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*The*  
W O R K S  
*of*  
SHAKESPEARE,

*Volume the seventh :*

*containing,*

Richard III ;  
Henry VIII ;  
Coriolanus.

L O N D O N :

*Printed for J. and R. TONSON in the Strand.*

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May, 1873



RICHARD III.

*Persons represented.*

*King Edward the fourth :*  
Edward, *Prince of Wales, afterwards King ;*  
*and Richard, Duke of York, his Sons :*  
Richard, *Duke of Gloster, afterwards King ;*  
*and George, Duke of Clarence, his Brothers :*  
*a young Son of Clarence.*  
Henry, *Earl of Richmond, afterwards King.*  
*Earl Rivers, Brother to Edward's Queen :*  
*Marquiss of Dorset, and Lord Grey, her Sons.*  
*Cardinal Bouchier, Archbishop of Canterbury.*  
*Archbishop of York. Bishop of Ely.* [ *Son.*  
*Duke of Buckingham. Duke of Norfolk : Earl of Surrey, his*  
*Earl of Oxford. Lord Hastings. Lord Stanley. Lord Lovel.*  
*Sir Richard Ratcliff. Sir Wm. Catesby. Sir James Tyrrel.*  
*Sir Thomas Vaughan. Sir James Blunt. Sir Walter Herbert.*  
*Sir Robert Brakenbury, Lieutenant of the Tower.*  
*Mayor, and three Citizens, of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire.*  
*Christopher Urfwick, a Priest. another Priest.*  
*a Page. a Scrivener. a Pursuivant. two Gentlemen.*  
*six Messengers, and two Murtherers.*

Margaret, *Henry the sixth's Widow.*  
Elizabeth, *Queen to Edward the fourth :*  
*Dutchess of York, his Mother.*  
*Lady Anne, afterwards Dutchess of Gloster, and Queen.*  
*an infant Daughter of Clarence.*

*Lords, and other Attendants. Citizens, Soldiers, &c.*

*Scene, England ; dispersedly.*

# RICHARD III.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *A Street.*

*Enter RICHARD.*

*Ric.* Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by this sun of *York* ;  
And all the clouds, that lour'd upon our house,  
In the deep bosom of the ocean bury'd :  
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths ;  
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments ;  
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,  
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures :  
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkl'd front ;  
And now, — instead of mounting barbed steeds,  
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries, —  
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,  
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.  
But I, — that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,  
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass ;  
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,

To strut before a wanton ambling nymph ;  
 I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,  
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,  
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time  
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,  
 And that so lamely and unfashionably,  
 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 determin'd to prove a villain,  
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days.  
 Plots have I lay'd, inductions dangerous,  
 By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,  
 To set my brother *Clarence*, and the king,  
 In deadly hate the one against the other :  
 And, if king *Edward* be as true and just,  
 As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,  
 This day should *Clarence* closely be mew'd up ;  
 About a prophesy, which says — that G  
 Of *Edward's* heirs the murthurer shall be.  
 Dive, thoughts, down to my soul ; here *Clarence* comes.

*Enter CLARENCE ; BRAKENBURY, and a Guard,  
 with him.*

Brother, good day : What means this armed guard,  
 That waits upon your grace ?

*CLA.* His majesty,  
 Tend'ring my person's safety, hath appointed  
 This conduct to convey me to the tower.

*Ric.* Upon what cause?

*CLA.* Because my name is — *George*.

*Ric.* Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;  
He should, for that, commit your godfathers: —  
Belike, his majesty hath some intent,  
That you shall be new-christen'd in the tower.  
But what's the matter, *Clarence*? may I know?

*CLA.* Yea, *Richard*, when I know; for, I protest,  
As yet I do not: But, as I can learn,  
He hearkens after prophecies, and dreams;  
And from the cross-row plucks the letter *G*,  
And says — a wizard told him, that by *G*  
His issue dis-inherited should be;  
And, for my name of *George* begins with *G*,  
It follows in his thought, that I am he:  
'These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,  
Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.

*Ric.* Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women: —  
'Tis not the king, that sends you to the tower;  
My lady *Grey* his wife, *Clarence*, 'tis she,  
That tempts him to this harsh extremity.  
Was it not she, and that good man of worship,  
*Antony Woodville*, her brother there,  
That made him send lord *Hastings* to the tower;  
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?  
We are not safe, *Clarence*, we are not safe.

*CLA.* By heaven, I think, there's no man is secure,  
But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds  
That trudge betwixt the king and mistress *Shore*.  
Heard you not, what an humble suppliant  
Lord *Hastings* was to her for his delivery?

*Ric.* Humbly complaining to her deity

O belike

Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.  
 I'll tell you what,—I think, it is our way,  
 If we will keep in favour with the king,  
 To be her men, and wear her livery:  
 The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herself,  
 Since that our brother dub'd them gentlewomen,  
 Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

*BRA.* I beseech your graces both to pardon me;  
 His majesty hath straitly given in charge,  
 That no man shall have private conference,  
 Of what degree soever, with his brother.

*RIC.* Even so? an please your worship, *Brakenbury*,  
 You may partake of any thing we say:  
 We speak no treason, man;—We say, the king  
 Is wise, and virtuous; and his noble queen  
 Well strook in years, yet fair still, and not jealous:  
 We say, that *Shore's* wife hath a pretty foot,  
 A cherry lip, a passing pleasing tongue;  
 That the queen's kindred are made gentle-folks:  
 How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

*BRA.* With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.

*RIC.* Naught to do with mistress *Shore*? I tell thee,  
 fellow,

He that doth naught with her, excepting one,  
 'Twere best he do it secretly.

*BRA.* What one, my lord? [ha?

*RIC.* Her husband, knave: Would'st thou betray me?

*BRA.* I beseech your grace to pardon me; and, withal,  
 Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

*CLA.* We know thy charge, *Brakenbury*, and will obey.

*RIC.* We are the queen's subjects, and must obey.  
 Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;

And whatsoever you'll employ me in,—  
 Were it, to call king *Edward's* widow — sifter,—  
 I will perform it, to enfranchise you.  
 Mean time, this deep disgrace in brotherhood  
 Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

*CLA.* I know, it pleaseth neither of us well.

*RIC.* Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;  
 I will deliver you, or else lye for you:  
 Mean time, have patience.

*CLA.* I must perforce; farewell.

[*Exeunt CLA. BRA. and Guard.*]

*RIC.* Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,  
 Simple, plain *Clarence!* — I do love thee so,  
 That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,  
 If heaven will take the present at our hands.  
 But who comes here? the new-deliver'd *Hastings?*

*Enter HASTINGS.*

*HAS.* Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

*RIC.* As much unto my good lord chamberlain!  
 Well are you welcome to this open air.  
 How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

*HAS.* With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:  
 But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks,  
 That were the cause of my imprisonment.

*RIC.* 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.

*HAS.* More pity, that the eagle should be mew'd,  
 While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

*RIC.* What news abroad?

*HAS.* No news so bad abroad, as this at home; —  
 The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,

And his physicians fear him mightily.

*Ric.* Now, by faint *Paul*, this news is bad indeed.  
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,  
And over-much consum'd his royal person;  
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.  
What, is he in his bed?

*Has.* He is.

*Ric.* Go you before. and I will follow you.

[*Exit HASTINGS.*]

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,  
'Till *George* be pack'd with post-horse up to heaven.  
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to *Clarence*,  
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;  
And if I fail not in my deep intent,  
*Clarence* hath not another day to live:  
Which done, God take king *Edward* to his mercy,  
And leave the world for me to bustle in.  
For then I'll marry *Warwick's* youngest daughter:  
What though I kill'd her husband, and her father?  
The readiest way to make the wench amends,  
Is — to become her husband, and her father:  
The which will I; not all so much for love,  
As for another secret close intent,  
By marrying her, which I must reach unto.  
But yet I run before my horse to market:  
*Clarence* still breaths; *Edward* still lives, and reigns;  
When they are gone, then must I count my gains.

[*Exit RICHARD.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Another Street.*

*Enter the Corpse of Henry the sixth, born in an open Coffin, and slenderly attended: Gentlemen, bearing*



*Halberds, with it; and Lady ANNE,  
as Mourner.*

ANN. Set down, set down your honourable load,—  
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,—  
Whilst I a while obsequiously lament  
The untimely fall of virtuous *Lancaster*.—

*[Bearers set down the Coffin.*

Poor key-cold figure of a holy king,  
Pale ashes of the house of *Lancaster*,  
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood,  
Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,  
To hear the lamentations of poor *Anne*,  
Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy slaughter'd son,  
Stab'd by the self-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, curfed be the hand, that made these holes!  
Curfed the heart, that had the heart to do it!  
Curfed the blood, that let this blood from hence!  
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,  
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,  
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,  
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!  
If ever he have child, abortive be it,  
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,  
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect  
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;  
And that be heir to his unhappiness!  
If ever he have wife, let her be made  
More miserable by the death of him,  
Than I am made by my young lord, and thee!—  
Come, now, towards *Chertsey* with your holy load,

Taken from *Paul's* to be interred there ;  
 And, still as you are weary of the weight,  
 Rest you, whiles I lament king *Henry's* corse.

*Bearers take up the Corpse, and move forward :*

*Enter* RICHARD.

*Ric.* Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

*Ann.* What black magician conjures up this fiend,  
 To stop devoted charitable deeds ?

*Ric.* Villains, set down the corse ; or, by faint *Paul*,  
 I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

*I. G.* My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

*Ric.* Unmanner'd dog, stand thou when I command :  
 Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,  
 Or, by faint *Paul*, I'll strike thee to my foot,  
 And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

*[Corpse set down.]*

*Ann.* What, do you tremble ? are you all afraid ?

Alas, I blame you not ; for you are mortal,  
 And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil. —  
 Avant, thou dreadful minister of hell !

Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,  
 His soul thou canst not have ; therefore, be gone.

*Ric.* Sweet faint, for charity, be not so curst.

*Ann.* Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble  
 us not ;

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,  
 Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclaims.

If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,  
 Behold this † pattern of thy butcheries : —

O, gentlemen, see, see ! dead *Henry's* wounds  
 Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh ! —  
 Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity ;

For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood  
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;  
Thy deed, inhuman, and unnatural,  
Provokes this deluge most unnatural. —

O God, which this blood mad'ft, revenge his death!  
O earth, which this blood drink'ft, revenge his death!  
Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murtherer dead;  
Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick;  
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,  
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

*Ric.* Lady, you know no rules of charity,  
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

*ANN.* Villain, thou know'ft no law of God nor man;  
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

*Ric.* But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

*ANN.* O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

*Ric.* 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.

*ANN.* Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,  
For these known evils, but to give me leave,  
By circumstance, to curse thy curst self.

*Ric.* Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have  
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

*ANN.* Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make  
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

*Ric.* By such despair, I should accuse myself.

*ANN.* And, by despairing, shalt thou stand excus'd;  
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,  
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

*Ric.* Say, that I slew them not?

*ANN.* Then say, they were not slain :  
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

*RIC.* I did not kill your husband.

*ANN.* Why, then he is alive.

*RIC.* Nay, he is dead ; and slain by *Edward's* hand.

*ANN.* In thy foul throat thou ly'ft ; queen *Margaret*  
saw

Thy murd'rous faulchion smoaking in his blood ;  
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,  
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

*RIC.* I was provoked by her scand'rous tongue,  
Which lay'd their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

*ANN.* Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,  
Which never dreamt on ought but butcheries :  
Didst thou not kill this † king ?

*RIC.* I grant ye. [me too,

*ANN.* Dost grant me, hedge-hog ? then, God grant  
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed !

O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.

*RIC.* The fitter for the king of heaven that hath him.

*ANN.* He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

*RIC.* Let him thank me, that help to send him thi-  
ther ;

For he was fitter for that place, than earth.

*ANN.* And thou unfit for any place, but hell.

*RIC.* Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

*ANN.* Some dungeon.

*RIC.* Your bed-chamber.

*ANN.* Ill rest betide the chamber where thou ly'ft !

*RIC.* So will it, madam, 'till I lye with you.

*ANN.* I hope so.

*RIC.* I know so. But, gentle lady *Anne,*—

To leave this keen encounter of our wits,  
 And fall somewhat into a slower method;—  
 Is not the causer of the timeless deaths  
 Of these *Plantagenets*, *Henry*, and *Edward*,  
 As blameful as the executioner?

*ANN.* Thou wast the cause, and most accur'd effect.

