, than the observance. This heavy-headed revel, cast and west, Makes us traducers, and tax'd of other nations: They elegantly pil'd, and with the winter's face, Soothingly sound asleep, our nation's pride, (as some, theproach'd for some, that for some vicious mouth of nature in them, As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty, since nature cannot choose his origin,) By the o'erweight of other people's complexions; Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason; Or, by some habit, that too much o'er-leaves The form of pleasant manners;—these men,— Carrying, I say, the weight of one another, Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,— Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace, As infinite as man may undergo,) Shall in the general course not take corruption From that particular fault: The dam of base Both the noble substance oft'n doup, To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes! Ham. Angels and minister of grace defend us— Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin dam'd, Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell, Be thy intents wicked, or charitable, Thou com'st in such a questionable shape, That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee, Hamlet, King, father, royal O., answer me:
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell, Why thy canoniz'd bones, hears'd in death, Have burst their cerements? why the sculp'ture, Wherein we saw thee quiet in-urn'd, Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws, To cast thee up again? What may this mean, That thou, dead corse, came again in unsteel Revisit'st the glimpse of the moon, Making night hideous; and we feel of nature, So horribly to shake our disposition. With thoughts beyond the reachings of our souls? Say, why is this? what is't? What should we do! Hor. It beckons you to go away with it, As if it some impartial did desire To you alone. Mar. Look, with what courteous action It waves you to a more removed ground; But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means. Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Mar. 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 summits of the cliff?

SCENE IV.—The Platform.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold. Hor. It is a nipping air, and a cages' air. Ham. What hour now? Hor. I think it lacks of twelve. Mar. No, it is strack. Hor. Indeed? I heard it not; it then draws near the season, Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk. [A flourish of Trumpets, and Ordinance shot off, within.

SCENE IV.—Prince of Denmark.
That beetles o'er his bust into the sea!
And there 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.

Hamlet. It wakes me still:—
Go on; I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

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 hardy as the Nemean lion's—
Nowhere of cursed hekans.

Still am I call'd—unhand me, gentlemen:

Hamlet. By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets

Me go.—

I say, away;—Go on; I'll follow thee.

[Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me! Speak, I'll go no further.

Ghost. Mark me, my lord.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Myst'ring rendered up itself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I an bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night;
And, for the day, to comb to fast in fires,
Till the foul Crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are hallow'd by divine purg'd away,
But I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house.
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end
Like bars up the frond pinnacled; but this eternal blazon
Must not be
To ears of flesh and blood:—Lay, list, O list!—
If thou dost ever thy dear father love,—

Ham. O, heavenly!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder! Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Made he to know it; that I, with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. And daster shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That rots itself in case on Lethie wharf,
Woukst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear;—
Tis given out, that, sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me; so that the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Riankly abus'd; but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's hio
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O, my prophetic soul! my uncle.

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast
With witchcraft of his wit, with courteous gifts,
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!) won to his shameslustful

Ham. The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen;
O, Hamlet, what a fatal engross was that,

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!

Ham. But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though with weakness condens'd in it in a volume of heaven;
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.

Ham. So think'st thou, methinks! I went the morning air;
Brief let me be—Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
Or rather pluck'd him from his solemn line in a vault,
And in the porches of mine cars did pour
The leperous distinement: whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, like a poison'd fellow, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And, with a sudden vigor, it doth possess
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant letter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loutish crust,
All my smooth body.

Ham. Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of like, of crown, of queen, at once despatch'd?
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Hush'd, unhouse'd, disappoint'd, unannelid
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head;
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature it in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, hopoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy perfection, nor let thy soul contive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prosper, and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shows the maim'd to be near,
And 'gins to pale his intellectual fire.

Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me.

[Exit.]

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?

And shall I couple hell!—O eye,—Hold, hold, my heart;

And, you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stilly np.—Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe! Remember thee!

From this cold comforter, from the table of my memory,
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation o'erposed there;
And let the commingled sand of all alone and live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter; yes, by heaven,
O most pernicious woman!

O villain, saucy, damned villain! My tables—meet it is, I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark:

Hiding.

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;

It is, Adieu, adieu! remember me.

I have a word.

Hor. [Within.] My lord, my lord,—

Mar. [Within, Lord Hamlet.]

Hor. [Within.] Heaven secure him.

Ham. So be it.

Mar. [Within.] Hie, ho, ho, ho, my lord!

Ham. Hie, hie, ho, ho, boy come, hard, come.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Hor. How is't, my noble lord?

Ham. O wonderful! Good, my lord, tell it.

Ham. You shall reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Ham. Hor. Henbane.

Mar. Without having received the sacrament.

Hor. Unleavened, unprepared.

Mar. With water and unleavened.

Hor. Sayings, sentences.

ACT II. SCENE I.

PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling, Drabbling?—You may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonor him.

Pol. Faith, no; as you may season it in the chaleur.

You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency;
That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults so quarterly,
That they may be seen the taints of liberty;
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind;
A savagery in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault.

Rey. But, my good lord,—

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Rey. Ay, my lord, I would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here’s my drift:
And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying these slight slurs on my son,
As twere ding a little soil’d i’ the working,
Mark you.
Your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the prominent crimes,
The youth you brought, guilty he be assured,
He closes with you in this consequence;
Good sir, or so; or friend, or gentleman,—
According to the phrase, or the addition,
Of man, and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, sir, does he do this,—He does—
What was I about to say?—by the mass, I was about to say something,—Where did I leave?
Rey. At, closes in the consequence.

Scene 1.—A Room in Polonius’s House.

Enter POLONIUS AND REYNALDO.

Pol. Give him this money, and these notes, Reynaldo.

Rey. Will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behavior.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said: very well said. Look you, sir,
Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;
And bow, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expense; and finding,
By this a consequence and drift of question,
That they do know his son, come you more nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it:
Take you, as ’twere, some distant knowledge of
The subject, and some neighbour.

As thus,—I know his father, and his friends,
And, in part, him:—Do you mark this, Reynaldo?

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. If, in part, him:—but, you may say, not well;
But, if’t be he I mean, he’s very well;
Add it so, and so, and so;—and there put him on
What forgets you please; marry, none so rank
As may dishonor him; take heed of that:
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord.

Pol. Propose the oath, my lord.

Rey. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by thy sword.

Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.

Ham. Hie et ubique? then we’ll shift our ground.

Come hitter, gentlemen.

And lay your hands again upon my sword;
Swear by my sword,

Never to speak of this that you have heard,
Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear by my sword.

Ham. Well said! old mule! canst work it the earth so fast!
A worthy fancy!—Once more remove, good friends.

Pol. 0 day and night, and this is wondrous strange!

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

Pol. Here, as before, never, so help you mercy!

Ham. How strange or odd soe'er I hear myself,
As I, prudence, hereafter shall think meet
To put an antie disposition on.—
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumber’d thus, or this head-shake,
Or biting pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, Well, well, you 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,—Thus do you swear,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you!

Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! So, gentlemen.

Pol. 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,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray,
The time is out of joint:—O cursed spite!
That ever I was born to set it right!

Nay, come, let’s go together. [Exeunt.]
HAMLET, Act II.

Pol. At, closes in the consequence.—Ay, marry; he does with you thus,—I know the gentleman; I saw him yesterday, Occurred to me, or then, or then; with such, or such, and, as you say, There was he gaming; there o’ertook in his race; That turning out at leaping, or, perchance, I saw him enter such a house as toys and japes; \( \text{(Violette, a brother,) or so forth.} \)

See you now; Your half of Jutland takes this carp of truth; And thus do we of wisdom and of reach, With windmills, and with assays of time, By indirections and directions out; So, by my former lecture and advice Shall you my son: You have me, have you not? Rej. My lord, I have.

Pol. God be wi’ you; fare you well.

Rej. Good, my lord.

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.

Rej. I shall, my lord.

And let him ply his music.

Rej. Well, my lord. [Exit.

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewell!—How now, Ophelia? what’s the matter!

Oph. O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!

Pol. What, in the name of heaven? Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet, Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbraced, No hat upon his head; his stockings fault, Lascivious, and disorderly he wandered; Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other; And, with a look so piteous in purport, As if he had been boxed out of hell, To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. Truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard; Then goeth he to the length of all his arm; And with his other hand thus over his brow, He falls to such perusal of my face, As he would draw it. Long stay’d he so; At last,—a little shaking of mine arm, And thrice his head thus waving up and down,— He rais’d a sight so piteous and profound, As it did seem to scatter all his bulk, And out his being; That done, he lets me go; And with his head over his shoulder turn’d, He seem’d to find his way without his eyes; For out of doors he went without their helps, And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me; I will go seek the king. This is the very ecstasy of love; Whose violent property foredooms itself, And leads the will to desperate undertakings, As if it was the passion of the body, That does afflict our nature. I am sorry,— What, have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lord: but, as you did command,

I did repel his letters, and denied His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.

I am sorry, that with better heed and judgment, I had not quited him: I fear’d, he did but trifle, And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my jealous! It seems, it is as proper to our age, To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions, As it is common for the younger sort To lack direction. Come, go with the king; This must be known; which, being kept close, might move More grief to hide, than hate to utter love. Comin. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern!

Moreover that we much did long to see you, the need, we have to use you, did provoke Our hasty sending. Something have you heard Of Hamlet’s transformation; so I call it, Since not the exterior nor the inward man Occurces that it was. What should it be, More than his father’s death, that thus hath put him So much from the understanding of himself, I cannot persuade; I entreat you both, That,—being of so young days brought up with him; And, since, so neighbor’d to his youth and times,— You vouchsafe your rest here in our court Some little time: so by your companies To draw him on to pleasures; and to gather, So much from your occasion you may please, Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus, That, open’d, lies within our remedy. Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk’d of you: And, sure, I am, two men there are not living, To whom he more adheres. It will please you To show your country, and, in manner will, As to expend your time with us awhile, For the supply and profit of our hope, Your visitation shall receive such thanks As fits a king’s remembrance. Both your majesties Might, by the sovereign power you have of us, Put your dread pleasures more into command Than to entreat. But we both obey; And here give up ourselves, in the full bent To lay ourselves freely at your feet, To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosencrantz: And I beseech you, instantly to visit My too much changed son,—so, some of you, And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guis. Heavens make our presence, and our practices, Pleasant and helpful to him! Queen. [Exit Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and some Attendants.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,

Are joyfully return’d.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? assure you, my good lord,

I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,

Both to my God, and to my gracious king:

And I do think, (or else this brain of mine Hunted with too much of policy so surfeit, As it hath used to do,) that I have found The very cause of Hamlet’s lunacy.

Que. O, speak of that: that do I long to hear.

Pol. Give me first admittance to the ambassadors;

My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.

[Exit Polonius.

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found The head and source of all your son’s discontent. Queen. I doubt it is no other but the man, His father’s death, and our over-hasty marriage.

Re-enter Polonius, with Voltimand and Conradians.

King. Well, we shall suit him.—Welcome, my good friends! Say, Voltimand, what from your brother Norway? Volt. Our last hearty return of greetings, and desires. Upon our first, he sent out to suppress His nephew’s levies; which to him appeared To be a preparation ‘gainst the Polich. But, letter’d he, and, truly he is told, It was against your highness: Whereat griev’d, That so his sickness, age, and impotence, Was falsely borne in hand,—sends out arrests On Fortresses; which he, in brief, obey’d, Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in fine, Makes vow before his uncle, never more To give the assay of arms against your majesty.

† Unostant exertion. † Scout. † Poland. † Imposed on.
Scene II. PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee;
And his commission to employ those soldiers,
So brave as before, against the back;
With an entreaty, herein further shown,
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise;
On such regards of safety, and allowance,
As therein are set down.

Pol. It likenes us well:
And, at our more consider'd time, we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business.

Queen. Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labor:
Go to your rest; at night we'll last together;
Most welcome home!

[Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.

Pol. This business is well ended.
My liege, and madam, to your most pious ears,
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 tedious limbs the outward forkishes,
I will be brief: Your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it: for, to define true madness,
What else but to be nothing but mad else?
But let that go.

Queen. More matter with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That it is mad, his true: The truth is pity;
And pity 's his true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.

Mad let me grant him this: Now gather and surmise:
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.
Perpendicular.
I have a daughter; have, while she is mine;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
As any he hath drawn to her:
Thus, in her excellent white bosom, these,

\[Reads.\] Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithfull.

\[Aside.\] Doubt thou, the stars are fire; [Reads.]
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar; [Reads.]

O dear Ophelia, I am all of these numbers; I have not art to reckon my graces; but that I love thee best, I love thee not.

Thine once more, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, Hamlet.
This in obedience, hath my daughter shown me:
And more above, hath his somethings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she
Roused his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honorable.

Pol. I would gain some so.

When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me: what might you,
Or your most iugenry my dear queen here,
Think, if I had play'd the desk, or table-book;
Or given my hear' a working, mute and dumb;
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;
What might you think; no, I never enter'd work,
And my young mistress thus did I bespeak:

\[Aside.\] Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy sphere;
This she say'd; and when I receiv'd her,
That she should seek herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
And he repus'd, (a short talk to make;)-
Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;
Thence to a watch; thence into weakness;
Thence to a lightness: and, by this decension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we mourn for.

\[Discourse.\]

Pol. Do you think, 'tis this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, (I'd fain know that)
That I have positively said, 'Tis so,
When it proved otherwise?

King. That's not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise:
[Pointing to his Head and Shoulder.
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where true is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know sometimes he walks for hours together
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him.

Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm, and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet, reading.

Queen. But look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you both away;
I'll board him presently;—I'll give me leave.—

[Exeunt King, Queen, and Attendants.

How does my good lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, madam, tell me:

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord!

Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes
Is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For as the sun breeds maggots in a dead dog,
Being a god, kissing carrion,—Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk in the sun: conception
Is a blessing; but not as your daughter may conceive,
—friend, look to't.

Pol. How say you by that? [Aside.] Still harping
On my daughter:—yet he knew me not at first;
He said, I was a fishmonger: He is far gone;
Far gone: and, truly in my youth I suffered much:
Extemely for my love. This is a lovely way
to dupack to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words!

Pol. What is the better, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Shalander, sir; for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have grey beards; but their beards are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hands: All of which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, shall be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Then this is madness, yet there's method in it. [Aside.] Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave!

Pol. Indeed, that is out of the air.—How pregnant sometimes my replies are! A rambling that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter. My honorable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern.

Pol. You go to seek the lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. God save you, sir! [Exit Polonius.

Understanding.  ① Be pregnant.  ② Ready, opt.
Ham. Happy, in that we are not over happy; On fortune's cap we are not the very button.
Ros. Nor the soles of her shoe?
Ham. Neither, my lord.
Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her ovaries.
Gul. Faith, her privacies we.
Ham. In the secret parts of fortune! O, most true; she is a strumpet. What news?
Ros. None, my lord: but that the world is grown honest.
Ham. Then is doomsday near? But your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: What, how, where, when? Where! Where! Who has sold the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?
Gul. Prison, my lord!
Ham. What? Your servant in a prison.
Ros. Then is the world one.
Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confusions, wars, and dangerous. Denmark being one of the worst.
Ros. We think not so, my lord.
Ham. Why, then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: a piece of work is⊇, and I will do it.
Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.
Gul. What a dream! I would be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreams.
Ham. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitions is merely the shadow of a dream.
Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.
Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that the wind blows it out, and so it is but a shadow.
Ham. Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs, and outstretched heroes, the beggars' shadows; shall we to the court! for, by my lay, I cannot reason.
Ros. Gull. We'll wait upon you.
Ham. No matter such: I will not sort you with the rest of my retainers; 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. A visit, my lord; no other occasion.
Ham. Bezarar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear, a halfpenny. Were you not, to me, a friend, or for my felicity, a true visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me; come, come; nay, speak.
Gul. What should we say, my lord?
Ham. That you are welcome to the court, and you are welcome to the purpose. You were sent for, and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not e'en enough to color: I know the good king and queen is sent for you,
Ros. To what end, my lord?
Ham. That you must teach me. But let me consider. 'Tis not the rights of our fellowship, by the conscience 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 disputable, whether you were sent for, or no.
Ros. What say you? [To GUILDENSTERN]
Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you; [Aside.]
*If you love me, hold not off.*
Gul. My lord, we have sent you for.
Ham. I will tell you why: so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen mount no feather. I have of late sewn a little in the know, (I know not,) lest all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises: and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this good Heav'n, if the earth, and the wise proromonty; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'ershading firmament, this majestic roof vaulted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors. What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this doctrine worth? seen in the face of man means not me,—nor woman neither; though by your smiling you seem to say so.
Ros. My lord, there is no such stuff in my thought.
Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said, Man delights not me?
Ros. To think, my lord, if you did not lie not in man, what have the entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way; and liter are they coming, to offer you service.
Ham. Nay, let the play be by 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 read his wit in jest: the clown shall make the laugh whose lungs are tickled of the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for,—What players are they?
Ros. Even those you were word to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.
Ham. How chances it they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.
Ros. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.
Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?
Ros. No, indeed, they are not.
Ham. Do they grow rusty?
Ros. Nay, their endeavor keeps in the wonted pace: But there is, sir, an airy of children, little cyases,® that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapp'd for: these are now the fashion; and so beradle the common stages, (so they call them,) that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come into the theatre.
Ham. What, are they children? who maintains them? how are they sec'd?® Will they pursue the quality? no longer than they can sin! will they not say at rewards, if they should grow themselves to common players, (as it is most like, if their means are not better,) their writers do them wrong, to make them declaim against their own succession?
Ros. 'Fair, there has been much to do on both sides: and the nation holds it no sin, to tarce them on both sides; they, I say, was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuds in the question.
Ham. Is it possible!®
Gul. 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 kinsmen.
Ham. It is not very strange: for my uncle is king of Denmark, and those, that would make mouths at him while my father lived, gave twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.
Ham. Bring me Trumpet, within.
Gul. There are the players.
Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. Come then: the apparition of the ghost shall be your welcome; and all ceremony, to set me company with you in thisgarb; lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You were welcome: but my uncle-father, and auntmother, are deceived.
Gul. In what, my dear lord.
Ham. I am but mad north-northwest: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Enter POLONIUS.
Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!
Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern,—and you too:®
® Shakespeare.
* Overtook.
* Young nobilities.
* Vowels.
* Polack.
* D'Albe.
* The globe, the sign of Shakespeare's theatre.
* Complaint.
Scene II. PRINCE OF DENMARK.

—at each ear a heater: that great baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swaddling-cloths.

Ros. Happily, he's the second time come to them; for this lie to old Regan

Ham. I will prophesy, he comes to tell me of the players; mark it,—You say right, sir: 'twas then, indeed.

Pol. My lord, this morning to me you:—

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you: When Roscino was an actor in Rome,—

Pol. The actors are here hither, my lord,

Ham. Buz, buz!—

Pol. Upon my honor,—

Ham. Then came each actor on his leg. Pol. The best of them for tragedy either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, [tragedy-historical, tragic-comical-historical-pastoral] scene indivisible, or partial in five acts. It was not too long, nor Flautus too light. For the law of wit and liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. O Jephthah, judge of Israel,—what a treason that last was!

Pol. What a treachery had he, my lord?

Ham. Why—One fair daughter, and no more,

Pol. Which he loved passing well.

Pol. Still on my honor,—

Ham. Nay, that follow not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord?

Ham. Why, As by lot, God wot, and then you know, As by lot, the name was,—The first row of the pious chanson was to show you more: for look, my abridgment comes.

Enter few or few Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome all:—I am glad to see thee well—welcome, good friends:—O, O, O, O, Why, this face is valanced since saw thee last; Com'nit hean to thee minded in Denmark!—What? my young lady and mistress! By'r lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than we were from the last, by the arresting word. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncertain gold, be not cracked within the ring.—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll even to it like French falconers, to shew the thing we see: We'll have a speech straight: Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

Pol. What speech, my lord?

Ham. I heard he speak the speech once,—but it was never acted;—or, if it was, not above once; for the play. I remember, pleased not not the man. I was conveyed to the general 3 but it was (as I received it and others, with good judgments, in such matters, cried to the top of mine) an excellent play; well digested in the scenes, set down with expedition, and modestly as cunning as possible; and I remember, one said, there were no salads in the lines to make the matter savory; nor matter in the phrase, that might induce the author of affection 4 but called it an honest method, as wholesome and by very much more handsome than fine; One speech in it I chided loved: 'twas O'ne's 5 tale to Dido, and thereabouts of it especially, where he speaks of a daughter:—

Pol. I say, then, Ham. I and Thyrius, like the Heculcin beast, being not so: it begins with Pyrrhus.

T Burrhus. Tell me, then, Pyrrhus,—he, whose arms

Black is his purpose, did the night resemble

When he lay howled in the ominous horse,

But now this burning bale-bale complexion smirth

With his head, as a fire, in the air, that now he joined gaites: horrid rack 5

With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons;

Barked and caged with the parching streets,

That tend a thomasine and a tamed light

To their lord's murder: Roastet in wrath, and fire,

And thus o'er-sized with convolute gory,

Hither (in barbarous, the hitherto Pyrrhus

Great grandsons Priam seeks:—

Pol. Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with good accent, and good discretion.

1. Writing. 2. Christmas-carols. 3. Fringed. 4. An Italian dish made of the rest of fishes. 5. Multitude. 6. Above. 7. Alliteration. 8. Red, a term in heraldry. 9. Blazoned. 10. A Play. 11. Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword, Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls, To the hilt to old Regan; and: Unequal matched, Pyrrhus of Priam drives; in rage, strikes wide; But with the whip and wind of his fell sword The unmother'd father falls. Then senseless, Iam, And, like a neutral to his will and matter, Did nothing. But, as we often see, against some storm, A silence in the heavens, the rock' 3 stand still, The cold winds speechless, and the orb below In awe and death: upon the dreadful thunder Both rend the region: so, after Pyrrhus' pause, A roused vengeance sets him new a-work; And never did the Cyclops' humors fail: On Mars' armor, forged for proof of clime: With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword Now falls on Priam.—

Out, out, thou strangrel, Fortune! All you gods, In general, hate away her power. Break all the spires and fellies from her wheel, And howl the round vane down the hill of heaven, As low as to the friends!—

Pol. This is the case.

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 Elsinore.

I Play. But, ah! wise! I have seen the mobled queen—

Ham. The mobled queen!—

Pol. That's good; mobled queen is good.

I Play. I am a foot up and down, thrusting the fumes

With bison's rheum; a casket upon that head Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe About her trunk and all, I've bettered line, A blanket, in the arm of fear caught up; Who this had seen, with tongue in venous sleep'd, 'Gainst fourfold's state who would treason have pronounced?

But if the gods themselves did see her then,

When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport In mimicking with his sword her husband's limbs, The instant burst of clamour that she made. (Unless things mortal worse them not of all.) Would have made night's burning eye heaven, And passion's light shot with the sun's beam.

Pol. Look whether he has not turn'd his color, and has tears in his eyes.—Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well: I'll have thee speak out the rest of this; for God's sake, old lord, let the players bestow'd! Do you hear, let them be well used: for they are the abstract, and brief chronicles, of the time: After your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. Odd's bodkin, man, much better: Use every man after his desert, and who shall escape whipping? Use them after your own honor and dignity: The less they deserve, the more merit it is your honor. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

[Exit POLONIUS, with some of the Players.]

Ham. You Englishmen, friends:—we'll hearken a play to morrow.——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 Player.] My good friends, 'To Ross, and Gelt.' I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.——

Ros. Good my lord! [Exit ROSECRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]

Ham. Ay, so, God be wi' you!—Now I am about.

[Exit.]—


783
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
I should have fated all the region kites
With this slave's o'ffall: bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless, vill
lain?
Why, what an ass am I? This is most brave;
That I, the son of a dear father murdered,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing, like a very draught,
A sculling and a scolding, I'll pluck out thy
Eye upon th' job! About my brains! Humph! I
have 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 proclaimed their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he do blench,
I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,
May be a devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such successions,
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this: the play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.
[Exit."

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Castle. 

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosen- 
grant, and Guildenstern.

King. And can you, by no drift of conference, 
Guil. Here, why he puts on this confusion;
Grat'ting so hastily all his days of quiet.
With turbulent and dangerous fancy?
Ros. Lord, he do confess, he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.
Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;
But with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?
Ros. Most like a gentleman.
Guil. But with much foreting of his disposition.
Ros. Negligent of his guard; but, of our demands,
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assray him
To some pastime?
Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We offer'd on the way: of these we told him;
And there did seem in him a kind of joy.

Queen. And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

Ros. The most true;
And he besech'd me to entreat your majesties
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart; and it doth much concern me
To hear him so insin'd.

Guil. Good gentlemen, gave him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord.

[Exeunt ROSENCRantz and Guildenstern.

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too:
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither;
That, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia:
Her father, and myself, (lawful espials,)
Will so bestow ourselves, that seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter mark the edge;
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If he be the affliction of his love or no,
That thus he suffers for:—

Queen. I shall obey you:
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope, your virtues

[Exeunt."

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?—To die, to sleep,—
No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to: 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,—to sleep:—
To sleep! perchance to dream:—ay, there's the rub:
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: 'There's the respect,'—
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life?
But that the dread of something after death,—
"Unnatural.
Search his wounds.
Shrink or start.
Too frequent.
Stir, bustle.
Consideration.
Rudeness.
Quiet.
The ancient term for a small dagger.
"Back, burden."
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those lies we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.
Than conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action. Soft you now!
The fair Ophelia—Nymph, in thy orisons.
Be all my sins remember'd. Oph.
Good my lord,
How does your honor for this day? I Ham. I humbly thank you; well.
Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.
Ham. No, no! Oph.
I never gave you any.
Oph. My honored lord, you know right well you,
And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind,
Rich gold is poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.
Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?
Oph. My lord?
Ham. Are you fair?
Oph. What means your lordship?
Ham. That if you be honest and fair, you should
Admit no low coarse to your beauty.
Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce
Than with honesty?
Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty well
Can raise the heaven-born to a baseborn; honesty from the lowly
Can raise a man to heaven. Let me remember
What it is to be a lamb, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into
His likeness; this was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.
Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.
Ham. You should not have believed me; for
evil cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall reek of it: I lov'd you not.
Oph. I was the fairest of my father's love,
Ham. Get thee to a nunnery: Why wouldst thou
But medical losses? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things,
That it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful ambitious; with more
Offences at my feet, than I have thought to put the
Shame to their action, to give them shape, or time to act in them:
What should such fellows as I do
Dwelling betwixt earth and heaven? We are not armed
Knobs; believe none of us: Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?
Ham. At home, my lord.
Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him; that he
May play the boy but nowhere—nor in his own house.
Exit. Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!
Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague
for thy dowry: Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou
Shall not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery; farewell! Or, if thou wilt needs marry,
Marry a fool; for wise men know well enough,
What monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and bid all fair well.
Oph. Heavenly powers, restore him! Ham. I have heard of your paintings too well enough: God hath given you one face, and you
You must conjure it to no other use but to amble, and you
And, nick-nam'd God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance; Go to; I'll no more of it; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages; those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. KENT. [Exit HAMLET.] Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown! The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword;
The eye's divinity and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers! quite, quite down! And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That so'd the honey of his love! Cleanse now
See that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;  
* Boundary, limits.  
* Prayers.  

That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy! O, woes is me!
To have as much as I can see, but not to see what I shall! 

Re-enter King and Polonius.
King. Well! his alacrity doth not the way tend,
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his
soul, O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And, I do doubt, the hutch, and the disclose,
Will be some danger: Which for to prevent,
I have, in quick determination.
Thus set it, Hamlet, with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute;
Haply, the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This sonorous-settled matter in his heart;
Whereon his brains, still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?
Pol. It shall do well: but yet I do believe,
The original of it was a court of Aristocracy.
King. Ye sprang from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia?
You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief; let her be round with him;
And I'll be sure, if you, in the ear of
All of their conference: If she find him not,
To England send him: or confine him, where
Your wisdom best shall think.
King. Well. It shall be so;
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go. 

SCENE II.—A Hall in the same.

Enter Hamlet and certain Players.
Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but let a more indited ghost appear, whose very noise should be more heard than that, and (as I may say) whirwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwinkle bear a passion to tatters, to very race, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexpressible dumb shows and noises: O, it should have been a trial of your powers, to have avoided such contempt and derogations on the Terence; or, if you choose the heroine of Terence; it out-heroids 'Eterdo: Pray you, avoid it.

1. Play, I warrant your honor.
Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor; suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'er-step not the modesty of nature: for anything so over-straining on the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cause those that hear you to aspeck, and to make you of a glib tongue; but, if it be not too much with you, and if it be mere pique, see you speak clearly, that neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, play, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of my nature's journey, you have made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1. Play, I hope, we have reformed that differently with us.
Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those, that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves put in plays, to such some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time,
* Alienation of mind.  
* Reprize him with freedom.  
* The manner people then seem to have sat in the pit.

Herod's character was always violent.  
* Impression, resemblance.  
* Approximation.
some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.

[Exeunt Players.]

Enter Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

How now, my lord! will the king hear this piece of work?

Ham. Bid the players make haste.—

[Exit Polonius.]

Will you two help to hasten them?

Both. Ay, my lord.

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

Ham. What, ho; Horatio!

Enter Horatio.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art even as just a man As ever my conversation e'er withal. Hor. O, my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee, That no revenue hast, but thy own spirits, To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candid tongue lack absurd pump; And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee, Where thrift may follow fasting. Dost thou hear? Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice, And could not of men distinguish her election, She hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been As one, in sufficing all, that suffers nothing; A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards Has taken with equal thanks: and bless'd are those Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled, That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger To sound what stop she please: Give me that man That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart, As I do thee.—Something too much of this—There is a play to-night before the king; Once see'd of it comes near the circumstance, Which I have told thee of my father's death. I pray thee, when thou seest that act abate, Even when the very comment of thy soul Observe my uncle: if he seem fault'd, guilt Doth not itself unkennel in one speech, It is a damned ghost that we have seen; And my imaginations are as full. As Vulture's stithy. Give him heedful note: For mine eyes will rivet to his face: And, after, we will both our judgments join In sureness of his seeming. Well, my lord: If he steal aught, which whilst this play is playing, And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play; I must be idle:

Get you a place.

Danish March. A Flourish. Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and others.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Pol. He's very well, my liege, I know his mind.

King. So be it. What's the news with Ophelia?

Ham. Not a jot, my lord; a thing to move the heaven.

Oph. My lord, I mean, my head upon your lap.

Ham. O, my lord.


Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Of your own accord. 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, it's twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sabers. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet! Then there's hope, a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: But, by'lord, he must build churches then: or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the lady-chrome; whose epithal is, For O, for O, the hobby-horse is forgot.

Trumpets sound. The dumb Show follows.

Enter a King and a Queen, very lovingly; the Queen comes in, and he with her, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck; lays him down upon a bank of flowers; she, with her gentle leave, leaves him. Upon comes in a yellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exits. The Queen returns; finds the King dead, and makes passion of it, and takes her chair. The Poisons, with some two or three Suitors, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried out; and the Poisoner wields the Queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling meekly, but, in the end, accepts his love.

Exeunt.

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is mewing mallecho; it means mischief.

Oph. O my deke, this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant!

Ham. Ay, marry, I know that you'll show him; But 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.

[Exit.]

Pros. For us, and for our tragedy.

Here stooping to your elocution,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prodige, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter a King and a Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phæbus' cart gone round Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orb ground; And thirty dozen moons, with borrowed sheen, Have doubled over the world, when, yet, though I distrust, Discomfit you, my lord, it nothing must: For women fear too much, even as they love; And would as well, that in the world's broad quantity, In neither aught, or in extremity.

Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know:

Ham. And as my love is six'd,5 my fear is so.

Oph. The richest dress.

Ham. Secret wickedness.

Oph. The earth.

Ham. Shining, indire.

5 In proportion to the extent of my love.
Scene II.

PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear; Where little fears grow great, great love grows there. P. King. Faith, I must leave thee, love, and hourly too: My oper'ant pow'r their functions leave to do; And thou shalt live in this fair world behind, Honor'd, below'd; and, haply, one as kind For husband shift thou— O, confound the rest! Such love must needs be treason in my breast: It second husband let me be accurst! None wed the second, but who kill'd the first. Ham. That's wormwood.

P. Queen. The instances, that second marriage loves. 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. Do I 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 'twas that we forget To play ourselves with ourselves of debt: What to ourselves in passion we propose, The passion ending, doth the purpose lose. The violence of either grief or joy Their own enmities; with themselves destroy: Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament; Grief joys, joy grievances, on slender accident. This would not be for eye; nor 'is not strange, That even their loves should with our fortunes change; For 'tis a question left us yet to prove, Whether love lead fortune, or fortune love, The great man down, you mark, his favorite dies; The poor advanced makes friends of enemies. And hither doth love on fortune tend: For who need not, shall never lack a friend; And who in want a hollow friend doth try, Directly seasons him his enemy. But, orderly to end where I began,— Our wills, and fate, 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 wed; But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead. P. Queen. Nor earth to give me food, nor heaven light! Sport and loose lock from me, day and night! To desperation turn my trust and hope! An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope! Each opposite, that blank the face of joy. My Queen, I think I should have well, and it destroy! Both here, and hence, pursue me, lastest strife, If, once a widow, ever I be wife! Ham. If she should break it now; [To Ophelia. P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here awhile; My spirits grow dull, and pain I would beguile. The tedious day with sleep. Sleep rock thy brain; And never come miscensure between us twain! Ham. Madam, how like you this play! [Exit. Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks. Ham. No, but she'll keep her word. King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in thy liberty? Ham. No, what do they but jest, poison in jest; no offence in't the world. King. What, Ham. No, who do, you call the play! Ham. The Mouse-infest’d! Marry, how! Tropically, this play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzalo is the duke's name; his wife, Beatrice, by whom you shall see more; 'tis a knavish piece of work; but what of that! your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not; let the galled jade whine, our withers are unruin'd.

Enter Lucianus. This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king. Oph. You are as good a chorus, my lord. *Active. Motives. Determinations. Anchors. In which he'll catch the conscience of the king. *Slashed. *Pass, company. *For them.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, it could see the puppets dailying. Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen. I mean. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge. Oph. Still better, and worse. Ham. So you must make your husbands—Begin, murderer—leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come:— The croaking raven Doth bellow in revenge. Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing; Confederate season, else no creature seeing: Thou mix'd with dark, of midnight weeds collected, With Hebe's banish'd three-bladed, three-infected, Thy natural magic, and dire property, On wholesome life his pure immediately. [Exit. Ham. He poisons him if the garden for his estate, His name's Gonzalo: the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian: You shall seannow, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzalo's wife. Oph. The king rises. Ham. What! frightened with false fire! Queen. How fares my lord! Pol. Give over the play. King. Give me some light:—away! Pol. Lights, lights, lights, lights! [Exit all but HAMLET AND HORATIO. Ham. Why, let the scene go weep, The last ungailed play: For some must watch, while some must sleep; Thus runs the world away. Would not a90, sir, and a forest of feathers, if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me, with two Provencal roses on my razed shoes, get me a following, in a crew of players, sir! Hor. Half a share. Ham. A whole one, I. For thou dost know, O Demon dear, This realm dismantiJed was Of Jove himself; and now reigns here A very, very—peacock. Hor. You might have rhymed. Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive? Hor. Very well, my lord. Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning,— Hor. I did very well note him. Ham. Ah, ah!—Come, some music; come, the reciters.— For the king like the not the comedy. Why then, belle—he likes it not, jenny.— Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. Courte some music. Guild. Good my lord, vouchee me a word with you. Ham. Sir, a whole history. Guild. The king, sir,— Ham. Ay, sir, what of him? Guild. Is, in his retirement, marvellous distem- pered, Guild. With drink, sir! Guild. No, my lord, with choler. Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer, to signify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him to the assurance, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler. Guild. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair. Ham. I am ready. Guild. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you. Ham. You are welcome. Guild. 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. Guild. What, what, what? Guild. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: But, sir, such an 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,—

Ham. When, what, what, what?
Ham. Then thus she says: Your behavior hath
struck her into amazement and admiration.

Pol. My lord, I wonder'd that you can so astonish a mother!—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? import.

Ham. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. You do still by these pickers and stealers. Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of tempter? you do, surely, but hark 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 people 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 recorder:—let me see one.—To withdraw with you:—Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guit. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmanly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Ham. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Ham. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Ham. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventures with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guit. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you, now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stop; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from the lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sleep, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Enter Polonius.

God bless you, sir!—For. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. The hea, and 'tis like a camel indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or, like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by,—They fool me to the top of my bent;—I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so. [Exit Polonius.]

Ham. By and by is easily said. —Leave me, friends. [Exit Ros., Guit., Hor., &c.]