*RIC.* Your beauty was the cause of that effect;  
 Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep,  
 To undertake the death of all the world,  
 So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

*ANN.* If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,  
 These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

*RIC.* These eyes could not endure that beauty's  
 You should not blemish it, if I stood by: [wreck,  
 As all the world is cheared by the sun,  
 So I by that; it is my day, my life. [life!

*ANN.* Black night o'er-shade thy day, and death thy

*RIC.* Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.

*ANN.* I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

*RIC.* It is a quarrel most unnatural,  
 To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

*ANN.* It is a quarrel just and reasonable,  
 To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

*RIC.* He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,  
 Did it to help thee to a better husband.

*ANN.* His better doth not breath upon the earth.

*RIC.* He lives, that loves you better than he could.

*ANN.* Name him.

*RIC.* *Plantagenet*.

*ANN.* Why, that was he.

*RIC.* The self-same name, but one of better nature.

*ANN.* Where is he?

*RIC.* Here: [*she spits at him.*] Why dost thou spit at

*ANN.* 'Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake! [me?]

*RIC.* Never came poison from so sweet a place.

*ANN.* Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out of my fight! thou dost infect mine eyes.

*RIC.* Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

*ANN.* 'Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!

*RIC.* I would they were, that I might die at once;

For now they kill me with a living death.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,  
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops:

These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,—

Not, when my father *York* and *Edward* wept,

To hear the piteous moan that *Rutland* made,

When black-fac'd *Clifford* shook his sword at him:

Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,

Told the sad story of my father's death;

And twenty times made pause, to sob, and weep,

That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,

Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time,

My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;

And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,

Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.

I never su'd to friend, nor enemy,

My tongue could never learn sweet soothing word;

But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,

My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

[*she looks scornfully at him.*]

Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made

For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,

[*kneels, and gives his sword.*]

Lo, here I lend thee this † sharp-pointed sword;  
 Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,  
 And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,  
 I lay it naked † to the deadly stroke,  
 And humbly beg the death upon my knee.  
 Nay, do not pause; for I did kill king *Henry*; —

*[she offers at his Breast.]*

But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.  
 Nay, now dispatch; 'twas I, that stab'd young *Edward*; —

*[offers at it again.]*

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.  
*[throws away the Sword.]*

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

*ANN.* Arise, dissembler; though I wish thy death,  
 I will not be thy executioner.

*RIC.* Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

*ANN.* I have already.

*RIC.* 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 accessary.

*ANN.* I would, I knew thy heart.

*RIC.* 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

*ANN.* I fear me, both are false.

*RIC.* Then never man was true.

*ANN.* Well, well, put up your sword.

*RIC.* Say then, my peace is made.

*ANN.* That shall you know hereafter.

*RIC.* But shall I live in hope?

*ANN.* All men, I hope, live so.

*RIC.* Vouchsafe to wear this † ring.

*ANN.* To take is not to give.

*RIC.* Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,  
[*putting it on.*

Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;  
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.  
And if thy poor devoted servant may  
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,  
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

*ANN.* What is it?

*RIC.* That it may please you leave these sad designs  
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,  
And presently repair to *Crosby*-place:  
Where — after I have solemnly interr'd  
At *Chertsey* monast'ry 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.

*ANN.* With all my heart; and much it joys me too,  
To see you are become so penitent. —  
*Tressel*, and *Berkley*, go along with me.

*RIC.* Bid me farewell.

*ANN.* 'Tis more than you deserve:  
But, since you teach me how to flatter you,  
Imagine I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt Lady ANNE, and two Gen.*

*RIC.* Take up the corse, sirs.

2. G. Towards *Chertsey*, noble lord?

*RIC.* No, to *White-friars*; there attend my coming.  
[*Exeunt the rest, with the Corpse.*

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?  
Was ever woman in this humour won?



I'll have her, but I will not keep her long.  
 What! I, that kill'd her husband, and his father,  
 To take her in her heart's extreamest 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 I no friends to back my suit withal,  
 But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,  
 And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing!  
 Ha!

Hath she forgot already that brave prince,  
*Edward*, her lord, whom I, some three months since,  
 Stab'd in my angry mood at *Tewksbury*?  
 A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,—  
 Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,  
 Young, valiant, wise, and (no doubt) right royal,—  
 The spacious world cannot again afford :  
 And will she yet abase her eyes on me,  
 That crop'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,  
 And made her widow to a woful bed?  
 On me, whose all not equals *Edward's* moiety?  
 On me, that halt, and am unshapen thus?  
 My dukedom to a beggarly denier,  
 I do mistake my person all this while :  
 Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,  
 Myself to be a marvelous proper man.  
 I'll be at charges for a looking-glass ;  
 And entertain a score or two of taylors,  
 To study fashions to adorn my body :  
 Since I am crept in favour with myself,  
 I will maintain it with some little cost.  
 But, first, I'll turn yon' fellow in his grave ;

And then re-turn lamenting to my love. —  
 Shine out, fair sun, 'till I have bought a glaſs,  
 That I may ſee my ſhadow as I paſs. [Exit.

SCENE III. *The ſame. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter the Queen, Lord GREY her Son, and Lord RIVERS her Brother.*

RIV. Have patience, madam; there's no doubt, his  
 majesty

Will ſoon recover his accuſtom'd health.

GRE. 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.

QUE. If he were dead, what would betide of me ?

GRE. No other harm, but loſs of ſuch a lord.

QUE. The loſs of ſuch a lord includes all harms.

GRE. The heavens have bleſſ'd you with a goodly ſon,  
 To be your comforter, when he is gone.

QUE. Ah, he is young; and his minority  
 Is put unto the truſt of *Richard Gloſter*,  
 A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

RIV. Is it concluded, he ſhall be protector ?

QUE. It is determin'd, not concluded yet :  
 But ſo it muſt be, if the king miſcarry.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM, and STANLEY.*

GRE. Here come the lords of *Buckingham* and *Stanley*.

BUC. Good time of day unto your royal grace !

STA. God make your majesty joyful as you have been !

QUE. The counteſs *Richmond*, good my lord of *Stanley*,  
 To your good prayer will ſcarcely ſay — amen.  
 Yet, *Stanley*, notwithstanding ſhe's your wife,  
 And loves not me, be you, good lord, aſſur'd,

I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

*STA.* I do beseech you, either not believe  
The envious slanders of her false accusers;  
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,  
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds  
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

*RIV.* Saw you the king to-day, my lord of *Stanley*?

*STA.* But now the duke of *Buckingham*, and I,  
Are come from visiting his majesty.

*Que.* What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

*BUC.* Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.

*Que.* God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

*BUC.* Ay, madam: he desires to make atonement  
Between the duke of *Gloster* and your brothers,  
And between them and my lord chamberlain;  
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

*Que.* 'Would, all were well! But that will never be;  
I fear, our happiness is at the height.

*Enter RICHARD; HASTINGS, and  
DORSET, with him.*

*RIC.* They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:—  
Who are they, that complain unto the king,  
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?  
By holy *Paul*, they love his grace but lightly,  
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.  
Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,  
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,  
Duck with *French* nods and apish courtesy,  
I must be held a ranc'rous enemy.  
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,  
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd  
By filken, sly, insinuating *Jacks*?

*GRE.* To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

*RIC.* To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor grace.  
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong? —  
Or thee? — or thee? — or any of your faction?  
A plague upon you all! His royal grace, —  
Whom God preserve better than you would wish! —  
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,  
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

*Que.* Brother of *Gloster*, you mistake the matter:  
The king — of his own royal disposition,  
And not provok'd by any suitor else;  
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,  
That in your outward action shews itself,  
Against my children, brothers, and myself, —  
Hath sent for you; that thereby he may gather  
The ground of your ill will, and so remove it.

*RIC.* I cannot tell; — The world is grown so bad,  
That wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch:  
Since every *Jack* became a gentleman,  
There's many a gentle person made a *Jack*. [*Gloster*;

*Que.* Come, come, we know your meaning, brother  
You envy my advancement, and my friends:  
God grant, we never may have need of you!

*RIC.* Meantime, God grants that we have need of you:  
Our brother is imprison'd by your means,  
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility  
Held in contempt; while great promotions  
Are daily given, to enoble those  
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

*Que.* By Him that rais'd me to this careful height  
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,  
I never did incense his majesty

Against the duke of *Clarence*, but have been  
An earnest advocate to plead for him.

My lord, you do me shameful injury,  
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

*Ric.* You may deny too, that you were the cause  
Of my lord *Hastings'* late imprisonment.

*Riv.* She may, my lord; for—

*Ric.* She may, lord *Rivers*? why, who knows not so?  
She may do more, sir, than denying that:

She may help you to many fair preferments;

And then deny her aiding hand therein,

And lay those honours on your high desert.

What may she not? She may,—ay, marry, may she,

*Riv.* What, marry, may she?

*Ric.* What, marry, may she? marry with a king,  
A batchelor, a handsome stripling too:

I wis, your grandam had a worser match.

*Que.* My lord of *Gloster*, I have too long born

Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs:

By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty,

With those gross taunts I often have endur'd.

I had rather be a country servant-maid,

Than 'a great queen, with this condition—

To be so baited, scorn'd, and storm'd at:

*Enter Queen MARGARET, at a Distance.*

Small joy have I in being *England's* queen.

*Q. M.* And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech thee!

Thy honour, state, and feat, is due to me.

*Ric.* What threat you me with telling of the king?

Tell him, and spare not; look, what I have said

I will avouch in presence of the king:

I dare adventure to be sent to the tower.

'Tis time to speak, my pains are quite forgot.

*Q. M.* Out, devil! I remember them too well:  
Thou kill'dst my husband *Henry* in the tower,  
And *Edward*, my poor son, at *Tewksbury*.

*Ric.* Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,  
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;  
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,  
A liberal rewarder of his friends;  
To royalize his blood, I spilt mine own.

*Q. M.* Ay, and much better blood than his, or thine.

*Ric.* In all which time, you, and your husband *Grey*,  
Were factious for the house of *Lancaster*; —  
And, *Rivers*, so were you: — Was not your husband  
In *Margaret's* battle at Saint *Alban's* slain?  
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,  
What you have been ere this, and what you are;  
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

*Q. M.* A murd'rous villain, and so still thou art.

*Ric.* Poor *Clarence* did forsake his father *Warwick*,  
Ay, and forswore himself, — Which *Jesu* pardon! —

*Q. M.* Which God revenge!

*Ric.* To fight on *Edward's* party, for the crown;  
And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up:  
I would to God, my heart were flint, like *Edward's*,  
Or *Edward's* soft and pitiful, like mine;  
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

*Q. M.* Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,  
Thou cacadæmon; there thy kingdom is.

*Riv.* My lord of *Gloster*, in those busy days,  
Which here you urge, to prove us enemies,  
We follow'd then our lord, our sovereign king;  
So should we you, if you should be our king.

*Ric.* If I should be? — I had rather be a pedlar:  
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!

*Que.* As little joy, my lord, as you suppose  
You should enjoy, were you this country's king;  
As little joy may you suppose in me,  
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

*Q. M.* A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;  
For I am she, and altogether joyless.  
I can no longer hold me patient. — [*advancing.*  
Hear me, you wrangling pyrates, that fall out  
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me:  
Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?  
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects;  
Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels? —  
Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away. [*fight?*

*Ric.* Foul wrinkl'd witch, what mak'st thou in my

*Q. M.* But repetition of what thou hast mar'd;  
That will I make, before I let thee go.

*Ric.* Wert thou not banished, on pain of death;

*Q. M.* I was; but I do find more pain in banishment,  
Than death can yield me here by my abode.

A husband, and a son, thou ow'st to me, —  
And thou, a kingdom; — all of you, allegiance;  
This sorrow that I have, by right is yours;  
And all the pleasures you usurp, are mine.

*Ric.* The curse my noble father lay'd on thee, —  
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,  
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes;  
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout,  
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty *Rutland*; —  
His curses, then from bitterness of soul  
Denounc'd against thee, are all fall'n upon thee;

And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

*Que.* So just is God, to right the innocent.

*Has.* O, 'twas the foulest deed, to slay that babe,  
And the most merciless, that ere was heard of.

*Riv.* Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

*Dor.* No man but prophesy'd revenge for it.

*Buc.* *Northumberland*, then present, wept to see it.

*Q. M.* 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* dread curse prevail so much with heaven,  
That *Henry's* death, my lovely *Edward's* death,  
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,  
Could all but answer for that peevish brat?  
Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven? —  
Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses. —  
Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,  
As ours by murder, to make him a king!  
*Edward* thy son, that now is prince of *Wales*,  
For *Edward* my son, that was prince of *Wales*,  
Die in his youth, by like untimely violence!  
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,  
Out-live thy glory, like my wretched self!  
Long may'st thou live, to wail thy children's loss;  
And see another, as I see thee now,  
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!  
Long die thy happy days before thy death;  
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,  
Die neither mother, wife, nor *England's* queen! —  
*Rivers*, — and *Dorset* — you were standers-by, —  
And so wast thou, lord *Hastings*, — when my son  
Was stab'd with bloody daggers; God I pray him,



That none of you may live your natural age,  
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

*Ric.* Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.

*Q. M.* And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt  
hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store,  
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,  
O, let them keep it 'till thy sins be ripe,  
And then hurl down their indignation  
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!  
The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!  
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,  
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!  
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,  
Unless it be while some tormenting dream  
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!  
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!  
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity  
The slave of nature, and the son of hell!  
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!  
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!  
Thou rag of honour! thou detested —

*Ric.* *Margaret.*

*Q. M.* *Richard!*

*Ric.* Ha?

*Q. M.* I call thee not.

*Ric.* I cry thee mercy then; for I did think,  
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

*Q. M.* Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.  
O, let me make the period to my curse.

*Ric.* 'Tis done by me; and ends in — *Margaret.* [*self.*

*Que.* Thus have you breath'd your curse against your-

*Q. M.* Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune,  
 Why firew'ft thou fugar on that bottl'd spider,  
 Whose deadly web enfnareth thee about?  
 Fool, fool! thou whet'ft a knife to kill thyfelf.  
 The day will come, that thou fhalt wifh for me  
 'To help thee curfe this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.

*HAS.* False-boding woman, end thy frantick curfe;  
 Left, to thy harm, thou move our patience.

*Q. M.* Foul fhame upon you! you have all mov'd mine.

*RIV.* Were you well ferv'd, you would be taught  
 your duty.

*Q. M.* To ferve me well, you all fhould do me duty,  
 Teach me to be your queen, and you my fubjects:  
 O, ferve me well, and teach yourfelves that duty.

*DOR.* Difpute not with her, ſhe is lunatick.

*Q. M.* Peace, mafter marquels, you are malapert;  
 Your fire-new ftamp of honour is ſcarce current:  
 O, that your young nobility could judge,  
 What 'twere to loſe it, and be miserable!  
 They that ſtand high, have many blaſts to ſhake them;  
 And, if they fall, they daſh themſelves to pieces. [*queſts.*

*RIC.* Good counfel, marry; — learn it, learn it, mar-

*DOR.* It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

*RIC.* Ay, and much more: But I was born ſo high,  
 Our aiery buildeth in the cedar's top,  
 And dallies with the wind, and ſcorns the fun.

*Q. M.* And turns the fun to ſhade; — alas, alas! —  
 Witnefs my ſon, now in the ſhade of death;  
 Whose bright out-ſhining beams thy cloudy wrath  
 Hath in eternal darknefs folded up.  
 Your aiery buildeth in our aiery's neſt: —  
 O God, that ſee'ſt it, do not ſuffer it;

As it was won with blood, lost be it so!

*Buc.* Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.

*Q. M.* Urge neither charity nor shame to me;  
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,  
And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd:  
My charity is outrage, life my shame,—  
And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage!

*Buc.* Have done, have done.

*Q. M.* O princely *Buckingham*, I kiss thy hand,  
In sign of league and amity with thee:  
Now fair befall thee, and thy noble house!  
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,  
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

*Buc.* Nor no one here; for curses never pass  
The lips of those that breath them in the air.

*Q. M.* I will not think but they ascend the sky,  
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.  
O *Buckingham*, take heed of yonder dog;  
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and, when he bites,  
His venom tooth will rankle to the death:  
Have not to do with him, beware of him;  
Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks upon him,  
And all their ministers attend on him.

*Ric.* What doth she say, my lord of *Buckingham*?

*Buc.* Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

*Q. M.* What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?  
And sooth the devil that I warn thee from?  
O, but remember this another day,  
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow;  
And say, poor *Margaret* was a prophetess.—  
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,  
And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [Exit.

*HAS.* My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

*RIV.* And so doth mine; I muse, why she's at liberty.

*RIC.* I cannot blame her, by God's holy mother;  
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent  
My part thereof, that I have done to her.

*QUE.* I never did her any, to my knowledge.

*RIC.* Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.  
I was too hot to do some body good,  
That is too cold in thinking of it now:  
Marry, as for *Clarence*, he is well repay'd;  
He is frank'd up to fating for his pains;—  
God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

*RIV.* A virtuous and a christian-like conclusion,  
'To pray for them that have done scathe to us.

*RIC.* So do I ever, being well advis'd;—  
“For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself.”

*Enter CATESBY.*

*CAT.* Madam, his majesty doth call for you,—  
And for your grace,—and you, my noble lords.

*QUE.* *Catesby*, I come:—Lords, will you go with me?

*RIV.* We wait upon your grace.

[*Exeunt All but Richard.*]

*RIC.* I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.  
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad,  
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.

*Clarence*,—whom I, indeed, have cast in darkness,—  
I do bewep to many simple gulls;  
Namely, to *Hastings*, *Stanley*, *Buckingham*;  
And tell them—'tis the queen, and her allies,  
That stir the king against the duke my brother.  
Now they believe it; and, withal, whet me  
To be reveng'd on *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Grey*:

But then I figh, and, with a piece of scripture,  
 Tell them — that God bids us do good for evil :  
 And thus I cloath my naked villany  
 With odd old ends, stoln forth of holy writ ;  
 And seem a faint, when most I play the devil.

*Enter two Murderers.*

But soft, here come my executioners. —  
 How now, my hardy, stout, resolved mates ?  
 Are you now going to dispatch this thing ?

1. *M.* We are, my lord ; and come to have the warrant,  
 That we may be admitted where he is.

*Ric.* Well thought upon, I have it here about me :  
[ *gives the Warrant.* ]

When you have done, repair to *Crosby*-place.  
 But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,  
 Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead ;  
 For *Clarence* is well-spoken, and, perhaps,  
 May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

1. *M.* Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate,  
 Talkers are no good doers ; be assur'd,  
 We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

*Ric.* Your eyes drop mil-stones, when fools' eyes  
 drop tears :

I like you, lads ; about your business straight ;  
 Go, go, dispatch.

1. *M.* We will, my noble lord. [ *Exeunt.* ]

SCENE IV. *The same. A Room in the Tower.*

*Enter CLARENCE, and BRAKENBURY.*

*BRA.* Why looks your grace so heavily to-day ?

*CLA.* O, I have pass'd a miserable night,  
 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 'twere to buy a world of happy days ;  
 So full of dismal terror was the time. [me.

*BRA.* What was your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell

*CLA.* Methoughts, that I had broken from the tower,  
 And was embark'd to cross to *Burgundy* ;  
 And, in my company, my brother *Gloster* :  
 Who from my cabin tempted me to walk  
 Upon the hatches ; thence we look'd toward *England*,  
 And cited up a thousand heavy times,  
 During the wars of *York* and *Lancaster*  
 That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along  
 Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,  
 Methought, that *Gloster* stumbl'd ; and, in falling,  
 Strook me (that thought to stay him) over-board,  
 Into the tumbling billows of the main.  
 O Lord ! methought, what pain it was to drown !  
 What dreadful noise of water in mine ears !  
 What sights of ugly death within mine eyes !  
 Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;  
 A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon ;  
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,  
 Inestimable stones, unvalu'd jewels,  
 All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea :  
 Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and, in those holes  
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept  
 (As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,  
 That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,  
 And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

*BRA.* Had you such leisure in the time of death,  
 To gaze upon these secrets of the deep ?

CLA. Methought, I had; and often did I strive  
 To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood  
 Stop'd in my soul, and would not let it forth  
 To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;  
 But smother'd it within my panting bulk,  
 Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

BRA. Awak'd you not with this fore agony?

CLA. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;  
 O, then began the tempest to my soul.

I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,  
 With that four ferry-man which poets write of,  
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night:  
 The first that there did greet my stranger soul,  
 Was my great father-in-law, renowned *Warwick*;  
 Who cry'd aloud, *What scourge for perjury*  
*Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?*  
 And so he vanish'd: Then came wand'ring by  
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair  
 Dabbl'd in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,  
*Clarence is come, — false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence, —*  
*That stab'd me in the field by Tewksbury; —*  
*Seize on him, furies, take him unto torment.*

With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends  
 Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears  
 Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,  
 I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,  
 Could not believe but that I was in hell;  
 Such terrible impression made my dream.

BRA. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;  
 I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

CLA. O, *Brakenbury*, I have done these things, —  
 That now give evidence against my soul, —

For *Edward's* sake ; and, see, how he requites me !  
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me ;

[retiring to a Chair.

My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

*BRA.* I will, my lord ; God give your grace good rest ! —

Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours,  
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,

An outward honour for an inward toil ;

And, for unfelt imaginations,

They often feel a world of restless cares :

So that, between their titles, and low name,

There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

*Enter the two Murderers.*

1. *M.* Ho ! who's here ? [thou hither ?

*BRA.* What would'st thou, fellow ? and how cam'st

1. *M.* I would speak with *Clarence*, and I came hither on my legs.

*BRA.* What, so brief ?

2. *M.* O, fir, it is better be brief than tedious : —  
Shew him our commission, talk no more.

[*Brakenbury receives a Paper, and reads it.*

*BRA.* I am, in this, commanded to deliver  
The noble duke of *Clarence* to your hands : —

I will not reason what is meant hereby,

Because I will be guiltiefs of the meaning.

Here are † the keys ; there † fits the duke asleep :

I'll to the king ; and signify to him,

That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

1. *M.* You may, fir ; 'tis a point of wisdom : Fare you well.

[*Exit BRAKENBURY.*



2. *M.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps? [wakes.]

1. *M.* No; he'll say, 'twas done cowardly, when he

2. *M.* When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake 'till the judgment day.

1. *M.* Why, then he'll say, we stab'd him sleeping.

2. *M.* The urging of that word, judgment, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1. *M.* What, art afraid?

2. *M.* Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1. *M.* I thought, thou hadst been resolute.

2. *M.* So I am, to let him live.

1. *M.* I'll back to the duke of *Gloster*, and tell him so.

2. *M.* Nay, I pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope, this compassionate humour of mine will change; 'twas wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

1. *M.* How dost thou feel thyself now? [me.]

2. *M.* Some certain dregs of conscience are yet within

1. *M.* Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

2. *M.* Come, he dies; I had forgot the reward.

1. *M.* Where's thy conscience now?

2. *M.* In the duke of *Gloster's* purse,

1. *M.* So, when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2. *M.* 'Tis no matter; let it go; there's few, or none, will entertain it.

1. *M.* What, if it come to thee again?

2. *M.* I'll not meddle with it, it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lye with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 'Tis a

blushing shame-fac'd spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills a man full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turn'd out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man, that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

1. *M.* 'Zouns, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

2. *M.* Shake the devil out of thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee, but to make thee sigh.

1. *M.* I am strong-fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2. *M.* Spoke like a tall fellow, that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1. *M.* Take him over the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-but in the next room.

2. *M.* O excellent device! and make a sop of him.

1. *M.* Soft, he wakes. [Cla. *sirs.*

2. *M.* Strike.

1. *M.* No, we'll reason with him.

*CLA.* Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

1. *M.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

*CLA.* In God's name, what art thou?

1. *M.* A man, as you are.

*CLA.* But not, as I am, royal.

1. *M.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

*CLA.* Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1. *M.* My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

*CLA.* How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak! Your eyes do menace me: Why look you pale?

Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

2. *M.* To, to, to, —

*CLA.* To murder me?

1. 2. Ay, ay.

*CLA.* You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,  
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.

Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1. *M.* Offended us you have not, but the king.

*CLA.* I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2. *M.* Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die,

*CLA.* Are you drawn forth among a world of men,  
To slay the innocent? What is my offence?

Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?

What lawful quest have given their verdict up

Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd

The bitter sentence of poor *Clarence*' death?

Before I be convict by course of law,

To threaten me with death, is most unlawful.

I charge you, as you hope for any goodness,

That you depart, and lay no hands on me;

The deed you undertake is damnable.