'End the very witching time of night;
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such business as the biter day
Would quake to look on. Soft: now to my mother—
O, heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero cloud the firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, but unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites;
Here shall each word of my words sear her heart;
To give them seals never, my soul, consent! [Exit.

SCENE III.—A Room in the same.

Enter King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not; nor stands it safe with us,
To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you;
If your commission will forthwith despatch,


Authority to put them in execution.

And he to England shall along with you:
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazardous voyages, as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunes?—Guit.

Guit. We will ourselves provide;
Most holy and religious fear it is,
To keep these many bodies safe,
That live, and feed, upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armor of the mind,
To keep itself from vanity; but much more
That spirit, upon whose weal depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Does not alone; but, like a guilt, doth draw
What it exporteth with it: it is a manner thing
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spikes ten thousand lesser things
Are nothing but itself and joint; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

Knut. I will go with you, to this deadly voyage;
For we will letters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too fœtus-footed.

Ros. Guit. We will haste us.

{Exit Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.}

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet:
Behind the array I'll convey myself,
To hear the process; I'll warrant, she'll tax him home:
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more audience, than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege;
I'll call upon you, when you go to bed,
And tell you what I know. Thanks, dear my lord.

{Exit Polonius.}

Guit. O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murder!—Tray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will;
My stronger guilt doth satiate my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
To wash it white as snow? Wherefore serves mercy,
But to do_SEA the visage of offenses? And what's in prayer,
but this two foiled force,—
To be forestalled, cre we come to call,
Or pardon'd, being down? Then I'll look up;
My father's time is past. O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn?—Forgive me my foul murder!—
That cannot be; since I am still possesse'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My stronger guilt doth satiate my strong intent.
May cune be pardon'd, and retain the offence!
In the corrupted currents of this world,
O'ercist his gilded hand may show by justice
And o' the喷er, he was priz'd enough.
Bays out the law: but 'tis not so above:
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and shoulder of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then! what restas?
Try what repentance can: What can it not do?
A well done, in it, when one cannot credit
O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!
O limned soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged? Help, angels, make assay!
Bow, middle knees! and, heart, with strings of steel.
Be soft as snows of the new-born babe.

All may be well. {Retires and kneels.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it, I put, now he is praying;
And now he prays, yea; but he is so good natured,
And so am I revenged! That would be enough.
A villain kills my father; and, for that, 1.
his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven. Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread;


Caught as with bird-line. *Should be considered.
SCENE IV.—Another Room in the same.

Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come straight. Look you, lay home to him my last commission.

Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with;
And that your grace hath seen and stood between Many a time, and I am sure, 'twill silence me even here.

Pray you, be with him. I'll warrant you;

Queen. Fear me not:— withdraw, I hear him coming.

[POLONIUS hides himself.

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother; what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, no so.

Are you the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And—would it were not so!—you are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then I set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not judge;

You go not, till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the nimnest part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me!

Help, help, ho!  

Pol. [behind] What, ho! help!  

Ham. 

[Draws.

Dead, for a ducat, dead.


Ham.  

[Dies.

[Exit QUEEN.

Enter GHOST.

Ham. Is it the king?

GHOST. [Lifts up the Arras, and draws forth POLONIUS.]  

Ham. [to QUEEN.] What, hast thou done?

Queen. Nay, I know not.

Ham. Is it the king?

[Exit GHOST.

Pol. [behind] O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!  

Ham. A bloody deed!—almost as good, good mother,

As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king.

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word—

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!

[To POLONIUS.  

Pol. [behind] O!  

Ham. [to QUEEN.] What hast thou done?—

Thou dost make but chide me, or with my wings.

Thee heavenly guards!—What wouldst thou gracios figure?

Queen. Alas! he's mad.

Ham. Did you not see your tardy son to clade,

That, laps'd in time and passion, let's go by

The honourable acting of your dread command?

O, say!  

GHOST. Do not forget; this visitation

Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.

Ham. Such an act,

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty:

Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose

From the fair forehead of an innocent love,

And sets a blinder there; makes marriage vows

As false as cozen's oath: O, such a deed

As from the body of contruction plucks

The very soul; and sweet religion makes

A rhapsody of words; Heaven's fair dew glows

Yea, this solidity and compound mass,

With trystful visage, as against the doom,

Is thought-sick at the act.

Queens. Ah me, what act,

That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this;

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers:

Who that's wise may tell me? Is this a man?

Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;

An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;

A station like the herald Mercury,

New-lighted on a heavenly-Kissing hill;

A combination, and a form, indeed,

Where every god did seem to set his seal,

To give the world assurance of a man:

This was your husband.—Look you now, what follows:

Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,

Blowing his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,

And batter on this moor! Ha! have you eyes?

You cannot call it: love; for, at your age,

The hey-day in the blood is now a-wrangling;

And waits upon the judgment; And what judgment

Would step from this to this! Sense, sense, you have it.

Else, ecque, you have not motion: But, sure, that sense

Is aoppel'd: for madness would not err;

Nor sense to ecastasy was young so throng'd,

But it receiv'd some quantity of change;

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;

And hands that were not moved without eyes, eyes moving

So slow, as pity's owl was of that name;

And waits upon the judgment; And what judgment

Would step from this to this!—

Queens. O Hamlet, speak no more;—

Thou turnest mine eyes into my very soul;

And there I see such black and grained spots

As will not leave their trace.

Ham. Nay, but to live

In the rank sweat of an unpolish'd earth,

Stew'd in corruption; honeying and making love

Over the nasty sty;

Queens. 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 tyde

Of your preceding lord,—a vice of kings;

A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;

That from a shelf the precious daudal stole,

And put in his pocket!—

No more.

Queens. Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King

Of shreds and patches—

Save me, and give me life with your wings.

You heavenly guards!—What would the gracious figure?

Queen. Alas! he's mad.

Ham. Did you not see your tardy son to clade,

That, laps'd in time and passion, let's go by

The honourable acting of your dread command?  

O, say!

GHOST. Do not forget; this visitation

Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.

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Mimic.
Hamlet, yet but heavy will
Alack, have and these how
Look, Where do you look?
Ham. On him!—Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. Do not look upon me.
Lost with this pitious action you convert
My stern effects? then what I have to do
Will wait true color; tears, perelance, for blood.
Queen. To whom do you speak this?
Ham. Do you see nothing there? Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.
Ham. Nor did you nothing hear!
Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he liv'd!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal! [Exit Ghost.
Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This holldeless creation ceaseth!
Is very coming in.
Ham. Easteav!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: It is not madness,
That you have uttered: being me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would glibbom from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that blustering unction to your soul,
Thrust not your trepass but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the nocceous place;
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Insects unseen. Come, yourself to heaven;
Repeat what's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;
For in the lateness of these parsey times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon be.
You, curb and woo, for leave to do him good.
Queen. O Hamlet! thou hast eft my heart in
Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good-night; but go not to my uncle's bed;
Assume a most horrid form.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this;
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly put on: Refrain to-night;
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstentious; the next act easy:
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either curb the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more good-night!
And we will hold our peace to morrow. I'll blessing beg of you. For this same lord,
[Pointing to Polonius.]
I do repent: But heaven hath pleas'd it so,—
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their sorcerer and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So again good-night!—
O, that my mother had been by! Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.
But one word more, good lady.
Queen. What shall I do! Not this, by no means, that I did you say;
Let the loyal king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you, his mouse;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his dammed fingers,
Make you to ravell all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in eft. 'Twere good, you let him know:
For where's that's hit a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gipsy?
Such dear concerings hide! who would do so?
No, in despise of sense, and secrecy,
Upon the basket on the horse's top,
Let the birds fly: and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions in the basket creep,
And seek your own decoy.
Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.
Ham. I must to England; you know that?
Queen. Alack, I had forgot; 'tis so concluded on.
Ham. There were letters seal'd: and my two school-follows—
Whom I will trust, as I will adders' fang—,
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery: Let it work;
For 'tis the sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar; and it shall go hard,
But I will delive one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the horse's top: Oh, how sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet—
This man shall set me packing,
I'll hag the guts into the neighbor room—
Mother, good-night:—Indeed, this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you:
Good-night, mother.
[Exit severally; Hamlet dragging in Polonius.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. There's matter in these sighs; these profound heaviness;
You must translate; 'tis fit we understand them:
Where is your son?
Queen. Bethink you this place on us a little while.—
[To Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, who go out.
Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night!
King. What Gertrude! How does Hamlet? Queen. Mad as the sea, and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier: In his lawless fit,
* Imagination.
# The hair of animals is excrementitious, that is, without life or sensation.
* Intelligent. 
# Actions.
$ Training.
$ Hand.

Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries, A rat! A rat!
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!
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 providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of harm?
This most /owning man: but, so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit;
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divine; let it run on:
Even on the path of life. Where is he gone?
Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd;
Scene IV. Prince of Denmark.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.

Ham. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

Ham. At supper! Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain conviction of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we eat all creatures else, to fat us: and we fat ourselves for maggots. Your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable service; two dishes, but to one table: that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to show you how a king may so a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. He sent me to find him, and bethink thee: if your messenger find him not there, seek him in the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall noise him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

Ham. Go seek him there. [To some Attendants.

Ham. He will stay till you come.

Scene II.—Another Room in the same.

Enter Hamlet.


Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereunto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis: that we may take it hence, and bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge—what replication should be made by the son of a king?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countryperson's affairs. But such officers do the king best service in the end: He keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed: When he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in such ears.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing—

Guild. A thing, my lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide, fox, and all after.

Scene III.—Another Room in the same.

Enter King. attended.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.

How durst you is, that this man goes loose! Yet must not we put the strong law on him: He's lov'd of the distracted multitude, Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes; And yet the rewards his authority, But such officers do the king best service in the end: He keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed: When he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in such ears.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing—

Guild. A thing, my lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide, fox, and all after.

Scene IV.—A Plain in Denmark.

Enter Fortinbras, and Forces, marching.

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king; Tell him, that, by his licence, Fortinbras Craves a conference of a promised march Over his kindred. You know the rendezvous. If that his majesty would set with us, We shall express our duty in his eye; And let him know so.

Cep. I will do't, my lord.

For. Go softly on.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, &c.

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these? Cep. They are of Norway, sir.

Ham. How purpos'd, sir? I pray you?

Cep. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who Commands them, sir?

Cep. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

* Mark. 2 A sport among children.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.

Ham. Say you, sir, that this Hamlet is the son of the dead king of Denmark?

Ros. So he is, my lord.

Ham. Did your mother weep for him?

Ros. She wailed like one in travail for a child. My lord, where is he?

Ham. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us, Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

1 Mine. 2 Mark. 3 A sport among children.

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at all sheet clause.
"As my great power thereof may give thee sense;" since yet thy civetcrit looks raw and set. After the Danish sword, and thy free soul, Pays his obeisance to us, thou mayst not coldly set our sovereign process; which imports at full, By letters conjuring to that effect, The present death of Hamlet, in it, England; For like in the hectic in my blood he rages, And thou must cure me! Till I know 'tis done, Howe'er my haps, my joys will never begin. [Exit.
HAMLET.

Act IV.

HAMLET, her

To speak, and sir, and with no addition,
We've go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,
A ranker rate; it should it be sold to see.

HAMLET. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Cymb. Yes, 'tis already garrisson'd.

HAMLET. Two thousand souls, and twenty thou-

sands ducats,

Will not debate the question of this straw:

This is the imposhment of much wealth and peace;

That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why they will die.—I humbly thank you, sir.

Cymb. God be wi' you, sir. [Exit Captain.

HAMLET. Will you please you go, my lord?

HAMLET. I will be with you straight. Go a little

before.

How all occasions do inform against me,

And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,

If his chief good, and market of his time,

He but to sleep, and keep! a heart, no more.

Sure, he, that made us with such large discourse,

Looking before, and after, gave us not

That capability and godlike reason

To trust in us unseen. Now, whether it be

Restful oblivion, or some craven scruple

Of thinking too preciously on the event,—

A thought, which quarter'd, hath but one part

Wisdom,

And, ever, three parts coward.—I do not know

Why yet I live to say, This thing's to do;

Still I have leas, and will, and strength, and

means.

To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me:

Witness, line army of such mass, and charge,

Led by a delicate and tender prince;

Whose spirit, with divine ambition put'd,

Makes mouths at the invisible event;

Exposing what is mortal, and unsee.

To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,

Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,

Is not to stir without great argument;

But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,

When honor's at the stake. How stand I then,

That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,

Examinat 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; right 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, distrust;

Her mood will needs be pined.

What would she have?

QUEEN. She speaks much of her father; says, she

hears

There's tricks i' the world; and hens, and beats

her heart;

Spurns curiously at straws; speaks things in doubt

That can but half sense: her speech is nothing,

Yet the unshaped use of it doth move

The hearers to collection; they aim at it,

And both the words up lift to their own thoughts,

Which, as her words, and nodrs, and gestures yield

them

Indeed would make one think, there might be

thought,

Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

QUEEN. Twere good she were spoken with; for

she may shrew

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds:

Let her come in. [Exit HORATIO.

To my such soul, as sin's true nature is,

Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss;

So full of idle jealousy is grief;

It spoils itself in fearing to be spilt.

Power of comprehension.

Grow mouldy.

Courage.

Since.

Oph. There is the beauteous majesty of Den-

mark!

QUEEN. How now, Ophelia?

Oph. How should I your true love know?

From another one?

By his true shape, and dress, and word,

And his authority. [Singing.

QUEEN. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?


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! [Sings.

QUEEN. Nay, but Ophelia.—Pray you, mark.

Oph. While his shroud as the mountain snows.

Enter KING.

QUEEN. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. Larded all with sweet flowers;

Which beare to the grave lot go,

With true-love showers.

KING. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God 'held' you! They say the owl

was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we

are, but the world not what we may be. God be at

your table!

KING. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray, let us have no words of this; but

when thou askest me what it means, say you this:

Good morrow, His Saint Valentine's day,

All in the morning betime,

And I trust of your window,

To be your Valentine,

Then up he rose, and don'd his clothes,

Exposing to the chamber door;

Let in the maid, that out a maid

Never departed more.

KING. Pretty Ophelia! Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end

By Git, and by Saint Charity, a

Ateck, and he for shame! Young men will not, if they come to it;

By cock, they are to blame.

Quoth she, Before you tumbl'd me,

You promised me to wed:

He answer'd,

So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

KING. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope, all will be well. We must be patient: but if cannot choose but weep, to think,

they should lay him i' the cold ground; My brother

shall know of it, and so thank you for your good

counsel. Come, my coach! Good-morning, ladies; good-morning, sweet ladies; good-morning, good-morning.

KING. Follow her close; give her good watch,

And pray you. [Exit HORATIO.

O, this is the poison of deep grief; it spares

All from her father's death: And now Ihold,

O Gertrude, Gertrude,

When sorrow comes, they come not single spies,

But in battalions! First, her father's slain;

Next, your son gone; and he most violent author

Of his own just remove: The people muddied,

Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and

Whispers.

For good Polonius' death; and we have done but

greenly,

In haggard-naggers to infer 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 mother is in secret come from France;

Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,

And wants not buzzers to mislead his ear

With pestilent speeches of his father's death;

Whence, necessity of matter beggar'd,

Shes.

Reward.

Do up.

Saints in the Roman Catholic calendar.
Scene VI. Prince of Denmark. 743

Will nothing stick our person to arm
In car and car—O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murder'd piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death! [A Noise within.
Queen. [Sings.]

Enter a Gentleman.

King. Attend.
Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door:
What is the matter?

King. Save yourself, my lord;—
The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impomous haste,
Than young Laertes, in a notuous head,
O'erbeareth your officers! The rabbble call him lord;
And, as the world was now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, the fathers and propound every word,
They cry, Choose we; Laertes shall be king!
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be king, laerteaing!
Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs.

King. The doors are broke. [Noise within.

Enter Laertes, armed; Dames following.

Laer. Where is this king!—Sirrs, stand you all about.

Dan. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Dan. We will, we will. [They retire without the door.

Laer. I thank you;—keep the door. O thou vile king,
Give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood, that's calm, proclaims me bastard;
Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsallowed brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?

Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our power;
There's such divinity doth hedge a king.
That treason can but heep to what it would,
Acts hope of his will,—Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incess'd—let him go, Ger-

trad;

Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead! I'll not be juggling
With, to hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience, and justice, to the profoundest pit!
I dare to damnation: To this point I stand,—
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be revenged
Most thoroughly for my father's sake.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will; not all the world's;
And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, isn't writ in your re-

late,
That, sweet-stake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;
And, like the kind lie-rend'ring pelican,
Breast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak

Like a good child and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death, and
I am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment pear,
As day does to your eye.

Queen. Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that!

Enter Ophelia, fantastically dressed with Straws and Flowers.

O, heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid with weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
O heavens! it's possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal an old man's life!
Nature is fine in love: and, where 's fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Oph. They bore him barefaced on the bier;
They no money, money hey money;
And in his grave raw'd, an a little fear;—
Fare you well, my daisy?

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade
Revenge.
It could not move me thus.

Oph. You, my life, and Down-a-down, an you call
him a-down-a. O, how the wheel! becomes it! It is
the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemarty, that's for remembrance;
pray you, love, remember: and there is passions,
that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and
remembrance.

Oph. There's lanneul for you, and cumbines,—
there's rue for you; and here's some for me:—
we may call it, herb of grace, o' Sundays; you
shall may wear it with a difference!—There, here's
a daisy—I would you give some violets; but they
withered all, when my father died:—They say, he
made a good end,—

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.—
[Sings.

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hest, itself,
shes to favor, and to prettiness.

Oph. And will he not come again?—
[Sings.

And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
To thy death-bed,
He never will come again.

His head was as white as snow,
All fairest violets fell.
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away mean;
God a mercy on his soul!

And all of Christian souls! I pray God. God be
with you!—
[Exeunt Ophelia.

Laer. Do you see this, O God!

King. Laertes, I must comfort with your griev
O or you deny me right. Go but apart
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge twixt you and me;
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crowns, our crowns, 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 labor 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, on his bones,
No noose, nor form of ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'were from heaven to earth
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall,
And where the offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me.—

[Exeunt.

Scene vi.—Another Room in the same.

Enter Horatio and a Servant.

Hor. What are they, that would speak with me?

Serv. Gallants, sa;—

They say, they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in:—

[Exeunt Servant. I
do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

* Artful.

t i.e. By its Sunday name, "herb of grace;" value is merely rue, i.e. sorrow.

* The barden.
Enter Sailors.

Sail. God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

Sail. He shall, sir, a' pint please him. There's a letter for you, sir; it comes from the ambassador that's bound for England; if your name be Horatio, as I am to learn it is.

Hor. [Reads.] Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellow-some means to the king; they have letters for him. Ere we were two days' sail from London, a desperate pirate of very much reputation gave us chase; finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valor; and in the grapple, I lost them; on the instant, they got clear of our ship; and so Thomas Thane became these three Thanes. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy; but they know what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. But the king have the letters; and, repair thou to me as much haste as thou couldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bare of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England; of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

Enter 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. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. — Another Room in the same. Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquaintance be,
And you must put in your heart my friend;
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Plucked up my life. It well appears—but tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So criminal and so capital in nature,
And by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up.

Laer. O, for two special reasons:
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unmenc'd, but yet to me they are strong. The queen his mother
Lives almost by his books; and for myself,
(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which,) She is 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,
Was to a public count I might not go,
Is, the great love the general good enbrac'd him; Who, dipping all his faults in their affections,
Work'd like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Conver'ted his grace to graces; so my arrows,
Too slightly usher'd for so loud a voice,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Hor. And so have I to my noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms;
Whose worth, it praises may go back again,
Mood challenge on mount of all the age,
For her jecketions—but my revenge will come.

King. Break not your slumber for that: you must not think,
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard he shank with danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hearmore;
I lov'd your father, and we love ourselves;
And that, I hope, will reach you to imagine—
How now, what news have you of him?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This to your majesty; this to the queen.
King. From Hamlet! who brought them?

Mess. They brought them; they say, they brought them not;
They were given me by Chandio, he receiv'd them Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them.

Laert. [Exit Messenger.] [Reads.] High and mighty, you shall know; I am set maked in your kingdom. To morrow shall I beg leave to see you kingly eyes; when I shall, first, their opinion the greater, renew the occasion of my sudden and more strange return. Hamlet, 

*Common people.*

*Chains.*

What should this mean! Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Lae. Know you the land?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. [Exit.]

Lae. And that posterity, here, he says, abode;
Can you advise me?

King. I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come;
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus doubly thou.

Lae. If it be so, Laertes,—
As how should it be so! how otherwise!—
Will you be ruin'd by me?

Lae. Ay, my lord; so

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,—
As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it,—I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe;
But even her mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.

Lae. My lord, I will be ruin'd;
The rather, if you could devise it so,
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.

Lae. You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that the king's hanter, caring for a sallity,
Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one; and that, in my regard,
Of the unwarranted sickness.

King.

Lae. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very riband in the cap o' youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less become
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness;—Two months
Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
I have seen myself, and serv'd against the French,
And they can well on horseback: but this gallant
Had wit, and more; he learnt his parts so well;
And to such wonderous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorpor'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave heart: so far he top'd my thought,
That I, in fancy of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.

Lae. A Norman, King. A Norman.

King. I put my life, Lamord. The very same.

Lae. I know him well: he is the brooch! indeed,
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of him;
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especial,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
If one could match you: the scriptures of their nation,
Were sworn, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them: Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with you.

Now, out of this,—

Lae. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Lae. 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 it; and fire and sword,
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or snuff; that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For good, I say, grows dull with a pleasure,
Dies in his own too-much: That we would do,
We should do when we would; for this would
changes,

*Objecting to.*

*Seat place.*

*Ornament.*

*Fencers.*

*Daily experience.*
ACT V. SCENE I. PRINCE OF DENMARK.

And hath abatements and delays as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this should is like a spendthrift sigh,
That hurts by casings. But, to the quick's o' the ulcer;
Hamlet comes back; What would you undertake,
To show yourself indeed your father's son
More than in words?
Laer. To cut his throat at the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize;
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Sirs,
Will you do this: keep close within your chamber!
Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those that shall praise your excellence,
And make a more variable show on the same.
The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine, togeth-
And wager over your heads: he, being remiss,
May fall to the rascals, and free from all contriving.
Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated; and, in a pass of practice,
Require him for your father. I will do't.

Laer. And, for the purpose, I'll anoint my sword,
Bought to the portion of a mountebank,
So much the more, that I may make what I will.
Where it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the dead from death.
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point
With this companion; that, if I gull 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 performance?

2 There were better essay'd: therefore this project Should have a back, or second, that might hold.
If this should blast in proof. Soft; — let me see;
We'll make a solemn wager on your cumings;
I ha'n't:
When on your motion you are hot and dry,

(As make your bouts more violent to that end.)
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prefer'd him
A chalice for the nonce? wherein but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stroke?
Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise?

Enter Queen.

How now, sweet queen?
Queen. One we doth tread upon another's heel,
So last they follow— Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd! O, where?
Queen. There is a willow grows ascendant the brook
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make
And set them damask'd on her Purpure and lilies,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them.

There, down the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Crambling to hang, an evens silver broke;
Then down her weary trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,
And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up:
Which time she chant'd snatches of old tunes;
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indeed,
Unto that element; but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pulled the poor wretch from her melodious hay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas! then, she is drown'd?
Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: But yet
It is our trick: nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone
The woman will be out.—
Queen. Hark, hark, hark!
I have a speech of fire, that soon will blaze,
But that this folly drowns it.

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 Clo. I say she was to be buried in Christian burial,
That willily seeks her own salvation.

2 Clo. I felt the she is; therefore make her grave straight:
She doth set her hand on, and finds it Christian burial.

1 Clo. How can that be, unless she drowned herself
in her own defence?

2 Clo. Why, 'tis found so.

1 Clo. It must be so, accordingly; it cannot be else.
For here lies the point: if I drown myself willingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform: Argal, she drowned herself willingly.

2 Clo. Nay, but hear you, Goodman dealer.

1 Clo. Give me leave. Here lies the water; good:
here stands the man; good: If the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water go to that man, and drown him, he does not himself: Argal, he, that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

2 Clo. But is this law?

1 Clo. Ay, marry, 's't; 's crowner's quest law.

2 Clo. Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial.

1 Clo. Why, there thou say'st: And the more pity, that great folks shall have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

1 Not blight as foils are
2 As firearms sometimes burn'd in proving their strength.
3 Shall,
4 Immutably,
5 Fellow.

2 Clo. Was he a gentleman?
1 Clo. He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 Clo. Why, he had none.

1 Clo. What, art a lechion? How dost thou understand the word? 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, content thyself.

2 Clo. Go to.

1 Clo. What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 Clo. The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 Clo. I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well; but how does it well? It does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill, to say, the gallows is built stronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

2 Clo. Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 Clo. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 Clo. Marry, now I can tell.

1 Clo. Tell it.


Enter Hamlet and Horatio, at a distance.

1 Clo. O cudgel thy brains no more about it; for thy dull ass will not mend his pace with beating: and, when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker in the house that he makes, last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Vaughan, and fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[Exit 2 Clo.

A cap for the purpose. 
Throat.
Licentious.
Inebriate.
Give over.
HAMLET,

Act V.

I Clowc digs, and sings.

In youth, where was I did here, did love?

Thought, it was very sweet.

To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behave

O, methought, there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business?

He is at grave-making.

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of
casiness.

Ham. This' en so: the hand of little employ-
ment hath the daintier sense.

Clo. But age, with his stealing steps,

Hath claw'd me in his clutch,

And hath ship'd me into the land,

As if I had never been seen.

[Throws up a Skull, Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: How the knave jowls it to the ground,
as my poor Cam's jaw-bone. But the first word retai-
der! This might be the pate of a politician, which
this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would circum-
vent God, might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, even so, and now my lady Worm's;
chappell, and lankock'd about the mazzard with
a sexton's spade: Here's fine revolution, and we had
the trick to see. Did these bones cost no more than
the play atlogg's with them! mine ache to think on't.

1 Clo. A pickaxe, and a spade, a spade, [Sings.

For—and a shrouding sheet:

O, a pit of clay for to be made

For such a guest is meet.

[Throws up a Skull.

Ham. There's another: Why may not he be
the skull of a lawyer! Where be his quiddits now,
his legal actions, his tenures, and his tricks! why
does he suffer this rude knave now to knock
him about the scence with a dirty shovel, and will
not tell him of his action of battery! Humph! This
fellow might be his time a great lawyer of land,
with his statutes, his recognisances, his fines, his
double vouchers, his recoveries: Is this the fine of his
fines, and the recoveries of his recoveries, to have
his fine pale full of mine dirt! will his vouchers
vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones
too, than the length and breadth of a pair of medulyles?
The very favours of his lands will hardly lie
in this boxy; must the inheritor himself have
no more! ha!

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. What are not made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calves-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep, and calves, which seek
out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow:-
Whose grave's this, sirrah?

1 Clo. Mine, sir.—

O, a pit of clay for to be made [Sings.

For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine indeed; for thou liest
in't.

1 Clo. You lie out sir, and therefore it is not
yours: for my part, I do not lie yet, it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in, to be in't, and say it is
thine: 'Tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore
thou liest.

1 Clo. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again
from in't to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

1 Clo. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman, then?

1 Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is he to be buried in't?

1 Clo. One, that was a woman, sir; but, rest her
soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak
by the card,5 or equivocation will undo us. By

Footnotes:

4 Subtleties.

5 Divides distinctions.

6 By the compass.

the lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken
more of it; the age is grown so pick'd; that the top
of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier,
he galls his kib.—How long hast thou been a
grave-maker?

1 Clo. Of all the days in the year, I came to't
that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long's that since?

1 Clo. The day thou did tell that! every fool can tell
that: It was that very day that young Hamlet was
born: he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into Eng-
land?

1 Clo. Why, because he was mad: he shall re-
cover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great
matter there.

Ham. How long since?

1 Clo. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there
the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How then?

1 Clo. Why, here in Denmark; I have been sex-
ton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere
he rot?

1 Clo. A thousand years, sir; the earth is so
heavy.

1 Clo. 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die,
(as we have many pocky corses now-a-days, that
will scarce hold the laying in,) he will last you
some eight and nine year; a Tanner will last you
nine year.

Ham. Why he be more than another?

1 Clo. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his
trade, he will not keep out water a great while;
and your water is a some decayer of your whoreson
dead body. Here's a skull now hath him you' d
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. I know not.

1 Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue!

he poured a dragon of Rhenish on my head once.
This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's
jesters.

Ham. This?

1 Clo. 'E'en that.

Ham. 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
gorje tses at it. Here hung those lips, that I have
kissed in council. They were as sweet as summer's
flowers! Here she would say no more, when any
safed her to speak: I loved the face, that was so
capable of r赹age, that it geburth'd the image of
my love; even so, now is my lady chamberer, and
tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this fa-
vor's she must come: make her laugh at that—
Pratche, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think, Alexander looked o't this
fashion i' the earth!

Hor. Dost, my lord. How she smiles so? [pnh

Throes down the Skul.

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 con-
sider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot: but to follow him though
the thickest smoke, and likelihood to lend it:
As thus; Alexander died, Alexander was buried,
Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of
dearth we make learn; and why of that dust, where-
to he was converted, might they not stop a beer-
barrel?

Imperious Caesar, dead, and turn'd to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away: O, the thinnest dust, which kept the world in awe
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!^ But soft! but soft! aside,—Here comes the king.

Footnotes:

5 Opened.

6 Countenance, complexion.

7 Imperial.

8 Blast.
Enter Priest, &c., in Procession; the Corpse of Ophelia. Laertes, and Mourners, following:

Exit Queen, Ghost, &c., Procession.

The queen, the courtiers: Who is this they follow?
And with such maniac rites! This doth betoken
The corpse they follow did with desperate hand
Forst its own life. 'Twas of some estate:
Couch we a while, and mark.

[Retiring with Horatio.

Laert. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes.

Laert. What ceremony else?

I Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarged
As we have warrant: Her death was doubtful;
And that great command, over the order,
She should in ground un-sanctified have lodg'd
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, fins, and pebbles, should be thrown on her;
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crans,
Her maiden strewnews, and the bringing home
Of hell and burial.

Laert. Must there no more be done?

I 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.

Laert. Lay her! the earth—
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
Make to the spirit—'tis printed so in thee, churchly priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thouliest bowing.

Ham. What! the fair Ophelia?

Laert. Sweets to the sweet: Farewell!

[Scattering Flowers.

I hoped, thou'stallest had my Hamlet's wife;
I thought, thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strewd th' grave.

Laert. O, treble woe!

Fall ten times ten on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenuous sense
Doth most impair:—swear 't is off!—Hold off the earthy smile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:

[Leaps into the grave.

Now pile your dust upon the quicks and dead;
Toll of this flat a mountain you have made,
Too'ertop old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [Aside.] Admiring! What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the waving stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I.

Hamlet the Dane.

[Leaps into the grave.

Laert. The devil take thy soul!

Ham. [Grappling with him.] Grappling with him.

Laert. [Struggling.] Thou pray'st not well.

I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not spleenetic and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which, let thy wisdom fear: hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet! Hamlet!

Hor. [To Gentlemen.] Good my lord, be quiet.

[The Attendants part them, and they come out of the Grave.

Ham. Why? I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eyelids no longer see the sight.

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 will thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. You frown'd, show me what you told me:
Wouldn't weep? wouldn't fight? wouldn't eat? wouldn't
weep thysel? Wouldn't drink up Esol? eat a crocodile? I'll
Dubi! Dubi! thou come here to whine? To
Outface me with leaping in her passion?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And, if thou partest of mountains, let them
Thou dost so: I'll tear their rocks; till our ground,
* Endo. destroy. * Broken pots or tis. * Garlands. * A mass for the dead. * Living. * Esol is vinegar; but Mr. Stevens conjectures the word
should be Hazel, a river which falls into the Baltic Ocean.

Singing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossia like a wart! Nay, an thou'th mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness;
And thus a while the fi'it will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden triplets are disclos'd, 8
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir; What is the reason that you use me thus? I
Love you very well: But, sir, you must not
Let Hercules himself do what he may.
The cat will mew, and doz will have his day. [Exit.
King. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.

[To Laertes.

Will put the matter to the present push—
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—
This grave shall have a living monument;
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. 'Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Hall in the Castle.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.

Ham. So much for this, sir: now, shall you see the other;
Do you remember all the circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my lord.

Ham. Sir, in my heart I was in a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep: methought, I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly,
And prang'd be rashness for it—Let us know,
Our indiscretion serves us well,
When our deep plots do pali; and that should
Teach us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarr'd about me, in the dark
Cropp'd I to find out them: had my desire;
Finger'd their packet; and, in mine, withdrew
To mine own room again: making so bold,
My fears for treading manners, to un-seal
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,
A royal knavery; an exact command—
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too.
With, he! such base and goblins in my life,—
That on the supervise, no leisure hated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. 'tis possible?

Ham. Here's the commission; read it at more leisure.

But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. Ay, beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villains,
Or I could make a prolocute to my brains.
They had begun the play,—I sat me down—
Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair:
I once did hold it, as our statutes do,
A baseness to write fair, and labor'd much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service: Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, my good lord.

Ham. An earnest conjunction from the king—
As England was his faithful tributary:
As love between them like the palm moist flourish;
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a compromise 'twixt their subjects;
And many such like as' or great charge,—
That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without declamation, either more or less.
He should the bearers of sudden death,
Not starving: time allowed.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that as heaven's ordinance:
I had my father's signet in my possession,
Which was the model of that Danish seal:
Fii'ded the writ up in the form of the other;
As described it gave't the impression; placed it
safely.

The changing never known: Now the next day

Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent, Thou know'st already.

Ham. Why man, they did make love to this employment;
They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fall incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

Ham. Does it not think thee, stand me now upon
That this great hill I'll call my king, and when's my mother,
And Pipp'd in between the motion and my hopes;
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage; 'tis not perfect conscience.
To quit him with this arm! and is't not to be
damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In powder every way?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from England.

Ham. What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short; the intern is mine;
And a man's life no more than to say, one:
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself:
For by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his: I'll count his favors
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a lowering passion.

Hor. Peace; who comes here?

Enter Osen.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know this head waterly?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for his a
vice to know him: He hath much land and fertile;
He will be lord of bristoll, and his crib shall stand
at the king's mess: 'Tis a chough 2 but, as I say,
spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sir, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from my master.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit: Your bonnet to his 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 it was told me; and you, my lord, your
fascie bade me signify to you, that he has laid a
great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter—

Ham. I bewitch you, remember—

[Ham. does kink up on his hat] Osr. Nay, good my lord; for my ease, in good
faith, Sir, here is newly come to court: Laertes: believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent
differences; 2 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
the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his delineation suffers no perdition in you:—though I know, to divide him inventorially, would be the arithmetic of memory: and yet
but raw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But,
in the verity of extollment, I take him to be a soul
of great article; and his infusion of such depth and
rariness, Carthick to make the dissonance of him, his
semblable is his mirror: and, who else would trace
him, his umbrella, nothing more.

Osr. I am so far from this, sir? Why do we warp
the gentleman in our more raver breath?

Osr. Sir, it's not possible to understand in another tongue
You will don't, sir, really.

1 Make account of. value. 2 A bird like a jackdaw.
3 The affected phrase of the time.
4 Distinguishing excellences. 5 Compass or chart.
6 The country and pattern for imitation.
7 This speech is a ridiculing of the court jargon of that time.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Ham. His purse is empty already; all his golden words are spent.

Osr. Of him, sir.

Ham. I know you are not ignorant—

Ham. I would, you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me.—Well sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, I must know him out of my Lord.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the impatiation laid on him by him, 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; this is the breath he has impawn'd; 2 as I take it, six French rapiers and pantards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so on; Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to you, very responsive to the hills, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Osr. Why, you must be edified by the margin, ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more germani- to the matter if we could carry a cannon by our side.

Osr. I would, it might be hangers till then. But, one; Six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-contrived carriages; that's the much bet against the Danish: Why is this impawn'd, as you call it?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you in thirty; he hath laid, on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. What? 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 you, I will contrive that I am a day with you: let the foils be brought, the gentleman 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 odium his.

Osr. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I command my duty to your lordship.

Exit.

Ham. Yours, yours.—He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for't, too.

Ham. This is a wapping? runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply with his duck, before he sacked it. Thus has he (and many more of the same try) that, I know, the drossy age dotes on) only got the turn of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fonds 3 and winched opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commanded him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: He sends to know, if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the king's pleasure; if his fitness speaks, mine is ready to add; or, whenever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all, are coming down.