1. *M.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2. *M.* And he, that hath commanded, is our king.

*CLA.* Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings  
Hath in the table of his law commanded,

That thou shalt do no murder; Wilt thou then

Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?

Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,

To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2. *M.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,  
For false forswearing, and for murder too;

Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight

In quarrel of the house of *Lancaster*.

1. *M.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,  
Didst break that vow; and, with thy treacherous blade,  
Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son:

2. *M.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

1. *M.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,  
When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

*CLA.* Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?  
For *Edward*, for my brother, for his sake:  
He sends you not to murder me for this;  
For in that sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be avenged for the deed,  
O, know you yet, he doth it publickly;  
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;  
He needs no indirect nor lawless course,  
To cut off those that have offended him.

1. *M.* Who made thee then a bloody minister,  
When gallant-springing brave *Plantagenet*,  
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

*CLA.* My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1. *M.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,  
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

*CLA.* If you do love my brother, hate not me;  
I am his brother, and I love him well.  
If you are hir'd 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 tidings of my death.

2. *M.* You are deceiv'd, your brother *Gloster* hates you.

*CLA.* O, no; he loves me, and he holds me dear:  
Go you to him from me.

1. *M.* Ay, so we will.

*CLA.* Tell him, when that our princely father *York*  
 Bleff'd his three fons with his victorious arm,  
 And charg'd us from his foul to love each other,  
 He little thought of this divided friendship :  
 Bid *Gloster* think on this, and he will weep.

1. *M.* Ay, mil-stones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

*CLA.* O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

1. *M.* Right, as snow in harvest. Come, you deceive  
 'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here. [yourself;

*CLA.* It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,  
 And hug'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,  
 That he would labour my delivery.

1. *M.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you  
 From this earth's thraldom to the joys of heaven.

2. *M.* Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

*CLA.* Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,  
 To counsel me to make my peace with God,  
 And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,  
 That thou wilt war with God by murd'ring me? —

Ah, sirs, consider, he, that set you on  
 To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2. *M.* What shall we do?

*CLA.* Relent, and save your souls.

1. *M.* Relent! 'tis cowardly, and womanish.

*CLA.* Not to relent, is beastly, savage, dev'lish. —  
 My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;

O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,

Come thou on my side, and entreat for me :

A begging prince what beggar pities not?

1. *M.* Ay, thus, and thus; [stabbing him.] and, if  
 this will not serve,

I'll drown you in the malmsey-but within.

2. *M.* A bloody deed, and desp'rately dispatch'd!  
How fain, like *Pilate*, would I wash my hands  
Of this most grievous murther? [me not?

1. *M.* How now? what mean'st thou, that thou help'st  
By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have been.

2. *M.* I would he knew, that I had fav'd his brother!  
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;  
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [Exit.

1. *M.* So do not I; go, coward as thou art. —  
Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,  
'Till that the duke give order for his burial:  
And when I have my meed, I will away;  
For this will out, and then I must not stay.

[Exit, with the Body.

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King Edward, (led in, sick) and his Queen;  
RIVERS, DORSET, BUCKINGHAM, HASTINGS,  
Grey, and Others.

*K. E.* 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 at peace my soul shall part to heaven,  
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.  
*Rivers*, and *Hastings*, take each other's hand;  
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

*Riv.* By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate;  
And with my hand † I seal my true heart's love.

*HAS.* So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

*K. E.* Take heed, you dally not before your king;  
Lest he, that is the supream King of kings,  
Confound your hidden falshood, and award  
Either of you to be the other's end.

*HAS.* So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

*RIV.* And I, as I love *Hastings* with my heart!

*K. E.* Madam, yourself are not exempt in this, —  
Nor your son *Dorset*, — *Buckingham*, nor you; —  
You have been factious one against the other.  
Wife, love lord *Hastings*, let him kiss your hand;  
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

*Que.* There, † *Hastings*; I will never more remember  
Our former hatred, So thrive I, and mine! [quifs.

*K. E.* *Dorset*, embrace him; — *Hastings*, love lord mar-

*DOR.* This enterchange of love, I here protest,  
Upon my part, shall be inviolable.

*HAS.* And so swear I. [they embrace.

*K. E.* Now, princely *Buckingham*, seal thou this league  
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,  
And make me happy in your unity.

*Buc.* Whenever *Buckingham* doth turn his hate  
Upon your grace, [to the *Que.*] but with all duteous love  
Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me  
With hate in those where I expect most love!  
When I have most need to employ a friend,  
And most assured that he is a friend,  
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile  
Be he unto me! this do I beg of heaven,  
When I am cold in love, to you, or yours.

[embracing *Rivers*, &c.

*K. E.* A pleasing cordial, princely *Buckingham*,

Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.  
 There wanteth now our brother *Gloster* here,  
 To make the blessed period of this peace.

*Buc.* And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

*Enter* RICHARD.

*Ric.* Good morrow to my sovereign king, and queen;  
 And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

*K. E.* Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day: —  
*Gloster*, we have done deeds of charity;  
 Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,  
 Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

*Ric.* A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege. —  
 Among this princely heap, if any here,  
 By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,  
 Hold me a foe; if I unwittingly  
 Have ought committed that is hardly born,  
 By any in this presence, I desire  
 To reconcile me to his friendly peace:  
 'Tis death to me, to be at enmity;  
 I hate it, and desire all good men's love. —  
 First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,  
 Which I will purchase with my duteous 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, earls, lords, gentlemen, indeed of all:  
 I do not know that *Englishman* alive,  
 With whom my soul is any jot at odds,  
 More than the infant that is born to-night;  
 I thank my God for my humility.

*Que.* 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 *Clarence* to your grace.

*Ric.* Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,  
To be so flouted in this royal presence?  
Who knows not, that the gentle duke is dead?

[*they all start.*]

You do him injury, to scorn his corse.

*K. E.* Who knows not, he is dead! who knows, he is?

*Que.* All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

*Buc.* Look I so pale, lord *Dorset*, as the rest?

*Dor.* Ay, my good lord; and no man in the presence,  
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

*K. E.* Is *Clarence* dead? the order was revers'd.

*Ric.* But he, poor man, by your first order dy'd,  
And that a winged *Mercury* did bear;  
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,  
That came too lag to see him buried: —  
God grant, that some, less noble, and less loyal,  
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,  
Deserve not worse than wretched *Clarence* did,  
And yet go current from suspicion!

*Enter STANLEY, hastily.*

*STA.* A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!

*K. E.* I pr'ythee, peace; my soul is full of sorrow.

*STA.* I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.

*K. E.* Then say at once, what is it thou request'st.

*STA.* The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;  
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,  
Lately attendant on the duke of *Norfolk*.

*K. E.* Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,  
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?

My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,  
 And yet his punishment was bitter death.  
 Who su'd to me for him? who, in my wrath,  
 Kneel'd at my feet, and bid me be advis'd?  
 Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?  
 Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake  
 The mighty *Warwick*, and did fight for me?  
 Who told me, in the field at *Tewksbury*,  
 When *Oxford* had me down, he rescu'd me,  
 And said, *Dear brother, live, and be a king?*  
 Who told me, when we both lay in the field,  
 Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me  
 Even in his garments; and did give himself,  
 All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?  
 All this from my remembrance brutish wrath  
 Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you  
 Had so much grace to put it in my mind.  
 But, when your carters, or your waiting vassals,  
 Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd  
 The precious image of our dear redeemer,  
 You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;  
 And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:  
 But for my brother not a man would speak, —  
 Nor I (ungracious) speak unto myself  
 For him, poor soul. — The proudest of you all  
 Have been beholden to him in his life;  
 Yet none of you would once beg for his life: —  
 O God! I fear, thy justice will take hold  
 On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this. —  
 Come, [*to* *Hast.*] help me to my closet. — O poor *Clarence!*  
 [*Exeunt* King, Queen, *HAS. RIV. DOR. and Grey.*  
*RIC.* This is the fruit of rashness! — Mark'd you not,

How that the guilty kindred of the queen  
 Look'd pale, when they did hear of *Clarence*' death?  
 O! they did urge it still unto the king:  
 God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go,  
 To comfort *Edward* with our company?

*Buc.* We wait upon your grace. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The same.*

*Enter the Dutchess of York; and a Son, and Daughter,  
 of Clarence, her Grand-children.*

*Son.* Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

*Dut.* No, boy.

*Dau.* Why do you weep so oft? and beat your breast?  
 And cry, O *Clarence*, my unhappy son!

*Son.* Why do you look on us, and shake your head,  
 And call us — orphans, wretches, cast-aways,  
 If that our noble father be alive?

*Dut.* My pretty cousins, you mistake me both;  
 I do lament the sickness of the king,  
 As loth to lose him, not your father's death;  
 It were lost sorrow, to wail one that's lost.

*Son.* Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead:  
 The king my uncle is to blame for this:  
 God will revenge it; whom I will importune  
 With earnest prayers, all to that effect.

*Dau.* And so will I. [well:

*Dut.* Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you  
 Incapable and shallow innocents,  
 You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.

*Son.* Grandam, we can: for my good uncle *Gloster*  
 Told me, the king, provok'd to't by the queen,  
 Devis'd impeachments to imprison him:

And when my uncle told me so, he wept,  
 And pity'd me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek ;  
 Bad me rely on him, as on my father,  
 And he would love me dearly as his child.

*Dut.* Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,  
 And with a virtuous vizard hide deep vice ?  
 He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,  
 Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

*Son.* Think you, my uncle did dissemble, grandam ?

*Dut.* Ay, boy.

*Son.* I cannot think it. Hark ! what noise is this ?

*Enter the Queen, distractedly ; RIVERS,  
 and DORSET, after her.*

*Que.* Ah ! who shall hinder me to wail and weep ?  
 To chide my fortune, and torment myself ?  
 I'll join with black despair against my soul,  
 And to myself become an enemy.

*Dut.* What means this scene of rude impatience ?

*Que.* To make an act of tragic violence :

*Edward*, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead. —  
 Why grow the branches, when the root is gone ?  
 Why wither not the leaves, that want their sap ? —  
 If you will live, lament ; if die, be brief ;  
 That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's ;  
 Or, like obedient subjects, follow him  
 To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

*Dut.* Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow,  
 As I had title in thy noble husband !  
 I have bewept a worthy husband's death,  
 And liv'd by looking on his images :  
 But now, two mirrors of his princely semblance  
 Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death ;

And I for comfort have but one false glaſs,  
 That grieves me when I ſee my ſhame in him.  
 Thou art a widow ; yet thou art a mother,  
 And haſt the comfort of thy children left thee :  
 But death hath ſnatch'd my husband from mine arms,  
 And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,  
*Edward*, and *Clarence* ; O, what cauſe have I,  
 (Thine being but a moiety of my grief)  
 To overgo thy plaints, and drown thy cries ?

*Son.* Ah, aunt, you wept not for our father's death ;  
 How can we aid you with our kindred tears ?

*Dau.* Our fatherleſs diſtreſs was left unmoan'd,  
 Your widow dolour likewise be unwept.

*Que.* 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 govern'd by the wat'ry moon,  
 May bring forth plenteous tears to drown the world !  
 Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord *Edward* !

*Chi.* Ah, for our father, for our dear lord *Clarence* !

*Dut.* Alas, for both, both mine, *Edward* and *Clarence* !

*Que.* What ſtay had I, but *Edward* ? and he's gone.

*Chi.* What ſtay had we, but *Clarence* ? and he's gone.

*Dut.* What ſtays had I, but they ? and they are gone.

*Que.* Was never widow, had ſo dear a loſs.

*Chi.* Were never orphans, had ſo dear a loſs.

*Dut.* Was never mother, had ſo dear a loſs.

Alas, I am the mother of theſe griefs ;  
 Their woes are parcel'd, mine is general.  
 She for an *Edward* weeps, and ſo do I ;  
 I for a *Clarence* weep, ſo doth not ſhe :  
 Theſe babes for *Clarence* weep, and ſo do I ;

I for an *Edward* weep, so do not they : —  
 Alas! you three, on me, threefold distress'd,  
 Pour all your tears; I am your sorrow's nurse,  
 And I will pamper it with lamentations.

*DOR.* Comfort, dear mother; God is much displeas'd,  
 That you take with unthankfulness his doing:  
 In common worldly things, 'tis call'd — ungrateful,  
 With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,  
 Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;  
 Much more, to be thus opposite with heaven,  
 For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

*RIV.* Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,  
 Of the young prince your son: send straight for him,  
 Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives:  
 Drown desperate sorrow in dead *Edward's* grave,  
 And plant your joys in living *Edward's* throne.

*Enter* RICHARD, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM,  
 STANLEY, and divers Others.

*RIC.* Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause  
 To wail the dimming of our shining star;  
 But none can cure their harms by wailing them. —  
 Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,  
 I did not see you; Humbly on my knee  
 I crave your blessing.

*Dut.* God blefs thee; and put meekness in thy breast,  
 Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

*RIC.* “Amen; and make me die a good old man!”  
 “That is the but-end of a mother's blessing;”  
 “I marvel, that her grace did leave it out.”

*Buc.* You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing peers,  
 That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,  
 Now cheer each other in each other's love:

Though we have spent our harvest of this king,  
 We are to reap the harvest of his son.  
 The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,  
 But lately splinted, knit, and join'd together,  
 Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept :  
 Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,  
 Forthwith from *Ludlow* the young prince be fetch'd  
 Hither to *London*, to be crown'd our king. [ham?

*RIV.* Why with some little train, my lord of *Bucking-*

*BUC.* Marry, my lord, left, by a multitude,

The new heal'd wound of malice should break out ;  
 Which would be so much the more dangerous,  
 By how much the estate is yet ungovern'd :  
 Where every horse bears his commanding rein,  
 And may direct his course as please himself,  
 As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,  
 In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

*RIC.* I hope, the king made peace with all of us ;  
 And the compact is firm, and true, in me.

*HAS.* And so in me ; and so, I think, in all :  
 Yet, since it is but green, it should be put  
 To no apparent likelihood of breach,  
 Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd :  
 Therefore I say, with noble *Buckingham*,  
 That it is meet but few should fetch the prince.

*STA.* And so say I.

*RIC.* Then be it so ; and go we to determine  
 Who they shall be that straight shall post to *Ludlow*.  
 Madam, — and you my mother, — will you go  
 To give your censures in this weighty business ?

*BUC.* “ My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,”  
 “ For God's sake, let not us two stay at home :”

13 is greene, and yet 20 v. *Note.* 25 meete so few

- “ For, by the way, I’ll fort occasion,”  
 “ As index to the story we late talk’d of,”  
 “ To part the queen’s proud kindred from the prince.”  
*Ric.* “ My other self, my counsel’s confistory,”  
 “ My oracle, my prophet!— my dear cousin,”  
 “ I, as a child, will go by thy direction.”  
 “ Towards *Ludlow* then, for we’ll not stay behind.”  
 [*Exeunt ; Ric. and Buc. last.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Street.*

*Enter two Citizens, meeting.*

1. *C.* Good morrow, neighbour: Whither away so fast?  
 2. *C.* I promise you, I hardly know myself:  
 Hear you the news abroad?  
 1. *C.* Yes, that the king is dead.  
 2. *C.* Ill news, by’r lady; seldom comes a better:  
 I fear, I fear, ’twill prove a giddy world.  
*Enter another Citizen.*  
 3. *C.* Neighbours, God speed!  
 1. *C.* Give you good morrow, fir. [*death?*]  
 3. *C.* Doth the news hold of good king *Edward*’s  
 2. *C.* Ay, fir, it is too true; God help, the while!  
 3. *C.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.  
 1. *C.* No, no; by God’s good grace, his son shall reign.  
 3. *C.* Woe to that land, that’s govern’d by a child!  
 2. *C.* In him there is a hope of government;  
 That, in his nonage, counsel under him,  
 And, in his full and ripen’d years, himself,  
 No doubt, shall then, and ’till then, govern well.  
 1. *C.* So stood the state, when *Henry* the sixth  
 Was crown’d in *Paris* but at nine months old. [*wot;*  
 3. *C.* Stood the state so? no, no, good friends, God



For then this land was famously enrich'd  
 With politick grave counfel; then the king  
 Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace. [ther,

1. C. Why, fo hath this, both by his father and mo-

3. C. Better it were, they all came by his father;  
 Or, by his father, there were none at all;

For emulation now, who fhall be neareft,  
 Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.

O, full of danger is the duke of *Glofter*;

And the queen's fons, and brothers, haught and proud:  
 And were they to be rul'd and not to rule,

This fickly land might folace as before.

1. C. Come, come, we fear the worft; all will be well.

3. C. When clouds are feen, wife men put on their  
 When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand; [cloaks;  
 When the fun fets, who doth not look for night?

Untimely ftorms make men expect a dearth:

All may be well; but, if God fort it fo,

'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2. C. Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:

You cannot reason almoft with a man,  
 That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3. C. Before the days of change, ftill is it fo:

By a divine inftinct, men's minds miftruff

Enfuing danger; as, by proof, we fee

The water swell before a boift'rous ftorm.

But leave it all to God. Whither away?

2. C. Marry, we were fent for to the juftices.

3. C. And fo was I; I'll bear you company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The fame. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter the Archbishop of York, the young Duke of York,*

*the Queen, and the Dutcheſs of York.*

*Arc.* Laſt night, I hear, they reſted at *Northampton* ;  
At *Stony-ſtratford* they do lye to-night :

To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

*Dut.* I long with all my heart to ſee the prince ;  
I hope, he is much grown ſince laſt I ſaw him.

*Que.* But I hear, no ; they ſay, my ſon of *York*  
Hath almoſt over-ta'en him in his growth.

*YOR.* Ay, mother, but I would not have it ſo.

*Dut.* Why, my young couſin ? it is good to grow.

*YOR.* Grandam, one night as we did fit at ſupper,  
My uncle *Rivers* talk'd how I did grow  
More than my brother ; *Ay*, quoth my uncle *Gloſter*,  
*Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace :*  
And ſince, methinks, I would not grow ſo faſt,  
Be cauſe ſweet flowers are ſlow, and weeds make haſte.

*Dut.* Good faith, good faith, the ſaying did not hold  
In him that did object the ſame to thee :

He was the wretched'ſt thing, when he was young,  
So long a growing, and ſo leiſurely,

'That, if his rule were true, he ſhould be gracious.

*Arc.* And ſo, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.

*Dut.* I hope, he is ; but yet let mothers doubt.

*YOR.* Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,  
I could have giv'n my uncle's grace a flout,  
To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.

*Dut.* How, my young *York* ? I pr'ythee, let me hear it.

*YOR.* Marry, they ſay, my uncle grew ſo faſt,  
That he could gnaw a cruſt at two hours old ;  
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.  
Grandam, this would have been a biting jeſt.

*Dut.* I pr'ythee, pretty *York*, who told thee this ?

YOR. Grandam, his nurse.

Dut. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.

YOR. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Que. A parlous boy:— Go to, you are too shrewd.

Arc. Good madam, be not angry with the child.]

Que. Pitchers have ears.

*Enter a Messenger.*

Arc. Here comes a messenger.—

What news?

Mef. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to unfold.

Que. How doth the prince?

Mef. Well, madam, and in health.

Dut. What is thy news?

Mef. Lord *Rivers*, and lord *Grey*,

Are sent to *Pomfret*, prisoners; and, with them,  
Sir *Thomas Vaughan*.

Dut. Who hath committed them?

Mef. The mighty dukes, *Gloster*, and *Buckingham*.

Arc. For what offence?

Mef. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd;

Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,  
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lord.

Que. Ay me, I see the ruin of my house!

The tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;  
Insulting tyranny begins to jut

Upon the innocent and awless throne:—

Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!

I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Dut. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days?

How many of you have mine eyes beheld?

My husband lost his life to get the crown;

And often up and down my sons were toss'd,

16 and with them, Sir *Thomas Vaughan*, Prisoners.

For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and loss :  
 And being feated, and domestick broils  
 Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,  
 Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,  
 Blood to blood, self against self;— O, preposterous  
 And frantick outrage, end thy damned spleen;  
 Or let me die, to look on death no more !

*Que.* Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuary.—  
 Madam, farewell.

*Dut.* Stay, I will go with you.

*Que.* You have no cause.

*Arc.* My gracious lady, go,  
 And thither bear your treasure and your goods.  
 For my part, I'll resign unto your grace  
 The seal I keep; And so betide to me,  
 As well I tender you, and all of yours!  
 Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [ *Exeunt.*

### ACT III.

*SCENE I. The same. A Street.*

*Flourish. Enter the young Prince, attended;*

RICHARD, CATESBY, BUCKINGHAM, Cardinal  
 Bouchier, and Others.

*Buc.* Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.

*Ric.* Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign:  
 The weary way hath made you melancholy.

*Pri.* No, uncle; but our crosses on the way  
 Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:  
 I want more uncles here to welcome me.

*Ric.* Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years  
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit :  
No more can you distinguish of a man,  
Than of his outward shew ; which, God he knows,  
Seldom, or never, jumpeth with the heart.  
Those uncles, which you want, were dangerous ;  
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,  
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts :  
God keep you from them, and from such false friends !

*Pri.* God keep me from false friends ! but they were  
none. [you.

*Ric.* My lord, the mayor of *London* comes to greet  
*Enter the Lord Mayor, and his Train.*

*May.* God blefs your grace with health and happy  
days !

*Pri.* I thank you, good my lord—and thank you all.—  
[*they kiss his Hand, and retire.*

I thought, my mother, and my brother *York*,  
Would long ere this have met us on the way :—  
Fie, what a slug is *Hastings* ! that he comes not  
To tell us, whether they will come, or no.

*Enter HASTINGS.* [lord.

*Buc.* And, in good time, here comes the sweating

*Pri.* Welcome, my lord : What, will our mother come ?

*Has.* On what occasion, God he knows, not I,  
The queen your mother, and your brother *York*,  
Have taken sanctuary : The tender prince  
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,  
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

*Buc.* Fie ! what an indirect and peevish course  
Is this of hers ?— Lord cardinal, will your grace  
Persuade the queen to send the duke of *York*

Unto his princely brother presently?  
 If she deny, — Lord *Hastings*, go with him,  
 And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

*Car.* My lord of *Buckingham*, if my weak oratory  
 Can from his mother win the duke of *York*,  
 Anon expect him here: But if she be obdurate  
 To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid  
 We should infringe the holy privilege  
 Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land  
 Would I be guilty of so great a sin.

*Buc.* You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,  
 Too ceremonious and traditional:  
 Weigh it but with the greenness of his age,  
 You break not sanctuary in seizing him.  
 The benefit thereof is always granted —  
 To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,  
 And those who have the wit to claim the place:  
 This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it;  
 Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:  
 Then, taking him from thence, that is not there,  
 You break no privilege nor charter there.  
 Oft have I heard of sanctuary men;  
 But sanctuary children, ne'er till now.

*Car.* My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once. —  
 Come on, lord *Hastings*, will you go with me?

*Has.* I go, my lord.

*Pri.* My lords, make all the speedy haste you may.  
 [Exit *Has.* and *Car.*]

Say, uncle *Gloster*, if our brother come,  
 Where shall we sojourn 'till our coronation?

*Ric.* Where it seems best unto your royal self.  
 If I may counsel you, some day, or two,

Your highness shall repose you at the tower :  
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit  
For your best health and recreation.

*Pri.* I do not like the tower, of any place : —  
Did *Julius Cæsar* build that place, my lord ?

*Buc.* He did, my gracious lord, begin that place ;  
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edify'd.

*Pri.* Is it upon record ? or else reported  
Successively from age to age, he built it ?

*Buc.* It is upon record, my gracious lord.

*Pri.* But say, my lord, it were not register'd ;  
Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,  
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,  
Even to the generall all-ending day.

*Ric.* So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long.

*Pri.* What say you, uncle ?

*Ric.* I say, without characters, fame lives long.  
“ Thus, like the formal vice, iniquity,”  
“ I moralize, — two meanings in one word.”

*Pri.* That *Julius Cæsar* was a famous man ;  
With what his valour did enrich his wit,  
His wit set down to make his valour live :  
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror ;  
For yet he lives in fame, though not in life. —  
I'll tell you what, my cousin *Buckingham*.

*Buc.* What, my good lord ?

*Pri.* An if I live until I be a man,  
I'll win our antient right in *France* again,  
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.

*Ric.* “ Short summers lightly have a forward spring.”

*Enter YORK, Hastings, and the Cardinal.*

*Buc.* Now, in good time, here comes the duke of *York*.

*Pri.* Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?

*YOR.* Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.

*Pri.* Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is yours:  
Too late he dy'd, that might have kept that title,  
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

*RIC.* How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?

*YOR.* I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,  
You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth:  
The prince my brother hath out-grown me far.