1 Recommend. 2 Praise. 3 Stated. 4 That part of the belt by which the sword was suspended. 5 Margin of a book which contains explanatory notes. 6 Akin. 7 A bird which runs about immediately it is hatched. 8 Supplement. 9 Worthless. 10 For foul then shall'd.
Scene II. PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me.

Lord. If you will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall be victor of the odds. But I must not think, how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord.—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of game, as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. I know him. If your mind dis-like any thing, obey it; I will forestall their repair hither, and say, you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit; we dye angry, there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet will it come: the readiness is all: since no man, ofught he leaves, knows, what's to leave betimes! Let be.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, Lords, Osric, and Attendants, with Foils, &c.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me. [*The King puts the Hand of Laertes in that of Hamlet.*

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir; I have done you wrong;

But pardon it, as you are a gentleman.

This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,

How I am punish'd with a sore distraction.

What I have done, that might your nature, honor, and exception,

Brought away, I here proclaim was madness.

Was't Hamlet wronged Laertes? Never Hamlet;

If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,

And now he's not himself, doth he wrong Laertes,

Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.

Who does it, then? His madness: if 'tis so,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;

His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.

Sir, in this audience,

Let my disclaiming from a purp'd evil

Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,

That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,

And hurt my brother.

Lear. I am satisfied in nature,

Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most

To my revenge: but I in term of honor

I stand aloof: and will no reconciliation,

Till by some elder masters of known honor,

I have a voice and precedent of peace,

To keep my name unwrond. But till that time,

I do receive your offer'd love like love,

And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;

And will this brother's wager frankly play.

Give us the foils; come on.

Lear. Come, come, for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance

Your skill shall, like a star in the darkest night,

Stick fiery o'errind.

Lear. Thou mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osric—Cousin Hamlet,

You know the wager?

Ham? Very well, my lord;

Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it—I have seen you both:

But since he's better'd, we have there fore odds.

Lear. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well: these foils have all a length. [*They prepare to play.—\*]

Osric. My good lord.

King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that table.—

If Hamlet give the first or second hit,

Or quench an answer of the third exchange,

Let all the battlements their ordnance fire,

The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath; 6

And in the cup an union shall he throw,

Disguise

The king and queen's presence, 1

Unwound

Large jugs

A precious pearl.

Richer than that which four successive kings

In Denmark's crown have worn; Give me the cups;

And let the battle to the trumpet speak,

The trumpet to the cannon without,

The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,

Now the King drinks to Hamlet.—Come, begin;—

But if you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Lear. Come, my lord. [*They play.—*

Ham. One. 7

Lear. No. 8

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. Another hit; What say you! [*They play. 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 carouse to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam,—

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord:—I pray you, pardon me.

King. His the poison'd cup; it is too late. [*Aside. Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam: by-and-by. Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Lear. My lord, I'll hit him now.

Ham. I do not think it.

Lear. And yet it is almost against my conscience. [*Aside. Ham. Come, to the third, Laertes: You do but daily;

I pray you, pass with your best violence;

I am afraid, you make a wanton of me. [*Laer. Say you so I come on. [*They play. Osr. Nothing neither way. Lear. Have at you now. [*Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling, they change Rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes. King. Part them; they are incensed. Ham. Nay, come again. [*The Queen falls. Osr. Look to the queen there, ho! Hor. They bleed on both sides:—How is it, my lord? Osr. How is it, Laertes? Lear. Why, as a woodcock to my own springe, Osric. I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen?

King. She swoons to see their bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear and hated Hamlet!

The drink, the drink;—I am poison'd! [*Dies. Ham. O villain!—Ho! let the door be lock'd! Treachery! seek it out. [*Laertes falls. Lear. 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's life:—

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand, Unbated, and envom'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

Envom'd too!—then, venom, to thy work.

Osr. & Lear. Treason! treason!—

King. O, yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,

Drink off this potion:—is thy union here? Follow my mother. [*King dies. Lear. 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 turne on me! [*Dies. Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.

* Dog.

Not blunted; without a button.

* Mixed.
I am dead, Horatio—Wretched queen, adieu!—
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Did I but live, (as this fell sergeant's 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'lt a man,—
Give me the cup; let go; by heaven I'll have it.—
O God!—Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from idiocy a while,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.—

[March o'er off, and Shot within.

What warlike noise is this?

Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit;
I cannot live to hear the news from England:
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrences, more or less,
Which have solicited—the rest is silence. [Dies.

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart;—Good-night, sweet prince;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
Why does the drum come hither! [March within.

Enter Fortinbras, the English Ambassadors, and others.

Fort. Where is this sight?

Hor. What is it you would see!
If agony of woe or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry? cries on havoc!—O proud death!

1 A sergeant is a sheriff's officer. 2 Occurrences.
3 Iterated. 4 Heap of dead game.
5 A word of censure when more game was destroyed
than was reasonable.

What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes, at a shot,
So bloody hast struck! 

Amb. The sight is dismal;
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are senseless, that should give us hearing;
To tell him, his commandment is fulfilled,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:
Where should we have our thanks?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it the ability of life to thank you;
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polish wars, and you from England,
Are here arrived; give order, that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speak, to the yet unknowing world,
How these things come about: So shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts;
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forced cause;
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads; all this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune;
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.
Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild; lest more mischance,
On plots and errors, happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally: and, for his passage,
The soldier's music, and the rites of war,
Speak loudly for him.—

Take up the bodies:—Such a sight as this
 Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.

Go, bid the soldiers shoot. [4 Dead March.

[Exeunt, bearing off the dead Bodies; after
which, a Peal of Ordinance is shot off.

* So exactly at the time.

Polish.
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's days,
For naught but provender; and, when he's old,
cashier'd;
Whip me such honest knaves: Others there are
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
And, throwing but show of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and when they have bied
their feet.
Do themselves homage: these fellows have some
soul;
And such a one do I profess myself.
For, sir,
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but myself;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.
Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry't thus!
Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets; incense his kinmen,
And, though he be in a temperate climate dwell,
Plague him with flies; though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on,
As it may lose some color.
Rod. Here is her father's house: I'll call aloud.
Iago. Do; with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.
Rod. What has he! Brabantio! signior Brabantio, ho!
Iago. Awake! what ho! Brabantio! thieves! thieves!
thieves! thieves!
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!
Brabantio, above, at a Window.
Bro. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?
Rod. Signior, is all your family within?
Iago. Are your doors lock'd?
Bro. Why! wherefore ask you this?
Iago. Zounds, sir, you are robb'd; for shame, put
on your gown;
Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;

4 Own, possess.
Enter below, Brabantio, and Servants with Torches.

But. It is too true an evil; gone she is;
And what's to come of my despised time?
Is sought but bitterness. Now, Rodrigo,
Where didst thou see her?—O, unhappy girl!
With the Moors, sayst thou?—Who would be a father?
How didst thou know 'twas she?—O, thou deceiv'st
Past thought!—What said she to you?—Get more lappers:
Raise all my kindred.—Are they married, think you?
Rodr. I think, I think, they are.
But. O heaven! how saw she out?—O 'reason of the blood!—
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
But you the same act.—Are there not charms,
By which the property of youth and manhood
May be abused? Have you not read, Rodrigo,
Of some such thing?

Rodr. Yes, sir; I have indeed,
But. Call up my brother,—O, that you had had
Some one way, some another.—Do you know
Where they have apprended her and sent the Moor?
Rodr. I think, I can discover him: if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.
But. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;
And many continued at last—let me see the Moor,
And raise some special officers of night.—
on good Rodrigo,—I'll deserve your pains.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Another Street.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Attendants.
Jago. 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 mere service: Nine or ten times
I had thought to have yeard him here under the ribs,
Jago. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurril and provoking terms
Against your honor,
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 behold'd;
And hath, in his opinion, a voice potential
As double as the duke's; he will hear you;
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law (with all his might, to enforce it)
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 is the worthier, to be in honor,
Or aided by him. That beauteous to the Moor,
I shall promulgate.) I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege? and my demerits?
May speak, unbonfettet, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have receiv'd; For know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For such a worth. But, look! what lights come yonder?

Enter Cassio, at a distance, and certain Officers
with Torches.
Jago. These are the raised father, and his friends:
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I: I must be found;
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!

Oth. What is the matter, think you?
Jago. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine;
It is a business of some heat: the galleys
old age; Brabantio. Magnifico is his title as senator.
Next or thence; Demerits has the same meaning in shakespearean works.
Scene III. The Moor of Venice.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.
2 Sen. And mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account,
I am in these cases, where the sunk reparts.
[This is with difference:] yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bear up to Cyprus.
Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment;
I do not so secure myself the certainty.
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.
Duke. Enter an officer, with a Sailor.
Off. A messenger from the galley.
Duke. Now! the business?
Sailor. The Turkish preparation makes for
Rhodes:
So was I bid report here to the state,
By signior Angelo.
Duke. How say you by this change?
1 Sen. This cannot be,  
By no assay of reason; 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gage: 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 it hear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace;
But altogether lulls the silly
That Rhodes is decid'd in:—if we make thought
Of this.
We must not think, the Turk is so unskillful,
To leave the latest which concerns him first;
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain.
To wake and wade a damsel profitless.
Duke. Nay, in all conscience, he is not for Rhodes.
Off. Here is more news.
Enter a Messenger.
Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes.
There have impounded them with an alter fleet.
1 Sen. Ay, so I thought:—How many, as you guess?
Mess. Of thirty sail: and now do they re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appear-
ice.
Their purposes toward Cyprus.—Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his three duty recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him true.
Duke. Tis certain then for Cyprus.—
Marcus Lucchesi, is he not in town?
1 Sen. He's new in Florence.
Duke. Write from us: wish him post-post-haste,
respite.
1 Sen. Here comes Brabantio and the valiant
Duke. Enter Brabantio, Othello, Iago, Rodrigo, and
Officers.
Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ
You against the general enemy Ottoman.
I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior;—
[To Brabantio.
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.
Duke. So did I, yours: good your grace, pardon
me.
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of business,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general
care
Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and overbearing nature,
That it engulfs and swalloweth other sorrows,
And lets itself.
Duke. Why, what's the matter?
1 Sen. My daughter! O, my daughter!
Duke. Ay, to me; she's abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks:
For nature so pro-portion'd to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or mute of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not—
Duke. Whose? he be that, in this foul pro-
ceeding.
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the letter
[Conjurer. Easy dispute.  
State of defence.  
Doubt.  
Without.]
Duke. We are very sorry for it. [To Othello.]

Brut. Nothing but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors; my very note and approb'd good masters.—That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter, It is most true; true, I have married her; There is my head and front of my的安全; Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech, And little lights with the set phrase of peace; For since these arms of mine had seven years' path, Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used Their dearest act one in the tented field; And here they are, to the world of the living, More than perains 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 unvarr'd tale deliver Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms, What conjuration, and what mighty magic. (For such proceeding I am charged withall.)

I own this daughter.

Brut. A madmen never hold; Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself; and she,—in spite of nature, Of tears, of country, credit, every thing,— To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on! It is an argu'd mind and'st, and in no perfect, That will confess—perfection so err
Against all rules of nature, and must be driven To find out hands of cunning hell,

Why this should be. I therefore vouch again, That with some mixtures powerful o'err the blood, Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,

She thought 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 seeing, 2 do prefer against him.

I Sen. But Othello, speak—

Did you by indirect and forced courses Subdue and poison this young man's affections? or could you by request, or such fair question As soul to soul address?

Oth. I do beseech you,

Seeing the lady to the Sagittaire

And let her speak of me before her father;

If you do find me foul in her report,

The trust, the office, I do hold of you.

Not only take away, but let your sentence Even fall upon my life.


Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the

In the hall law and Attendants.

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven

Do confess the vices of my blood.

So justly to your grave years I'll present

How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,

And she is mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me, of invited me; She would have me the story of my life. From year to year; the battles, sieges, tortures, That I have pass'd,

I ran it through, even from my boyish days,

To the very moment that he bade me tell it. Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,

Of moving accidents, by flood and field;

Of hair-breadth escapes 1 the imminent deadly breach;

Of being taken by the insolent foe,

And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence, And their salliance, in a word, in all.

Wherein of others vast, and desert idle,

Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
The Moor of Venice.

Scene III.

When words are words; I never did yet hear, That the bruit'd heart was pierced through the ear. Thus I was forry'd, and persuade us of state,

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus—Othello, the fortitude of the place, and the badness of my cause 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 prepared for the dangers 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 bed of ease. Let well the bed be made, I do againe,

A natural and prompt alacritie, I find in hardiness, and do undertake These present wars against the Ottomites. Most certainly therefore, benighted to your state, I crave it disposition for my wife; Due reference of place, and exhibition? With such accommodation, and consort, As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please, Bet at her father's. Oth. I'll not have it so. Des. Nor 1; I would not them reside, To put my father in impatient thoughts, By being in his eye and to the grave, To my unfolding lend a gracious ear; And let me find a charter in your voice, To assist my simplemes.

Des. That is done, Desdemona! Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him, My downright violence and storm of fortunes May trump to the world; my heart's subdued Even to the very quality of my lord: I saw Othello's visage in his mind; And to his honors, and his valiant parts, Did my soul and sentiments consecrate, So that, dear lords, if I be left behind, A meth of peace, and he go to the war, The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me, And I a heavy interum shall support by my absence. Let me return with him.

Oth. Your voices, lords, beseech you, let her Have a free ways. Ver. With my all, heaven; I therefore beg it not, To please the palate of my appetite; Nor to comply with heat, the young affects? In my distinct and proper satisfaction; But be free line and love of thy mind; And heaven defend your good souls, that you think Will your serious and great business scant, For your command, I am in hospitall'd yours Of feather'd Cupid seat; with wanton dulness My speculative and active instruments, That my disorders corrupt and bane my business, Let them as present 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 commandance design my will; With what else needful your good grace shall think To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so, Good-night to every one. And, noble seignior. [To Brabantio.]

If virtue no delighted beauty lack, Your son-in-law is far more fair than black. I Sen. Akin, brave Moor I use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor; have a quick eye to see; She has decay'd her father, and may thee. Des. This speaks our noble, procuring officers, &c.

Oth. My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago, My Desdemona must I leave to thee; By thy doings let me know how thou wilt end. And bring them alter in the best advantage.— Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour Of love, of worthy matters and direction, To spend with thee. [Exeunt Othello and DESDEMONA."

Rod. Iago, Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart! Rod. Why, I do, Iago. Iago. Why, why to bed, and sleep. Rod. I will incontinently drown myself. Iago. Well, till thou dost, I shall never love thee after it. Rod. It is sliickness to live, when live is a torment; and then have we a prescription to die, when death doth pray to us. Iago. O villainous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years! and since I could distinguish between a benefit and an injury, I never found a man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a Guineachen, 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 virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue! a fig! 'tis in ourselves, that we are thus, and thus, and thus; our bodies are as good gardens, to the which, our wits are gardeners: so that if we 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 streel with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wits. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason in another, of sense in reason, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: But we have reason to cool our passions, our calm stings, our unbridled lust; when we take this, that you call love, to be a sect or scion.

Rod. It cannot be. Iago. How? by the sun, if it be a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man; Drown thyself! drown cats and blind juppiers. I have professional me thy friend, and I confess me knyt to thy preserving the lives of poor old gardeners, which could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow these wars; debate thy favor with an usurped beard? I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse;—nor he to his: it was a violent commencement, and thou shall see an answerable sequestration. What hast thou in the garden, I say?—these Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purse with money: the food that to him now is as luscious as leeks, shall be to him shortly as bitar as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice;—she must have change, she must: thercfore put money in thy purse.—If the will needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst: if sanctimonious, and a tray vow betwixt an erring barbaryman and the white men here; make man for thy wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A box of drowning thyself: it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy, than to be drowned and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me:—Go, make money;—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: My cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason: Let us be conjunctive in our revenge, and hast not: If thou dost mock him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, and me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse? go; provide thy

1. Immediately.
2. Thrice.
3. Change thy countenance with a false beard.
4. An ancient military word of command.
money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be there, and bring these times.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Rodrigo? Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear?

Rod. Indeed, I will all my hand.

Iago. Go to; farewell; put money enough in your purse. [Exit Rodrigo.

Tantamount never make my fool my master:
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I would tune expend with such a surfe,
But for my sight and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad, that 'twas my sheets
He has done my office: I know not if't be true;
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well.
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now;
To get his heart, and to plume up my will;
A double knavery,—How! how! Let me see—
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,
That he is too familiar with his wife.—
He hath the countenance, and a smooth discourse,
To be suspected; framed to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so.
And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
As asses are.

I have't;—it is engender'd;—Hail and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Sea-port Town in Cyprus. A Platform.

Enter Montano and two Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at sea?

1 Gent. Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;
1 I cannot; 'tis next the heaven and the main.

Mon. Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at land;
A fiercer blast ne'er shook our battlements:
If it hath nulldon so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortar! what shall we hear of this?

2 Gent. A degeneration of the Turkish fleet;
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chiding hallow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-lashed surge, with high and monstrous main,
Seems to cast water on the burning hear.

Mon. What is this?—and quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole;
I never did like molestation view
On the enchanted seas.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not in shelter'd and embark'd, they are drown'd:
It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 Gent. News, lords! our wars are done: The desperate tempest hast so long'd the Turks,
That their desegnment hails: A noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
Of most part of their fleet.

Mon. How! is this true?

3 Gent. The ship is here put in,
A Venetian; Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on shore: The Moon himself's at sea,
And in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

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 parted
With bold and violent tempest.

Mon. Pray heaven he be;
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands Like a full solier. Let's to the sea-side, ho!
As we will see the vessel that's come in.
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello;
Even till we make the main, and the aerial blue,
An indifferent regard.

3 Gent. Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectation
Of more arr ivance.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,
That have removed 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 shipped?

Cas. His bark as staidly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approved allowance;—

Therefore my hopes, not surfeit'd to death,
Stand in bold cure.

Cassio. A sail, a sail, a sail!

Enter a Gentleman.

Cas. What noise?

4 Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry—a sail.
Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

2 Gent. They do discharge their shot of cour-

Cas. Our friends, at least.

Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arrived.

2 Gent. I shall. [Exit.

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd
Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achieve'd a maid
That paragon description, and wild fame;
One that excels the quips of blazoning pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation,
Does bear all excellency.—How now! who has put in?

Enter second Gentleman.

2 Gent. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.
Cas. He has had most favorable and happy speed;
Tempers themselves, high seas, and howling winds
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,—

Cas. He has had most favorable and happy speed;
Tempers themselves, high seas, and howling winds
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,—

3 Gent. The tarewell;—the meeting of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship; But, hark! a sail!

Cas. [Cry within. A sail, a sail! Then Guns heard.

2 Gent. They give their greeting to the citadel.

Cas. This likewise is a friend.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, Iago, Rodrigo, and Attendants.

The riches of the ship is come on shore!

Cas. Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees:—

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.

Cas. What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Des. He is not yet arrived: nor know I aught
But that he will, and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I hear,—How lost you company?

Cas. We have great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship: But, hark! a sail!

Emilia. [To Desdemona.

Des. O, but I hear,—How lost you company?

Cas. We have great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship: But, hark! a sail!

Tait. [To Emilia.

Des. O, but I hear,—How lost you company?

Cas. We have great contention of the sea and skies
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Cas. We have great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship: But, hark! a sail!

Tait. [To Emilia.

Des. O, but I hear,—How lost you company?
Let it not gallop 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 she's to sleep:
Making and keeping her a bed, I mean.
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 parlors, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

Des. O, free on thee, slanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk;
You must choose to play, or else 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 an essay.—There's one gone to the harbor!

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do begin
The thing I am, by working. —Come,
How wouldst thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my past, as birdlines do from Jesse;
It plucks out brains and all; but my muses labor,
And thus she is delivered.

If she be fair and wise, —fairness, and wit,
The one's for use, the other use.

Des. The praise! —How it she be black and witty!

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How, if fair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair;
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes, to make fo's laugh it the alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her's fault and foolishness?

Iago. There're none of such in the world, but the pranks which fair and wise ones do,
But she, that is thereto entered.

Des. O heavy ignorance! —thou praisest the worst best, —but what praise could thou best give thou, in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of so much malice itself?

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Hath for her fault a far saluting
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never say;
Fled from her wish, and yet said, —now I may; —
She, that being anger'd, her revenge being sigh'd,
But not, worse play, and her displeasure fly;
She, that in wisdom never was so frail,
To change the ead's head for the salmon's tail;
That she could think, and no'ter discharge her mind,
Seem'd very foolish and not look behind her;
She was a vight; —if ever such vight were, —

Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.
Being a woman on a most mortal occasion —

Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband, —How say you, Cassio! is he not now a most prostrate and liberal counsellor?

Cassio. He speaks home, madam: you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

Iago. [Aside.] He takes her by the palm: Ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web as this I will catch the gull: —Come, Cassio, —Ay, smile upon her, do: I wil give thee in thine own courteous,
You say true; —his so, indeed: if such tricks as these are in our lieutenant, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so off, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in! —Very good; well kissed! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again, your fingers to

Pestile. Foolish.

Shakle, better.

Your good-breeding and gallantry.

your lips? would they were clyster-pipes, for your sake. —[Trumpet.] The Moor, I know his trumpet.

Cas. Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter Othello and Attendants.

Oth. My fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder great delight, To see you here before me. O my soul's joy! If ever tempest come such calm's,
May the winds blow till they have wak'd death! —
And let the laboring old Couch-bed seas,
Olympus-hugh; and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for I, fear,
My soul hath caught such joy this instant,
That not another comfort like this,
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers! —I cannot speak enough of this content; —It stops me here; it is too much of a work for me.

And this, and this, the greatest discords be,
Kissing her.

That 'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. O, you are well tuned now!
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am.

[Aside.

Come, let's to the castle.

New; friends, our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.
How do our old acquaintance of this isle —
Now, as ladies, you shall be well dea'd in Cyprus; I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet, I prattle out of fashion, and I dete
In mine own comforts; —I pray you, good Iago,
Go to the Moor and do not work my curators:
Bring the master to the citadel;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona, Once more, well met at Cyprus.

[Exit Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Des. Do thou meet me presently at the harbor. Come in, if thou be'st valiant as (they say) base men, being in love, have then a mobility in their natures more than is native to them, —list me. —The lieutenant to-might watch on the court of guard! —First, I must tell thee this —Desdenoma is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him? why, 'tis not possible.

Des. Like as the woman, thus, an angel by soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for hazzing, and telling her fantastical lies; And will she love him still for nothing? —Why dost thou thus heart her? Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the set of sport, there should be again to inflame it. —To give safety a fresh appealing-loveliness in favor; sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in: Now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate eyes shall find themselves less valued, began to have the gage, desecrarch 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 in every woman, and a woman of that breed, who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune, as Cassio does! a knife very valuable; no further con-nomable, than in putting on the bare form of civil and human seeming, for the better empanning of his salt and more hidden loose affection! why, none; why, none; A slippery and subtle knife; a finder out of occasions; that has an eye to every turn and current, and an eye to every trust. Advantage never present itself! A devilish knife! besides, the knife is handsome, young, and hath a man in it; all those three things, that lively and green minds look after: A pestilent complete knife; and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most blessed condition.

[Music.]

2 Much sollicited by invitation. 1 Listen to me. 3 Qualifies, disposition of the mind.
Iago. Blessed fig's eed! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: it must had been sweet, she would never have loved the Moor: Blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? I did not mark that.

Oth. The, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lecher, by this hand; an index and obverse prologue to the history of lust and foul thought, whose footprints ever I met so near with their lips, that their breathsmellpt together. Valintamedthoughts, Rodrigo! when these mutabilities so marshail the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exccrption incorruptible ord:—Biar, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay upon you: Cassio knows you not.—I'll not do you far from you: do you not understand? occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favorably minister.

Oth. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler; and, haply, with his truncace may strike at you: Pray take, what he may: even out of that I will cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the disparaging of Cassio. So shall I have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prevet them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were much occasion of our perplexity.

Oth. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the laid out; I must fetch his necessary ashes. Farewell.

Oth. Adieu. [Exit.

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it; That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit: The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not— Is of a constant, loving, noble nature; And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona A better husband than this hand. Not out of absolute lust, (though peradventure, I stand accountant for as great a sin,) But partly led to diet her review. For that I do suspect the lusty Moor Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof Both, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards; And that he can or will confine his soul, Till I am even with him, wife for wife: Or, falling so, yet that I put the Moor At least into a jealousy so strong That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,— If this poor trash! of Venice, whom I trash! For his quick hunting, stand the putting on, I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip; Also refer to the Moor in the rank earth,— For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too; Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me, For making him egregiously an ass, And practising upon his peace and quiet Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd! Knavey's plain face is never seen, till used. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter a Herald, with a Proclamation, People following.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the meré perturbation of the Turkish fleet, every man put him well upon their triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his marriage. So much was his pleasure that he declared he would be proclaimed. All offices are open; and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, the bell hath told eleven. Heaven bless the island of Cyprus: and our noble general, Othello. [Exit.

SCENE III.—A Hall in the Castle.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:—

Wine, gentleman.

The turn for a clog put on a bound, to hinder his running.

Entree.

Let's teach ourselves that honorable stop, Not to depart discreetly. That will I look to.

Oth. Iago is most honest.

Cas. Welcome, Iago: We must to the watch. Iago. Let me have speech with you. Come, my dear love, The purchase made, the fruits to ensue: 

That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.—

Good-night. [Exit Cassio, Desden, and Attendants. Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome, Iago: We must to the watch. Iago. Go, you are our friends; but one cup; I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was early, madam; too early, and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunite in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels; the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I'll do it; but it dishkes me. [Exit Cassio.

Iago. I can fasten but one cup upon him, With which he hath drank to-night already. I'll be of good cheer and otherwise.

Cas. If you'll have no supper, and will sit up with me, I will. As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Rodrigo,

Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side out of.

To Desdemona hath to-night caroused Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch: Three fads of Cyprus,—noble swelling spirits, That hath their honours in a warm disorder; The very elements of this warlike isle.— Have I to-night muster'd with flowing cups, And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards.

Am I to put our Cassio in some action — That may offend the isle.—But here they come: If consequence do but approve my dream.

My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter Cassio, with him Montano, and Gentlemen.

Cas. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a roused already.

Mont. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho! [\[Sings.\] And let me the caskkin elkh, elkh;\[Sings.\] And let me the caskkin elkh: A soldier's a man; A life's but a span: Why ho, let a soldier drink! Some wine, boys! Iago. [\[Sings.\] Wine brought in.\[Sings.\] Cas. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where (indeed) they are most potent in potting; your Daine, your portain, and your womanbeer; she was called Holland. —Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Dismissed. [\[Sings.\] Styly mixed with water.

A little more than enough.
Cas. Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks with you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next bottle can be filled.

Cas. To the health of our general.

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice. [Aside to Rodrigo.]

Iago. O sweet England! [Aside to Rodrigo.]

King Stephen was a worthy peer: His breeches cost him but a crown; He held them sixpence all too dear, With that he called the fellow knave. He was a tright of high renown, And thou art but of low degree: 'Tis pride that pulls the country down, Then take thine own and chide about thee.

Some wine, ho! [Aside to Rodrigo.]

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear it again?

Cas. Not for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things.—Well,—Heaven's above all; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, or any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

Cas. And so do I, lieutenant. Cas. Your good lieutenant.

Iago. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, or any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

Cas. Why, very well, then: you must not think then that I am drunk.

Iago. This is more than the prologue to his sleep: He'll watch the herolge a double set, If drink not rock his cradle.

Iago. The general were put in mind of it.

Cas. Perhaps he sees it; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils: Is not this true?

Enter Rodrigo.

Iago. How now, Rodrigo?

Cas. I pray you, after the lieutenant; go, [Aside to Rodrigo.]

Iago. Mon. And this great pity, that the noble Moor Should hazard such a place, as his own second, With one of an inconstant mind; It were an honest action, to say
So to the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island:

Cas. I have Cassio well; and we would do much
To cure him of this evil. But hark! what noise! [Cry within. Help! help!]

Re-enter Cassio, driving in Rodrigo.

Mon. You rogue! you rascal!

Iago. What's the matter, lieutenant? Cas. A knave!—teach me my duty! I'll beat the knave into a twagg'n bottle! Rod. Beat me! Cas. Dost thou prize, rogue? [Striking Rodrigo.]

Iago. Nay, good lieutenant; [Staying him.

Mon. I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Come, come, you're drunk.

Iago. Drink as much as you do. [A worthy fellow. "Crown,

Cas. While the clock strikes two, or four, and twenty hours, A Look'd settled, and a Wicked bottle.

Iago. Drunk! [They fight.]

Mon. Away, I say! go out, and cry—a matinyst. [Aside to Rodrigo, who goes out.]

Cas. Drunk! Who's that that rings the bell!—Diablo, ho!

Iago. Help!—lieutenant, sir,—Montano,—sir,—Help, masters!—Here's a goodly weapon indeed! [Bell rings.]

Mon. What is the matter here? Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt to the death;—he dies.

Iago. Hold, for your lives.

Iago. Hold, hold, lieutenant, sir, Montano,—gentlemen,

Cas. Have you forgot all sense of place and duty! Hold, how the general speaks to you; hold, for shame!

Iago. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?

Mon. 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 mea, Brings down the good lieutenant. Cassio, in 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, we beseech thee, what thy master charg's thee.

Iago. I do not know:—friends all but now, even now,

Iago. In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom Divesting them, bawling: and then, but now, (As if some planet had unwitted men,) Swords out, and liting one at other's breast, In opposition bloody. I cannot speak Any longer to this present odds;— And would in action glorious I had lost These legs, that brought me to a part of it!

Iago. How know I this?—you are thus forgot! Cas. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speak.

Iago. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil.
The gravity and stillness of your youth The worseth man and bring your parts great In mouths of wised censure;—What's the matter, That unlace you reputation thus, And spend your rich opinion, for the name Of a night brawler?—give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger; Your officer, Iago, can inform you—While I spare speech, which something now offends

Mon. Of all that I do know:—nor know I taught By me that's said or done amiss this night; Unless self-charity be sometime a vice, And to defend ourselves it be a sin, When violence assails us.

Iago. Now, by heaven, My blood begins my safer guides to rule: And passion, having my best judgment collaid, Assays to lead the way:—If once I 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 appoy'd in this offence, Though he had twain'd with me, both at a birth, shall look on, Worthy Montano, in a town way. 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! To armours,—if you be begu when Mon. If partially affid, or leagued in office Than dost deliver more or less than truth, Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near; I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth, Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio; Yet I persuade myself, to speak the truth Shall nothing wrong me;—Thus it is, general. Montano and myself being in speech, There comes a fellow, crying out for help; And Cassio following him with determin'd sword, To execute upon him Sir, this general Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause;— Myself the crying fellow did pursue, Lest, by his clamor, (as it so fell out,) "Denied. [Convicted by proof.]

Iago. Related by nearness of office.
OTHELLO, Think, Divinity when will she lead thee? For I heard the chink and full of swords, And Cassio high in oath; which, till to-night, I never might say: was when I came hither. (Found not.) I found them close together, At blow, and thrust; even as again they were, When you yourself did part them. Never of that importance— But men are men; the best sometimes forget— Though Cassio did some little wrong to him, As men in rage strike those that wish them well, Yet I believe, receipts receiv'd— From him that died, with strange indignity, Which patience could not pass. Oth. The honesty and love doth mine own matter, Making it light to Cassio—Cassio, I love thee; But never more be officer of mine. Enter Desdemona, attended. Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up— I'll make thee an example. Des. What's the matter, dear? Oth. All's well now, sweeting; Come away to bed. Sir, for your hurts, Myself will be your surgeon: Lead him off. [To Montano, who is led off. Iago, look with care about the town; And silence those whom this vile brawl distressed— Cassio and Desdemona; This will suffice. To have their blamy slumberers waked with strife. [Exit all but Iago and Cassio. Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant? Cass. Ay, just all surgery. Iago. Marty, heaven forbid! Cass. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal fame I have almost all my life made, and will make. My reputation, Iago, my reputation. Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had recovered somewhat, and did not expect this in you, in that, in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repent your free lost to any such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: You are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his own defenceless dog, to allfringe an impertinent lion: sue to him again, and he's yours. Cass. I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive so good a commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so indescible an officer. Drunk! and speak parrot? and squab! swagger! swear! and discourse in vain with one's own shadow!—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast now no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil! Iago. What was that he followed with your sword? What had he done to you? Cass. I know not that. Iago. Is it possible? Cass. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore,—o, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revol, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts? Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: How came you thus recovered? Cass. It hath pleased the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath; one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself. Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraller: As the time, the place, and the condition of this country, stands, I could hardly wish this had not been taken; but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good. Cass. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be how a sensible man, by-and-by a fool, and presently a drunkard! O stay! O stay!—When Cassio could, I have been too well exquisitely well embossed; and the ingredient is a devil. Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; examine no more.

Dismissed in his anger. Talk silly.

Cas. I have well approved it, sir,—I drank! Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time or other; and yet I'll tell you if you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general.—I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and demonstration of her parts and import—

Cas. Iago. I know, Iago. [Exit Cassio. Iago. And what's he then, that says,—I play the villain;

When this advice is free, I give, and honest, Probed my soul, and found the reason true; To win the Moor again! For, 'twas easy

The meek Desdemona to subdue

In any honest suit; she's framed as fruitful As the best elements, and then food to win; To win the Moor, we're to renounce his baptism, All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,— His soul, his body, 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 consider Cassio to this parallel course,

Directly to his good! Divinity of hell! When devils with their blackest sins put on,

They do surges at first with heavenly shows,

As I do now: For while this honest fool,

Pries Desdemona to repair his fortunes,

And for him pleads strongly to the Moor,

I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—

That she repeats! him for her love of him;

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 good nature make the net

That shall enmesh them all.—Now, Roderigo! Enter Roderigo.

Rob. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that lifts up the cerry. My money and my goods have come, and I have been toiled exceddingly well embossed; and I, 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 will, return 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 will, and not by witchcraft; And wit depends on dilatory time.

Don't not go well! Cassio hath beaten me,

And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio

Though of his things great harm is not as yet observed.

Yet fruits that blossom first, will first be ripe:

Content thyself a while,—by the mass, his morning,
Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem short.

Retire to bed; go where thou hast betel set.

Away, I say; thou shail know more hereafter:

Nay, get thee gone. [Exit Roderigo. Two things are done.

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress; I'll set her on;

Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart,

Not bring him to light! 0 stay!—O stop! When Cassio find soliciting his wife—Ay, that's the way;

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Before the Castle.

Enter Cassio and some Musicians.

Cass. Masters, play here, I will entertain your pains,
Something that's brief; and had—good-morrow, general.

[Music.

Enter Clown.

C1o. Why, masters, have your instruments been
At Naples, that they speak 'I the nose thus?
1 Mus. How, sir, how?
C1o. Are these, I pray you, called wind instruments?
1 Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.
C1o. O, thereby hangs a tail.
1 Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir!
C1o. 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,
of all loves, to make no more noise with it.
1 Mus. Well, sir, we'll not.
C1o. If you have any music that may not be
heard, tof' again; but, as they say, to hear music,
the general does not greatly care.
1 Mus. We have none such, sir.
C1o. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll
away: Go; vanish into air; a way.

[Exeunt Musicians.

Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest friend? I hear you.
Cas. Prythee, keep up thy quillips.9 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 Cassius entertains her little a favor of
speech: Wilt thou do this?
C1o. She is stirring, sir; if she will stir hither,
I shall seem to notify this.

[Exit.

Enter Iago.

Cas. Do, good my friend,—in happy time, Iago.
Iago. You have not been a-bed then?
Cas. Why, no; the day had broke
Before I parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife: My suit to her.
Is that she will to virtuous Desdemona.
Prelure me some access.
Iago. You shall 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.

[Exit.

Enter Emilia.

Emil. Good-morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry
For your displeasure; but all will soon be well.
The general and his wife are talking of it;
And she speaks for stoutly: The Moor replies,
That he, you hurt, is of great time in Cyprus,
And great affluence; and that, in wholesome wis-
dom,
He might not but refuse you: but, he protests, he
loves you;
And makes no other suit, but his likings,
To take the last occasion by the front,
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,—
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.