*RIC.* He hath, my lord.

*YOR.* And therefore is he idle?

*RIC.* O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

*YOR.* Then he is more beholding to you, than I.

*RIC.* He may command me, as my sovereign;  
But you have power in me, as in a kinsman.

*YOR.* I pray you, uncle, then, give me this dagger.

*RIC.* My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

*Pri.* A beggar, brother?

*YOR.* Of my kind uncle, that, I know, will give;  
And, being a toy, it is no grief to give.

*RIC.* A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

*YOR.* A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it?

*RIC.* Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

*YOR.* O then, I see, you'll part but with light gifts;  
In weightier things you'll say a beggar, nay.

*RIC.* It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

*YOR.* I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

*RIC.* What, would you have my weapon, little lord?

*YOR.* I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

*RIC.* How?

*YOR.* Little.

*Pri.* My lord of York will still be cross in talk;—



Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

*YOR.* You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:—

Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;

Because that I am little like an ape,

He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

*BUC.* “With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!”

[to Hastings.

“To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,”

“He prettily and aptly taunts himself:”

“So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.”

*RIC.* My lord, will't please your highness pass along?

Myself, and my good cousin *Buckingham*,

Will to your mother; to entreat of her,

To meet you at the tower, and welcome you.

*YOR.* What, will you go unto the tower, my lord?

*PRI.* My lord protector here will have it so.

*YOR.* I shall not sleep in quiet at the tower.

*RIC.* Why, sir, what should you fear?

*YOR.* Marry, my uncle *Clarence*' angry ghost;

My grandam told me, he was murther'd there.

*PRI.* I fear no uncles dead.

*RIC.* Nor none that live, I hope.

*PRI.* An 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.

[*Exeunt Pri. YOR. Haf. Car. and Attendants.*

*BUC.* Think you, my lord, this little prating *York*

Was not incensed by his subtle mother,

To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

*RIC.* No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous boy;

Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;

He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

*Buc.* 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 urg'd upon the way; —  
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter,  
To make *William* lord *Hastings* of our mind,  
For the instalment of this noble duke  
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

*CAT.* He for his father's sake so loves the prince,  
That he will not be won to ought against him.

*Buc.* What think'st thou then of *Stanley*? will not he?

*CAT.* He will do all in all as *Hastings* doth.

*Buc.* Well then, no more but this: Go, gentle *Catesby*,  
And, as it were far off, sound thou lord *Hastings*,  
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;  
And summon him to-morrow to the tower,  
To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,  
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:  
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,  
Be thou so too; and so break off the talk,  
And give us notice of his inclination:  
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,  
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

*Ric.* Commend me to lord *William*: tell him, *Catesby*,  
His antient knot of dang'rous adversaries  
To-morrow are let blood at *Pomfret* castle;  
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,  
Give mistress *Shore* one gentle kiss the more.

*Buc.* Good *Catesby*, go, effect this business foundly.

*CAT.* My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

*Ric.* Shall we hear from you, *Catesby*, ere we sleep?

*CAT.* You shall, my lord.

*Ric.* At *Crosby*-place, there shall you find us both.

[*Exit CATESBY.*]

*Buc.* My lord, what shall we do, if we perceive  
Lord *Hastings* will not yield to our complots? [mine:]

*Ric.* Chop off his head;—something we will deter-  
And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me  
Th' earldom of *Hereford*, and all the moveables  
Whereof the king my brother was possess.

*Buc.* I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.

*Ric.* And look to have it yielded with all kindness.  
Come, let us sup betimes; that afterwards  
We may digest our complots in some form. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Before Lord *Hastings*' House.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* My lord, my lord,— [*knocking.*]

*HAS.* [*within.*] Who knocks?

*Mes.* One from lord *Stanley*.

*HAS.* What is't o'clock?

*Mes.* Upon the stroke of four.

*Enter HASTINGS.*

*HAS.* Cannot thy master sleep the tedious nights?

*Mes.* So it should seem by that I have to say.

First, he commends him to your noble lordship;—

*HAS.* And then,—

*Mes.* And then he sends you word, my lord,  
He dreamt to-night, the boar had raz'd his helm:  
Besides, he says, there are two councils held;  
And that may be determin'd at the one,  
Which may make you and him to rue at the other.

Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,—  
 If presently you will take horse with him,  
 And with all speed post hence into the north,  
 To shun the danger that his soul divines.

*HAS.* Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;  
 Bid him not fear the separated councils:  
 His honour, and myself, are at the one;  
 And, at the other, is my good friend *Catesby*;  
 Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,  
 Whereof I shall not have intelligence.  
 Tell him, his fears are shallow, without instance:  
 And for his dreams,— I wonder, he's so fond,  
 To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers:  
 To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,  
 Were to incense the boar to follow us,  
 And make pursuit, where he did mean no chace.  
 Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;  
 And we will both together to the tower,  
 Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

*Mes.* I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say. [*Exit.*

*Enter CATESBY.*

*CAT.* Many good morrows to my noble lord!

*HAS.* Good morrow, *Catesby*; you are early stirring:  
 What news, what news, in this our tottering state?

*CAT.* It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;  
 And, I believe, will never stand upright,  
 'Till *Richard* wear the garland of the realm. [*crowns?*

*HAS.* How wear the garland? dost thou mean the

*CAT.* Ay, my good lord. [*ders,*

*HAS.* I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoul-  
 Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.  
 But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

*CAT.* Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward  
Upon his party, for the gain thereof:  
And, thereupon, he sends you this good news,—  
That, this fame very day, your enemies,  
The kindred of the queen, must die at *Pomfret*.

*HAS.* Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,  
Because they have been still my adversaries:  
But, that I'll give my voice on *Richard's* side,  
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,  
God knows, I will not do it, to the death.

*CAT.* God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!

*HAS.* But I shall laugh at this a twelvemonth hence,—  
That they which brought me in my master's hate,  
I live to look upon their tragedy.

Well, *Catesby*, ere a fortnight make me older,  
I'll send some packing, that yet think not on't.

*CAT.* 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,  
When men are unprepar'd and look not for it.

*HAS.* O, monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out  
With *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Grey*: and so 'twill do  
With some men else, that think themselves as safe  
As thou, and I; who, as thou know'it, are dear  
To princely *Richard*, and to *Buckingham*.

*CAT.* The princes both make high account of you, —  
“For they account his head upon the bridge.”

*HAS.* I know, they do; and I have well deserv'd it. —

*Enter STANLEY.*

Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear, man?  
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided? [*Catesby*: —

*STA.* My lord, good morrow; — and good morrow,  
You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,  
I do not like these several councils, I.

*HAS.* My lord,  
I hold my life as dear as you do yours ;  
And never, in my life, I do protest,  
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now :  
Think you, but that I know our state secure,  
I would be so triumphant as I am ?

[*don,*  
*STA.* The lords at *Pomfret*, when they rode from *Lon-*  
Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,  
And they (indeed) had no cause to mistrust ;  
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'er-cast.  
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt ;  
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward !  
What, shall we toward the tower ? the day is spent.

*HAS.* Come, come, have with you: Wot you what, my lord ?

To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded. [heads,

*STA.* They, for their truth, might better wear their  
Than some, that have accus'd them, wear their hats.  
But come, let us away.

*Enter a Pursuivant.*

*HAS.* Go on before,  
I'll talk with this good fellow. — How now, firrah ?

[*Exeunt STA. and CAT.*

How goes the world with thee ?

*Pur.* The better, that your lordship please to ask.

*HAS.* 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 in better state than ere I was.

*Pur.* God hold it, to your honour's good content!

*Has.* Gramercy, fellow: There, † drink that for me.

[*throwing him his Purse.*]

*Pur.* I thank your honour. [*Exit Pursuivant.*]

*Enter a Priest.*

*Pri.* Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.

*Has.* I thank thee, good sir *John*, with all my heart.

I am in your debt for your last exercise;

Come the next sabbath, and I will content you.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM.*

*Buc.* What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?

Your friends at *Pomfret*, they do need the priest;

Your honour hath no thriving work in hand.

*Has.* Good faith, and when I met this holy man,

The men you talk of came into my mind.

What, go you toward the tower?

*Buc.* I do, my lord; but long I cannot stay there

I shall return before your lordship thence.

*Has.* Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

*Buc.* "And supper too, although thou know'st it not."

Come, will you go?

*Has.* I'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Pomfret. Before the Castle.*

*Enter, as to Execution, GREY, RIVERS, and VAUGHAN;*

*RATCLIFF, and a Guard, with them.*

*Riv.* Sir *Richard Ratcliff*, let me tell thee this,—

To-day shalt thou behold a subject die,

For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

*Gre.* God bless the prince from all the pack of you!

A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

*Vau.* You live, that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

*RAT.* Dispatch ; the limit of your lives is out.

*RIV.* O *Pomfret, Pomfret!* o thou bloody prison,  
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!

Within the guilty closure of thy walls,  
*Richard* the second here was hack'd to death :  
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,  
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

*GRE.* Now *Margaret's* curse is fall'n upon our heads,  
When she exclaim'd on *Hastings*, you, and I,  
For standing by when *Richard* stab'd her son.

*RIV.* Then curs'd she *Hastings*, curs'd she *Buckingham*,  
Then curs'd she *Richard* ; — O, remember, God,  
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us !  
And for my sister, and her princely sons, —  
Be satisfy'd, dear God, with our true bloods,  
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt !

*RAT.* Make haste, the hour of death is now expir'd.

*RIV.* Come, *Grey*, — come, *Vaughan*, — let us here embrace ;

Farewel, until we meet again in heaven. [ *Exeunt.* ]

*SCENE IV.* London. *A Room in the Tower.*

*STANLEY, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, Bishop of Ely,*  
*and Others, discover'd sitting at a Table ; Officers*  
*of the Council attending.*

*HAS.* 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 ?

*BUC.* Are all things ready for that royal time ?

*STA.* They are, and wants but nomination.

*Bish.* To-morrow then I judge a happy day.

*BUC.* Who knows the lord protector's mind herein ?



Who is most inward with the noble duke? [mind.

*Bish.* Your grace, we think, should soonest know his

*Buc.* We know each other's faces: for our hearts,—

He knows no more of mine, than I of yours;

Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine:—

*Lord Hastings,* you and he are near in love.

*HAS.* I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;

But, for his purpose in the coronation,

I have not founded 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.

*Enter RICHARD.*

*Bish.* In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

*RIC.* My noble lords and cousins, all good morrow:

I have been long a sleeper; but, I trust,

My absence doth neglect no great design,

Which by my presence might have been concluded.

*Buc.* Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,

*William* lord *Hastings* had pronounc'd your part,—

I mean, your voice,— for crowning of the king.

*RIC.* 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.

*Bish.* Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.

[*Exit Bishop.*]

*RIC.* Cousin of *Buckingham*, a word with you:

[*drawing him aside.*]

*Catesby* hath founded *Hastings* in our business;

And finds the testy gentleman so hot,  
That he will lose his head, ere give consent,  
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,  
Shall lose the royalty of *England's* throne.

*Buc.* Withdraw yourself awhile, I'll go with you.

[*Exeunt Ric. and Buc.*]

*Sta.* We have not yet set down this day of triumph;  
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;  
For I myself am not so well provided,  
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

*Re-enter Bishop of Ely.*

*Bish.* Where is my lord Protector? I have sent  
For these same strawberries. [ning;

*Has.* His grace looks chearfully and smooth this morrow;  
There's some conceit or other likes him well,  
When he doth bid good morrow with such spirit,  
I think, there's ne'er a man in christendom,  
Can lesser hide his love, or hate, than he;  
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

*Sta.* What of his heart perceive you in his face,  
By any likelihood he shew'd to-day?

*Has.* Marry, that with no man here he is offended;  
For, were he, he had shewn it in his looks.

*Re-enter RICHARD, and BUCKINGHAM, hastily; LOVELL,  
and RATCLIFF, with them; a Guard behind.*

*Ric.* I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,

[*advancing sternly toward his Seat.*]

That do conspire my death with devilish plots  
Of damned witchcraft; and that have prevail'd  
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

*Has.* The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,  
Makes me most forward in this noble presence

To doom the offenders, whosoe'er they be:  
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

*Ric.* Then be your eyes the witness of their evil,  
Look how I am betwitch'd; behold, mine arm

[*stripping and laying it bare.*

Is like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:  
And this is *Edward's* wife, that monstrous witch,  
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet *Shore*,  
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

*Has.* If they have done this deed, my noble lord,—

*Ric.* If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,  
Talk'ft thou to me of ifs? Thou art a traitor,—  
Off with his head;—now by faint *Paul* I swear,  
I will not dine until I see the same.—

*Love*, and *Ratcliff*, look that it be done;—  
The rest, that love me, rise, and follow me.