Emil. Pray you, come in;
I will entreat you, where you shall have free
To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot;
And, by him, do my duties to the state:
This done, I will be walking on the works;
Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

* Nice distinctions.
Des. Why then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn; Or Tuesday noon, or night; or Wednesday morn;— I pray thee, name the time; but let it not Exceed three days: in faith he's pentent; And yet his trespass, in our common reason, (Save that, they say, the wars must make ex- ample Out of their best,) is not almost a fault To incur a private check: When shall he come? Tell me, Othello, I wonder in my soul, What you could ask me, that I should deny, Or stand so mammering on? What! Michael Cassio, That came a-wooing with you; and many a time, When I have spoke of thee disparagingly, Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much— Oth. Frythee, no more: let him come when he will I will deny thee nothing. Des. Why, this is not a boon; 'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves, Or fed on nourishing dishes, or keep your warm, Or sue to you to do peculiar profit To your own person: Nay, when I have a suit, Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed, It shall be full of pose and difficulty, And wanton to be graced. Oth. I will deny thee nothing: When, then, do beseech thee entertain me this, To leave me but a little to myself. Des. Shall I deny you? no: Farewell, my lord. Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona: I will come to thou wilt Entertainment. Des. Emilia, come— Be it as your fancies teach you: Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [Exit, with Emilia. Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdicion catch my soul, But I do love thee! and when I love thee not, Change come again. Iago. My noble lord,— Oth. What dost thou say, Iago? Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woud my lady, Know of your love! Oth. He did, from first to last: Why dost thou ask? Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought: No further harm. Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago? Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted With such a matter, and was gone as far as a mile. Oth. O yes, and went between us very oft. Iago. Indeed! Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed:—Discern'st thou thought Is he not honest? Iago. Honest, my lord! Oth. Ay, honest. Iago. My lord, for aught I know. Oth. What dost thou think? Iago. Think, my lord? Oth. Think, my lord! By heaven, he echoes me. As if there were some monster in his thought Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean some- thing. I heard thee say now,—Thou likest not that, When Cassio left my wife: What didst not like? And, when I told thee—he was of my counsel In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'st "Dost, Indeed?" And didst contract and purse thy brow together, As if thou hadst shut up in thy brain Some horrible conceit: If thou dost love me, Show me thy thought. Iago. My lord, I know you love me, I cannot but confess I know thou dost love me, And—for I know thou art full of love and honesty, And weight's thy words before thou giv'st them breath,— There are false-shears 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 denotements, working from the heart, That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,— I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest. Oth. I think so too. Iago. Men should be what they seem; Or, those that he not, would they might seem none? Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem. Iago. Why then, I think that 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. Iago. Good my lord, pardon me; Though I am bound to every act of duty, I am not bound to hate that all slaves are free to, Utter my thoughts! Why, says, they are vile and false,— As where's that palace, whereunto foul things Sometimes are borne in open: Who has a breast so pure, But some uneasily apprehensious Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit With meditations lawful? Iago. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago, If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his car A stranger to thy thoughts. Iago. I do beseech you,— Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess, As I confess, it is my nature's plague To spy into abuses; and, off, my jealousy Shapes doubts that are not,—I entreat you then, From one that so imperfectly conceits? You take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble Out of his scattering and unsure observance; It would be 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 something, nothing; 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thou- sands; But he is of a different note from me: The noblest heer whom I have served, Robs me of that, which not confers him, And makes me poor indeed. Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thought. Iago. I'll yet devise, or my best heart will be in thy hand; Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody. Oth. Ha! Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy: If it is a green-eyed monster, which doth mock The meat it feeds on: That cuckold lives in bliss, Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger; But, O, what damned minutes tells he over, Who doubts but that he doubts?—suspects, yet strongly loves! Oth. O misery! Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough; But riches, finesse, and poor as water, To him that ever fears he shall be poor— Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend From jealousy! Oth. Why, why is this? Iago. 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, or to be resolved: Exchange me for a goal, When I shall turn the business of my soul To such expediency and blown surmises, Matching thy inrence. 'Tis not to make me halt. To say,—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company, Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well; Where virtue is, these are more virtuous: Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt; For she would not stay those eyes, or move whose me: No, Iago; I'll see, before I doubt; when I doubt, I'll prove; And, on the proof, there is no more but this,— Away at once with love, or jealousy. Iago. I am glad of this, for now I shall have reason To show the love and duty that I bear you With tener spirit: therefore, as I am bound, Receive it from me—I speak not yet of proof. 

1 Courts of inquiry. 2 Conspicuous. 3 Endless, unbounded.
Scene III.  

THE MOOR OF VENICE.

Look to your wife: observe her well with Cassio; 
Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor secure:—
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of such a self-bounded, too leaky a
I know our country disposition well:—
In Venice, they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare do now, their husbands; their best
The heart—Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so? If
So be, she'll devise her father, marrying you;
And when she seemed to shade, and hear your
She lov'd them most.

Iago. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to, then;
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
To so'k her father's eyes up close as oak,—
He thought it was witchcraft:—But I am much to
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.
Iago. I see this hath a little lash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me I fear it. I
I hope, you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love:—But, I do see, you are mov'd:
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
To grosser issues? not to larger reach, 
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such wise success
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy friend:—
My lord, I see you are mov'd:—
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to
Think so! 
Oth. And yet, how nature, earring from itself,—
Iago. Ah, there's the point,—As, to be bold
with you,—
Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree;
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends:
Foh! one may smell, in such, a will most rank
Foul disposition, taints, and unnatural,—
But, pardon me: I do not, in position,
Directly speak of her: though I may fear,
Her present, calling to her heart, judg'd
May fail to match with you her country forms, 
And (happily) repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell:—
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set thy wife to observe: Leave me, Iago.
Iago. My lord, I take my leave. (Going.
Oth. Why did I marry?—this honest creature,
dullards, 
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.
Iago. My lord, I would, I might entreat your honor
To shun this thing no further; leave it to time; and
Though it be not in that Cassio hath his place, (For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,
Yet if you please to hold him on a while,
You shall by that perceive him and his means:—
Note, if thy lady strait his entertainment!
With any strong or vehement opportunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my head. (As worthy cause I have, to hear—I am)
And hold her free, I do beseech your honor,
Oth. In all state.
Iago. I once more take my leave. (Exit.

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of humble waiting: If I do prove her haggard;
Though that her jesses were my dear heartstrings,
I'll whidle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black;

And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have:—Or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years—yet that's not much
She's gone: I am abused; and my relief
Must be—to loath her. O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not those appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapor of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;
That we are disorder'd, and less than gods;
Tis destiny unshunnable, like death:—
Even then this forked plague is fitted to us,
When we do quicken. Desdemona comes:

Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

If she be false, O, then heaven mock'st 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.

Des. Why is your speech so faint? are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away
again;
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little;—
[He puts the Handkerchief from him, and it drops.
Let it alone. Come; I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well

[Exeunt Oth. and Des.

Emilia. I am glad I have found this napkin;
This was her first remembrance from the Moor;
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Wo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token,(For he confus'd her, she would ever keep it,) That she reserves it even now about her.
To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out, 
And give it Iago;
What he'll do with it, heaven knows, not I;
Nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?

Emilia. Do you not chide; I have a thing for you.

Iago. A thing for me!—it is a common thing,—

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Emilia. O, is that all! What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Emilia. What handkerchief?

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it? gave it her?

Emilia. No, faith; she let it drop by negligence;
And to the advantage, I, being here, took 't up.
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me.

Emilia. What will you do with it, that you have been so earnest
To have me nick it!

Iago. Why, what's that to you?

[Snatching it.

Emilia. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Give me again the handkerchief! She'll run mad,
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known of'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. Trixes, 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 concents 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:—

Enter Othello.

Look, where he comes! Not peppy, nor mandra-
gora!
Nor all the drowsy syrops of the world,
Shall medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

[When we begin to live.

The mandrake has a soporific quality:
Possessed
Othello, Act III.

Oth. Give me a living? reason she's dissolv'd.

Iago. Do not like the office:—
But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,—
Prick'd to it 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 matter their affairs;
One of those men is Cassio:
In sleep I heard him say,—Street Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves;
And then, sir, would he gnite, and wring my hand,
Cry,—O, sweet creature! and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips; then had his leg
Over my face, and the hand upon mine head,
And cried,—Cursed fate! that gave thee to the Moor!

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Iago. But this denoted a foregone conclusion;
'Tis a shiredoul, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thine.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing done;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that; but such a handkerchief,
(I am sure it was your wife's;) did I to-day
See Cassio wip his beard with.

If 'tis he that,

Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speckles her with the other. —

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives;
One is too poor, too weak, for my revenge!

Now do I see 'tis true.—Look here, Iago;
All my true love thus I do bow to heaven;
'Tis gone.

Iago. Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!
Yield, O, love, thy crown, and hearted throne;
To tyranny! mine fair! yield, besom, with thy fraught,
For 'ts as of asp's tongues!

Iago. Pray, be content.

Oth. O, blood, Iago, blood!

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may change.

Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compassing course
Never feels retiring cbb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic, and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall be his fresh hand, and never cbb toisable love,
Till that a capable! and wide revenge
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow
[Knocks.]
I here engage my words:

Iago. Do not rise yet—[Knells.

Witness, you ever-burning lights above!

You denounce that elision round about—
Witness, that here Iago doth give
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse;

What bloody work sober.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous.

And will upon the instant put thee to't:
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead: 'tis done at your request;
But let her live.

Oth. I know your level mins: O, damn her! Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw.

To furnish me with some sweet menus of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever.

Scene IV.—The same.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clonm.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where lieutenant Cassio lies?

Iago. It were a tedious difliculty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect: Damn then then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
More than their own: What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where's she's seated?
It is impossible you should see this—
Were they as pame as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As such as wolves in pride, and fool's as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If impudence, and strange circumstances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.

The violets of the camp. Pioneers were generally de
graded soldiers.

To me?

Iago. Why, how now, general! no more of that.

Oth. Ay, aunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack:
I swear, 'tis better to be much abused,
Than but to know a little.

Iago. How now, my lord?

Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust?

I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night; 'twas free and merry;
For I found Cassio's kisses on her lips.
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. If you were sorry to hear this,
Oth. I had been to the general camp, the pioneers' and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known: O now, for ever,
For nothing can the trustful mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and all the great wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the car-piercing b lie,
The royal banner; and all quality,
Froide, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The treacherous dreads elopers counterfeited,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago. Is it possible?—My lord,—

Iago. Villain, be sure you prove my love a whore;
Be sure of it; give me the ooeul proof; [Taking him by the Throat.

Or, by the worth of mune eternal soul,
That thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my waked wrath.

Iago. Is it come to this?

Oth. Make me to see it; or (at the least) so prove it,
That the probability bear no hinge, no loop,
To bang a doubt on: or, woe unto thy life!

Iago. My noble lord,—

Iago. If I did not 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 can thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace! O heaven defend me!

If you a man? have you a soul, or sense?—
God be wi' you! take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That liv'st to make thing honesty a vice!—
On earth this world! Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest, is no note,
I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,
I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.
Oth. You should have been honest. Iago. I should be wise, for honesty's a fool,
And loves that it works for.

Iago. By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and thou thinkest not;—
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;
I'll have some proof: Her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrimed and black
And hate one face;—if there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it. —Would, I were satisfied!
Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion:
I do repent me, that I put it to you.

You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would? nay, I will.

Iago. And may: But, how he how possessed, my lord!
Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on?
Behold her tupp'd!

Oth. Death and damnation! O!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect: Damn then then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
More than their own: What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where's she's seated?
It is impossible you should see this—
Were they as pame as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As such as wolves in pride, and fool's as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If impudence, and strange circumstances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.

The violets of the camp. Pioneers were generally de
graded soldiers.
Des. I dare not say, he lies anywhere!  
Des. Why, man!  
Des. He is a soldier; and for me to say a soldier lies, is shame!  
Des. Go to; where lodges he!  
Des. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.  
Des. Can any thing he made of this!  
Des. I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say — he lies here, or he lies there — would it lie in my own great heart.  
Des. Can you inquirie him out, and be edified by report?  
Des. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make him 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.  
Des. To do this is within the compass of man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing it.  

[Exit Desdemona.]  

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?  
Emil. I know not, madam.  
Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse full of crowndoes than my noble Moor.  
Des. 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, be! I think, the sun, where he was born.  
Drew all such humors from him.  
Emil. Look, where he comes.  
Des. I will not leave him now, till Cassio  
Be called to him. — How is't with you, my lord?  

[Enter Othello.]  
Oth. Well, my good lady; — [Aside] O, hardness to dissemble! —  

Des. How do you, Desdemona?  
Des. Be so kind as to give me your hand this hand is moist, my lady.  
Des. I yet seen so no more, nor known no sorrow.  
Oth. This makes fruitfulness, and liberal heart: — hot, hot, and moist! This hand of yours requires A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer, Much castigation, excessive desert; — For here's a young and sweating devil here, That commonly rebels. — 'Tis a good hand, A rank 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 heraldy is — hands, not hearts.  
Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.  
Oth. What promise, chuck?  
Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.  
Oth. I have a salt and settled hemlock offends me;  
Lend me thy handkerchief.  
Des. Here, my lord.  
Oth. That which I gave you.  
Des. I have it not about me.  
Oth. No, indeed, my lord.  
Oth. That is a fault:  
Des. Did an Egyptian to my mother give:  
She was a charmer and could almost read  
The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it,  
'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father  
Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,  
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye  
Should hold her loathly, and his spirit should hunt  
A furious course. She, seeing gave it me;  
And bid me, when my fate would have me weep,  
To give it her. I did so: and take heed of 't,  
Make it a darling like your precious eye;  
To keep it, gave it away, were such perdition,  
As nothing else could match.  
Des. Is it possible?  
Oth. 'Tis true: there's magic in the web of it;  
A syllable that had number'd in the world  
The sun to make two hundred compasses,  

[Enter Iago and Cassio.]  
Iago. There is no other way: — 'tis she must do;  
And, lo, the happiness! — and, importune her.  
Des. How now, good Cassio! what's the news with you?  
Cas. Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you,  
That, by your virtuous means, I may again  
Exist, and be a member of his love,  
Whom I, with all the blessing of my heart,  
Entirely honor; I would not be delaying:  
If my offence be of such mortal kind,  
That neither service past, nor present sorrows,  
Nor purpose medly in futurity,  
Can ransom me into his love again,  
But to know so must be my benefit;  
So shall I clothe me in a forced content,  
And what shall sell up in some other course,  
To fortune's aims.  
Des. Alas! thrice gentle Cassio,  
My devotion is not now in tune,  
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,  
Were he in favor: as in humor alter'd.  
So help me, every spirit sanctified,  
As I have spoken for you all my best;  
And stood within the blank of his displeasure.  
For my free speech! You must a while he patient:  
What I can do, I will; and more I will,  
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.  
Iago. Is my lord angry?  
Emil. He went hence but now,  
And, certainly, in strange uneasiness.  
Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,  
When it hath blown his ranks into the air;  
And, like the devil, from his very arm  
Pulld his own brother — And can he be angry!  
Nothing beats me: I go to meet him;  
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.  
Des. I pr'ythee do so. — Something, sure, of state.  

[Exit Iago.]  

Either from Venice; or some unhatch'd practice  
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him.  
Hath puddled his clear spirit: and, in such cases,  
Men's natures wrangle with interior things,  
Though great ones are their object. — 'Tis even so;  
Vehemently, violently.  
Emil. In countenance.  
Des. Within the spirit of his anger.  
Fremont.  

Scene IV.  
THE MOOR OF VENICE.  

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ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The same.

Enter Othello and Iago.

Iago. Will you think so?

Oth. * Think so, Iago?

Iago. What?

To kiss in private!*

Oth. An unauthorized kiss.

Or to be naked together in a house.

An hour, or more, not meaning any harm!

Iago. Naked, abed, Iago, and not mean harm?

It is hypocrisy against the devil.

The devil that mean virtuously, and yet do so.

The devil, his virtue tempt, and they tempt heaven.

Iago. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip.

But if I give my wife a handkerchief—

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why then 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,

She may, I think, bestow on any man.

She is the protector of her honor too;

May she give it?

Iago. Her honor is an essence that's not seen;

They have it very oft; that have it not:

But for the handkerchief—

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot

it—

Thou saidst, —Oh, it comes o'er my memory, And makes me now more raven than the house,

Boding to all— he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not so good, now.

What, if I had said, I had seen him do you wrong?

Or heard him say, —As knives be such abroad,

Who having, by their own unperturbed suit,

Or voluntary donation of some mistress,

Convoced or supplied them, cannot choose

But they must be:

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but, be you well assured,

No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. * What hath he said?

Iago. * Faith, that he did,— I know not what he did.

More tedious than the dial eight score times!

Overyreckoning! —

Oth. * Purdon me, Bianca;

I have this while with lewd thoughts been press'd; But I shall, in a more continuous time,

Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,

[ * Giving her DESDEMONA's handkerchief.]

Take me this work out. 6

Bian. O, Cassio, whence came this?

This is some token from a newer friend.

To the left absence now I feel a cause:

Is it come to this? Well, well.

Oth. * Woman, go to!

Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,

From whence you have them. You are jealous now,

That this is from some mistress, some remembrance.

No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bian. * Why, whose is it?

Oth. * I know it not. I found it in my chamber

Like the work well; ere it be demanded.

As, like enough, it will.) I'have it copied;

Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you? Wherefore?

Oth. * Can I appear here on the general;

And think it no addition, nor my wish,

To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. * Why, I pray you!

Oth. * Do not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me.

I pray you, bring me on the way a little;

And say, if I shall see you soon at night.

Oth. * His but a little way, that I can bring you,

For I attend here; but I'll see you soon.

Bian. * 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanced.

[ * Exeunt.]

Enter Iago.


Oth. * With her?

Iago. * With her, on her; what you will.

Oth. * Lie with her! he on her! —We say, lie on her, when they belie her: Lie with her! that's libson.— Handkerchief,—confessions,— handkerchief,—To confess, and be hanged for his labor.—

First to be hanged, and then to confess:—I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion, without some instruction. It is not words, that shake me thus:—Fsh!—Noses, ears, and lips:—Is it possible?—Confess!—Handkerchief,—he dieth—

[ * Faith in a Trance.]

Iago. Work on,

My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;

And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus, All guileless meet reproach.— What, ho! my lord!

Enter Cassio.

Iago. My lord, I say! othello!—How now, Cassio! Cassio. * What is the matter?

Iago. * My lord is fallen into an epilepsy; This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

Oth. * Rub him about the temples.

Iago. * No, forbear: The lewry must have his quiet course.

If not, he swains at mouth; and, by and by, Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs. Do you withdraw yourself a little while, He will receive straight: when he is gone, I would on great occasion speak with you.—

[ * Exit Cassio.]

How is it, general? have you not hurt your head! Oth. * Dost thou mock me?

Iago. * I mock you! no, by heaven; Would you would bear your fortunes like a man.

Oth. * A bearded man's a monster, and a beast.

Iago. * There's many a beast then in a populous city, And many a civil monster.

Oth. * And he confess it?

Iago. * Good sir, be a man. Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yoked,
May draw with you; there's millions now alive
That nightly lie in those unproper beds,
Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is better,
O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To hop a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;
And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.
Oh, Oh, thou art wise; 'tis certain.

[Aside.] Stand you a while apart; confine yourself but in a patient list;
Whilst you were here, eweheld with your grief,
(As passion most unamusing such a man.)
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And laid good sense upon your ecstasy;
Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;
That he should prate'd. Do but excuse yourself,
And mark the ferees, the gibes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,
When, and how, and by what course he loved her; and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife;
I say, but mark his gesture. Marty, patience,
Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

Oh.

Dost thou hear, Iago?

I will be found most cunning in my patience,
But dost thou hear! most bloody.

Iago.

That's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

[Aside.]

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife, that, by selling her desires,
Buys herself bread and clothes; it is a creature
That dotes on Cassio—as 'is the trumpeter's plague,
To dote on many, and be beguiled by one;
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter:—Here he comes:—

Re-enter Cassio.

As he shall smile, Othello shall so mad;
And his unlook'd jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour
Quite out of the wrong.—How do you now, lieuten-

ant?

Cassio. The wiser, that you give me the addition,
Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure of it.

Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,
[Speaking louder.]
How quickly should you speed?

Cassio. Alas, poor caut!—

Iago. Look, how he laughs already!—

Cassio. I never knew woman be a man so.

Iago. Alas, poor rogue! I think, I faith, she loves me.

Cassio. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.

[Aside.]

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?

Cassio.

Iago. Now he imporses him to
Tell it over: Go to; well said, well said. —

[Aside.]

Iago. She has it out, thou shalt marry her:
Do you intend it?

Cassio. Ha, ha, ha!

Iago. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?

Cassio. I marry her!—what! a customer! I pr'ythee, hear some charity to my wit; do not think it unemphatical. Ha, ha, ha.

Iago. So, so: they laugh at that win. —

Iago. 'Faith, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.

Cassio. Pr'ythee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Iago. Have you scolded me? Well. —

Cassio. This is the monkey's own giving out; she is laughed I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Iago. Iago beckons me; now he begins the story.

Cassio. She was here even now; she hath me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes this babble; by that hand, she falls thus about my neck.

Cassio. Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were: his gesture imports it. —

Cassio. So longs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so, he ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Within the bounds of patience. — Hide. — Ignored. — Title of lieutenant. — A common woman.

Iago. Now he tells, how she pluck'd him to my chamber: O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to. — [Aside.]

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look where she comes.

Enter Bianca

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a per-

Cassio. What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief, you gave me even now! I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the whole pack!—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work! There,—give it your holy benediction, wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca! how now! how now!

Bian. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief! —

Cas. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may: an you will not, come when you are next prepared for it in her.

[Exit.]

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. Faith, I must, she'll rail in the street else.

[Aside.]

Bian. Will you sup there?

Cas. Faith, I intend.

Bian. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very lain speak with you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, come, will you?

Bian. Go to; say no more. —

[Exit Cassio.]

Iago. How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his view?

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Iago. Hang her! but do say what she is:—so delicate with her needle!—An admirable musician! O, she will be the weaseness out of a hear!—Of so high and plentiful wit and invention!—

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Iago. O, a thousand, a thousand times:—And then, of so gentle a condition!—

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Iago. Nay, that's certain: But yet the pity of it, Iago:—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!—Iago. If you are so hard over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; and, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Iago. I will chop her into masses—Cuckold me!

Iago. Nay, O, is fool.

Iago. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Iago. Get me some poison, Iago; this night:—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprofyle my mind again,—this night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Iago. Good; good: the justice of it pleses; very good.

Iago. And, for Cassio,—let me be his under-
taker.

You shall hear more by midnight. — [A Trumpet within.]

Oth. Excellent good,—What trumpet is that sound?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico,

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Lod. 'Save you, worthy general!—

4 A plaus'd.

5 Of so sweet a disposition.
That I may save my speech: Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter Othello and Emilia.

Oth. You have seen nothing then?
Emil. Not ever heard; nor ever did suspect.
Oth. Did you have seen Cassio and she together?
Emil. But then I saw no harm: and then I heard
each syllable that breath made up between them.
Oth. What, did they never whisper?
Emil. Never, my lord.
Oth. Nor send you out of the way?
Emil. Never.
Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?
Emil. Never, my lord.
Oth. That's strange.
Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought: it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy: the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither:—
[Exit Emilia.

She says enough:—yet she's a simple bawd
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle where
Close-door key and vVillous secrets,
And yet she'll knell, 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.
What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes;—
Look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this?
Oth. Some of your function, mistress.

[To Emilia.

Leave preceants alone, and shut the door.
Cough, or cry—hcm, if anybody come;—
Your mystery, my mystery—tay, depatch.

Des. Upon my knees, what dotth othore speech import?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou?
Des. Your wife, my lord; your true
And loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself;—
Lost, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double-
damned.

Swear—thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.
Oth. Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord, with whom? How am I false?
Oth. O Desdemona!—away! away! away!

Des. Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?
Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord?
If, haply, you my father do suspect,
An instrument of this yours calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleased Heaven?

To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head
Sleep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to beggary, and my utmost hopees
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience; but (alas!) to make me
A fixed figure, for the time of scorn
To point his slow and moving finger at,—
O! O! Yet I could hear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart
Wherever I must live, or hear no more:
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
Or keep it as a cistern for foul loads

* Treasured up.

* Reconcile.
To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion there!
Patience, thou young and rose-bripp'd cherubin;
Ay, there, look grim as hell!
Des. I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.
Oth. 0, ay; as summer flies are in the swarms.
That whack in even with blooming. O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee.—Would thou hadst
never been born!
Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?
Oth. Was this fair paper, this most kindly book,
Made to write whore upon? What committed?
Commend it!—Or then public commoner!
I should make very force of my cheeks,
That would to endars burn up modesty.
Did I but speak thy deeds—What committed?
Heaven stopp'd the naked and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it: What committed?
Impudent strumpet!
Des. By, heaven, you do me wrong.
Oth. Are not you a strumpet?
Des. To preserve this vessel for my lord,
From any other foul unhallowed touch,
Be—not to be a strumpet, I am none.
Oth. What, not a whore!—No, as I shall be saved.
Des. Oth. Is it possible!?
Des. O, heaven forgive us!
Des. I cry you mercy, then;
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,
Re-enter EMILIA.
That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell! You! you! ay, you:
We have done our course: there's money for your
pains;
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.
[Exit.
Des. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?
How do you, madam! how do you, my good lady!
Des. 'Faith, half asleep.
Des. Good madam, what's the matter with my
lord?
Des. With who?
Emil. Why, with my lord, madam.
Des. Who is thy lord?
Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.
Des. I have none: Do not talk to me, Emilia;
I cannot weep; nor answer I have none,
But what is said doth go by water. Pr'ythee, to-night,
Lay on my bed my wedding-sheets,—remember;
And call thy husband hither.
Emil. Here is a change, indeed!
Des. 'Tis meet I should be used so very, meet.
How have I been behaved, that he might stick
The smallest opinion on my greatest abuse!
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
ladies,
Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks:
He must have child mind so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chusing.
Iago. What's the matter, lady?
Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
That all despite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.
Des. Am I that name, Iago?
Iago. What name, fair lady?
Des. Such as, she says, my lord did say I was.
Emil. He call'd her, where? a beggar, in his drink,
Could not have laid such terms upon his calliet.
Iago. Why did he so?
Des. For such a wish. I am sure, I am none such.
Iago. Do not weep, do not weep. Alas the day!
Emil. Has she forsaken so many noble matches,
Her country, and her country, and her friends,
To be call'd where? where? shall it not make one weep?
Des. It is my wretched fortune.
Emil. Beshrew him for it!
How comes this trick upon him?
[He drinks.
9 The drunk.
even, from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Rod-
erigo: Thou hast taken against me a most just execution; but yet, protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Oth: It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant indeed, it hath not appeared; and you, wherein is it without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe than ever,—mean, purpose, design, and value,—then shall I show it: if thou the next night following enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod: Well, what is it? is it within reason, and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place. Iago. Is that true? when, then Othello and Des-
demona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be harbinger here by some accident: wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of Cassio.

Oth: How do you mean—removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Oth. And that you would have me do it?

Iago. Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a right. He sups to-night with a harlot, and thither will I go to him:—he knows not yet of his honorable fortune: if you will watch his going thence, (wherein I will be him to fall out between twelve and one,) you may take him at your pleasure; I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me: I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it.

Oth. But for further reason for this, Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Another Room in the Castle.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia, and Attendants.

Oth. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Lod. O, pardon me; I will do me good to walk.

Oth. Madam, good-night: I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honor is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?

Lod. O, Desdemona,—

Oth. My lord!

Lod. Get you to bed on the instant, I will be returned forthwith: dismiss your attendant there; look, it be done.

Oth. I will, my lord.

[Exeunt Oth., Lod., and Attendants.

Emilia. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Oth. He says he will return incontinent;—

He hath commanded me to go to bed, and bade me to dismiss you.

Emilia. Dismiss me!—

Oth. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia, give me my night's wearing, and advise:—

We must not now displease him.

Emilia. I would you had never seen him!

Oth. So would not I; my love doth so approve him,

That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,

Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favor in them.

Emilia. Farewell, have those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Oth. All's one;—Good father! how foolish are our minds!

If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me In one of those same sheets.

Emilia. Come, come, you talk. I will not go from my mind: I have much to do, And to hang my head all at one side, And sing it, like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee, despatch.

Emilia. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Oth. No, unpin me here.—

This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emilia. A very handsome man.

Oth. And he speaks well.

Emilia. I know a lady in Venice, who would have which had walked barefoot to Palestine, for a touch of his neither lip.

I. Des. The poor soul sat singing by a stream-side,

Sing all a green willow; [Singing

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

Sing willow, willow, willow,

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmured her

moans;

Sing willow, willow, &c.

Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones,

Lay by these:—

Sing willow, willow, willow;

Pr'ythee, he thee; he'll come anon.

Sing all a green willow, must be my garland.

II. Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve—

Nay, that's not next—Hark! who is it that knocks!

Emilia. It is the wind.

Des. I call'd my love, false love; but what said he then?

Sing willow, &c.

If I court men, you women, you'll coach with my men,

So, get thee gone; good-night. Mine eyes do itch; Dost think I have bode weeping?

'Nis neither I nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so.—O, these men,

Dost thou not conscience think,—? I me, Emilia,—

That there he women do abuse t. husbands

In such gross kind!

Emilia. There be some—such, no question.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emilia. Why, would not you?

Des. No, 2 heaven's light!

Emilia. Nor I neither by;—Lavish light?

I might do as well I the n.ck.

Des. Wouldst thou do it a deed for all the world?

Emilia. The world is a ch—ch—thing: 'tis a great price For a small vice.

Des. Good troth, I th'o' thou wouldst not.

Emilia. Good troth, his troth, I amc I should; and I don't, when I had done. Many, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring; nor for measures of laws; nor for c. gowns, petticoats, nor capes, nor petty tracks for the whole world. —Why, who would not make her husband a cuckold, to me I a monarch! I should venture purgatory to.

Des. Bedrew me, if I would do such a wrong for the whole world.

Emilia. Why, the wrong is but a v. rag it the world: and, having the world for your abor, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and yet may quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Emilia. Yes, a dozen; and as mo—

To the vantage, as would stop the world they play'd for.

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 jealously, Throwing restraint upon us; or, say they strike us, Or scant our former having? in despite; Why, we have galls; and, though we have some grace,

Yet we have some revenge. Let husbands know Their wives have sense like them: they see, and smell,

And have their palates both for sweet and sour, As husbands have. What is it that they do,

* Mo, for more.

* One honorable allowance of expense.

* Sensation.
ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come:

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home;
Quick, quick; fear nothing: I'll be at thy elbow:
It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.
Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand; be bold, and take thy sword.

[Rushes to a little distance.

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he has given me such amainus—
'Tis but a man gone; forth, my sword; he dies,
[goes to his stand.

Iago. I have rubb'd this young traitor almost to the sense,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain: Live Rodrigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold, and jewels, that I hol'd from him,
As gifts to Desdemona;

It must not be: if Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril;
No, he must die:—But so, I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

Rod. I know his gait, his he;—Villain, thou diest.

[Rushes from his post, and makes a pass of Cassio.

Cas. That threat had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou think'st;
I will make proof of thine.

[Drares, and wounds Roderigo.

Rod. [To Iago, rushes from his post, cuts Cassio behind in the Leg, and Exeunt.

Cas. I am main'd for ever,—Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter OTELLO, at a distance.

Oth. The voice of Cassio:—Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am!

Oth. Hark! 'tis even so.

Cas. O, help! ho! light! a sanguine! Oth. 'Tis he;—O brave Iago, honest, and just,
That hath such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!
Thou thinkest me;—Minion, dear lies dead,
And your false lies appear—Strumpet, I come;
For th' sake of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;
Thy bed, ,last-stain'd, shall with his blood be spotter:

[Exeunt OTELLO.

Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO, at a distance.

Cas. What, ho! no watch; no passage! murder! murder!

[Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO, at a distance.

Gra. ?'tis some mischance; the cry is very direful.

Cas. O, help! —

Rod. O wretched villain!—

Rod. Two or three greens;—it is a heavy night:

These may be counterfeit;—let's think it unsafe
To come in to the cry, without more help.

Rod. Nobody come! then shall I bleed to death.

[Enter IAGO, with a Light.

Rod. Hark!—

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light

And weapons.

Iago. Who's there! whose noise is this, that cries on murder!


Then, let them use us well: else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us to.

Des. Good-night, good-night: Heaven me such usage send.
Not to pick bad from bad; but, by bad, mend! [Exeunt.
Otello

[To Bian.] What, look you pale!—O, bear him out of the air.

[Cassio and Rod. are borne off.] Stay you, good gentlemen:—Look you pale, mistress?

Do you perceive the ghastness of her eye?—

No, if you stare, we shall hear your answers:

Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her;

Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,

Though tongues were out of use.

Enter Emilia.

Emil. Las, what's the matter: what's the matter, husban'?

Oth. Cassio hath here been set on the dark,

By Rodrigo, and fellows that are 'scape d';

He's almost shain, and Rodrigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio! Iago.

This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee, Emilia,

Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night:

Will you and I shake at that?

Bian. He supp'd at my house: but I therefore

shake not.

Iago. O, do he? I? should I know you go with me,

Emil. No, I see, upon thee!—Strumpet, Iago.

Iago. Kind gentleman, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd.

Come, mistress, you must tell us another tale,—

Emilia, run you to the citadel, and

Tell my lord and lady what I have happ'd.

Will you go on, I pray?—This is the night,

That either makes me, or fordoest' me quite.

[Aside.

Enter scene II. A bed-chamber: Desdemona in bed asleep. A light burning.

Enter Otello.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—

Let me not name it to you, you clasp stars!—

It is the cause:—Yet I'll not shed her blood;

Nor swear that whiter skin of hers than snow,

And smooth as monumental alabaster.

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.

Put out the light, and then put out the light?

If I should thee, then flaming minister,

I can again thy former light restore,

Should I repent me:—but once put out thine.

Thou cunning'st pattern of excellent nature,

I know not where is that Prometheus heat

That can light this reumone. When I have pluck'd

thy rose,

I cannot give it vital growth again,

It needs must wither:—I'll smell it on the tree.

O bathy breath, that dost almost persuade

Justice to break her sword!—One more, one more,

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee.

And love thee after:—One more, and this the last:
So sweet was never so fatal.

I must weep,

But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heavenly;

It strikes, where it doth love. She wakes—

Des. Who's there! Othello! Iago.

Aye, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?—

Ay, my lord.

Des. If you behinck yourself of any crime,

Unaccus'd as yet to heaven and grace,

Sek for it straitly.

Des. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief: I will walk by;

I would not kill thy unpreparest spirit.

No, heaven forbids!—I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?


Des. Then heaven

Have mercy on me! Oth.

Amen, with all my heart!

*Unke.'


This is the punctuation of the folio of 1623, and of Pope, Stevens, &c., but some editors print it thus:

Put out the light, and then:—Put out the light:—

Forbidden.

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Humph!

Des. If you fear you are for you are fatal then,

When your eyes roll so:—Why should I fear, I know not;

Since guiltiness I know not; but yet, I feel, I fear

Oth. Think on thy sins.

They are loves I bear to you, Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.

Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.—

Alas, why may you so your nether lip!

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:

These are portents; but yet, I hope, I hope,

They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still! Des.

1 will so: What's the matter? Oth. That handkerchief which I so lov'd and

Thou gav'st to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul;

Send for the man and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed, take heed.

Take heed of perfidy; thou art on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently;

Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;

For to deny each article with oath,

Cannot remove, nor choke, the strong conception

That I do grieve withal. Thou art to die.

Des. To-day, lord have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy too!—I never did

Oth. Send you in my life, I never lov'd Cassio,

With but such general warranty of heaven

As I might low: I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his

Hand.

O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,

And mak'st me call what I intend to do,—

A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:

I saw the handkerchief:—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.

How! unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He'll not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;

[Aside. Honest Jago hath ta'en order for't, Des.

Mysterious and I think interpreting then.—What is he dead? Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge

Had stomach for them all.

Des. Has he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st then for him to my face?

Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Out, strumpet; Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

Des. Nay, if you strive,—

Oth. But half an hour.

Des. Being done, There is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late. (He smashes her."

Des. Within."

Oth. What is this?—Not dead! not yet

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;

I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—

So, so.

Des. Within."

Oth. What be this, my lord, my lord? Oth. Who's there?

Within."

Oth. Within."

Des. Good my lord, I would speak a word with you.

Oth. Within."

Des. Within."

She's dead. 'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death:

The noise was high—Ha! no more moving!

Still as the grave. Shall she come in? Wouldn't come is:

I think, she stirs again:—No—What's the best?

if she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:

My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife:—

O, insupportable! O heavy hour!

Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse

Of sun and moon: and that the affrighted globe

Should sway in alteration.
Enter EMILIA. O, good my lord, yonder’s foul murder done. Oth. What! now! Em1. Alas, Nay, Do Thy, Come, But I Oth. I did not, thou’rt not such a villain; Speak, for my heart is full. Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more. Oth. But what he found himself was apt and true. Em1. But did you ever tell him she was false! Iago. I did. Em1. Thou told a lie; an odious, damned lie; Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie— She false with Cassio!—Did you say with Cassio? Iago. With Cassio, mistress: go to, charm your tongue. Oth. I will not charm my tongue: I am bound to speak; My mistress here lies murder’d in her bed. All. O heavens forebode! Em1. And your reports have set the murder on. Oth. Nay, stare not, masters; it is true, indeed. Gran. Tis a strange truth. Mon. O monstrous act! Iago. Villany, villany, villany!  I think upon’t,—I think,—I smell’t,—O villany!  I thought so then,—I’ll kill myself for grief,— 0 villany, villany! Iago. What, what are you mad? I charge you, get you home. Em1. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak:  'Tis proper I obey him, but not now: Percibane, Iago, I will ne’er go home. Oth. O! O! O! [Hanging over his wife. Em1. 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 foul! [Rising. I could not know you, uncle: There lies your niece, Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp’d; I know the place shows horrible and gring. Gran. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father’s dead; Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief Shone 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 reproual. Oth. ’Tis pitiful: but yet Iago knows, That she with Cassio hath the act of shame A thousand times committed: Cassio confess’d it; And she did gratify his amorous works With that which receiv’d her a wicked 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. Oth. O heaven! O heavenly powers! Iago. Come, hold your peace. Em1. I will out, ‘twill out:—I hold my peace, sir no; No, I will speak as liberally 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. Oth. I will not. [Iago offers to stab his wife. Iago. Ily! Your sword upon a woman! Em1. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak’st of, I found by fortune, and did give my husband; For others, with a sable earthen box; More than, indeed, belon’d to such a trifle, ’twixt beg’d of me to steal it. Iago. Villainous whore! Em1. She give it Cassio! no, alas; I found it, And I did give’t my husband. Iago. Fifth, thou liest. Oth. By heaven, I do not: I do not, gentlemen. O most’uns covetous! what should such a fool Do with so good a wife! [Iago stabs Emilia, then runs out.  --- End of Act Second. ---
Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.

Will you, my lord; demand that demihuman,

Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing; what you know, you know;

From this time forth, I never will speak word.

Lod. What! not to pray!

Iago. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. You shall understand what hath befell 's:

Which, as I think, you know not: Here is a letter,

Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo:

And here, another: the one of them imports

The death of Cassio to be undertook

By Roderigo.

Oth. O villain.

Cas. Most heathenish, and most gross!

Lod. Now here's another discover'd paper,

Found in his pocket too: and this, it seems,

Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain,

But that, belike, Iago in the interim,

Came in and satisfied him.

Oth. 0 the pernicious catch!

How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief?

That was my wife's?

Cas. I found it in my chamber:

And he himself confess'd, but even now,

That there he drop'd it for a special purpose,

Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O fool! O fool! Fool.

Cas. There is besides, in Roderigo's letter,—

How he upbraids Iago, that he made him

Brave me upon the water; whereas, when it came

That I was cast; And even but now he spoke,

After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,

Iago seizes him.

Lod. You must forsake this room and go with us

Your power and your command is taken off,

And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—

If there be any cunning cruelty,

That can torment him much, and hold him long,

It shall be his: You shall close prisoner rest,

Till that the nature of your fault be known

To the Venetian state: Come, bring away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you go.

I have done the state some service and they know it;

No more of that:—I pray you, in your letters,

When you shall these unlook'd deeds relate,

Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,

Nor set down aught undue in malice: then must you speak

Of one, that lov'd not wisely, but too well;

Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrong'd,

Perverse in the extreme; of one, whose hand, like

The base burial, threw a pearl away,

Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subtle eyes,

Albeit unused to the melting mood,

Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees

Their mediæval gum: Set you down this:

And say, besides,—That in Aleppo once,

Where a malignant and a turk'd Turk

Beat a Venetian, and instanced the state,

I took by the throat the circumcised dog,

And smote him thus,—

The slave himself.

Lod. O bloody period!

Gra. All, that's spoke, is marr'd.

Lod. Othello's sword into Iago.

Oth. I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd thee:—No way but this,

Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon:

For he was great of heart.

Lod. O Spartan dog,

More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea;

Look on the tragic leading of this bed: [To Iago.

This is thy work: the object poisons sight;—

Let it be drunk:—Griatiano, keep the house,

And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,

For they succeed to you,—To you, lord governor,

Remains the censure of this hellish villain;

The time the place the fortune,—On force it! Myself will straight abroad; and, to the state,

This heavy act with heavy heart relate.

[Exeunt]
POEMS.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TITCHFIELD.

RIGHT HONORABLE,

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 honor seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honored you with some graver labor. But if the first hear of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after car so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honorable survey, and your honor to your heart's content, which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your Honor's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Villa ministrar vulgus nulli flavus Apollo
Poeulo Castalia pleon ministral aquis.—Ovid.

EYES as the sun with purple-color'd face
Had taken his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis bade him to the chase:
Hunting he loved, but love he laugh'd to scorn;
Sick-thoughtful Venus makes again into him,
And like a bold-faced suitor 'gins to woo him.

Thrice fairier than myself, (thus she began,) The field's chief flower, sweet above compare, Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man, More white and red than doves or roses are; Nature that made thee, with herself at strife, Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed, And reign his proud head to the saddle-how; If thou wilt do this favor, for thy need A thousand honey-secrets shalt thou know: Here come and sit, where serpent never kisses, And, being set, I'll smoother thee with kisses:

And yet not cloy thy lips with host'd satiety, But rather famish them amid their plenty, Making them red and pale with fresh variety; Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty: A summer's day will seem an hour but short, Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.

With this, she seizeth on his sweating palm, The precedent of pith and livelihood; And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm, Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good: Being so enraged, desire doth lend her force Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein, Under her other was the slender boy, Who blush'd and pouted in a duteless disdain, With leaden appetite, unapt to toy; She red and hot as embers glowing fire, Her red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded birdie on a ragged bough
Nimbly she fastens; (O how quick is love!) The steed is stalled up, and even now To tie the riper she begins to prove:

Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust, And governed him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along, as he was down, Each leaning on their elbows and their hips: Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he grow, And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips:

And kissing-speaks, with wasteful language brokeup, "If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open."

He burns with bashful shame; she with her tears Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks: Then with her windy sighs, and golden hairs, To fan and blow them dry again she seeks: He saith, she is immodest, blazes her 'miss: What follows more, she smooths with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast, Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh and bone, Shaking her wings, devouring all to haste, Till either be stuff'd, or prey be gone; Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin, And where she ends, she doth anew begin.

Forced to content, but never to obey, Hunting he lies, and breathing in his face; She leaveth on the steam, as on a prey, And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace, Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers, So they were diewd with such distilling showers.

Look how a bird his tangle in a net, So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies: Pure shame and aw'd re-stance made him fret, Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes:

Rain added to a river that is rank, Perforce will force it overflow the bank.
VENUS AND ADONIS.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats, For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale; Still is he suffer, still he love's and frets, For being fair and fairest of his hate; Being red, she loves him best; and being white, Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love; And by her fair immortal hand she saw Her beauty make the world-born swallow; Till he take truce with her contending tears, Which long have rained, making her cheeks all wet;

And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin, Liberating his fair captive from the grave, Who, being lock'd on, ducks as quickly in; So offers he to give what she did crave; But when her lips were ready for his pay, He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat More thirst for drink, than she for this good turn: Her help she sees, but help she cannot get; She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn: "Oil pitty," can she cry, "thirt-hearted boy; 'Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy? I have been wo'd, as I entreat thee now, Even by the stern and dreadful god of war, Whose shewy neck in battle ne'er did bow, Who conquer'd where he comes, in every jar, Yet ha'n't I been my captives's own slave? And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt have.

Over my altars hath he hung his lance, His banner 'erred, his uncontrolled crest, And for my sake hath learned to sport and dance, To coy, to wanton, saucy, and jest; Seeming his churlish drum, and cussin red, Making his arms his field, his tent my bed.

Thus he that overru'd, I oversway'd, Leaving his ensign in a red-rose chain; 'Stoop'd in my arms, steeling the strength ob'y'd, Yet was he servile to my coy disdain. O be not proud, nor brag not of thy might, For mastering her that I o'er the god of light!

Teach but thy 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 see'st thou in the ground! hold up thy head; Look in mine eye-ball, there thy beauty lies: The kiss is not lips on lips, nor eyes in eyes!

Art thou advance to kiss? then work again, And I will wink, so shall the day seem night; Love keeps her revels where there are but twain, Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight: This love's in vain's viol'd whereon we lean, Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

The tender spring upon thy tempting lip Shows face utrine; yet mayst thou well be tastd; Make use of time, let not advantage slip; Beauty within itself should not be wasted; Fair flowers that are not gather'd are their prime, Rot and consume themselves in little time.

Were I hard-flavor'd, foul, or wrinkled-old, Ill-mur'd, crook'd, churlish, harsh in voice, O'er-worn, despised, rheumatic, and cold, Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice, The night'st hour pause, for then I was not for thee; But having no defects, why dost abhor me!

Thou cannot see one wrinkle in my brow; Mine eyes are grey, and bright, and quick in turning; My hair is fairest in the spring of all my age. My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning; My smooth must hand, were it with thine hand felt, Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear, Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green. Or, like a nymph, with long chyrub'sd hair, Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:

Gray is said to be here used as blue. We have subsequently—

"Her two blue windows faintly she upheareth."
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks her lilys fingers one in one.

"Fondling," she saith, "since I have hemmed thee
Within the circuit of this ivory pale, [there,]
Tell me, doth he not in his spear place,
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain, or in dale?
Graze on my lips; and if those hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

Within this limit is relief enough,
Save on the bottom grass, and through a doubtful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brave obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain;
Then be my deer, since I am such a park;
Nor shall I raise thee, thou thousand and a bark."

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dipple:
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple;
Fore-knowing well if there he came to lie,
Why there Love liv'd and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round-endearing pits,
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking;
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Shall we at last what need she needs striking?
Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn?

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing,
The tears spent, her object is withering;
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.

"Pity," she cries, "some favor—some remorse;"
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But lo, from forth a cope that neighbors by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,
Adonis' trampling course doth easy.
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud:
The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And new vgarth wavers high he bows and asunder.
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder;

The other bit he crushes 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up-prick'd; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest now stands on end;
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
And from his nostril, arbor, vapors issue.
His eye, which glances scornfully like fire,
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty, and modest pride;
Afon he bears upright, curved, and legs,
As though he thought his measurement tried;
And this I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering "holla," or his "Stand, I say?"
What cares he now for cur's, or pricking spur?
Or rich capsarions, or trapping gay?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In Limming out a well-proportion'd steed,
He finds it with nature's working sitt more strie,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excel a common one,
In shape, in courage, color, pace, and bone.

Round hoof'd, short-jointed, fellocks shag and long,
Brown with full tail eyes, and a tail most wide;
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong.

This man in thick tail, broad butteck, tender hide
Look what a horse should have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometimes he sends far off, and there he stares;
Anon he starts at shining of a feather;
To bid the wind a base; now prepares,
And when he run, or fly, they knew not whether;

In the game of love, or prison race, one runs and challenges another to pancre.
"To bid the wind a base," is therefore to challenge the wind to speed.

For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love and neesds unto her;
She answers him as if from his mind:
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind;
Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embraces with her heels.

Then like a melancholy malecontent,
He vails his tail, that, like a falling deer,
Cool shadow to his melting buttock leat;
He stumps, and bites the poor flies in his fame:
His perceive how he is enraged,
Grew kinder, and his fury was changed.
His testy master goeth about to take him;
When lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear,Jealous of catching, swiftly doth break him;
With her the horse, and left Adonis there:
As they were mad, unto the wood they them,
Out-stripping crows that strive to over-take them.

All sworn with chasing down Adonis sits,
Running his boisterous and unruly heart;
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest;
For love-sick the heart hath trouble wrong,
When it is barr'd the abundance of this tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river styn'd,
Burneth more hotly, swelth with more rage:
So of concealed sorrow may be said;
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind;
Taking no notice that the face is so changed.

For all askance he holds in his eye,
O what a sight it was, swiftly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward hoy!
To note the fighting conflict of her line!
How white and red each other did destry;
But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Was now she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels;
With one fair hand she heareth up his hat,
Her other hand her fair cheek softly he saith.
His tender cheeck receives her soft hand's print,
As apt as new-fallen snow takes any dust.

As a what a war of looks was then between them!
Her eyes, petitioners, to his eyes sung;
As her eyes waver'd, to the heaven it is sung;
And this I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

"Give me my hand," saith he, "why dost thou feel it?"

"Give me my heart," she saith, "and thou shalt have it;"
O give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never graven it.
Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard.

"For shame," he cries, "let us, and let me go;
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,

The tonges.
VENUS AND ADONIS.

And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so;
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone:
For so my mind, my thought, my busy care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.

Thus she replies: "Thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire,
Affection is a coal that must be co'od;
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire;
The sun hath bound it, but deep desire hath none,
Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

How like a jade he stood, tied to a tree,
Cerulian master'd with a leathern rein!
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair face,
He did deface her such petty acciones in:
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

Who sees his true love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
But, when his gluton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight!
Who is so fain that dare not be so bold
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy;
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
To take an advantage on presented youth.
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee.
O learn to love; the lesson is but plain,
And, once made perfect, never lost again.

*I know not love," quoth he, "nor will not know it,
Until I see a boar, and then I shall see it.
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it;
My love to love is love but to disgrace it.
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That by coughing, and weeping, and breath.

Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinished?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?
If sprouting things be any jot diminish'd,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:
This child that's back'd with thirteen years of young,
Loses his pride, and never waxeth strong.

You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat;
Remove your siege from my unhappy heart;
To love's alarm it will not ope the gate.

Dismiss your vows, your leagued tears, your battery;
For where a heart is hard, they make no battery.

"What! canst thou talk," quoth she, "hast thou a tongue?
O would thou hast not, or I had no hearing!
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong;
I had my load before, how press'd with bearing;
Melodious discord, heaviness tune harsh sounding.
Earth's deep sweet music, and heart's deep-sore wounding.

Had I no eyes, but cars, my ears would love
That inward beauty and invisible:
Or, were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part in me that were but sensible;
Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear or see,
Yet should I be in love, by touching thee.

Say that the sense of seeing were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,
And heaven had ray'd by the very smell that weft me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much;
For from the still-foisy of thy face excelling
Comes breath perfum'd, that breveth love by smell.

But O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four!
Would they not wish the feast might ever last,
And bid Suspicion double-lock the door!
Last thought away, that soul unworshipp'd guest,
Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast.

Once more the ruby-color'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gust and foul haws to herdsmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh;
Even as the wind is hushed before it raineth,
Or the sweet dews fall before the bearketh,
Or as the berry bursts before it staineth,
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her ere his words began:

And at his look she fully fellath down,
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth;
So she from the bounding of her down,
But blessèd bankrupt, that by love so thriftly
The silly boy believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red.

And all amaz'd brake off his late intent,
If so far only he did think to reprehend her,
Which causing love did writrfully prostrate her:
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her.
For on the grass she was as she were slain,
Till his breath breathe him in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard;
He chases 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 be her rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:
Her two blue windows fairly she did finish:
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn, and all the world relieveth:
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So, through the storm, this morn did bring with it.

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
As it from thence they borrow'd all their shine.
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his bow's repine;
But now, the which through the crystal tears gave light,
Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

"O where am I," quoth she, "in earth or heaven,
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire!
What hour is this! or morn, or weary even!
Do I delight to die, or life desire?
But now I liv'd, and life was death's anny;
But now I died, and death was lively joy.
O thou didst kill me—kill me once again;
Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine;
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

Long may they kiss each other, for this cure!
Oh never let their crimson laces wear!
And never let their fair venture still endure;
To drive infection from the dangerous year!
That the star-gazers, having wri on death,
May say the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still to be scaling!
To sell myself I can be well encompassed.
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing;
Which purchase, if thou make, for fear of slips,
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

A thousand kisses buys my heart from me,
And put them at thy leisure, one by one.
What is ten hundred touches unto these?
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?"

"Fair queen," quoth he, "if any love you owe me,
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years;
Before I know myself seek not to know me;
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears;
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or, as they say, "the early chick'd is sourer late.
Look, the world's companion, with weariness call,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west;
The owl, night's herald, shrieks—'Tis very late,
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest;
The fox to seek his hole that shelter doth provide.
Doth summon us to part, and bid good night.
Now let me say, good night, and so say you;
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss."
"Good night," quoth she; and, eye he says adieu,
The honey bee of parting tender'd is:
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;
Incorporate then they seem, face grows to face.

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward drew
The honey mould moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
Whereon she surfeit yet complais on drouth;
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
(Their lips together glued,) fall to the earth.

Now quick Desire hath caught the yielding prey,
And glutious-like she feeds yet never-sate;
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Favoring what ransom the insolent willeth;
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so high.

That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.
And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
With blind-fold fury she begins to forage;
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage;
Planting oblation, beating reason back.

Forgetful shame's pure blush, and honor's wrack.
Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tamed with too much hand
Or as the fleet-foot roe that's tired with chasing,
Or like the stroward mantl still'd with dandling,
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she hateth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,
What scorch'd wax so fast lost of the fire light!\nThings out of hope are compass doit with venturing.
Chieflie in love, whose leave exceeds commission:
Affection fain not, like a pale-faced coward,
But then were best when most his choice is roward.
When he did crown, O, she had she then gave over,
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
Foal words and frowns must not repel a lover;
With him the rose, her rosy prickles, yet his pluck'd:
Were beauty under twelve, her heart was blest.

Yet Love breaks through, and picks them all at last.
For pity now she can no more detain him;
The poor fool prays her he may depart:
She is resolve'd no longer to restrain him;
said him farewell, and took well to her heart.
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
He carries thence imaged in his breast.

"Sweet boy," she says, "this night I'll waste in sorrow;
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch,
Tell me, love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?
Say, shall we two! will thou make the match?"
He love's not, nor to morrow doth he intend.
To hunt the bear with circling if his friends.

"The bear!" quoth she; whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawn being spread upon the blushen robe,
Upon her cheeks; she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws;
She sinketh down, still hanging on his neck,
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:
All is imaginary she doth prove,
Honour will not range her, although he mount her;
That worse than Tantalus is her enemy,
To clip Elissus, and to lack her joy.

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes,
Do surfeit of the eye, and pine the jaw.
Even so she languish'd in her mishaps,
And poor birds that helpless berries saw:
The warm effects which she in him finds missing,
She seeks to handle with continual kissing.

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be;
She hath assay'd as much as may be proved;
Her pradig'd heart deserv'd a greater fee;
He's love's, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd.
"Fie, fie," he says, "you crush me; let me go;
You have no reason to withhold me so.

"Thou hast been gone," quoth she, "sweet joy,
Therefore, thou hast done me what I feared to hear.
O be advis'd! thou know'st not what it is
With javelin a point of indifference to gore,
Whose tussles never sheath'd he whetteth still,
Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill.

On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of briskly pikes, that ever threat his foes;
His eyes like glowing embers shine when he doth sit,
His snout doth stamp up where enquiring eyes,
Being mov'd, he strikes whate'er is in his way,
And whom he strikes his cruel tussles shay.

His brawny side, with hairy bristles arm'd,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter;
His short thick neck cannot be eaked the third;
Being frcul, on the horn he will venture.
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes.
As fearful of him, part; through whom he rushes.

Alas, he sought extrem's that face of thine,
To which Love's eye pays tributary gazes;
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eye,
Whose full perfection all the world amazes;
But having thee at vantage, (wondrous dread!)\nWould root these beauties as he roots the mead.

O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still!
Beauty has thought no more with such foul friends:
Come not within his danger by thy way.
They that thrive well, take counsel of their friends.
When thou didst name the boar, not to assemble,
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

Didst thou not mark my face? was it not while
What needst thou fear, O, boar's sweet beauteous eye?
Drew I not mine? and tell I not downright?
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
My boiling heart pants, heats, and takes no rest.
But, like a tempest shakest thee on my breast.

For where Love reigns, disturbing jealousy
Doth call himself Affection's servant's heir;
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny.
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, Kill, kill;
Intemperant gentle Love with his desire,
As air and water destines to the sea last.

This sour inquirer, this bate-breathing spy,
This canker that eats up love's tender spring,
This carry-tale, disconsolate jealousy,
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,
Knocks on my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
That if I love thee thy death should I fear:
And, more than so, presented to mine eye
The picture of an angry-chasing boar.
Under whose sharp lances on his back doth lie
Somuch an image thus, all staid with gore;
Whose head upon the face-h flowers being shed,
Both make them doop with grief, and hang the head.

What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That tremble in the imagination?
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And fear doth teach it develop my head;
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

But if thou needs will hunt, he rul'd by me;
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox, which live by subtle witt,
Or at the roe, which no encounter dare;
Pursue those fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy bounds.

And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Dark the tallow, to it a thousand times missing
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses, with a thousand doubles;
The many messities through which he goes.
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

Sometime he runs among a flock of-sheep,
To make the cunning hounds raise on their smell,
And sometime where earth-delivering comes keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;
And sometime soothed with a herd of deer;
Danger deviseth shifts, wit waits on fear.

* Stiffe breeding.
* Bad, or young shod.
VENUS AND ADONIS.

For thee his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-smanting hounds are drawn to-dout,
Closing their clamorous cries till they have sunged
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Therein the hairs and their nozy echoes ring,
As if another chase were in the skies.

By this, poor Wat, far off upon a bell,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his toes pursue him still;
And then his head alighting he doth hear:
And now his greet may be compared well
To one sore-sick, that hears the passing bell.

Then shall thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, uniting with the way;
Each curious brar his weary legs doth scratch,
Each soft and warm makes him stop,
While murmurs run on by many,
To make thee love the painting of the boar.

Unlike me, I long to hear the moralize,
Applying this to that, and so to so;
For love can comment upon every woe.

Where did I leave?—"No matter where," quoth she:
"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 to fall.
In night," quoth she, "Desire sees best of all.

But if thou fall, O then imagine this,
The earth in love with thee footsteps footing,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Roses every true men thieves; so do thy lips
Make modest Leda's cloudly and client,
Lost she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

Now of this dark night I perceive the reason;
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
To forgive nature he condemn'd of treason,
For stealing mounds from heaven that we, divine,
When can she framed thee in high heaven's despite,
To shame the sun by day, and her by night.

And therefore hath she braid the Destinies,
To cross the curious workmanship of nature,
To magie beauty with infirmities,
And pur constitution with imperious defecture;
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of mad mischance and much misery.

As burning fevers, ague pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence, and fenzies wood,
To heart-sick love, and wandering and disorder breeds by hearing of the blood.
Surfale, imposthumes, grief, and damn'd despair,
Swear Nature's death for framing thee so fair.

And not the least of all these maladies,
But in one minute's light brings beauty under;
Both favor, favor, hue, and qualities,
Wereat the impartial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, and done,
As mountain snow melts with the midday sun.

Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
Hating sinning yet in self-loving arms,
That on the earth would beat his breast,
And barren death of daughters and of sons,
Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night,
Burns up his oil, to lend the world his light.

What is thy body but a swalowing grave,
Seeking to bury that pleasant,
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity
If he, the world will hold thee in disdain,
And thy pride so fair a hope shall slay.

So in thyself thusly art made away
A miserable worse than civil home-born strife,
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
Or butchery, that leaves his son of life.
Foul cackling riot the hidden treasure frets,
Fut gold that's put to use more gold begots.

"Nay then," quoth Adon, "you will fall again
Into thy idle over-handled theme;
The kiss I gave you was bestow'd in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream;
For by this black-faced night, desire's fool nurse,
Your treatise makes me like yours, or worse.

If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Be with the wanton mermaid's songs,
Yet from mine ear the tender tune is blown;
For by this black-faced night stands armed in mine ear,
And will not let a false sound enter there;

Let the deceiving harmony shall run
Into the quiet closure of my breast,
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In this chamber to be hard of rest.

No lady, no, my heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

What have you urg'd that I cannot repose?
The path is smooth that leadeth unto danger;
I hate not love, but your device in love,
That leads embracements unto every stranger.
You do it for increase; O strange excuse!
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse.

Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled,
Surely sweating lust on earth usurp'd his name.
Upon fresh hearts, dotting it with blood;
Which the hot tyrant stains, and soon bereaves
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth always wish remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done.

Love surfeits not; just like a gluton dies:
Love is all truth; lust full of forged lies.

More I could tell, but more I dare not say;
The next is old, the operator too green.
Therefore, in sadness, how I will away;
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen;
Mine ears that to your wanton talk attended,
Do burn themselves for having so offended.

With this he breaketh from the sweet embrace
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
And homeward through the dark laund runs apace,
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.

Look how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
So glides the night from Venus' eye;
Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late-embarred friend.

Till the wild waves have will him seen no more,
Whose riddles with the meeting clouds contend;
So do the meteorites and pitchy night
Fold in the object that did feed her night.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
Or stornish'd as night-wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in some mistrusted wood;
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat groans,
That all the neighbor-caves, as seeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans;
Faint whisperings, deepiy redoubled:
"Aha!" she cries, and twenty times, "Aha, aha!"
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She, marking them, begins a waking note,
And sings externally a woefull ditty:
How love makes young men thrall, and old men
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty:
Her heavy anthem still concludes in we,
And still the choir of echoes answer so.

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,
For her hours are long, those remaining short;
If pleased themselves, others, they think, delight
In such like circumstance, with such like sport.
Their copious stories, oftimes begins,
End and both audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,
But idle sounds, resembling parasites,
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 beauteous influence that makes him bright.
There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other."

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Missing the morning so much of wear:
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 in all haste she costeth to the cry.
And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some say what of her things to make her stay;
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whose swelling ducts do ache,
Hastening to feed her calf, in some brake.
By this she hears the hounds are at a bay,
Whereat she starts, like one that spars an adder
Wrought up in fatal folds, just in their way.
The fear whereby doth make him shake and shudder:
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
Appalls her senses, and her sprite confounds.
For now she knows it is no gentle chase.
But the hunst 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 curt.
They all strain courtly who should hope him first."

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart,
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness numbeth each feeling part:
Like soldiers, when their captain is from hold yield,
They basely fly, who were wont to the field.
The stands she in a trembling ecstasy;
Till, cheering up her senses sore dismay'd,
She tells them 'tis a careless fantasy,
And childish error that they are aind.
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more;
And with that word she spied the hunted boar;
Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries she knows not whither:
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back returns, to rate the boar for mutter.
A thousand spears hear her a thousand ways;
She treads the path that she outreads again;
Her more than haste is mated with delays,
In her proceedings; or should chance drunk in
Full of respect, yet not at all respecting,
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.
Here kennel'd in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the wary careful for his master;
And there another licking of his master's
Gallant man's sores was only sovereign plaster:
And here she meets another sadly swooning,
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.
When he hath ceased his ill-resounding noise.
Another clap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
Against the well-bred and careful of his voice;
Another and another answer him,
Clapping their pendants to the ground below,
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amazed
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,
Whenon with fearful eyes they long have gaz'd,
Turning them with dreadful prophetic face;
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
And, sighing it again, exclaims on Death.

"Hard-favor'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love," (thus chides she Death,)
"Grim-gummingghost, earth's worm, what, dost thou
To stifle beauty, and to steal his breath.

Who when he lived, his breath and beauty set
Gloes on the rose, smell to the violet!
If he be dead,—0 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 tale dart
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

Hastad thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And hearing him thy power had lost his power.
The Destinies will cause thee for this stroke;
They bid thee crop a weed, then pinckst a flower.
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not Death's own dart, to strike him dead.

Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weeping?
What may my dearest one's advantage thee?
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
Now Nature carres not her thy mortal vigor,
Since that best work is mired with thy rigor.

Here over weeps one full of despair,
She veil'd her eye-brows, who, like violets, stopp'd
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom drop'd;
But through the deadbeats breaks the silver rain,
And with his strong course opens them again.

O how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
Her eyes seen in her tears, tears in her eye;
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow.
Sorrow, that friendly sighs sought still to dry;
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain.
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions through her constant woe,
As striving who should best become her grief;
All entertain'd, that every present sorrow
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
But none is best; then join they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsmen hollo;
A nurse's song ever pleased her babe so well;
The pure imagination she did follow,
This sound of hope doth labor to expel;
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her, it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye, like pearls in glass;
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass.
To wash the foul face of the wretched ground.
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drunk'd.
O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet the clock can see
Thy sorrow and we are both of them extremes,
Despair and hope make thee ridiculous:
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts mutually,
With lately thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought,
Adonis lives, and Death is not to be known.

* No, no," quoth she, "Sweet Death, I did but jest;
Yet pardon me, I feel a kind of balance;
When as I met the boar, that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe;
Then gentle shadow, (truth I must confess,) I rai'd on thee, fearing my love's decease."
VENUS AND ADONIS.

"Tis not my fault: the bow pro cured my tongue;  
be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;  
"Tis he, soul creature, that hath done thee wrong:  
I speak, not of thy author of this wrong.  
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet  
Could rule them both, without ten women's wit."

Thus, hoping that Adonis is alive,  
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate;  
And as her beauty may the beast attire,  
With Death she humbly doth insinuate;  
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs; and stories  
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

"O Love," quoth she, "how much a fool was I,  
To be of such a weak and silly mind,  
To think of those, who live, and death who lies not die,  
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!  
For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,  
And beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

Fic, fic, and love, thou art so full of fear  
As one with treasure laden, hemmed with thieves,  
Tribs, unwitnessed 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.

As falcon to the lure away she flies;  
The grass stops not, she treads on it so light;  
And the must unwatched with hope,  
The foul bear's conquest on her fair delight;  
Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,  
Like stars ashamed of death, themselves withdrew.

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,  
She flies in his shelly cuirass, and hides his 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 led  
Into the deep dark temples of her head;

Where they resign their office and their light  
To the disposing of her troubled brain,  
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,  
And never wound the heart with looks again;  
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,  
By their suggestion gives a death to each,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes:  
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,  
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,  
When with cold terror men's minds confound,  
The mutiny each part doth so surpass  
That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes;

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light  
Upon the wide wound that the bow had trenched  
In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white  
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drenched:  
No flower was rizh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,  
But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;  
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;  
Dumbly she passions, faintly she doth;  
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead.  
Her voice is stopy'd, her joints forget to bow;  
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly  
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem less  
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,  
That makes more gashes where no breach should be;  
His face seems twin, each several limb is doubled,  
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled,

"My tongue cannot express my grief for one.  
And yet," quoth she, "behold two Adonis dead!  
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,  
My groans, forsaken, and to fire, my heart is led.  
Heavy heart's head melt at mine eyes' red fire!  
So shall I die by drops of hot desire."

Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!  
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?  
What true and music new that canst thou boast  
Of things long since, of any thing ensuing!  
The flowers are sweet, their colors fresh and trim;  
But true sweet beauty liv'd and died with him.

Honest 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 shall scorn you, and the wind doth his you;  
But when Adonis liv'd, sun and sharp air  
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair.

And therefore would he put his bonnet on,  
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep;  
The wind would blow it off, and, hell, hell, hell!  
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 eye.

To see his face, the hon walk'd along  
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him  
To recreate himself, when he had sang,  
The tiger would be tame and gently hear him.  
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,  
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

When he beheld his shadow in the brook  
The fishes spread on it their golden gills;  
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took  
That some would sing, some other in their bills  
Would bring him mulberries, and ripe red cherries;  
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

But this foul, grim, and unshrinmointed bear,  
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,  
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;  
Wore the entertainment that he gave;  
If he had see his face, why then he say  
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

'Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain;  
He ran upon the bear with his sharp spear,  
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,  
But he kiss'd thought to persuade him there;  
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine  
Sheath'd, unware, the tusk in his soft groin.

Had I been tooth'd like him I must confess  
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first;  
But he is dead, and never did he bless  
My youth with his; the more am I accursed,"  
With this she raleth in the place she stood,  
And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;  
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;  
She lyes in his ears a heavy tale,  
As if they heard the woeful words she told;  
She lifts the collider-ids that close his eyes  
Where, lo! two lamps, burn't out, in darkness lies.

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld  
A thousand times, and now no more exist;  
Their virtue lost, wherein they late resided,  
And every beauty nob'd of his effect;  
"Wander of time," quoth she, "this is my spine,  
That you being dead the day should yet be light.  
Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophesy,  
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend;  
It shall be waited on with jealousy,  
Find sweet beginning but unsavory end;  
"We're certified equally, but high or low;  
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

It shall be blind, and too full of fraud;  
Bulb and he blasted in a breathing white;  
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd  
With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile  
The strongest body shall it make most weak,  
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

It shall be springing, and too full of riot  
Teaching deception to tread the asures;  
The stiring rathal shall it keep in quire,  
Black down the rich, enrich the poor with trasures  
It shall be raging mad, and silly mild,  
Like young old men, the old and young child.

It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;  
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;  
It shall be miserable, and too severe,  
And most deceiving when it seems most just;  
"Beauty."
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE HENRY Wriothesly,

EaRL OF SOUTHBAMPTON, AND BARON OF TITCHFIELD.

The love I dedicate to your Lordship is without end; whereas this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous motley. The warrant I have of your honorable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater; meantime, as it is, it is bound to your Lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.

Your Lordship's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE ARGUMENT.

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS (for his excessive pride so called Superbus) after he had caused his own father-in-law, Servius Tullius, to be cruelly murdered, and contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom; went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege, the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper, every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom Collatians extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucrece. In that pleasant humor they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatians finds his wife, though it were late in the night, spinning in her chamber: the other ladies were all bound dancing and reveling, or in several sports. Whereupon the noblemen helped Collatians 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 privately withdrew himself; and was (according to his estate) privately entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stooped into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedily away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight hastily dispatched messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Janus Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece attended in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and told all manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to rest out the whole hated family of the Tarquins, and, hearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the deed and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king: whereas the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

From the besieged Ardea all in post, Borne by the trustless wings of false desire, Lest-breathe Tarquin leaves the Roman host, And to Collatium bears the lightless fire Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire, And gridle with embracing flames the waist Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of chaste unhappily set This baseless edge on his keen appetite; When Collatine unwisely did not let To praise the clear unmached 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.
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state;
What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent
In the possession of his beauteous mate.
Reckoning his fortune at such a prodigious rate,
That kings might be expected to more fame,
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.
O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done
As the morning's silver-melting sun!
Against the golden splendor of the sun!
An expir'd date, cancel'd ere well begun:
Honor and beauty in the owner's arms,
Were weakly lost from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator;
What needeth then apologies be made
To set forth that which is so singular!
Or why is Calliope the publisher
Of that rich jewel she should keep unknown
From this fair car, because it is his own?
Perchance his boast of Lucretia's sovereignty
Suggested this proud issue of a king;
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be
Percibale that envy of so rich a prize:
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting
His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men
Should vaunt so.

That golden hair which their superiors want;
But some untimely thought did instigate
His all-too-timely speed, if none of those:
His honor, 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, wrapt in repentant cold,
Thy hasty spring still blasts, and men grows old!

When at Caiusfian this lord arriv'd,
Well was he welcome by the Roman dame,
Within whose faire beauty and virtue striv'd
With them she should in both shape and fame:
When virtue brag'd, beauty would blush for shame;
When beauty boast'd blushes, in despite
Virtue would stam that o'er with silver white.

But beauty, in that while intuited,
From Venus' daws dothchallegg'd that fair field:
Then virtue claims from beauty's red,
Which virtue gave the golden age, to gild
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield;
The chance that envy of so rich a theft.
When shame assaul'd, the red should hence the white.

This heraldry in Lucretia face was seen,
Argued by beauty's red, and virtue's white;
Oppos'd to this the other's dim,
Proving from world's minority their right:
Yet their ambition makes them still to light;
The sovereignty of either being so great,
That off they interchange each other's seat.

This silent war of lines and of rose,
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses;
Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,
The coward captive vanquish'd doth yield
That off two armies that would do him go,
Rather than triumph or else to be.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue
(The mirror provid'd that prais'd her so)
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show;
Therefore that praise which Calliope doth owe,
Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
Little suspecteth the false worshipper;
For by his having thing to use it in evil,
Birds never limit'd no secret terrors fear:
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
And reverend welcome to her pious guest.
When warder ill doth outward no outward express
For that he color'd with his high estate
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty:
That nothing in him seemedordinate,

Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,
Which, having all, all could not satisfy;
But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store
That cloy'd with much he pinch't still for more.
But she, that never cop'd with stranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
Nor smart the subtle-sounding words of arts.
Writ in the glassy margins of such books;
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no death:
Nor could she moralize her wanton sight,
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;
And decks with praises Calliope's high name,
Mentioning by his, chiefly chief.
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory:
Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth express,
And, wordless, so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,
He makes excuses for his being there:
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather
Dost yet in his fair welkin once appear;
Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her guilty prison staves the day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
Inter'd, revolting with his heavy sight;
For, after supper, long he questioned
With modest Lucretia, and wrore out the night:
Now leaden shambler with life's strength doth fight
And every one to rest himself betakes,
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds, that wakes.
As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining;
Yet how to obtain his will resolv'n.

Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abandon
Despair to gain doth traffic off for gaining;
And which great treasure is the need proposed,
Tho' death be adjourn'd, there's no death suppos'd.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond
That what they have not, that which they possess
They scatter and wunderse it from their bond,
And so, by hoping more, they have but less;
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.
The aim of all is but to nurse the life
With honor, wealth, and ease, in waning age;
And then to die there is such a virtuous strife,
That one for all, or all for one we get.
As life for honor, in tell battle's race;
Honor for wealth; and oft that wealth doth coat
The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in vent'reng ill we leave to be
The things we are, for that which we expect
And this ambitious soul infirmary
In having much, torments us with defect;
Of that we have, so then we do neglect
The things we have, and, all for want of will,
Make something nothing, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must dotting Tarquin make,
Pawning his honor to obtain his lust;
And for himself himself he must forsake:
Then where is truth if there be no self-trust!
When shall we think to find a stranger just,
When he himself himself confounds, betrays
To slanderous tongues, and wretched hateful days!
Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy sleep had close'd up mortal eyes;
No noise but owls' and owlets' throst-dying cries;
Now serves the season that they may surprise.

The lady's mind is so thoughtfully still,
While lust and murder wake to stain and kill.
And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm;
Is madly us'd between desire and dread;

4 Speaking.

5 Prefacing.
Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other earstake harm;
But honest Fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brash-sick rude Desire.

His falcon on a flute he softly smiteth,
The warren beloved stopt a while to fly, to do fly,
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith with lighteth,
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye;
And to the flame this speaks advisedly;

As from this cold that I endured this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire.

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
The dangers of his baseborn enterprise,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following sorrow may on this arise:
Then looking securly his naked heart,
His naked armor of still-slaughter'd lust,
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust:

"Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine!
And die unhallowed thoughts, before you blot
With your unfitness which is divine!
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:
Let fair humanity abhor the deed
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white weed.

O shame to knightliness and to shining arms!
O foul dishonor to my household's grave!
O impious act, including all foul harms!
A martial man to be so sorely slave!
Thus, erst still a true respectable slave;
Then my disguise is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my face.

Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
And be an eyesore in my golden coat;
Some bash'd some dash the herald will confine,
To such as may be a good disdain.
That my posternity, sham'd with the note,
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
To wish that I, their father had not been.

What win I if I gain the thing I seek?
A dream, a breath, a fleeting joy of joy:
Whose minutes is my mouth a wall a week?
Or sells eternity, to get a toy?
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?
Or is a single beam beggar, but to touch the crown,
Would with the sceptre straight be stricken down?

If Collatine dream of my intent
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent!
To either me hostile or kind and true,
That my posterity, sham'd with the note,
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
To wish that I, their father had not been.

What excuse can my invention make
When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed?
Will not my tongue be mute, my fruit joints shak'e?
Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart bleed!
The guilt being great the fear doth still exceed;
And extreme fear can neither light nor fly,
But coward-like with trembling, terror die.

Had Collatine kill'd my son or sire,
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
Might have excuse to work upon his wife,
For that is thine end, that is thine end
To shew to thine end, that is thine end,
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend.
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

Shameful it is, ay, if the fact be known:
Hateful it is, ay, there is no hate in loving:
I'll beg her love—but she is not her own;
This way is but denial, and repudiation,
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing,
Who fears a sentence or an old man's say
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation
Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,
And all my soul's good thoughts made insensate,
Uring the worser sense for vantage still;
Which in a moment doth confound and kill

*Garment.  
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.
Quoth he, "She took me kindly by the hand,
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes;
Fearing some hard news from the warlike band
Where has Collatine lies,
O how her tear did make her color rise?
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,
Forced it to tremble with her loyal fear?
Which struck her speech, and then it never rock'd,
Until her husband's welfare she did hear;
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
So love had never drown'd him in the flood
Why hunt's then for color or excuses,
All orators are dumb when heart is seethe
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;
Love thrives not in the heart that shadowed breathed;
Aleciton is his captain, and he leadeth;
And when his sturdy banner is display'd,
The coward lights, and will not be dismay'd.

Then, childish fear, avar'nt! debating, die;
Respect and reason wait on wrinkled age!
My heart shall never counterpart mine eye;
Sad passage and deep distress be never stages;
My part is youth, and beates these from the stage:
Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;
Then whosearkings seek where such treasures lie?"

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear
Is almost check'd by unresisted lust.
Away he steals with the silent lip, and ear,
Full of fool hope, and full of fond mistrust;
Both which, as servants to the unjust,
So cross him with their opposite persuasion.
That name of love he gives his grudging invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
And in the self-same seat sits Collatine:
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits;
That eye which he beholds, as more divine,
Into a void so false will not the stage;
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
Which once corrupted takes the worse part;
And therein hearts up his servile powers,
Who, that'd by their leader's sound show,
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill on hours,
And as their captain, in their praise doth show,
Pay the more lavish tribute than they owe.
By reprobat desire thus madly led,
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.
The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one her enemy, retire and ward;
But as they open they all rate his ill,
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard;
The threshold grates the door to have him heard;
Night-wand and new wands shriek to see him there;
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Through little veins and cresses of the place
The wind wars with his torch, to make him stay,
And blows the smoke of it into his face,
Extenuating his conduct in this death's how.
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorn,
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch
And being lighted, by the light he spies
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks;
He takes it hy in the rushes where it lies; and
And grips it, as his finger doth make bonds:
As who should say, this glove to wanton tricks
Is not inured; return again in haste;
Thou seest our mistress ornaments are chaste.

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him;
He in the thickest sustains the fires that rage,
The doors, the wind, the glove that did delay him,
He takes for accedentals things of trial;
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial.
Who will begin long stay his hand to lose,
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

"So, so," quoth he; "these let attend the time,
Like little frosts that sometime thr at the spring,

*Conductor.  

6Needle.
Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,  
And by each other's life they truly honour to sing.  
These words in Tarquin new ambition bred:  
Who like a foul usurper went about  
From this fair throne to heave the owner out.  
What could he see but mightily he noted?  
What did he note but strongly he desired?  
What he beheld on what he hurriedly noted,  
And in his will his wilful eye he tired.  
With more than admiration he admired  
Her azure eyes, her alabaster skin,  
The liberal lips, her snow-white diaphanous chin.  
As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey  
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,  
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,  
His rage of lust by gazing qualified;  
Shackled and oppressed; nor stirring by her side,  
His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,  
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins.  
And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,  
Odibrane vassals, still exploits effecting,  
To whose distress sets every joint a shaking;  
Nor children's tears, nor mother's gramos respecting  
Swell in the pride, the onset still augmenting  
Anon his beating heart, alarm striking  
Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their hark!  
His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,  
His eye commends the leading to his hand;  
He's proud of such a doughty band.  
Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his stand  
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land;  
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,  
Let their round turrets desist, and pale pale.  
They, mustering to the quiet cabinet  
Where their dear governor and lady lies,  
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,  
And fright her with contusion of their cries:  
She, much amazed, breaks ope her look deep eyes,  
Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,  
Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and control'd  
Imagine her as one in dead of night  
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,  
That thinks she hath beheld some ghostly sprite,  
Wounding itself to death, rise up, and fall.  
What terror 'tis! but she, in worser taking,  
From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view  
The sight which makes supposed terror true.  
Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,  
Like to the duck-'d bird she trembling lives;  
She daces not look; yet, winking at the air  
Appears Quick-shutting antics, ugly in her eyes;  
Such shadows are the weak brain's phantoms;  
What starts these eyes by flitting their lights,  
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.  
His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,  
(Rude man, to batter such an ivory wall!)  
May feel her heart, poor citizen! distressed,  
Wounding itself to death, rise up, and fall.  
Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes within.  
This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,  
To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.  
First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin  
To sound a parley to his heartless foe,  
Who, that the white sheet meets peas his lighter chin,  
The reason of this rash alarm to know,  
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show;  
But with vehement prayers unto him still  
Under what color he commits this ill.  
Thus he replies: "The color 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 what color am I come to scale  
Thy never-conquer'd sor; the fault is thine,  
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.  
Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide;  
Thy beauty hath ensnared thee to this night,  
Wheat under patience must my will abide,  
My will that marks thee for my earthen delights,  
Which I to conquer sought with all my might
The Rape of Lucrece

But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.
I see what crosses my attempt will bring;
I know what thorns the growing rose defy;
I know the honeyed bread he shall retire,
And stoo to honor, to nul desire.

Quoth she, "reward not hospitality
With such black payment as thou hast pretended;
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;
Nor the thing that cannot be repented;
And end thy sin, before thy shoot be ended:
He is no woodman that doth bend his bow
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.
My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me;
Thyself art mighty, for thine own sake leave me;
My self is nothing, do not then exercise me.
Thou look'st not like deceit; do not deceive me;
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labor hence to heave thee.
If ever man were mov'd with woman's means,
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans:
All which together, like a troubled ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wither-threatening heart,
To solen it with their continual motion;
For stones dissolv'd to water do not part,
0, if no harder than a stone thou art;
Melt at my tears and be compassionate!
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.
In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee;
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?
To all the heaven I complained.
Thou wronged'st his honor, wound'st his princely name.
Thou art not what thou seemedst; and if the same
Thou wast not what thou art, a god, a king;
For kings like gods should govern every thing.
How will thy shame be seed in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring?
If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,
What dar'st thou not when once thou art a king?
O be resolv'd to change thy fragrant state,
From vassal acts can be wiped away;
Then kings' inseedes cannot be hid in clay.
This deed will make thee only lov'd for fear,
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love:
With soil offenders thou perforce must bear,
When they in thee the like offences prove;
Hut for fear of this thy will remove;
For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.
And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall learn!
Must he in thee read lectures of thy shame?
Will thou be glass, wherein it shall discern
Authority for sin, warrant for blame,
To privilege dishonor in thy name!
This is not the proper reproach against long-lived land,
And mak'st no reputation but a bawd.
Hast thou command? by him that gave it thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will:
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Thy prince may be of small men's minds, and know
When, pattern'd by thy iniquity, our sins may say,
He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way!
Think but how vile a spectacle it were
To view thy present trespass in another:
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;
Their own transgressions partially they 'mothe;:
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.
O how are they wrapp'd in with infamies,
That from their own inseedes askance their
To thee, to thee, my head-haps hands appeal,
Not to seducing lust, thy rash reliever;
I see for exil'd majesty's repeat;
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire:
Thy true respect with prison false devised,
And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eye.
That thou shalt see thy state, and pity name."

"Have done," quoth he; "my uncontrolled tide
Turns not, but swells the higher by this lot,
Small lights are soon blawn out, huge fires abide,
And with the wind in greater fury fret;
The petty streams that play a daily debt,
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls haste,
And to their death, to their dry dis feast.

"Thou art," she said, "a sea, a sovereign king;
And lo, there falls into the battle's pool
Black lust, dishonor, shame, misgoverning,
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
But who can make such fell change thy good,
This sea within this pool's womb is hersed,
And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.

So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave;
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified;
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave;
The spot where in their shame, their pride;
The lesser thing should not the greater hide;
The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's root,
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state":—
"No more!" quoth he, "by heaven, I will not hear
Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,
Instead of love's coy touch, shall ruudly tear thee;
That dream, despitely I mean to bear thee
Unto the bane of some rare, may they still do thee,
To be thy partner in this shameful doom.

Thus said, he sets the foot upon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies;
Shame folded up in blind concealing night.
Wherein the sun, unseen, they cannot proclaim.
The wolf hath seized his prey, the poor lamb cries,
Till with her own white teeth heer voice control'd
Entrails her outcry in her lips' sweet fold:
For with the nightly linen that she wears
He pens her piteous claims in her head;
Cooling his hot face in the chasing heat.
That ever modest eyes with sorrow sheed.
O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed!
This lust could weeping purify.
Her tears should drop on them sel'fally.
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 rilled of her store,
And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
May slow the rout, or altogether halt.
The prey whereon by nature they delight;
So surfeit-taking Tarquin faires this night:
His taste deficients, in digestion souring,
Devours his will that liv'd by soul devouring.

O deeper sin than bottomless conceit
Can mangryhead in silk maintain?
Drunken desire must vomit his receipt,
Ere he can see his own abomination.
While lust is in his pride, no exclamation
Can curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,
Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire.
And then with lance and lean discon'dr check.'
With heavy eye, knat bow, and strengthless pace,
Feeble desire, all recrulant, poor, and meek.
Like the winter's death, the cold star waft.
The flesh being proud, desire doth light with grace,
For there it revels; and when that decays,
The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So faires it with this faithful lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishment so hotly chased;
For now he honnent himself he doth draw down,
That through the length of times he stands disgraced:
Besides, his soul's fair temple is defaced;
To whose weak ruin must his rash desires,
To ask the spotted princess how she faires.
She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
In immortality, and made her triumph;
To living death, and pain perpetual:
Which in her prescience she controlled still,
But her foresight could not forestall their will.

Even in this thought through the dark night in stealth,
A captive victor that hath lost in gain;
Because they, by the wound that toucheth health,
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 barren of a guilty mind.

He like a lavish dog creeps sadly thence;
She like a wrenched limb has paining cen,
He scowls, and hates himself for his offence,
She, desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear;
He faintly flies, swearing with guilty fear;
Their spoils, exclaiming on the doleful night;
He runs, and chides his vanity, loath'd delight.

He then perch a heavy particule,
She there remains a hopeless castaway;
He in his speed looks for the morning light;
She prays she may her may behold the day.

"For-day," quoth she, "night's exclaim's open eye.
And my true eyes have never practis'd how
To cloak offences with a cunning brow.
They think not but that every eye can see
The same disgrace which they themselves behold,
And in our sight they will they should in darkness:
To have their unseen sin remain untold.
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
And grave, like water, that doth eat in steel,
Unto all and all, checks what helps principle.

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 vestige, to close so pure a day.

Faints with grief this breathe she for her spire
Against the unseen secrecy of night:
"O comfort-killing night, image of hell!
Don register and notary of shame!
Black stage where villains and murderers fell;
Vast all-concealing chaos! nature's blare.
Blind muffled bawl! dark harbor for defence!
Grim cave of death, whispering conspirator.
With close-tongued treason and the ravisher!

O hateful, vaporous, and foggy night,
Since thou art guilty of my careless crime,
Must 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 rated height, yet ere he go to bed,
Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

With rotten damp savors the morning air:
Let their exhal'd unwashed breaths make sick
The life of purity, the supreme fair,
Ere she receive his weary noon-lide pricks;
And let thy nasty vapors march so rude.
That in their smoky ranks his smoother'd light
May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

Were Tarquin now, (as he is but night's child,) To cross their arms, and hang the shady vine,
To mask their brows, and hide their immaturity;
But I alone alone must sit and pine,
Scarcely the breath with showers of silver brace,
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.
O night, thou furnace of soul-reaking smoke,
Let not the jealous day behold that face.
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak Imbues by the wounds with discomfiture;
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place.
That all the faults which in thy reign are made May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade!

Make me not object to the tale-tell day,
To tell the tale, and show, character'd in my brow,
The story of sweet chastity's decay.

The impious breach of holy wedlock vow:
* The point of noon.
* Wherein.
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
To cipher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote my loothsome trespass in my looks.

The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name;
The orator, to deck his oratory,
Will fill my reproach to Tarquin's shame:
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my disable,
Will tie the henchmen to attend each line,
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
For Collatine's dear love be kept in mind:
If that be made a theme for disputation,
The branches of another root are rotted,
And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted,
That, to avoid such reason as this fame,
As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

Unseen shame! invisible disgrace!
One unmit;t! crest-wounding, private scar!
Reproach is stamp'd in Collatine's face,
And Tarquin's eye may read the mot; afar,
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.

Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,
Which not themselves but he that gives them knows!

If, Collatine, thine honor lay in me,
Put me by strong assault in thy hand,
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But rob'd and ransack'd by injurious theft:
In the weak have a wandering harp kept,
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

Yet I am guilty of thy honor's want;
Yet for thy honor did I entertain him;
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been dishonor to disdain him:
Besides, the partless deed complai'n him,
And talk'd of virtue,—0, unlook'd for evil,
When virtue is profan'd in such a devil!

Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud?
Or hateful cuckoo hatch in sparrow's nest?
Or sweet fair huts with an hour's stripesBow?
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?
Or kings be breakers of their own behets?
But no perfection is so absolute,
That some impurity doth not pollute.

The aged man that rolls up his gold,
Is plagued with cramps, and gout, and painful fits,
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
But like still-pin'd Tantalus he sits,
And useless barns the harvest of his wits;
Having no other pleasure but complaining him,
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

So then he hath it when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be master'd by his young,
Who in their pride do presently abuse it;
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.
The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sours,
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious showers.
Theadder hisses where the sweet birds sing;
What virtue breeds impuity devours:
We have no good that we can say is ours,
But dishonour'd Opportunity
Or kills his hie, or else his quality.

O Opportunity! thy guilt is great;
Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason;
Thou set'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Who, wouldst thou set the sun, thou polic'st the season;
Thou set'st that spurn'd at right, at law, at reason;
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

Thou mock'st the vestal violate her oath;
Thou blow'st the fire when temperature's thaw'd;
Thou pour'st the honey, thou marriest truth;
Thou spoil'st bellow! thou notorious hawd!
Thou plantest scandal, and displaced land;
Thou raiser, thou traitor, thou false thief;
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief.

Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy private plotting to a public fast;
Thy soothing titles to a ragged name;
Thy sugar tongue to bitter wormwood taste;
Thy violent vanities can never fast.

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 set an hour great stripes to end?
Or tree that soul which wretchedness hath claim'd?
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain!
The poor, fame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee,
But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
The arbiter pure while the opportunity slumbers;
Justice is leashing while the widow weeps;
Advice is sporting while infection breeds;
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds;
Wreath, easy, treason, rape, and murder's rages.

Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages
When truth and virtue have to do with thee;
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid;
They buy thy help; but Sin ne'er gives a lee;
He gratis comes; and thou art well appa'd
As well to wear as grant what he demand'd
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 abortuates
An accessory by thine inclination
To all sins past, and all that are to come;
From the creation to the general doom.

Mishapen Time, cope-mate of ugly night,
Scuttles past all, carrier of grisly care;
Eater of youth, false stave to raise delight;
Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare;
Thou norseth all, and murderest all that are;
O hear thou then, in answer, shining Time:
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

Why hast thy servant, Opportunity,
Betray'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose!
Cancel my fortunes, and enchain me
To endless date of never-ending woes!
Time's office is to find the hate of foes;
To cut up errors by opinion bred,
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

Time's glory is to calm containing minds,
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,
To stamp the soul of time in aged things,
To wake the man, and seem him so much,
To wrong the wouser till he render right;
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers.

To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
To load 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 chieft springs?
To spoil the antiquities of number, and art;
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel.

To show the belial daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To stay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion both;
To muck the saddle, in themselves beguile'd;
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
Unless thou could'st return to make amends?
One poor fitting mate in an happy band;
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him wit, that to bad debors lends:
O, this dread night, would'st thou one hour come
To cool my heart, that fevers me as thou canst?

I could prevent this storm, and shun this wreath!
Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
With some meachance cross Tarquin in his flight:
To bring an end.
To shoots, saplings.
Devise extremes beyond extremity:
To make him curse this cursed crimeful night:
Let ghastly shadows his heed eyes alight,
And the dire thought of his committed evil
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,
And let false musicians with wild groans
Let there bechance him pitiful musick tunes,
To make him moan, but pity not his moans:
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones.
And let the wild women to him holler wildness,
Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

Let him have time to tear his curled hair,
Let him have time against himself to rave,
Let him have time of Time's help to despair;
Let him have time to live a boathed slave,
Let him have time a beggar's arts to crave;
And time to see one that by alms doth live
Disdaim to him disdained scraps to give.

Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
And merry mock 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.

O Time, thou latter both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou hast ill
At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
 Himself himself seek every hour to kill:
Such wretched hands such wasted blood should spill:
For who so base would such an office have
As slanderous death's-man to so base a slave!

The lacer is he, coming from a king,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate.
The monarch that the devil incarnate is the thing
That makes him honor'd, or doth becloud his hate:
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,
But little stars may hide them when they list.

The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
And yet receive'd fly with the Fifth Sun's light;
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
Fast grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day.
Guns are unmixt Whereas'thry they,
But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.
Out, idle words, servants to shallow souls!
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools,
Deprive you of success with dull debaters;
To troubling clients be you mediators:
For me, I force not argument a straw,
Since that my case is the past help of law.

In vain I rail at Opportunity,
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful night;
So I may cavil, as it please my heart,
In vain I spurn at my confounds deep desire.
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.
The remedy indeed to do me good,
Is to forth my foul defiled blood.
Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree?
Honour thyself to rid me of this shame:
For if I die my honor lives in thee,
But if I live, thou livest in my defame:
So that I could not disfigure the good name,
And was afraid to scratch her wicked bed;
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so."

This said, from her debauched couch she starteth,
To find some desperate instrument of death:
But this is no-night-house no tool impertant,
To make more work for passage of death.
Which throning through her lips so vanishing
As smoke from Etna, that in air consumes,
Or that which from discharged cannon flames.  

There, I must now forlorn have in Hell,
Utmost extremity which I could do,
In vain," quoth she, "I live, and seek in vain
Smoke for my soul a hapless shade,
I fear'd by Tarquin's faction to be slain,
Yet for the selfsame purpose seek a knife:
But when I fear'd I was a loyal wife;
So turne I o'er me, that I might be
Of that true type; last Tarquin rid my.

O! that is gone for which I sought to live,
And the elevo now I need not fear to die.
To deck my spot by death, at least I give
A badge of fame to slander's livery;
A dying life to living infamy;
I'll do helpless help, the treasure stolen away,
To blash in that guiltless cask where it lay!

Well, well, dear Collatine, thou wilt not know
The stained taste of violated truth;
I will not wrong thy true affection so
To flatter thee with an infringed oath;
This basest graft shall never come to growth:
He shall not boast who did the jack pollute
That thon art doing father of his fruit.
Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought
But with thy hardy gore from forth thy gate.
For me, I am the mistress of my fate,
And with my trespass never will dispense,
Till life to death acquit my forced offence.
I will not pason thee with my attain.
Nor told my fault in cleanly-coind excuses,
My sable ground of sin I will not pour
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses:
My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes like shutes,
An empty mountain-spring that feeds a date,
Shall gush, pure streams to purge my impure tale.

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
The well-turn'd warble of her nightly sorrow,
And soothfast night with slow-sead gast descended
To unembittered heaven, the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow;
But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.
Revealing day through every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping;
To would-be graver speaking speaks "c - art paint.
Why pr'yst thou through my window? leave thy peering;
Mock with thy twitching beams eyes that are sleepig
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
For day hath thought to do what's done by night."

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees:
True grief is fond and testy as a child,
Whose wish some time his need unthought agrees.
Old woes, nor instant sorrows, bear them mild,
Continuance tames the one; the other wild.
Like an unpractis'd swimmer, plunging still
With too much labor, drawn for want of skill.
So shall her-drenched in a sea of care,
holds dispulation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare;
No object but her passion's strength renew;
And as one shifts, another straight ensues;
Sometimes her grief is thrum, and hath no words;
Sometime 'tis mad, and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy
Make her moons mad with their sweet melody.
For nigh reach search the bottom of annoy.
Sad song have all the merry company;
Grief best is pleasd with grief's society:
True sorrow then is feebly suffer'd,
When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.
'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore;
He ten pines pines that pine beholdings food;
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more;
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good.
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood.
Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'er.

Grief daliied with nor law nor limit knows.
"You mocking birds," quoth she, "your tunes enombed Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts, And your joy borning to you vante and dumb! (My restless discord loses no stopp nor mor.) A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests"
Refish your moment notes to pleasing ears;
Distress like diets when time is keeped with tears.

Melancholy airs.
Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad groan in my dishew'd hair.
My dark eye shall wash thy stony kiss away,
And so at each sad strain will stram a tear,
And with deep groans the diason bear:
For further-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,
While thou on Ceres deck'st better skill.
And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,
To keep thy shame with waking, wretched I,
To imprint thee well, against my heart
Will fix a sharp knife, to allright mine eye;
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.
These words, as frets upon an instrument,
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.
And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
Asshameing any eye should thee behold,
Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,
That they that lose, with greater patience be poor,
We will find out; and there we will unloak
To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their mood:
Since men prove beasts let beasts bear gentle minds.
As the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze,
Widly determining which way to fly,
Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,
That cannot treat the way out readily;
So must myself be in such mutiny,
To live or die which of the twain were better,
When life is shamed, and death Reproach's debtor.
"To kill myself," quoth she, "alack! what wert
But with my body my poor soul's pollution;
They that lose half, with greater patience be poor,
Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.
That mother tries a merciless conclusion
Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes one,
Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.
My body or my soul, which was the dearer?
When the one pure, the other made divine,
Whose love of either to myself was nearer?
When both were keipt for heaven and Collatine.
Ah me! the lark peel'd from the laby pine,
His leaves will wither, and his sap decay;
So must my soul, her lark being peel'd away
Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy;
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
Grown insipid with dawning impiety.
Then let it not be call'd impuity
If in this blemish'd tort I make some hole,
Though which I may convey this troubled soul.
Yet die I will not till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death;
That he may vow, in that sad hour to mine cold,
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, write in my testament.
My honor, I'll bequeath unto the knife
That wounds my soul, my worthy descendant,
'Tis honor to deprive dishonour'd life;
The one will live, the other being dead;
So of shame's asse's shall my time be bred;
For my death I merit sharper shame and scorn;
My shame so dead, mine honor is new-born
Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?
My resolution, Love, shall be thy boast,
By whom shall thy name, when old be taunted.
That Tarquin must be used and it
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy lie,
And, for my sake, serve thou false Tarquin so.
This brief abridgment of my will I make:
My soul and body to the skies and ground;
My resolution, to the grave, and my husband, do thou take;
Mine honor be the king's that makes my wound;
My shame be his that did my fame confound;
And all my fame that lives disurned be
To those that live, and think no shame of me.
Thou, Collatine, shalt overcome this will;
How was I overseen that thou shalt see it?
My blood solace shall wash the stains away;
My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall see it.
Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, 'so be it.'
Yield to my hand, my hand shall conquer thee.
Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.
This plot of death when sadly she had laid,
And whiles her mind misreel'd from her baleful eyes,
With untoun'd tongue she harsely call'd her maid,
Whose swift obedience to her mistress sits;
For hee-sun's duty with thought's feathers flies.
Poor innocent lions unto her maid seem'd so,
As winter mends when sun doth melt their snow.
But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
Each flower modest'd like a melting eye;
Even so the maid with swelling drops gun wet
Her circled eye, color'd by sympathy
Of those fair suns, set in her mistress' sky,
Who in a salt-wed ocean quench their light.
Which beholding makes the woe lout the dewcnight.
A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
Like ivory conduits canals sisterns filling
One justly weeps; the other takes in hand
No cause, but company, of her drops spilling;
Their gentle tears to weep are other willing,
Grieving themselves to guess at other hearts,
And then they drown their eyes, or break their hearts.
For men have marble, women waxen minds,
And therefore are they form'd as marble will
The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange kinds
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill;
Then call them not the authors of their ill,
No man that shall be it shall be acceptable ill,
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.
Their smoothness, like a goadly champaign plain,
Lays open all the little worm's that creep.
In men, as in a touch-grown grove, remain,
Care-keeping evils that obscurely sleep.
Through all those walks of each little worm will peep:
Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,
Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.
No man inveigh against the wither'd flower;
But chide us, women, that the flower's fad'd;
Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour
Is worthy blame. O, let it not be held.
Poor women's faults that they are so fulfill'd;
With more abuse those proud loves, to blame.
Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.
The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
Of present death, and shame that might ensue
By that her death, to do her husband wrong;
Such danger to resistance did her mount,
That dying fear through all her body spread;
And who cannot abuse a body dead!
By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the poor courtier of her complaining;
"My girl," quoth she, "on what occasion break
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are staining
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
Know that it is but, it small avail's my mood;
If tears could help, mine owen would do me good.
But tell me, girl, when went"—(and there she stayed)
Till after a deep groan), "Tarquin from hence?"
"Madam, ere I was up," replied the maid,
To the bare to stances, the plaster stuck the face;
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.
1.144
2. Completely filled.
The Rape of Lucrece

But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,
She would request your lady's favor.
For by the very word that I have uttered,
The repetition cannot make it less;
And that, dear lord, I am bound to tell,
For more is than I can well express.
And that deep torture may be called a hell,
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen—
Yet save that labor, for I have them here.
What should I say?—One of my husband's men
Bade me be ready, by and by, to hear
A letter to my lord, my love, thy clear
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it:
The cause cancels haste; and it will soon be writ.

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
First heaving over the paper with her quill:
Confessing, before God and woman, that
What wit can do is blotted straight with will;
This is too curious, this blunt and ill;
Much like a press of people at a door,
Thronging her inventions, which shall be before.

At last she thus begins:—"Thou worthy lord,
Of that unworthy wife that grieves thee sore,
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 can learn our love in grief;
My woes are tedious, though my words are brief."
Here folds she up the tenor of her woo,
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
Not without a short schedule Colonna 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 hath stain'd her standard once.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her;
When signs and groans and tears may grace the fashion
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her
From that suspicion which the world might bear her.
To show this blot, she would not blot the letter
With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told;
For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion that it doth behold,
When every part a part of woe doth bear.
The sound of a broken spirit doth it move
That we are sorrowed so; it surfeits poor souls;
Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,
And sorrow ebb, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,
"At Ardea to my lord with more than haste;
The post attends, and she delivers it,
Charging the sure-faced groom to his due as fast
As lagging bulls before the northern blast.
Speed more than speed, but dull and slow she deems:
Extremely strict urge such extremes.
The lonely villain court'sies to her low;
And blushing on her with a steadfast eye
Receives the scroll, without or yea nay,
And forth with bashful innocence doth she,
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie,
Bought every eye beholds their shame.
For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame;
When, silly groom! God wot, it was defect
Of spirit, life, and hold amacity.
Such harmless creatures have a true respect
To talk in deeds, while others singly
Prolixly to discourse, but do it slow.
Even so, this pattern of the worn-out age
Fawn'd honest looks, but bade no words to gage,
His kindred duty kindled her mistrust,
That two red lives in both their faces blazed;
She blushing clear knew she had hit his lust,
And, blushing with him, lastly on him gazed;
Her earnest eye did make him more amazed:
The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
The more she thought he sped in her some

But long she thinks till he return again,
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone
The very time she cannot with such power tell.
For now "in stile to sigh, to weep, and groan;
So woe hath wearied woe, molted too soon,
That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
Paunching for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy;
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
For Helen's rape the city to destroy,
Threatening the world by his bloody hands:
The pity, the conicted painter drew so proud.
As heaven (it seem'd) to kiss the turrets bow'd;
A thousand lamentable objects there,
In scorn of Nature, Art gave life less fire:
Nestor, and Priam, and Carthage's Troy
Shed for the slaughtered husband by the wise.
The red blood reck'd to show the painter's strike;
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ash'y lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.
There might you see the laboring pioneer
Bermud with sweat, and smeared all with dust;
And from the towers of Troy there would appear
The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,
Gazing upon the Greeks with little taste:
Such sweet disaccord in the painter's had
That one might see those far-off eyes look sad,
In great commanders grace and majesty
You might behold, triumphant in their faces;
In youth, quick hearing and dexterity;
And here and there the painter interlaces
Tike curls, sticking on with running paces;
Which heartless peasants did so well resemble.
That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O what art
Of physiognomy might one behold!
The face of either 'eripher'd either's heart;
Their face their manners most expressly told;
In Ajax' eyes burst rage and vigor roll'd;
But in that glance, that stily Ulysses
Show'd deep regard and smiling government.
There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
As 'were encouraging the Greeks to fight;
Making such sober action with his hand
That it confound'd attention, charmed the sight;
In speech, it seem'd, he heard all silver wise.
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
That winding breath, which pur'd up to the sky
About him were a press of grasping faces,
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice;
All joyfully listening, but with several graces,
As if some mermaid did their ears enlace;
Some high, some low, the painter was so nice;
The soclos of many, almost hid behind,
To see him up higher'd, and to mock the mind.
Here one man's hand lond on another's head,
His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear.
Here one being thor'g'd bears back, all bold'ry and red.
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.
For much imaginary work was there;
Cenically decent, so compait, so kind,
That his "brilUes" image stood his spurs
Grip'd in an armed hand; himself, behind,
Was left unseen, so to the eye of mind:
A hand, a foot, a see, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole, to be imagined, to
And from the walls of strong-besieg'd Troy,
When their brave hope, hold Hector, march'd to field,
Stood these Trojan mothers, sharing joy
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield;
And to their hope they soon add action yield.
That through their light joy seem'd to appear
(Like bright things staid) a kind of heavy fear
And, from the strand of Ilium where they fought,
To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran.
The Rape of Lucrece

Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
With swelling ridges; and their ranks began
To break upon the called shore, and than?
Retire again, till meeting greater ranks
They yield with loss, and shoot their foam against
The sullen sea, and there their course changes.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
To find a face where all distress is sted.'
Many she sees where cares have carved some,
But none where all distress and dolor dwell'd;
Till she perceiving Heulin below her
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud feet lies.

In her the painter had anatom'd
Time's ruin, beauty's wrack, and grim care's reign;
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disquis'd
Of all her grace; and in her countenance
Her blue blood, chang'd to black in every vein,
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had
In her.

Show'd his imprison'd in a body dead.
On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the bel dame's woes,
Who nothing wants to answer her but cares,
The bitter words to ban her cruel foes;
The painter was no god to lend her those;
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,
To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

"Poor instrument," quoth she, "without a sound,
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue:
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
And cleanse Tyre's Pyrrhus from his stung.
And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long;
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

She wone the trumpet that began this stir,
That with his nails her beauty! I may bear,
Thy hands to dir'd her, and did not yield those
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear;
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here;
And here in Troy, for trespass of this eye,
Thy heart, and hands, and soul, and body die.

Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many too?
Let sin, alone committed, light alone
Upon his head that hath transgress'd so.
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe:
For one's ofifice why should so many fall,
To plague a private sin in general?

Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here mangel Hector faints, here Troilus swoons;
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unaided wounds.
And one man's just these many lives confound:
Had doting Priam chock'd his son's desire,
Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire!

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes:
For so coldly, like a heavy hanging bell,
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;
Then little strength rings out the dolorous knell:
So Lucrece set a work-sole tides doth tell
The pen'ded pompaness and color'd sorrow;
She lends them words, and she their look doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting, round,
And whom she finds forlorn she doth lament:
At he she sees a watch'd evil want,
That pensive looks to Phrygian shepherds lent;
Its face, though full of cares, yet show'd content:
O'ward to Troy with the blind swans he goes,
So mild that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter lab'd with his skill
To dirch the eye, and give the heart its show
An humble gait, calk looks, eyes waiting still,
A brow unhect, that seem'd to welcome woe;
Checks neither red nor pale, but mangled so
This with the weary red no sign of grace,
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,
And therein so enconce'd his secret evil,
That every eye itself could not mistrust
Then, More.

False-creeping craft and perjur'y should thrust
Into so bright a day such black-faced storms,
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skil'd workman this mild image drew
For perjur'd Simon, whose enchanting story
The credulous old Priam after slew;
Whose words were wilder, burn, and shinning glory
Of nob-built Iion, that the skies were sorry,
And little stars shot from their fixed places,
When their glass fell whenr in they view'd their faces.

This picture she advise'd perus'd,
And child the painter for his wonderful skill;
Saying, some shape in Simon's was abuse'd,
So far a form bod'd not a mind so ill;
And still on her he gaz'd, and gazing still,
Such sign of truth in his plain face she spied,
That she concludes the picture was belied.

"It cannot be," quoth she, "that so much guile"—
(She would have said) "can lurk in such a look;
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue "can lurk" from "cannot" rise.