[*Council rise in Confusion; and  
Exeunt, with Ric. and Buc.*

*Has.* Woe, woe, for *England!* not a whit for me;  
For I, too fond, might have prevented this:  
*Stanley* did dream, the boar did raze his helm;  
But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly:  
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,  
And startl'd, when he look'd upon the tower,  
As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.  
O, now I need the priest that spake to me:  
Now I repent I told the pursuivant,  
As too triumphing, how mine enemies  
To-day at *Pomfret* bloodily were butcher'd,  
And I myself secure in grace and favour.  
O, *Margaret, Margaret*, now thy heavy curse  
Is lighted on poor *Hastings'* wretched head.

*RAT.* Dispatch, my lord, the duke would be at dinner;  
Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

*HAS.* O momentary grace of mortal men,  
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!  
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,  
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;  
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down  
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

*LOV.* Come, come, dispatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

*HAS.* O bloody *Richard!* — miserable *England!*  
I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee,  
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon. —  
Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head;  
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead. [*Exeunt.*]

*SCENE V. The same. The Tower-Walls.*

*Enter RICHARD, and BUCKINGHAM, in rusty  
Armour, marvellous ill-favour'd.*

*RIC.* Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy  
colour?

Murder thy breath in middle of a word, —  
And then again begin, and stop again,  
As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror?

*BUC.* Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;  
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,  
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,  
Intending deep suspicion: gaffly looks  
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;  
And both are ready in their offices,  
At any time, to grace my stratagems.  
But what, is *Catesby* gone?

*RIC.* He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

*Enter the Lord Mayor, and Catesby.*

*Buc.* Let me alone to entertain him.— Lord mayor,—

*Ric.* Look to the draw-bridge there.

*Buc.* Hark, hark! a drum.

*Ric.* *Catesby*, o'er-look the walls.

*Buc.* Lord mayor, the reason we have sent for you,—

*Ric.* Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

*Buc.* God and our innocency defend and guard us!

*Enter LOVEL, and Ratcliff, with  
Hastings' Head.*

*Ric.* Be patient, they are friends; *Ratcliff*, and *Lovel*.

*Lov.* Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,

The dangerous and unsuspected *Hastings*.

*Ric.* So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.

I took him for the plainest harmless creature,

That breath'd upon the earth a christian;

Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded

The history of all her secret thoughts:

So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of virtue,

That, his apparent open guilt omitted,—

I mean, his conversation with *Shore's* wife,—

He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.

*Buc.* Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor

That ever liv'd.— Look you, my lord mayor,

Would you imagine, or almost believe,

(Wert 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.* What, had he so?

*Ric.* What! think you we are *Turks*, or infidels?

Or that we would, against the form of law,

Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death;  
 But that the extream peril of the case,  
 The peace of *England*, and our persons' safety,  
 Enforc'd us to this execution?

*May.* Now, fair befall 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 once fell in with mistress *Shore*.

*Buc.* 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, hath prevented:  
 Because, my lord, we would have had you heard  
 The traitor speak, and timorously confess  
 The manner and the purpose of his treasons;  
 That you might well have signify'd the same  
 Unto the citizens, who, haply, may  
 Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.

*May.* But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve,  
 As well as I had seen, and heard him speak:  
 And do not doubt, right noble princes both,  
 But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens  
 With all your just proceedings in this case.

*Ric.* And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,  
 To avoid the censures of the carping world.

*Buc.* But since you came too late for our intent,  
 Yet witness what you hear we did intend:  
 And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[*Exit Mayor.*]

*Ric.* Go, after, after, cousin *Buckingham*.  
 The mayor towards *Guild-hall* hies him in all post:—

There, at your meetest vantage of the time,  
 Infer the bastardy of *Edward's* children:  
 Tell them, how *Edward* put to death a citizen,  
 Only for saying — he would make his son  
 Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed, his house,  
 Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.  
 Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,  
 And bestial appetite in change of lust;  
 Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,  
 Even where his raging eye, or savage heart,  
 Without controul, list'd to make his prey.  
 Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person: —  
 Tell them, when that my mother went with child  
 Of that insatiate *Edward*, noble *York*,  
 My princely father, then had wars in *France*;  
 And, by just computation of the time,  
 Found, that the issue was not his begot;  
 Which well appeared in his lineaments,  
 Being nothing like the noble duke my father:  
 But touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;  
 Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives.

*Buc.* Doubt not, my lord; I'll play the orator,  
 As if the golden fee, for which I plead,  
 Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.

*Ric.* If you thrive well, bring them to *Baynard's* castle;  
 Where you shall find me well accompany'd,  
 With reverend fathers, and well-learned bishops.

*Buc.* I go; and, towards three or four o'clock,  
 Look for the news that the *Guild-hall* affords.

[Exit BUCKINGHAM.]

*Ric.* Go, *Lovel*, with all speed to doctor *Shaw*, —  
 Go thou [to *Cat.*] to friar *Penker*; — bid them both

Meet me, within this hour, at *Baynard's* castle.

[*Exeunt Lov. and Cat.*

Now will I in, to take some privy order  
To draw the brats of *Clarence* out of fight;  
And to give notice, that no manner person  
Have, any time, recourse unto the princes.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The same. A Street.*

*Enter a Scrivener.*

*Scr.* Here † is the indictment of the good lord *Hastings*;  
Which in a fet hand fairly is engross'd,  
That it may be to-day read o'er in *Paul's*.  
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:—  
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,  
For yesternight by *Catesby* was it sent me;  
The precedent was full as long a doing:  
And yet within these five hours *Hastings* liv'd,  
Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.  
Here's a good world the while!—Who is so gross,  
That cannot see this palpable device?  
Yet who so bold, but says—he sees it not?  
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought.  
When such bad dealing must be seen in thought. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *The same. Court of Baynard's Castle.*

*Enter RICHARD, and BUCKINGHAM, meeting.*

*Ric.* How now, how now? what say the citizens?

*Buc.* Now by the holy mother of our Lord,  
The citizens are mum, say not a word.

*Ric.* Touch'd you the bastardy of *Edward's* children?

*Buc.* I did; with his contract with lady *Lucy*,  
And his contract by deputy in *France*:



The infatiate greediness of his desire,  
 And his enforcement of the city wives;  
 His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,—  
 As being got, your father then in *France*,  
 And his resemblance, being not like the duke,  
 Withal, I did infer your lineaments,—  
 Being the right idea of your father,  
 Both in your form and nobleness of mind:  
 Lay'd open all your victories in *Scotland*,  
 Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,  
 Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;  
 Indeed, left nothing, fitting for your purpose,  
 Untouch'd, or slightly handl'd, in discourse.  
 And, when my oratory drew toward end,  
 I bad them, that did love their country's good,  
 Cry — God save *Richard, England's royal king!*

*Ric.* And did they so?

*Buc.* No, so God help me, they spake not a word;  
 But, like dumb statues, or unbreathing stones,  
 Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale.  
 Which when I saw, I reprehended them;  
 And ask'd the mayor, what meant this wilful silence:  
 His answer was,— the people were not us'd  
 To be spoke to, but by their own recorder.  
 Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again;—  
*Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke infer'd;*  
 But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.  
 When he had done, some followers of mine own,  
 At lower end the hall, hurl'd up their caps,  
 And some ten voices cry'd, *God save king Richard!*  
 And thus I took the vantage of those few,—  
*Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends, quoth I;*

*This general applause, and chearful shout,  
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard :*  
And even here brake off, and came away.

*Ric.* What tongueless blocks were they; Would they  
not speak?

Will not the mayor then, and his brethren, come?

*Buc.* The mayor is here at hand; Intend some fear;  
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 descant:  
And be not easily won to our requests;  
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

*Ric.* I go; And if you plead as well for them,  
As I can say nay to thee for myself,  
No doubt we bring it to a happy issue. [*Knock.*

*Buc.* Go, go, up to the leads; the lord mayor knocks.

[*Exit RICHARD.*

*Enter the Lord Mayor; with certain  
Aldermen, and Others.*

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;  
I think, the duke will not be spoke withal. —

*Enter CATESBY.*

Now, *Catesby*? what says your lord to my request?

*CAT.* He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,  
To visit him to-morrow, or next day:  
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,  
Divinely bent to meditation;  
And in no worldly suit would he be mov'd,  
To draw him from his holy exercise.

*Buc.* Return, good *Catesby*, to the gracious duke;  
Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,

In deep designs, in matter of great moment,  
 No less importing than our general good,  
 Are come to have some conference with his grace.

*CAT.* I'll signify so much unto him straight. [*Exit.*]

*BUC.* Ah ha, my lord, this prince is not an *Edward!*  
 He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,  
 But on his knees at meditation;  
 Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,  
 But meditating with two deep divines;  
 Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,  
 But praying, to enrich his watchful soul:  
 Happy were *England*, would this virtuous prince  
 Take on himself the sov'reignty thereof;  
 But, sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it.

*May.* Marry, God defend his grace should say us nay!

*BUC.* I fear, he will: Here *Catesby* comes again;—

*Re-enter CATESBY.*

What says your lord?

*CAT.* He wonders to what end you have assembl'd  
 Such troops of citizens to come to him,  
 His grace not being warn'd thereof before:  
 He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

*BUC.* Sorry I am, my noble cousin should  
 Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:  
 By heaven, we come to him in perfect love;  
 And so once more return and tell his grace. [*Exit CAT.*]  
 When holy and devout religious men  
 Are at their beads, 'tis much to draw them thence;  
 So sweet is zealous contemplation.

*Enter RICHARD, in a Balcony, above, between*

*two Bishops; CATESBY again, below. [men!]*

*May.* See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergy-

*Buc.* Two props of virtue for a christian prince,  
 To stay him from the fall of vanity :  
 And, see, a book of prayer in his hand ;  
 True ornaments to know a holy man. —  
 Famous *Plantagenet*, most gracious prince,  
 Lend favourable ear to our requests ;  
 And pardon us the interruption  
 Of thy devotion, and right christian zeal.

*Ric.* My lord, there needs no such apology ;  
 I rather do beseech you pardon me,  
 Who, earnest in the service of my God,  
 Defer'd the visitation of my friends.  
 But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure ?

*Buc.* Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,  
 And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

*Ric.* I do suspect, I have done some offence,  
 That seems disgracious in the city's eye ;  
 And that you come to reprehend my ignorance. [grace,

*Buc.* You have, my lord ; 'Would, it might please your  
 On our entreaties, to amend your fault !

*Ric.* Else wherefore breath I in a christian land ?

*Buc.* Know, then, it is your fault, that you resign  
 The supream feat, the throne majestic,  
 The scepter'd office of your ancestors,  
 Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,  
 The lineal glory of your royal house,  
 To the corruption of a blemish'd stock :  
 Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,  
 (Which here we waken to our country's good)  
 The noble isle doth want her proper limbs ;  
 Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,  
 Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,

And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf  
 Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.  
 Which to recure, we heartily sollicit  
 Your gracious self to take on you the charge  
 And kingly government of this your land :  
 Not as protector, steward, substitute,  
 Or lowly factor for-another's gain ;  
 But as successively, from blood to blood,  
 Your right of birth, your empery, your own.  
 For this, conformed with the citizens,  
 Your very worshipful and loving friends,  
 And by their vehement instigation,  
 In this just suit come I to move your grace.

*Ric.* I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,  
 Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,  
 Best fitteth my degree, or your condition :  
 For, not to answer, you might haply think,  
 Tongue-ty'd ambition, not replying, yielded  
 To bear the golden yoke of sov'reignty,  
 Which fondly you would here impose on me ;  
 If to reprove you for this suit of yours,  
 So season'd with your faithful love to me,  
 Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends :  
 Therefore,—to speak, and to avoid the first ;  
 And then, in speaking, not incur the last,—  
 Definitively thus I answer you.  
 Your love deserves my thanks ; but my desert,  
 Unmeritable, shuns your high request.  
 First, if all obstacles were cut away,  
 And that my path were even to the crown,  
 As the ripe revenue and due of birth ;  
 Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,

25 not to in —

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 vapour of my glory smother'd.  
 But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me;  
 (And much I need to help you, if need were)  
 The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,  
 Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,  
 Will well become the seat of majesty,  
 And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign:  
 On him I lay that you would lay on me,  
 The right and fortune of his happy stars,—  
 Which, God defend, that I should wring from him!