"It cannot be" she in that sense forsook,
And turn'd it thus: "It cannot be, I find,
But such a face should bear a wicked mind:
For even as subtle Simon here is painted,
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,
(As if with grief or travail he had faint'd.)
To me can I the same complexion yield
With outward honesty, but yet deceit'd?
With inward wise: As Priam him did cherish,
So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did peri.
Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes,
To see those bow'd tears that Simon sheds.
Priam, who thought, and yet not wise! for
For ever fear he fails a Trojan breed;
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds;
Those round clear pearls of his that move thy pity
He tears, the mark of the sad son's father with
With outward honesty, but yet deceit'd?

These evils steal effects from lightless hell;
For Simon in his life 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 hold;
So Priam's trust false Simon's tears doth follow,
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water.

Here, all curag'd, such passion her assails,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless Simon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest,
Whose death had made herself her death-test;
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er:
"Food! fool! fool!" quoth she, "his wounds will not be sore."

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
And time doth weary with the former's woe.
She looks for majesty, and then she longs for morrow.
And both she thinks too long with her remaining;
Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp suspending.
Though her the tears, yet it is seldom sleep;
And they that watch see time how slow it creeps.
Which all this time hath oversipp'd her thought,
That she with painted images hath spent
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
By deep surmise of others' detraction;
Losing her wits in show's of discontent.
It caseth some, though they are not cur'd,
To think their dolor others have endured.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,
Brings home his lord and other company;
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black;
And round about her tear-distain'd eye.

The cloud's a storm, it rides the rainbow in the sky.
These water-galls in her dim element
Foretell new storms to those already spent.

When which her sad beholding husband saw,
Amazedly in her sad face he stares;
Her eyes, though sad in tears, look'd red and raw,
Her livly color kif'd with deadly care.
He hath no power to ask her how she fares,
But stood like old acquaintance in a trance,
Far from home, wondering each other's chance
At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins: "What uncouth ill event
Hath thee befal'n, that thou dost trembling stand!
Sweet love, what spite hath that cruel dealer spent?
Why art thou thus attire'd in discontent?
Unmask, dear, this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress.

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire
Once since she can discharge one word of woe:
At length address'd to answer his desire,
She modestly promises to let him know
Her honor is taken prisoner by the foe;
While Colantine and his consorted lords
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest
Begins the same dirge of her certain ending:
"Few words," quoth she, "shall fit the trespass best,
Where no excuse can give the fault amending;
In me more vows than words are now depending;
And my laments would be drawn too long,
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

Then be this all the task it hath to say:—
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay
When thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;
And what wrong else may be imagined
By foul enforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas! 'tis Lucrece is not free.

For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shining falcon in my chamber came
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
And softly cried, Awake, thou Roman dame,
And entertain my love; else lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

For some hard-favor'd groom of thine, quoth he,
Upon thy skane did thy liking to my mind,
'I'll murder straight, and then I'll slay thee too,
And swear I found you where you did pilfil
The leachers in their deed: this act will be
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.

With this I did begin to start and cry,
And then against my heart he set his sword,
Swearing, unless I took all patiently
I should not live to speak another word:
So should my shame still rest upon record,
And never be forgot in mighty Rome
The adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
And far the weaker with so strong a fear;
My rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past:
No rightful plea might plead for justice there;
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear
That my poor beauty had partil'd his eyes,
And when the judge is rob'd, the prisoner dies
O teach me how to make mine own excuse!
Or, at the least, this refuge let me find;
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,
Immaculate and spotless is my mind;
That was not forc'd; that never was inclin'd
To necessary yeldings, but still pure
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.

Lo here, the hopeless merchant of this loss,
With heart declaim'd and soul drown'd up with woe,
With sad-set eyes, and wretched arms across,
From lips new-waxed pale begins to blow
The grief away that stops his answer so;
But shame is catch'd as he is strive'd to speak:
What he breathes out his breath drinks up again,
As through an arch the violet towering rise
Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste;
Yet in the eddy boundith in his pride
Back to the street that forced him on so fast;
In tears went out, recall'd in rage, being past:
Even so he sighs, his sorrows make a saw,
To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth,
And his untimely frenzy this awaketh:
"Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendest
Another power; no blood by raiming staketh;
My grace, so sensible thy passion makes
More feeling-painful: let it then suffice
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

And for my sake, while I might charm thee so,
For she that was thy Lucrece—now attend me;
Be suddenly revenged on my foe.
Things thus as you suppose dost I defend me
From what is past: the help that thou shalt lend me
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die;
For spaying justice feeds iniquity.

But ere I name him, you, fair lords," quoth she,
( Speaking to those that came with Colatine,) Shall I find my heart's honorable faiths
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine;
For 'tis a meritorious fair design
To chase injustice with revengeful arms:
Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies' harms.

At this request, with noble disposition
Each present lord began to promise aid,
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
Loudly to hear the unfortunate foe thus told;
But she, that yet her sad task had not said,
The protestation stops. "O speak," quoth she,
How may this forced stain be wiped from me!
What is the quality of mine offence
Being so constrain'd with dreadful circumstance?
May my false mind with the foul no response,
My low-declined honor to advance!
May any terms acquit me from this change?
The ground and Foule cleans itself again;
And why not I from this compell'd stain?

With this, they all at once began to say,
Her body's stain her mind unainted clears;
While with a joyless smile she turns away
The face, that, moan which deep impression bears
Of haps bestow'd on her, every day in it was
"No, no," quoth she, "no, no, hereafter living
By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving."

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
She throws forth Tarquin's name; "He, he," she says
But more than "he" her poor tongue could not speak
Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathing, sick and short assays,
She thus intempest: "He, he, he, of that grudge
That guides this hand to give this wound to me,"
Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unseal'd
That blow did blast it from the deep unrest
Of that disdained prisoner where it breath'd:
Her contrite sighs unto the chang'd soul
Her winged spirit, and through her wounds doth fly
Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,
Stood Colantine and all his lordly crew.
Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her blood,
Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw;
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
That precious stone knife, and as it red it place
Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase;
And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
Circles her body in on every side,
Who like late time an Adam cast'st stood
Bare and unpeopled, in this fearful blood.
Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd it.

About the mourning and concealed face
Of that black blood, a watery rag'd rose
Which seems to weep upon the impal'd place:
And ever since, as pitting Lucrece' woes,
Corrupted blood some watery token shows;
And blood unainted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so purfli'd.

\*Circles.
SONNETS.

1.
From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
Thy tender heir inherit might possess
That fair which thou gav'st not to thine heir,
And live through thee again to see thy son,
My love shall in thy love and thy in mine,
And after thee which thou shalt bear shall be
That love and loss in me shall spring again;
So that live thou, and I live in thy love.

II.
When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy bounty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery so gazed on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed of no worth held;
Then being asked where all thy beauty lies,
Thou shalt say, 'There lies the beauty of the days';
Which being with thy health would be professed,
A thing more rare than any flower on earth.

Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.
SONNETS.

VI.

Sap to the flower, life to the bud;
Whose fresh repair if now not renewed,
Thou dost consummate the world, unless some mother.
For where is she so fair whose union 'tis
Disdains the tincture of her husbandry?
Or who is he so bold will be the tomb
Of his seduction, to keep posterity?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Casting good deeds, and being happy.
Now that thy leaves are half withered, and thy fruit worn,
Thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
But if thou live, remember 'tis not to be,
The single, and thine marge dies with thee.

VII.

Untruthliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,
And binds the frank she lends to these free.
Then, beautious niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give!
Profiss less usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet cannot live?
For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dest deceive.
Thou wast, when nature called thee to done,
What acceptable cause canst thou leave?
The musty beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, used, lives thy executor to be.

V.

Those hours that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same,
And that unpair which fairly doth excel;
For never-resting time leaves summer on
To hideous winter, and confounds him there;
Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves gone,
Beauty o'erstow'd, and barrenness everywhere;
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were best,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was.
But fruits distil'd, though they with winter meet,
Leese! but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

VI.

Then let not winter's razed hand deface
To thee thy summer, ere thou be distil'd:
Make sweet some pledge; treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
That use is not forbidden assuy,
Which happies those that pay the willing loan,
That's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Then when thyself were happy other art,
In ten of thine ten times renger'd thee:
When what could death do if thou shouldst depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be Death's conquest, and make womes thine heir.

VIII.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lovest thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly?
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
If thou once lovedst well-taen sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
Mark how the strong, when their sweet mother will,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee, "thou single wilt prove none."

IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye
That thou consum'st thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou wouldst shew but to die,
The world will wait thee, like a matchless art,
The world will be thy widow, and still weep
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
Where they who first were gentle, well may keep,
By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind.
Look, what an unriht in the world doth spend
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And kept unused, the user so destroys it.
No love toward others in that bosom sits,
That on himself such murderous shame commits

X.

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thy self art so un provident.
Grant if thou wilt thou art belov'd of many,
But that thou none lov'st is most evident;
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate,
That against thyself thou stickest not to conspire,
Seeking that beautious roof to runmate,
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
Shall hate be fatter look'd than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove;
Make thee another self, for love of me.
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

XI.

As fast as thou shalt ware, so fast thou growst
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st,
Thou mayst call thine, when thou from youth condest.
Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay;
If all were minded so the times should cease;
And we are here that make them mind away.
Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish;
Look whom she best endow'd, she gave them more;
Which beauteous gift thou shouldst in beauty cherish;
She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby
Thou shouldst print more, nor let that copy die

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hootless night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white
When I think on trees I saw in happy life,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all gallery'd up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and brahtly beard;
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wares of love must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they we others grow;
And nothing against Time's scythe can make
defence.
Save bread, to braise him when he takes thee hence.

XIII.
O that you were yourself! but, love, you are
No longer yours, than you yourself here live:
And though this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give,
So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination: then you were
Yourself again, after your deceased,
When your sweet issue your sweet form shall bear.
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honor might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's death,
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
Of none but unthrift:—Dear my love, you know
You had a father; let your son say so.

XIV.
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 that which is of dearer reason true.
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Poeinmg to each his thunder, rain, and wind,
Or say with princes if it shall go well,
By omen prov'd that I myself shall 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 thy dear self to store thou wouldst convert:
Or else of thee thus I prognosticate,
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

XV.
When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge state presents in short but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheer'd and check'd even by the selfsame sky;
Vanish in their youthful sap, at height decreas'd,
And wear their brave state out of memory;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Seems to strain out rich in youth thereon my sight,
Where wasteful time debateth with it's power,
To change your day of youth to sulied night;
And all, in war with Time, for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVI.
But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And forfeit yourself in your decay
With meaner bless'd than my barren rhyme?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours;
And many maiden gardens, yet unseen,
With virtuous wish would bear you living flowers,
Much licker 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 you may live in your own:
To give away yourself keeps yourself still;
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

XVII.
Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
Though yet, Heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
That is the way to come would say, this poet lies:
Such heavenlyouches, 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 strange more of an antique beauty's face,
But were some child of yours alive that time.
You should live twice,—in it, and in my rhyme.

XVIII.
Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of Heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By changing course,avois her youth, and giveth up
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines I time record thee:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XIX.
Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood,
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-lived phænx in her blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons, as thou list'st,
And do what 'ere thou wilt, with swift or slow,
To the wide world, and all her fair delights;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime;
O carpe not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw my lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in the coarse untainte'd do allow,
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despise thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse even live young.

XX.
A woman's face, with nature's own hand paint'd,
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With such a change as I desire to fashion:
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue, all lines in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls amazeth.
And, by a woman wert thou first created;
Tell nature's change, she wrought thee not for long;
And by addition me of thee defeated.
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing,
But since she pick'd thee out for women's pleasure
Mineubby love, and thys love's use their treasure.

XXI.
So is it not with me as with that mine,
Striv'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 couplet of proud compare,
With sun and moon, with earth and seas' rich wave.
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in his huge roundness bears;
O let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then may I, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candies fix'd in heaven's air:
Let them say more like that of hearsay well;
I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

XXII.
My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in time's time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death, and youth should pour mine.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee
Is but the seamy raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as time in me;
How can I then be elder than thou art lowish?
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 char'y
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill,
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

XXIII.
As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put beside his part,
Or some fierce thing replie't with too much rage,
Where's 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'ertcharg'd with burthen of mine own love's might.
Let my books he then the eloquence
And dumb pressers of my speaking breast;
Who pleads for love, and look for rempence
More than that tongue that more hath expresse'd,
O learn to read what silent love hath writ;
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fin wit.

XXIV.
Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath stell'd
T'ly beauty's form in table of my heart;
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perspectively the best painter's seat;
For through the painter you must see his skill,
To find where your true image picture'd lies,
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his window glazed with thine eye.
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done;
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
Depths to see, to cast them on thee;
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

XXV.
Let those who are in favor with their stars,
() O proud titles, and a thousand hail'd,
Whilst 1, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd-for joy in that I honor most.
Great princes' favors, their fair leaves spread
But as the margot at the sun's eye;
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a crow they in their glory die.
The painful warrior favoured for light,
Ado thousand villains, not a face
Is from the book of honor raz'd quite,
And all the rest forget for which he told:
Then happy 1, that love and am beloved.
Where I may not remove, nor be removed.

XXVI.
Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knelt,
To thee I send this written embassage,
To witness duty, not to show my will.
Duty so great, which so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it;
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In my soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it;
Tell whatsoever star that guided my moving,
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tattered loving,
To show me worthy of this sweet moving;
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee,
Till then, not show my head where thou ma'st prove me.

XXVII.
Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's expir'd;
For then my thought (from thence I abide)
Intend a tedious pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eye-lids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see;
Save what my soul's imagin'd sight
Presents th' shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beautious, and her old face new.

Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

XXVIII.
How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debar'd the benefit of rest?
When day's oppression is not cas'd by night,
But day by night and night by day oppress'd!
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to lose me.
The one by toil, the other to complain,
How far I toil, still farther from thee.
I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright,
And dost him grace where cloud's do blot the heaven.
So flatter I the smait-complexion'd night;
When sparkling stars twine not, thou gildst the day.

But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's length seem stronger.

XXIX.
When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone between my outcast state,
And trouble deaf Heaven with my lowness cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate.
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
That I, like him, with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
I think on thee, and cannot think on thee
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate,
For that sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX.
When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I hold
At full dispose of former time to wast.
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste.
Then can I drown my eye un'sd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep a fresh love's long-since cancell'd vow,
And moan the expense of many a vanished sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances forgone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er,
That account of one long-since cancell'd man,
Which I new pay as it was not paid before.
But while the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

XXXI.
Thy bosom is endear'd with all hearts,
Which 1 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 obscene tear
Hath dear religious love stolen from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie!
Then art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of thee to thee did give;
That one of many now is thine alone.
Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
And thon (all they) hast all the all of me.

XXXII.
If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that enfrail Death my bones with dust shall lay,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
Those poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time;
For then they be outstripp'd, and outliv'd by him,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
0 then enloading me but this loving thought:
"Had my friend muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage;
But since he died, and poets better prove,  
Their for their style I'll read, his for his love."  

XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen  
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,  
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,  
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;  
And o'er the plain, the bourn o'er which to ride  
With ugly rack on his celestial face,  
And from the solemn world his visage hide,  
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:  
Even so my son one day thy masst did shine  
With all triumphant splendor on my brow;  
But out! alas! he was but one hour mine,  
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.  
Yet hint for this my love in what delitement  
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's  
Sun staineth.

XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,  
And make me travel forth without my cloak,  
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,  
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?  
Thou promisest not enough that through the cloud thou break,  
To dry the rain on my summer-born face,  
For no man well of such a salve can speak,  
That heal's the wound, and cures not the disgrace:  
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief:  
Though thou repent, yet I have lost the less:  
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief  
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.  
Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,  
And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

XXXV.

No more be grieve'd at that which thou hast done;  
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;  
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,  
Andlothsome canker lives in sweetest bud.  
All men must be faulted, and even I in this,  
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,  
Myself corrupting, solving thy amiss;  
Exceeding thy sins more than thy sins are:  
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,  
(The 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 sorely robs from me.

XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twin,  
Although our undivided loves are one:  
So shall those blest 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 splice.  
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,  
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.  
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,  
Lest my bewail'd guilt should do thee shame,  
Nor thou with public kindness honor me,  
Unless thou take that honor from thy name:  
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,  
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight  
To see his active child do deeds of youth,  
So I, made lame by fortune's bad decrepitude,  
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,  
Endeav'd in thy parts do crown'd me,  
I make my love engravi'd to this store,  
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,  
Well able for this shadow doth no substance give,  
That in thy abundance am suff'd,  
And by a part of all thy glory live.  
Look what is best, that best I wish in thee;  
This wish I have; then ten times happy me.  

Fault.

XXXVIII.

How can my muse want subject to invent,  
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse  
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent  
For every vulgar paper to receive?  
O, give thyself the thanks, if ought in me  
Worthy personal standing to thine eye;  
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,  
Whom thou thyself dost give invention light!  
He thou the teetl muse, ten times more in worth  
Than these old numbers, which their rhyme invocate;  
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth  
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.  
If my slight muse do please these curious days,  
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

XXXIX.

0, how thy worth with manners may I sing,  
When thou art all the better part of me!  
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?  
And what is't but mine own when I praise thee?  
Even for this let us divide the day,  
And our dear love lose name of single one,  
That by this separation I may give  
That due to thee, which thou deserv'st alone.  
O absence, what a torment wilt thou prove,  
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave  
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,  
(Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive.)  
And thus thy absence may to me a way  
By praising him here, who doth hence remain.

XL.

Take all my loves, my love, ye take them all;  
What hast thou then more than thou hast before?  
No love, my love, that thou may'st true love call;  
All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more.  
Then if for my love thou love receivest,  
I cannot blame thee for my love thou wertest;  
But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest  
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.  
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,  
Although thou steal'st all my poverty;  
And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief  
To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.  
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill will shows,  
Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

XLI.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits  
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,  
Thy beauty and thy tears full well befits  
For still temptation follows where thou art.  
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won;  
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assequ'd;  
And when a woman wou'd, what woman's son  
Will surely leave her tiff she have prevail'd?  
Alme! but yet thou might'st my seat forebear,  
And close thy beauty and thy straying youth,  
Who lead thee in their riot even there  
Where thou art forced to break a two-fold truth.  
Here, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,  
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief;  
And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly;  
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief.  
A loss in love that touches me more nearly,  
Lov'ing official duty, I will excuse.  
Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her;  
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,  
Suffering my friend for my sake to lose love.  
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,  
And, losing her, my friend hath found that loss  
Both fast each other, and I lose both twain,  
And both for my sake lay on me this cross;  
But here's the joy; my friend and I are one;  
Sweet flattery! then she loves but me alone.  

Because.
SONNETS.

XLIII. When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see, For all the day they view things unrespected; But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee; And, dully bright, are bright in dark directed; Then through whose shadow shadows doth make bright, How would thy shadow's form form happy show To the clear day, with thy much clearer light, When to unseen eyes thy shadow slues so!

How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made By looking on thee in the living day, When in dead night thy far imperfect shade Was heavy sleep or sightless eyes doth stay? All days are nights to see, till I see thee, And nights, bright days, when dreams do show thee me.

XLIV. If the dull substance of my flesh were thought, Injurious distance should not stop my way; For, then, despite of space, I would be brought From limits far more 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 this thy place where thou dost be would.

But ah! thought kills me, that I am not thought, To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone, But that, so much of earth and water wrought, Most attend time's leisure with my moin; Receiving nought by elements so slow But heavy tears, badges of either's woe:

XLV. The other two, slight air and purging fire, Are both with thee, wherever I abide: The first my thought, the other my desire, These present-absent, swift with sudden slide. For when those quicker elements are gone In tender embassy of love to thee, My life, being made of four, with two alone Sink's down to death, oppress'd with melancholy; Until life's hemisphere be recouered By these swift messengers return'd from thee, Who even but now come back again, assured Of thy fair health, recounting to me: This bled, I joy; but then no longer glad, I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

XLVI. Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war, How to divide the conquest of thy sight; Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar, My heart my eye the freedom thou dost right. My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie, (A closet never pier'd with crystal eyes,) But the defendant doth that plea deny, And says in him thy face appears lies. To ride this title is impatient A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart; And by their verdict is determined The clear eye's motley, and the dear heart's part: As thus; mine eye's due is thine outward part, And my heart's right time inward love of heart.

XLVII. Retract mine eye and heart a league is too, And each doth grow 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 she in picture by the picture of mine, Thyself away art present still with me: For thou not farther than my thoughts cast move, And I am still with them, and they with thee; Or they sleep, thy picture in my sight Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

XLVIII. How careful was I when I took my way, Each trifle under truer bars to thrust, That, to my use, it might unseas stay From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust! But the, much as thou thy jewels trust, Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief, Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care, Art left the prey of every vulgar thief. There have I not lock'd up in my chest, Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art, Within the gentle closure of my breast, From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and Art; And even thence thou wilt be stolen I fear, For truth proves thevishe for a prize so dear.

XLIX. Against that time, if ever that time come, When I shall see thee bow'd down on my defects, When as thy love hath cast its utmost stone, Cast'd to the audit by advis'd respects; Against that time, when thou shalt strangely pass, And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye, When love, converted from the thing it was, Shall reasons find of settled gravity; Against that time do I converse me here Within the knowledge of mine own desert, And this my hand against myself Irear, 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.

L. How heavy do I journey on the way, When what I seek—my weary travel's end— Doth teach that ease and that repose to say, "Thus far the miles are measured by thy hand!" The beast that bears me, tired with my woes, Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me, As if by some instinct the wretch did know His rider's love'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, Much as to me the wretch, with spurring to his side; For that some groan doth put this in my mind, My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

LI. Thus can my love excuse the slow offences Of my dull bearer, when from thee speed: From where theart thou why should I haste me thence? Till I return, of posting is no need: If I were, thus, so far behind my way, Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind; In winged speed no motion shall I know: Thou, in the miles are measured by thy hand. 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 willing slow, Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go

LII. So am I as the rich, whose blessed key Can bring him to his sweet uplocked treasure The which he will not every hour survey But only at the fine point of seldom pleasure. Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare, Since seldom coming, in the long year set. Like signs of joy, when th' thoughts they think are, Or captains' jewels in the carcase. So is the time that keeps you, as my chest, Or as the wardrobe which the rode doth hide, To keep some special instant special-bles't, By new unfolding his imprisonment's pride. Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

LIII. What is your substance, whereof are you made? That millions of strange shadows on you tend Since every one hath, every one, one's shade, And you, but one, can every shadow lend. Chieft.
SONNETS.

LIV.

O how much more doth beauty beams seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairest is it deem
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have foil as deep a dye
As the pertormed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play so freely
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses.
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwound, and unrespected fade.
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odors made;
And so of you, beantuous and lovely youth.
When that shall fade, by verse distils thy truth.

L.V.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these sheets
Than unawed stone, besmeared with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace north; your praise shall still find
Even in the eyes of all posterity.
That wear this world out to the ending doom
So, till the judgment that yourself aye rise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

L.VI.

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said,
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might:
So, love, be thou; although to-day thou all
Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fulness,
To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness.
Let this sad interval like the shadow be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted-new
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
Return of love, more blest may be the view;
Or call it winter, which, being full of care,
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd,
more rare.

L.VII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon your hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time but all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of my absence sour.
When you have bid your servant once adieu;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought.
Save, where you are how happy you make those:
So true a fool is love, that in your will
(Though you do any thing) he thinks no ill.

L.VIII.

That God forbid, that made me first your slave,
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave.
Being your usual, bound to stay your leisure!
O, let me suffer (being at your beck)
The imprison'd absence of your liberty,
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check
Without accusing you of injury.
Be where you list; your charter is so strong,
That you yourself may privilege your time:
Do what you will, to please it done.
Pouring Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.
I am to wait, though waiting be so hell;
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,
Which laboring for invention bears amiss
The second burthen of a former child?
O, that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun:
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind at first in character was done!
That I might see what the old world could say
To this expression of our frame;
Whether we are meended, or w'e better they,
or whether revolution be the same.
O! sure I am, the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

L.X.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the page of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses gainst his glory fight,
And Time, that gave, doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the envious of the youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;
Feeds on the raptures of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his speedy tow.
And yet this same day is mine, mine own,
My verse shall stand, praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI.

Is it thy will thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire thy slumberers 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 try;
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenor of thy image-to be
Oh! 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 defect,
To play the watchman ever at thy gate.
For thee I watch, whilst thou dost wake else-where,
From me far off, with others all-too-near.

LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,
And all my soul, and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy.
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no sight of such account,
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surround.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Heated 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 prize,
Paining my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworst;
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night;
And all those beauties, whereof now he's king,
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight;
Steal way the treasure of his spring;
SONNETS.

For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life.

His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them, still green.

802' When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
That beauty which the outward cost of outworn age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-raised,
And brass eternal, slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the wat'ry nam,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or that myself confounded to decay,
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate—
That time will come and take my love away.

This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXIV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'erwhelms their power,
How shall this beauty shift to common grief,
Which action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wretched siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays!
O fearful meditation! where, alas;
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or shall strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
None, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXV.

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry—
As to behold deserted a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unharply foresworn,
And gilded honor shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely stamped,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by loping sway disabled.
And art made tongue-bed by authority
And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,
And simple truth masqu'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill;
Tired of all these, from which would I be gone,
Leave that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXVI.

Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve,
And face itself with his society?
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
And steal dead seeing of his living line?
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
Between the bow, since his rose is true?
Why should he live now Nature bankrupt is,
Regard of blood to blush through lively veins?
For she hath no exchequer now but love,
And of that many, lives upon his gains.
O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had
In days long since, before these last so bad.

LXVII.

Thus is his character the map of days outworn,
When beauty liv'd and death was but a name,
Now before these bastard signs of fair were borne,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The garlanded sepulchres, were show'd away,
To live a second life on second head.
Ere beauty's dead decease made another gay:
In him these holy antique hours are seen,
Which all ornament, itself, and love,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;

And him as for a map doth nature store,
To show false art what beauty was of yore.

LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend:
All beauty (the voice of souls) gives that due,
Iuttering bare truth, even so as false commend.
Thine outward thus with outward praise is crown'd;
But those same tongues that give thee so thine own,
In other accents do this praise confound,
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds,
Then (churl) their thoughts although their eyes were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:
But why thy odor matcheth not thy show,
The sense is this,—that thou dost common grow.

LXX.

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And often present's a pure unstained prime.
Thou hast past by the ambush of young days,
Either not assai'd, or victory charg'd;
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To he up envy, evermore enlarg'd.
If some suspect of ill mask'd in thy show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.

LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am gone.
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O! if (I say) you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as your poor name revere;
But let your love even with my life decay,
Lest the wise world should look into your moan
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII.

O, lest the world should task you to recite
What is not in me that you should love;
After my death,—dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie
To do more for me than mine own deser;
And hang more praise upon deceased
Than niggard truth would willingly impart;
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
That lovers love their sweetest till they love
Me; and my name, by which I was known,
To go along with me to my grave,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
For I am shamed by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing with

LXXIII.

That time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare rain'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang
In me to see the twiflet of such day,
As after sunset fades in the west.
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me to see the flaving of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed wherein it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.

* Solution. * Own.
SONNETS.

This thou perceiv'st which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long:

LXXIV.

But be contented: when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee.
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
So then thou hast lost but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead;
The coward conquest of a wretch's knave,
Too base of thee to be remembered.

To love that well which thou must leave ere long:
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts, as food to life,
Or as sweet season'd showers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold such store
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubling the fitching age will steal his treasure;
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the naked may see my pleasure:
Sometimes all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starved for a look;
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is hat or must from you be look'd
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or gluttonning on all, or all away.

LXXVI.

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 complex strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention from the golden weed?
That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth, and where they did proceed?
O know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument:
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent;
For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told.

LXXVII.

Thy glass shall show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precios 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 shall truly show,
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's shadie stealth mayst know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Look what thy memory cannot contain,
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children new'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of the dead.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII.

So oft have I invok'd thee for my muse,
And such fair assistance in my verse,
As every alien pen hath got my use,
And under thee their poesy disperse.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing,
And keep in ignorance what to fly.
Have added feathers to the learned wing,
And given grace a double majesty.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine, and honours thee.
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces grace be;
But thou art all my art, and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

A dress known and familiar.

LXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace;
But now my gracious numbers are dead,
And my sick pause doth give another place.
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travel of a warthen pen:
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
He robs thee of, and pays thee again.
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
From thy behavior; beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy check; he gives thee peace,
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

LXXX.

O, how I flint 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-plied speaking of your fame!
But since your worth (worse as the ocean is)
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth willfully appear.
Your shallowest help shall hold me up at sea,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building, and of godly pride:
Then if I thrive, I must be cast amid
The worst this was;—my love was my decay.

LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten,
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although it make the new world forget.
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 men's eyes shall lie.
Your monuments shall be your gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,
When all the breeders of this world are dead:
You shall still live (such virtue hath my pen)
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.

LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my muse,
And therefore mayst without attain o'erlook
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in lay,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;
And therefore art enforc'd to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days,
And do so, love; yet when they have devi'd
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair worth truly sympathiz'd
In true plain words, by thy true-telling friend;
And their gross painting might be better us'd
Where checks need blood; in thee it is abus'd.

LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting set.
I found, of thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tending of a poet's debt:
And therefore have I slept in your report,
That you yourself, being extant, well might show
How far a modern quill doth come too short
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
For I should not bear him 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.

LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most? which can say more
Than this rich praise,—that you alone are you!
In whose confusion is the store
Which should example where your equal grew!
Look in what order 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 counter-part shall fame his wit,
Most like his master, which this grace admired every where.
You to your beauteous blessing add a curse,
Being kind of praise, which makes your praises worse.

LXXXV.
My tongue-tied muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise,得以 compli'd
Reserve their character with golden quill,
And precious phrase by all the muses fil'd?
I think good thoughts, while others write good words,
And, like unletter'd clerks, still cry "Amen" To every hymn that able spirit affords,
In polished form of well-rehned pen.
Heard 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, Through words some honours have his rank before. Then others for the breath of words respect,
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI.
Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all-too preciosous you, That but my ripe thoughts in my brain in were, 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? So high the company, nor he himself by night Giving him aid, my verse astonished. He, nor that allable familiar ghost Which nightly gulls him with intelligence, And, once of my silence cannot. I was not sick of any fear from thence, But when your conuenience fil'd up his line, Then lack'd I matter, that excelled mine.

LXXXVII.
Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st my value estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee his blessing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my desiring?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thus self Iavan'st, thy own worth then not knowling;
Or, me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistakes;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but, waking, no such matter.

LXXXVIII.
When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn;
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of husband once I had, wherein I am attained;
That thou, in losing me, shalt with much glory: And I by this will be a gainer too;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The myes that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

LXXXIX.
Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence:
Polished.

Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,
Against thy reasons making no delivery.
Then I shall not, love, nor dishonour brave 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 all my hand from thine eyes, and in my tongue
Thy sweet-betold name no more shall dwell;
Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

XC.
Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever now;
Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join in the spite and fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss.
Ah! do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe; Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpose o'th less.
If thou wilt leave me, do not me last,
When other petty grieves have done their spite,
But in the onset come; and at the first
The very worst of fortune's might;
And other strained of woe, which now seem woe,
Compare'd with loss of thee will not seem so.

XCI.
Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force;
Some in their garments, though new-sanged ill;
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horses;
And every humor 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 jewels' or horses be:
And, having thee, of all men's I am the best.
Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take
All this away, and me most wretched make.

XCII.
But do thy worst to steal thy soul away;
For term of life thou art assur'd no more.
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then why dost thou not with fear the worst,
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 thy constant mind,
Since that my life on thy will doth lie.
O what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
Thou hast my heart, and hast it for thine own,
Or what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?
—Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not.

XCIII.
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 heart which with me didst so tenderly grace.
For there can live no hate in thine eye
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ, in modes and moods and wrinkles strange;
But Heaven in thy creation did decree
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
What's thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Tis that should nothing thence but sweetness be.
How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

XCIV.
They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmov'd, cold, and to temptation slow;
SONNETS.
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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 the flower wither'd in the meanest seat,
The basest weed outlives his dignity:
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

XCV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
Which like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Both spot the beauty of thy budding name!
O, in what sweet dost thou thy sins enclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
Cannot disgrace but in a kind of praise;
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
O, what a monarch have those vices got
Which for their habitation chose thee out!
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turn to fair, that eyes can see!
Thou melt'st, deceived, like the hardest privilege;
The hardest knife ill-used doth lose his edge.

XCVI.

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport;
Both that and faults I love, if I love more and less:
Thou make'st faults graces that to thee resort.
As on the pillar of a throneed 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 in the chaste 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.

XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What frowers have I, what dark days seen?
What old December's barrenness everywhere!
And though thy fault was summer's and mine time,
The leaping autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease;
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or if they sing, his with so dull a chear,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and hap'd with him.
Yet nor the lyes of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of vernal flowers in odor and brawn,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew.
Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seemed it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play:

XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide:
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that
I stole from thee? 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.

Time of absence,

The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And birds of marjoram had stolen thy hair:
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair.
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen 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 color it had stolen from thee.

C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Darkening thy power, to lend base subjects light?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight to the deed
In gentle numbers time so idle 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 Ace survey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make Time's spoils despised everywhere.
Give me from thine ample store of grace,
So much as will, by no means, make my Muse waste,
Thou present'st his setyhe, and crooked knife.

CI.

O truant Muse, what shall 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 dost I find.
Make answer, Muse; wilt thou not happily,
"Truth needs no color with his color fix'd,
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But best is best, if never intermix'd!"—
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so; for it lies in thee
To make him much outshine 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.

CII.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming;
I love not less, though less the show appear;
That love is merchandiz'd, whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops his pipe in growth of ripper days:
Not that the summer's less pleasing then,
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music hurrieth every bough,
And sweetest flowers lay waste their dear delight.
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

CIII.

Alack! what poverty my muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth,
Than with it hath my dimidion grace.
O blame me not if I no more can write!
Look in your glass, and there appears a face
That overgoes my that exceeds my invention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well?
For to no other pass my verses tend,
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell:
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,
Your own glass shows you, when you look in it.

CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye me spied,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters' cold
Have from the forest shuck three summers' pride.
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
In process of the seasons have I seen;
Three April perfumes in three hot June's burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green,
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath, as my eye, and mine eye may perceiv'd.

For fear of which, I hear this, thou age unbed,
Were you born, was beauty's summer dead.

CV.
Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor may beloved as an idol show.
Since all alike my song 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 womankind excellence;
Therefore my verse, to constancy cou'd n't,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
Fair, kind, and true, I am aspiring to these words;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone,
Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest weights,
And many nothing but the faithful else are,-
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then in the blaze 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 prophacies
Of this our time, all you prefiruring;
And, for they look'd but with divine eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sung:
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CVII.
Not mine own fears, nor the prophet's 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 convin'd doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse asur'd,
The sad augurs mock her present auspice;
Uncertainties 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,
With titles o'er dull and spiritless trite.
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

CVIII.
What's in the brain that ink may character,
Which not figur'd to thee my true spirit?
What's new to speak, what now to register,
That may express my love, or thy dear merit?
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
I must each day say over the very same;
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hadow'd thy fair name.
So that eternal love in love's fresh case
Weights not the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for yce his pace;
Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
Where time and outward form would shew it dead.

CVIX.
O, never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify
As I might from myself depart,
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:
That is my home of loves; 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 fruits that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

CX.
Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is
Made old offences of affections new.
Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely; but, by all above,
These blench'd gave my heart another youth,
And worst 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 convin'd.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

CXI.
O for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide,
Then much more human which puts my creatures breeds.
Thence it comes that thy name receives a brand
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dryer's hand;
Pity me then, and wish I were renew'd;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eyesb.'Gainst my strong infection;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor doth tenacious be, to cornection.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye,
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII.
Your love and pity doth the impression fill
Wherein a 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,
That my steel'd sense or changes, right or wrong.
In so profound abyss I throw all care
Of others' voices, that my adder's breast,
To critic and to lettered stopp'd are.
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:—
You are so strongly in your purpose bred,
That all the world besides methinks are dead.

CXIII.
Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind;
And that which governs me to go about
Both 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 lack
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
For if it see the rub'd or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favor, or deform'd creation,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The chaste, or dower, it changes there your feature.
Incapable of more, replete with you,
My most true mind thus maketh mine intune.

CXIV.
Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery,
Or whether shall I say mine eye saith true,
And that your love taught it this alchemy,
To make the monsters and things indigested,
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best,
As fast as objects to his beams assemble ?
Oh, 'tis the first; 'tis flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind most kindly drinks it up:
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is grieving,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup:
Wounded.
Vinegar.
SONNETS.

If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ, do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you dearer;
Yet then my judgment of my heart was so:
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.

But reckoning time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change degrees of kings,
Tan sacred beauty, but the sharpest intents,
Divert strong minds to the course of altering things;

Alas! why, bearing of Time's tyranny,
Might I not then say, "Now I love you best,"
When I was certain of an innocent,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?

Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow.

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:

O no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That's left of things immovable.

Thou hast borne me, and I shall not mar
Thy perfectness, but may this faulty piece

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;

Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But doth still love what their ending doth leave.

That if this be error and upon me prov'd,
I never writ nor no man ever lov'd.

CXVII.

Accuse me thus; that I have sated all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay;
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereof all bonds do tie me day by day;

That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
And given to tune your own dear-purchas'd right;
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.

Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
And on just proof surmise accumulate,
Bring me within the level of your frown,
Shall shoot not at me in your wak'd hate;

Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove
The constancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more appease,
With eager compounds we our palate urge;
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
We seek to slum our sickness, when we purge;

Even so, being full of your ever-cloying sweetness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding,
And, sick of souls, found a kind of meetness
To be diseas'd, ere that there was true needing.

Thus policy in love, to anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to our suit assured,
And brought to medicine a healthful state,
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured.

But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
Drugs poison him that so tell sick of you.

CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
Distill'd fromimmixes foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to tears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win.

What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fill'd?

In the distraction of this madding fever!
0 benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruined love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.

* Subjected to fits.

So I return reluc't to my content,
And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

CXX.

That you were once unkind, befriends me now,
And for that sorrow, which I then did feel,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
As I by yours, you have pass'd a hell of time;

And, I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.

O that our night of woe might have remember'd
My deepest sense, how hard true love doth feel,
And soon to you, as to me, then tender'd
The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits;
But that your trespass now again becomes a fece:
Mine ransom yours, and yours must ransom me.

CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteem'd,
When not to be receives reproach of being,
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing.

For why should others' tales adorne our eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood!
Or on my frailties why are Starter spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good!

No, - I am true and they that level
At my abuses, reckon up their own;

I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be

Unless this general evil they maintain,—
All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full charter'd with lasting love from time to time;
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 tell thee dear love to secure;

Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more:

To keep an adjunct to remember thee,
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII.

No! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change;
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight.

Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost fast 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 deny,
Not wonder'd at the present nor the past;
For thy records and what we see do lie,
Made more or less by thy continual taste:

This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
As subject to Time's love, or to Time's hate.
Weeds among flowers, or flowers with flowers gather'd.

No, it was bidded far from accident;
It suffers not in smiling sun, nor furs
Under the blow of thralled discontent;

Whereof the inviting time our fashion calls:
It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which distracts learning of short-number'd hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic.

That it nor grows with heat, nor drowns with showers.
To this I witness call the fools of time,

Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for crime.
CXXVI.

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SONNETS.

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

CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy Will,
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
Thus far for love, my love's suit, sweet, fulfill.
Hild will if will fulfill the treasure of thy love;
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
In things of great receipt with ease we prove;
Among a number one is reckon'd none.
Then in the number let me pass untold,
Though in thy stores' account I one must be;
For nothing hold me, so please thee hold
That nothing me, a something sweet to thee:
Make but thy name thy life, and love that still.
And then thou lovest me,—for my name is Will.

CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
That they behold, and see not what they see!
I know what beauty is, see where it lies,
Yet wilt the best be, 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 fast thou forged hooks,
Where'et the judgment of my heart is tarry'd,
Why should my heart think that a several plot,
Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?
Or mine eyes, seeing this, say this is not,
To put fair truth upon so foul a face;
In things right true my heart and eyes have err'd,
And this false plague are they now transfer'd.

CXXXVIII.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies;
That she can think some unnot'd youth,
Unlearn'd in the world's false subtildties.
Thus vanily 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 suppli'd.
But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O, love's best habit is in seeming trust.
And in age love lives not to have years told;
Therefore I live with her, and she with me,
And in our faults by theirs we flatter'd be.

CXXXIX.

O, call not me to justify the wrong
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;
Use power with power, and slay me not by art.
Tell me thou lovest elsewhere; but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside,
What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy might
Is more than my o'erpress'd defence can hide?
Let me excuse thee; ah! my love careth less
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies;
And therefore from my face she turns her eyes,
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.

CX.

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 pitying pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;
(As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians know;) For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee.

Now this ill-wrestling world is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.
That I may not be so, nor thou thyself,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart
go wide.

CXL.

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand and error's more,
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
Who in despite of view is pleas'd to note.
Nor are my 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 if my five wits, my five senses can
Dissolve one foolish heart from wandering thee,
Who leaves unwav'd the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin, awards me pain.

CXLII.

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving;
O but with mine compare thou thinne own state,
And thou wilt find that 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 o'th mine;
Robb'd others' beds' of victory's evidence;
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 I may deserve to be pitted be:
If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
By self-example may'st thou be deni'd.

CXLIII.

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
Sets down her work and makes all swift despatch
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay;
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
Cries to catch her mother, her 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 chase chase the fair behind;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn to the back again,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:
So will I pray that thou may'st have thy Will,
If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still;
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman, color'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing her purity with her soul pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
But, being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in the other's stead.
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel be my good one out.

CXLV.

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 did make,
But when she saw my woeful state,
Straight in heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue, that ever sweet
Was used in giving pain;
And taught it thus anew to greet:
"I hate," she alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Both follow now, 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."
SONNETS.

CXLVI.
Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fo’st’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 cost, having so short a lease?
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body’s end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant’s loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And, Death once dead, there’s no more dying then.

CXLVII.
My love is as a fever, longling still
For that which longer must the disease;
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 are,
At random from the truth vainly express’d;
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright.
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII.
O me! what eyes hath love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight!
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes 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 are,
At random from the truth vanish’d express’d;
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright.
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLIX.
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 belu’d of thee.

CL.
Love is too young to know what conscience is;
Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.
For thou betraying me, I do betray
My nober part to my gross body’s treason;
My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason;
But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this prize,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.

No want of conscience hold it that I call
Her—love, for whose dear love I rise and fall.

CLII.
In loving thee thou knewst I am forsworn,
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith born,
In vow new fate after new love bearing.
But why of two oaths’ breach do I accuse thee,
When I break twenty? I am perjur’d most,
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
And all my honest faith in thee is lost:
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
Or made them swear against the thing they see;
For I have sworn thee fair: more perjur’d I,
To swear, against the truth, so foul a lie.

CLIII.
Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep;
A maid of than’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 daireless lively heat, still to endure,
And grew a seething bath, which yet even prove
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
But at my mistress’ eye Love’s brand new-dried,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
I, sick withal, the help of bath desired,
And thither hied, a sad distemper’d guest,
But found no cure; the bath for my help lies
Where Cupid got new fire,—my mistress’ eyes.

CLIV.
The little love-god, lying once asleep,
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
Whist many nymphs that vow’d chase 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 quench’d 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.
**PASSIONATE PILGRIM.**

I.

Dun not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
Gainst whom the world could not hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury!
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthy, a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd e'ers all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and where a vapor is:
Then, thou fair sun, that on this earth doth shine,
Exhale this vapor vow; in thee it is:
If broke, then it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what fault is not so wise
To lose an oath to win a paradise?

II.

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook,
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
She told him stories to delight his ear;
She show'd him favors to allure his eye;
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there:
Touches so soft still conquer chastity.
But other unripe years did his manhood.
Or he reins'd to take her figure'd proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But smile and jest at every gentle offer:
Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward
He rose and ran away; all, too froward!

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love!
O never faith could hold, if not to beauty could.
Thought to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant prove;
These thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.
Study his brazen leaves, and makes his book thine eyes.
Where all those pleasures live that art can comprehend.
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee express;
Allignorant that soul that seeth thee without wonder;
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire:
Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which (not to anger beat) is music and sweet fire;
Celestial as thou art, O do not have that wrong,
To sing the heavens' praise with such an earthly tongue.

IV.

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
And scarce the herds gone to the hedge for shade,
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
A longing torrentance for Adonis made,
Under an o'er growing by a brook,
A brook where Adonis used to cool his spleen.
Hot was the day; she hotter that did look
For his approach, that often there had been.
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim;
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not so wistly as this queen on him:
He, speaking, bow'd, bonnet'd in, whereas he stood;
Oh Jove, quoth she, why was not I a fool?

V.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as field;
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 fairer to deface her.
Her lips to mine how often hath she join'd,
Between each kiss her oats of true love swearing!
How many tales to please me hath she told,
Bearing my love, the loss thereof still fearing!
Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.
She burnt with love, as straw with fire flameth,
She burnt out love, as straw out burneth;
She fram'd the love, and yet she fail'd the framing,
For she love lost, and yet she fell a turning.
Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

VI.

If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great twixt thee and me,
Because thou lovest the one, and I the other.
Downward to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth reach human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such,
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lovest to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phoebus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
And in deep delight am chiefly drown'd,
Whens himself to singing he betakes.
One god is god of both, as poets feign;
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

VII.

Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love,
* * * * *
Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
A fairer face, a younger heart was ever seen;
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,
Forlode the boy he should not pass those grounds;
Once, quoth she, did I see a fair sweet youth
Here in these brakes deep-wound with a boar,
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!
She in my thigh, quoth she, here was the sore;
She showed her; he saw more wounds than one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

VIII.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon faded.
Pluck'd in the bud, and faded 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 lovest me nothing in thy will.
And yet thou lovest me more than I hidervo;
For why? I crave nothing of thee still:
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee;
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

IX.

Venus, with Adonis sitting by her,
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him:
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
And as in love she fell, she fell to him.
Even thus, quoth she, the warlike god embraced me;
And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms:
Even thus, quoth she, the warlike god unlace me:
As if the boy should use like loving charms.

*The second line is lost.*

811
Even thus, quoth she, he seized on my lips, And with her lips on his did act the seizure; And as she fetched breath, away he skips; And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure. Ah! that I had my lady at this bay, To kiss and clip me till I run away!

X.
Crabb'd 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; Age and youth, my love, are friends.

XI.
Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good, A shining glass, that fadeseth suddenly; A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud; A brittle specie, that's broken presently. A doubtful good, a glass, a glass, a flower, Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour. And these goods lost are sold or never found, As faded glass no rubbing will refresh. As flowers dead, li be wither'd on the ground, As broken glass no cement can restore, So beauty, blemish'd is once, forever lost, In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

XII.
Good night, good rest. Ah! neither be my share. She bade good night, that kept my rest away; And daft me to a cabin hang'd with care, To descend on the doubts of my decay. Farewell, quoth she, and come again to-morrow. Farewell I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow. Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile, In scorn or friendship, nil I construe whether 'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile, 'T may be, again to make me wander thither. Heart's joy's a word for shadows like myself, As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf. Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east! My heart doth charge the watch; the morning rise Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest, Not daring trust the office of mine eye. While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark, And wish her lays were tuned like the lark; For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty, And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night: The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty; Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight. Sorrow changed to solace, solace mix'd with sorrow. For why? she sigh'd, and bade me come to-morrow. Were I with her, the night would post too soon; But now are minutes added to the hours. To spite me now, each minute seems a moon; Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers! Back night, peep day: good day, of night now morrow; Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

XIV.
It was a lordling's daughter, the fairest one of three, That liked of her master as well as well might be, Till looking on an Englishman, the fairest that eye could see. Her fancy tell a turning, Long was the combat doubtful, that love with love did fight, To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant knight? To put in practice either, alas it was a spine Unto the silly damsel. But one must be refused, more mickle was the pain, That nothing could be used, to turn them both to gain. For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with disdain. Alas, she could not help it! Thus art, with arms contending, was victor of the day, Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away; Then full, the learned man hath got the lady gay, For now my song is ended.

XV.
On a day (alack the day!), Love, whose month was ever May, Spied a blossom passing fair, Playing in the wanton air: Through the velvet leaves the wind, All unseen, 'gan passage find; That the lover, sick to death, Wish'd himself the heaven's breath. Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow; Air, would I might triumph so. But alas, my hand hath sworn Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn: Vow, alack, for youth unmeet, Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet. Do not call it sin in me, That I am forsworn for thee; Thou for whom Jove would swear Juno but an Ethope were; And deny himself for Jove, Turning mortal for thy love.

XVI.
My flesh feed not, My eyes breed not, My ram speed not, All is amiss; Love is dying, Faith's declining, Heart's deceiving, Causer of this. All my merry jigs are quite forgot, All my lady's love is lost. Gone not: Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love, There a nay is placed without remove, One silly cross Wrought all my loss; O sorrowing Fortune, cursed fickle dame! For now I see, Inconstancy More in women than in men remain. In black mourn I, All lears stern I, Love hath forlorn me, Living in thrall: Heart is bleeding, All help needing, (O cruel speeding!) Fraughted with galls. My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal? My shepherd'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, Profers to weep. In howling-wise, to see my doleful plight. How sights resound Through heartless ground, Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight! in no degree.
Clear well's spring not,
Sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not
Forlorn: 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 love,
Thy like ne'er was
For a sweet content, the cause of all my
Moon.
Poor Cordian
Must live alone,
Other help for him I see that there is none.

XVII.
Whene'er thine eye hath chose the dame,
And still'd the deer that thou shouldst strike,
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy, partial wight;
Take counsel of some wiser head,
Neither too young, nor yet unwise.
And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,
Least thy simple practice smell;
(As a cripple soon can find)
But plainly say thou lov'st her well,
And set her 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;
Spares not to spend,—and cuddly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By raving in thy lady's ear:
The strongest castle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet bears no flaw.
Serve always with assured trust,
And in th' 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 we shed,
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 sweet a sound.
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

XVIII.
Live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales, and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yield.
There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.
There will I make thee a bed of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A carpet flowers and a hortus
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.
A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

LOVE'S ANSWER.
If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To love with thee and be thy love.

XIX.
As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade,
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring:
Every thing did banish sain,
Save the nightingale alone.
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Leant her breast up-till a thorn,
And there she sung the doleful set dyt,
That to hear it was great pain.
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 grace so lovely shawn,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah! I thought I, thou mourn'st in vain;
None take pity on thy pain.
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee;
Ruthless bears, 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 mercy.
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 he prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call;
And with such like flattering,
"Pity but he were a king."
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
It to women he be bent,
They have heard it said full oft,
But if fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown;
That he frown'd on him before,
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need;
If thou beow, 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.

XX.
Take, oh, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights doth in mist enbrand the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.
Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

From off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
A plaintful story from a sistering vale.
My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
And down I lay to list the sad tun'd tale:
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive a straw,
Which fortify her usage from the sun,
Wherein the thought might think sometime it saw
The carcase of a beauty spent and done.
Time had not clyed all that youth begot,
Nor youth all quit; but, spite of Heaven's fell rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattices of scar'd age.

Oft did she leave her napkin to her eye
Which on it had concocted characters.
Lauding! the silken figure in the urine
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,
And often reading what contents it bears;
As often shrinking undistinguish'd woe,
In claimers of its sorrow, both high and low.

Sometimes her devil'd eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battery to the spheres intend;
Sometimes diverted their poor balls are tied
To th' ordered earth; sometimes they do extend
Their view right out; anon their gazes lend

To every place at once, and nowhere fix'd.
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose, nor tied in formal plait,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride;
For some, untuck'd, descended her sheav'd hat,
Hanging her pale and pinched 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.

A thousand favors from a maund she drew
Of amber, crystal, and of bedded jet.
Which one by one she in a river threw.
Upon whose weeping margent she was set
Like none, accustom'd, weet to woe
Or monarch's hands, that let not bonny fall
Where want cries "some," but where excess beg's all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood;
Cuck'd to the ringing of posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;
Found yet more letters sadly pen'd in blood
With sheав'd silk hat and affectedly
Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bade her in her fixive eyes,
And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear;
Cried, "O false blood! thou register of her,
What unapprov'd witness dost thou bear!

To wash. 2 Formed into pellets, or small balls.

A LADY'S COMPLAINT.
A Lover's Complaint.

Ink would have seemed more black and damned here.

This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh,
Sometimes a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
Of country, old and city, and the wise.
The swiftest hours, observed as they flew,
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew;
And, priv'g'd by age, desires to be.
In brief, the grounds and motives of her woe.
She's dear: she is, though in me you behold
The injury of many a blustering hour,
Let it not tell your judgment I am old;
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power:
I might as yet have been a spreading dower,
FRESH to myself, if I had self-applied
Love to myself, and to no love beside.
Yet woe is me! too early I attended
A youthful soul (it was to gain my grace)
Of one so fair and comely distant.
That maiden's eyes stuck over all his face;
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him place;
And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodg'd, and newly confined.
Doth hang in crooked curls; and every light occasion of the wind
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.
What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find:
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind;
For on his visage was in little drawn,
What largeness thinks in paradise was sown.
Small show of man was yet upon his chin;
His phrenix down began but to appear,
Like unshorn velvet, on that tawny skin.
Whose bare out-bragg'd the web he seem'd to wear;
Yet show'd his visage by that cost most dear;
And nice allusions awkening stood in doubt
If best 'twere as it was, or best without.
His qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maiden-tongued he was, and thereof free;
Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm
Of all sorts? May love's heat and charm
When winds breathe sweet, untruly though they be,
His rudeness so with his author's youth,
Did lively falseness in a pride of truth.
Well could he ride, and often men would say
That through his mottle from his heart
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway.
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop
He makes!
And controversy hence a question takes,
Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.
But quickly on his side the verdict went;
His real habit gave life and grace
To apparitions and to ornament,
And complik'd in himself, not in his case?
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,
Came for additions; yet their purpose'd trim
Pierced not his grace, but were all graced by him.
So on the tip of his subliming tongue
All kind of arguments and question deep,
All reflection prompt, and reason strong.
For his advantage still did wake and sleep:
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
Heir of the dialect and dainty unto,
Catching all passions in his craft of will;
That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old, and sexes both enchanted,
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
In personal duty, following where he haunted;
Consents with which, ere he desire, have granted;
One possessed by fancy, 
Club, 
Outward show.
And dialogue for him what he would say,
Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.
Many there were that did his picture get,
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;
Like fools that in the imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they find
If lands and passions, theirs in thought assign'd;
And laboring in more pleasures to bestow them,
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them.
So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
Sweety suppos'd them mistress of his heart.
My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,
And was my own part, (her part,) what
What of his art in youth, and youth in art,
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reserv'd the stake, and gave him all my flower.
Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
Demand of him, nor being desired, yielded;
Finding myself in honor so forbid.
With safest distance I mine honor shielded:
Experience for me many bulwarks builded
Of proofs new-bleding, which remain'd the foil
Of this false-jewel, and luminous spoil.
But ah! who ever shunn'd the precedent;
The destined ill she must herself stay
Of forced examples, against her own content,
To put the by-pass'd peril in her way?
Counsel may stop a while what will not stay;
For when we rage, advice is often lost.
By blustering us to make our wits more keen.
Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
That we must curb it upon others' proof,
To be forbid the sweet fault which seems so good,
For fear of harms that prauc in our blood.
A appetite, from judgment stand aloof?
The one a pal ate that needs will taste,
Though reason weep, and cry 'tis thy last.'
For further I could say, 'this man's untrue,'
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling
Heard where his plans in others' hearts grew,
Saw how deceits were gilded in his soul;
Knew vows were ever brokers to depling
Thought characters, and words, merely but art,
And bastards of his soul adulterate heart.
And long upon these terms I held my city,
Till thus he 'gan beseech 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;
And am I not a man of love? I still do
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never vow.
All my omissions that abroad you see,
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind:
Love made them not; with acture they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind;
They sought their shame so that their shame did find;
And so much less of shame in me remains,
By how much of me their reproach contains.
Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warm'd,
Or the affection put to the smallest keen,
Or any of my leisure ever charmed:
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd
Kept hearts in livers, but mine own was free,
And reigned, commanding in his monarchy.
Look here what tributes wounded fancies sent me,
Of paled pearls, and rubies red as blood;
Figuring that they, their passions twisted me,
Gave grief and blushes, aply understood
In bloodless white and the encrust'd mood;
Effects of terror and tears broocking,
Encoun'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.
And lo! Behold these talents of their hair
With twisted metal greasy infinitely matted;
I have receiv'd from many a several fair;
Their kind acceptance weeping beneficeth;
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
And deep-brain'd sounds that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.
* Intervened.
The diamond, why 'twas beautiful and hard,  
Where'er its inviol'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 biano'd, smil'd or made some morn.

Lo! all these trophies of affections hot,  
Of pensive and subdued desires the tender,  
Nature hath charg'd me that I hoard them not,  
But yield them up where I myself must render,  
That is, to you, my origin and ender:  
For these, of force, must your obligations be,  
Since I their altar, you enpatrion me.

O then advance of yours that phraseless hand,  
Whose white weights down the airy scale of praise;  
Take all these similes to your own command,  
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise:  
What me your minister, for you obeys,  
Works under you; and to your audit comes  
Their distinct parcels in combined sums.

Lo! this device was sent me from a nun  
Or sister sanctified of holiest note;  
Which fate her noble suit in court did shun,  
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote;  
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,  
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,  
To spend her living in eternal love.

But O, my sweet, what labor is't to leave  
The thing we have not, mastering what not strives?  
Paling the place which did no form receive,  
Playing patient spirits in unconstrained gyves:  
She that her fame so to herself contrives,  
The scars of battle 'scapeth by the fight,  
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

O pardon me, in that my boast is true;  
The accident which brought me to your eye,  
I put 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, hereby procure'd.

How mighty then you are, O hear me tell;  
The broken bosoms that to me belong  
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,  
And mine I pour your ocean all among:  
I strong 'er them, and you 'er me being strong,  
Must for your victory as all conquest,  
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

My parts had power to charm a sacred nun,  
Who disciplin'd and dieted in grace,  
Believ'd her eyes when they to assault began,  
All vows and consecrations giving place.  
O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,  
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor combine,  
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

When then impresset, what are precepts worth  
Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,  
How coldly those impediments stand forth  
Of wealth of filial fear, law, kindred, fame!  
\*

Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense,  
'gainst shame,  
And sweetens, in the sufferings pangs it bears,  
The aches of all forces, shocks, and fears.  
Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,  
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine,  
And supplicat their sighs to you extend,  
To leave the lattice that you make 'gainst mine,  
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,  
And credent soul to that strong-bonded bath,  
That shall prefer and undertake my tooth.

This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,  
Whose brows with cold sweat here leveled on my face,  
Each check a river running from a fount  
With brisht current downward flow'd apace:  
O how the channel to the stream gave grace!  
Who, glaz'd with crystal, gate! the glowing roses  
That flame through water which their hue incloses.

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 cold is that is not here fret!  
O elet effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,  
Both fire from hence and chill extirpate hath!

For lo! his passion, but an art of craft,  
Even there resolved my reason into tears;  
There my white stole of chastity I did lay,  
Shook off my sober guard, and civil tears;  
Appear to him, as he to me appears,  
All melting: though our drops this difference bore,  
His passion'd me, and mine did him restore.

In him a plenteous of subtle matter,  
Applied to canteles, all strange form receives,  
Of burning bluses, or of weeping water,  
Of swooning paleness; and he takes and leaves,  
In either step the best design he makes,  
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,  
Or to turn white and swoon at tragic shows;  
That not a heart which in his level came,  
Could scarce the hail of his all-hurting aim,  
Showing her nature is both kind and tame,  
And, veil'd in them, did win whom he would win:  
Against the thing he sought he would explain;  
When he most burn'd in heart-sly'd luxury,  
He preach'd pure maid, and praised cold chastity.

Thus merely with the garment of a Grace  
The naked and concealed heu he cover'd,  
That the unexperic'd gave the tempter place,  
Which, like a cherubin, above them hover'd.  
Who, young and simple, would not be so hover'd?  
Ah me! I fell; and yet do question make  
What I should do again for such a sake.  
O, that infected moisture of his eye,  
O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,  
O, that forc'd thunders from his heart did fly,  
O, that sad breath his spungy lungs bestow'd,  
O, all that borrow'd motion, seeming ow'd,  
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,  
And new pervert a reconciled maid?

\* Got, procured.  \* Decorous.  \* Devilful purposes.

THE END.
GLOSSARY
## GLOSSARY.

### OF OBSOLETE WORDS, AND OF WORDS VARYING FROM THEIR ORDINARY SIGNIFICATION.


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(819)
Grats, please.
Gratitude, to be rejoiced in.
Grave, to entomb.
Grave-man, a man in the grave.
Graves or Graves, leg Cassandra.
Grenadly, grossly.
Greek, a lout.
Greenly, most skillfully.
Green-sleeves, an old song.
Grease, to stir, a step.
Grossly, palpably.
Groundings, those who sat or stood on the ground in the old theaters, the common people.
Guard, to frigate.
Guarded, venerated.
Guardian, a reward.
Gules, (in heraldry) red.
Gulf, the swallow, the throat.
Guiled, treacherous.
Guineas, a prostitute.
Gun-stones, cannon balls.
Sword, a fish.
Gust, to taste.
Gyve, a shackle.
Gyves, shackles.

H.
Hackle, to become short.
Haggard, wild; also, wild hawk.
Hair, complexum, or character.
Hail, make room.
Haply, accidentally.
Happy, accomplished.
Harrassment, bravery.
Harks, wild mustard.
Harlot, a male cheat.
Harm, arm.
Harrows, sublimes.
Harry, to harrass.
Having, possessious.
Hasr, behavior.
Haughty, haughtily.
Haughtily, elevated.
Harv, a bird.
Hullion, doom at judgment day.
Hawsh, harnshaw, (a hawk.)
Hawks, that which suspends the sword.
Harlotry, vulgar, filthy.
Hatch, to engrave.
Haut, company.
Hay, a fencing term.
Heat, heated.
Heaven, haven.
Heaved, heavened, agitated.
Hell, a dungeon in a prison.
Helmed, decreed through.
Hence, henceforward.
Himman, a page of honor.
Hunt, to seize.
Hob of grace, rae.
Hermit, beadlemen.
Hest, command.
Hill, called.
Hilding, a poltroon.
Hiren, a harlot.
Hilt, often used for its.
Horse, hearty, mouldy.
Hob-nob, as it may happen.
Hold, hobbled.
Hold, to esteem.
Hold-taking, bear-holding.
Holda, a term of the manage.
Holy, faithful.
Holman, blindman's buff.
Honest, honest.
Honesty, truthfulness.
Hoswife, a jilt.
Hyen, hyena.
Hymn, hymn 

I.
Ille, harren.
Hecks, in faith.
Lamey, ignominious.
Ill-inhabited, ill-lodged.
Illustrious, without luster.
Images, children, representatives.
Incline, to expose.
Immunity, barbarity.
Immediacy, close connection.
Imp, progeny.
Impr, unsuitable, unequal.
Impartial, partial.
Impassioned, waged.
Imperious, imperative.
Imposters, to impercept, or impocks' importance, impartibility.
Import, important.
Importation, importations.
Impossible, incredible.
Impost, to supply the deficiency.
Impressed, a device or motto.
Incapable, unintelligible.
Incarcase, to dye red.
Incensed, incited.
Inclin, to embrace.
Include, to conclude.
Inclusive, included.
Incumbent, subject to account.
Incony or ony, delicate, pretty.
Incorrect, ill-regulated.
Index, to sign an indiscernence.
Index, something preparatory.
Indifferent, impartial.
Indigent, shapeless.
Indulge, to convict.
Induction, prejudice, prelude.
Indulgence, delay.
Indurated, internal structure.
Infinite, extent or power.
Incaged, unengaged.
Incraft, rooted.
Inhabitability, not habitable.
Inhabit, to possess.
Inhabit, to forbid, police.
In his eye, in his presence.
Inhosped, inclosed.
Ink horn, mate, a book-mate.
Inkled, worsted tape.
Initiate, young.
Inland, civilized.
Innumerable, a feel.
In place, present.
Insane, that which makes insane.
Insane, insanity.
Insecure, to fortify.
Inscepted, engraved.
Incorporated, inseparable.
Instances, motives.
Insult, seduction.
Integrity, consistency.
Intend, to pretend.
Intending, regarding.
Intempered, intemperance.
Intention, eager desire.
Intently, attentively.
Interested, interested.
Interrogatories, interrogatories.
In that, because.
Intricate, which cannot be cut.
Inwardness, intimacy.
Iron, clad in armor.
Irreconcilable, irreconcilable.
Issues, consequences.
Iteration, repetition.
Irruption, revocation.
Iron, clad.

J.
Jack a lent, a puppet thrown at in Lent.
Jack-guardian, a jack in office.
Jack same, a saucy fellow.
Jackal, worthless.
Jabre, the noise made by the pendulum in a clock.
Jalous, jaund.
Jaulning, jaulting.
Jay, a wanton.
Jewels, stripes of leather fastened round hawks' legs.
Jest, to play a part in a mask.
Jet, to strut.
Jig, a tedious dialogue in verse.
Journal, daily.
GLOSSARY.

Nookshutter, that which shoots into
Noval, a row. Northern man, a clown.
Note, notice. Nonsent, round-headed.
Nourish, to nourish. Noustle, to fiddle as a nurse.
Nowam, a game at dice. Nowly, a beast.
Nutcrack, a thief.

0.

Odd-even, the interval between twelve
and one in the morning.
Of-splendid, god me pity.
Ofharm, glasses of the eye.
Ofi's, circles, peaks, marksmanship.
Obligations, bonds.
Obsequies, funeral.
Observation, celebration.
Obstacle, obstinate.
Occurrence, incident.
Occupation, mechanics.
O'er-draft, over-drawn.
O'er-tow, overthrown.
Oblivion, fascinated.
Of, through.
Offering, the assimilant.
Office, service.
Offices, culinary apartments.
Offal loves, by all means.
Old, frequent.
Old age, ages past.
Once, sometimes.
Omnipotent, omnipotent.
Ossus, a precious stone.
Omnipotent, omnipotent.
Opulent, active.
Opinion, opinionable, conceit.
Opposite, adversary.
Opposition, combative.
Orner, before.
Orbs, fairy circles.
Orchard, a grove.
Orchard, hain.
Orchard, rank.
Order, measures.
Orations, naughty.
Ovary, an egg.
Ostensible, ostentation, appearance.
Ostentation, appearance.
Overflow, to drive away.
Over-crowded, whipped at a cart's tail.
Over-crowded, whipped.
Over-turn, opening, discovery.
Ounce, a tigert.
Out, to come.
Out, to come.
Out, to come.

Ox-eye, the cock blackbird.
Ox-eye, the cock blackbird.
Outward, not in the secret.
Outward, not in the secret.
Outward, not in the secret.
Outward, not in the secret.

Parry, to bargain with.
Pack, an accomplice.
Pack, to pack.
Pack, to pack.
Pack, to pack.

Pake, a pound.
Pages, a dissolute person.
Pageant, a dumb show.
Pad, pindler.
Palpated, words.
Pale, dominions.
Pale, to circumscribe with a crown.
Palo, to wrap, to invest.
Pall, vapid.
Patient, pilgrim.
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GLOSSARY.

Race, original disposition, also flavor.
Rack, wretched.
Rack, to exaggerate.
Rack, to harassed by exactions.
Rack, the beating away of the clouds.
Rack, in rapid motion.
Rag, an opprobrious epithet.
Ragged, ragged.
Rake, to cover.
Raim, rain.
Rampallion, a strepnel.
Rank, rate or pace.
Rank, rapidly grows.
Rapt, enraptured.
Rapture, a fit.
Rarely, curiously.
Rascal, lean deer.
Ravine, remembrance, permanent discovery.
Raught, reached.
Ravin, to devour eagerly.
Ravine, muttered with prey.
Rawly, suddenly.
Rayed, betrayed.
Raziel, sharply.
Raze, a tale.
Rear-mouse, a rat.
Reaven, discourse.
Rebeck, a musical instrument.
Recheat, a horn, a tune to call the dog.
Receipt, receptacle.
Receiving, ready apprehension.
Receive, a hunting term.
Reck, to care for.
Reckless, careless.
Record, to sing.
Records, a kind of flute.
Recite, to recite.
Refer, to refer to.
Regard, look.
Regular, government.
Regard, exchange of salutation.
Regeneration, recompense.
Reek, the odor.
Reliugion, capricious.
Relume, to enlighten.
Remise, pity.
Remission, removal.
Remove, journeys.
Renier, to describe.
Rend, to remove.
Rerport, reporters.
Reproof, consulation.
Repaus, to resist.
Repeal, to repeal.
Repealing, reorganize.
Reserve, to preserve.
Resolve, to be assured.
Resolve, to decide.
Respective, respectful.
Respectfully, respectfully.
Reticely, modestly.
Retained, handed down.
Rebate, to refer back.
Rerach, to reproduce.
Reroll, to remake.
Reroll'd, of mean, change of complexion.
Rerolls, rebellions.
Rib, a swoon.
Ribald, a lewd fellow.
Rib, to destroy.
Rift, split.
Rigby, wanton.
Kilo, a circle.
Rim, money.
Ring, encircled.
Ring, the ring.
Roll, the roll.
Rock, to quench.
Rogery, revenge.
Rose-ridges, abasiveness.
Rouse, a dissident.
Round, ranch.
Round-led, whirled.
Roundled, a country dance.
Roundling, whispering.
Roundtree, a circle.
House, carmel.
Room, many.
Rory, a sound.
Ruddle, red-breast.
Knob, the locking of the tops of boots.
Root, to be nasty.
Ruffling, rustling.
Rumpled, fed with offals.
Ruff, pity.
S.
Scarceon, the name of a bear.
Sacred, secured.
Sacridfied, worshipping.
Sacrifice, the bull announcing the sacred approach of the host.
Said, extent, grave appearance.
Sag or Swagg, to sink down.
Sallet, a helmet.
Salt, tears.
Salters, sylates.
Sawney, St. Domingo.
Sandled, sandly color.
Sars, without.
Sarce, bavarious.
Savage, sylvan.
Savage ness, wildness.
Saw, tennon of a discourse.
Say, silk.
Say, a sample.
Scoffolds, the gallery of a theater.
Scall, a giercy.
Scalp, to disperse.
Scald, overreached.
Scalp, weighing.
Scale, sah.
Scamble, to scramble.
Scene, to examine nicely.
Scantling, proportion.
Scarbed, decorated with flags.
Scarce, destruction.
Scarlet, mischievous.
Scarce, the head.
Scourge a fortification.
Scotch, to raise.
Scroyles, sly.
Scraped, chipped.
Scraped, whipped.
Sneck-up, whitened.
Smirched, stained.
Smoke, to strengthen, or complete.
Smell, land.
Sney, a bird.
Sear, to stigmatise, to close.
Season, to temper, to inixo, to impress.
Scythe, to cut.
Set, a cutting in gardening.
Sed, to doss up.
Seeing, sleeping.
Seemly, seemly.
Seem, visited, practiced.
Seem, problem.
Sensibly, resembling.
Senlery, seniority.
Semit, a Florish on cornets.
Sens, a capricious.
Sens-ual desises.
Septenrion, the north.
Sequestration, separation.
Sere, or scree, dry.
Serpic, a better.
Serve, to fulfill.
Scalps, a haven.
Set of, a bit at tennis.
Sess, to sit.
Several, separated.
Several, or severell, a field set apart for corn and grass.
Sewer, the pliers of the dancer.
Shame, modesty.
Shard-horns, horns on sealy wings.
Shards, beetle's wings.
Shards, broken pots or tiles.
Shark up, to pick up.
Shaven Hurrell, samson.
Shave, shaving, gay.
Shrove, transparent.
Shent, to avoid, rebuke.
Sheep, cherry.
Shive, a slice.
Shovel, to go off.
Shook, projected.
Shotten-herring, a herring that has spawned.
Shoulder-clapper, a bellif.
GLOSsARY.


Vixen, or Fox, a female fox.
Vigament, admonishment.
Vox, tone or voice.
Vulgar, common.
Vulgarity, commonly.

W.
Wanton, wanton.
Waxen, waxen.
Waxen, waxen.
Wax.
Water.
Watch.
Wapsel?, Wapsel.
Warn.
Ward.
Warden.
Ward.
Ward.
Ward.
Wanuion.
Wanned.
Walk.
Wail.
Wainst.
Waigt, a sentinel.
Waft.
Ward.
Ward.
Ward.
Ward.
Ward.
Ward.
Ward.

Y.
Yare, nimble, handy.
Yarely, nimbly, adroitly.
Yarn, to grieve or vex.
Yield, to inform of.
Yellowness, jealousy.
Yeoman, a knight's followers.
Yerk, to kick.
Yesty, foaming, frothy.
Young, early.

Z.
Zeny, a basin.
Zealous, pious.
Zeal, a term of contempt.