*Buc.* My lord, this argues conscience in your grace;  
 But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,  
 All circumstances well considered.  
 You say, that *Edward* is your brother's son;  
 So say we too, but not by *Edward's* wife:—  
 For first he was contract to lady *Lucy*,  
 Your mother lives a witness to his vow;  
 And afterwards by substitute betroth'd  
 To *Bona*, sister to the king of *France*:  
 These both put by, a poor petitioner,  
 A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,  
 A beauty-waning and distressed widow,  
 Even in the afternoon of her best days,  
 Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,  
 Seduc'd the pitch and height of his degree  
 To base declension and loath'd bigamy;  
 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 corruption of abusing time,  
 Unto a lineal true-derived course.

*May.* Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.

*Buc.* Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

*CAT.* O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit.

*Ric.* 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.

*Buc.* If you refuse it, — as, in love and zeal,

Loth 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, —

Yet know, whe'r you accept our suit, or no,

Your brother's son shall never reign our king ;

But we will plant some other in the throne,

To the disgrace and downfall of your house.

And, in this resolution, here we leave you ; —

Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

[*Exit, with the Citizens.*]

*CAT.* Call them again, sweet prince, accept their suit ;

If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

*Ric.* Will you enforce me to a world of cares ?

Well, Call them again; [*Exit CAT.*] I am not made of  
But penetrable to your kind entreaties, [stone,  
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 burthen, whether I will, or no,  
I must have patience to endure the load:  
But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,  
Attend the sequel of your imposition,  
Your meer enforcement shall acquittance me  
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;  
For God he knows, and you may partly see,  
How far I am from the desire of this.

*May.* God bless your grace! we see it, and will say it.

*Ric.* In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

*Buc.* Then I salute you with this royal title, —  
Long live king *Richard*, *England's* worthy king!

*all.* Amen.

*Buc.* To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?

*Ric.* Even when you please, for you will have it so.

*Buc.* To-morrow then we will attend your grace;  
And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.

*Ric.* Come, let us to our holy work again: —  
Farewel, good cousin; — farewel, gentle friends. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. *Before the Tower.*

*Enter, on one Side, Anne Dutchess of Gloster,  
and Clarence's young Daughter with her; on the other,  
the Queen, the Dutchess of York, and Marquiss*



DORSET: *Attendants with them.*

*Dut.* Who meets us here? my niece *Plantagenet*,  
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of *Gloster*?  
Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the tower,  
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender prince. —  
Daughter, well met.

*ANN.* God give your graces both  
A happy and a joyful time of day!

*Que.* As much to you, good sifter! Whither away?

*ANN.* No farther than the tower; and, as I guess,  
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,  
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

*Que.* Kind sifter, thanks; we'll enter all together:

*Enter BRAKENBURY.*

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes. —

Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,  
How doth the prince, and my young son of *York*?

*BRA.* Right well, dear madam: By your patience,  
I may not suffer you to visit them;  
The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

*Que.* The king! who's that?

*BRA.* I mean, the lord protector.

*Que.* The Lord protect him from that kingly title!  
Hath he set bounds between their love, and me?  
I am their mother, Who shall bar me from them?

*Dut.* I am their father's mother, I will see them.

*ANN.* Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:  
Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame,  
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

*BRA.* No, madam, no, I may not leave it so;  
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me. [*Exit.*]

*Enter STANLEY.*

*STA.* Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,  
And I'll salute your grace of *York* as mother,  
And reverend looker-on, of two fair queens. —  
Come, madam, [*to Ann.*] you must straight to *Westminster*,  
There to be crowned *Richard's* royal queen.

*Que.* Ah, cut my lace asunder! that my pent heart  
May have some scope to beat, or else I swoon  
With this dead-killing news.

*ANN.* Despiteful tidings! o unpleasing news! [*grace?*]

*DOR.* Be of good cheer: — Mother, how fares your

*Que.* O *Dorset*, speak not to me, get thee gone,  
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels;  
Thy mother's name is ominous to children:  
If thou wilt out-strip death, go cross the seas,  
And live with *Richmond*, from the reach of hell.  
Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,  
Lest thou encrease the number of the dead;  
And make me die the thrall of *Margaret's* curse, —  
Nor mother, wife, nor *England's* counted queen.

*STA.* Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam: —  
Take all the swift advantage of the hours;  
You shall have letters from me to my son  
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:  
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

*Dut.* O ill-dispersing wind of misery! —  
O my accursed womb, the bed of death;  
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,  
Whose unavoyded eye is murderous!

*STA.* Come, madam, come; I in all haste was sent.

*ANN.* And I with all unwillingness will go. —  
O, would to God, that the inclusive verge

Of golden metal, that must round my brow,  
 Were red-hot steel, to fear me to the brain!  
 Anointed let me be with deadly venom;  
 And die, ere men can say — God save the queen!

*Que.* Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;  
 To feed my humour, with thyself no harm.

*ANN.* No! why? — When he, that is my husband now,  
 Came to me, as I follow'd *Henry's* corse;  
 When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,  
 Which issu'd from my other angel husband,  
 And that dead faint which then I weeping follow'd;  
 O, when, I say, I look'd on *Richard's* face,  
 This was my wish, — *Be thou*, quoth I, *accurs'd*,  
*For making me, so young, so old a widow!*  
*And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;*  
*And be thy wife (if any be so mad)*  
*More miserable by the life of thee,*  
*Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!*  
 Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,  
 Even in so short a space, my woman's heart  
 Grossly grew captive to his honey words,  
 And prov'd the subject of my own soul's curse:  
 Whith hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest;  
 For never yet one hour in his bed  
 Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,  
 But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.  
 Besides, he hates me for my father *Warwick*;  
 And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

*Que.* Poor heart, adieu; I pity thy complaining.

*ANN.* No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

*DOR.* Farewel, thou woful welcomer of glory.

*ANN.* Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it.

*Dut.* Go thou to *Richmond*, And good fortune guide thee! —

Go thou to *Richard*, And good angels tend thee! —

Go thou to sanctuary, And good thoughts possess thee! —

I to my grave, Where peace and rest lye with me!

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,

And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.

*Que.* Stay yet; look back, with me, unto the tower. —

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,

Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls!

Rough cradle for such little pretty ones,

Rude ragged nurse, old fullen play-fellow

For tender princes, use my babies well!

So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell. [ *Exeunt.* ]

SCENE II. *The same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

*Flourish.* RICHARD, upon his Throne; BUCKINGHAM, and Lords, by him: CATESBY, Page, and Others.

*Ric.* Stand all apart. — Cousin of *Buckingham*, —

*Buc.* My gracious sovereign:

*Ric.* Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice, And thy assistance, is king *Richard* seated: —

But shall we wear these glories for a day?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

*Buc.* Still live they, and for ever let them last!

*Ric.* Ah, *Buckingham*, now do I 'ply the touch,

To try if thou be current gold indeed: —

Young *Edward* lives; — Think now what I would speak.

*Buc.* Say on, my loving lord.

*Ric.* Why, *Buckingham*, I say, I would be king.

*Buc.* Why, so you are, my thrice renowned liege.

*Ric.* Ha! am I king? 'Tis so: but *Edward* lives.

*Buc.* True, noble prince.

*Ric.* O bitter consequence,  
That *Edward* still should live — true noble prince!  
Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull: —  
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;  
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.  
What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.

*Buc.* Your grace may do your pleasure.

*Ric.* Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes:  
Say, have I thy consent, that they shall die? [lord,

*Buc.* Give me some breath, some little pause, dear  
Before I positively speak in this:

I will resolve your grace immediately. [*Exit Buc.*

*CAT.* “The king is angry; see, he gnaws his lip.”  
[to a Stander-by.

*Ric.* I will converse with iron-witted fools,  
And unrespective boys; none are for me,  
That look into me with considerate eyes: —  
High-reaching *Buckingham* grows circumspect. —  
Boy, —

*Pag.* My lord:

*Ric.* Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting gold  
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?

*Pag.* I know a discontented gentleman,  
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind:  
Gold were as good as twenty orators,  
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

*Ric.* What is his name?

*Pag.* His name, my lord, is — *Tyrrel*.

*Ric.* I partly know the man; Go, call him hither,  
boy. — [*Exit Page.*

The deep-revolving witty *Buckingham*

No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels :  
Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,  
And stops he now for breath? well, be it so. —

*Enter STANLEY.*

How now, lord *Stanley*? what's the news?

*STA.* My lord,

The marquiss *Dorset*, as I hear, is fled  
To *Richmond*, in the parts where he abides.

*RIC.* Come hither, *Catesby*: rumour it abroad,  
That *Anne* my wife is very grievous sick;  
I will take order for her keeping close.  
Enquire me out some mean-born gentleman,  
Whom I will marry straight to *Clarence*' daughter:  
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.  
Look, how thou dream'st! I say again, give out,  
That *Anne* my 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 marry'd to my brother's daughter,  
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass: —  
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!  
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in  
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.  
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye. —

*Re-enter Page, with TYRREL.*

Is thy name — *Tyrrel*?

*TYR.* *James Tyrrel*, and your most obedient subject.

*RIC.* Art thou, indeed?

*TYR.* Prove me, my gracious lord.

*RIC.* Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

*TYR.* Please you; but I had rather kill two enemies.

*Ric.* Why, then thou hast it; two deep enemies,  
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,  
Are they that I would have thee deal upon:

*Tyrrel*, I mean those bastards in the tower.

*Tyr.* Let me have open means to come to them,  
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

*Ric.* Thou sing'st sweet musick. Hark, come hither,  
*Tyrrel*;

Go, by this † token:— Rise, and lend thine ear:

[*whispers him.*]

There is no more but so; Say, it is done,  
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

*Tyr.* I will dispatch it straight.

[*Exit.*]

*Re-enter* BUCKINGHAM.

*Buc.* My lord, I have consider'd in my mind  
The late demand that you did found me in:

*Ric.* Well, let that rest. *Dorset* is fled to *Richmond*.

*Buc.* I hear the news, my lord.

*Ric.* *Stanley*, he is your wife's son; Well, look to it.

*Buc.* My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,  
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;  
The earldom of *Hereford*, and the moveables  
Which you have promised I shall possess.

*Ric.* *Stanley*, look to your wife; if she convey  
Letters to *Richmond*, you shall answer it.

*Buc.* What says your highness to my just request?

*Ric.* I do remember me, *Henry* the sixth  
Did prophesy, that *Richmond* should be king,  
When *Richmond* was a little peevish boy.  
A king!— perhaps.

*Buc.* My lord,—

*Ric.* How chance, the prophet could not at that time

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

*Buc.* My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

*Ric.* *Richmond!*—When last I was at *Exeter*,  
The mayor in courtesy shew'd me the castle,  
And call'd it—*Rouge-mont*: at which name, I started;  
Because a bard of *Ireland* told me once,  
I should not live long after I saw *Richmond*.

*Buc.* My lord,—

*Ric.* Ay, what's o'clock?

*Buc.* I am thus bold to put your grace in mind  
Of what you promis'd me:

*Ric.* Well, but what's o'clock?

*Buc.* Upon the stroke of ten.

*Ric.* Well, let it strike.

*Buc.* Why let it strike?

*Ric.* 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.

*Buc.* Why, then, resolve me whe'r you will, or no.

*Ric.* Thou troubl'st me; I am not in the vein.

[*Exeunt RICHARD, and Train.*]

*Buc.* Is it even so? repays he my deep service  
With such contempt? made I him king for this?

O, let me think on *Hastings*; and be gone  
To *Brecknock*, while my fearful head is on.

[*Exit.*]

[*SCENE III. The same.*]

*Enter TYRREL.*

*TYR.* The tyrannous and bloody act is done;  
The most arch deed of piteous massacre,  
That ever yet this land was guilty of.  
*Dighton*, and *Forrest*, whom I did suborn



To do this piece of ruthless butchery,  
 Albeit they were flesht villains, bloody dogs,  
 Melting with tendernefs and kind compassion,  
 Wept like to children, in their deaths' sad story.  
*O, thus, quoth Dighton, lay the gentle babes,—*  
*Thus, thus, quoth Forrest; girdling one another*  
*Within their alabaster innocent arms :*  
*Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,*  
*Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.*  
*A book of prayers on their pillow lay ;*  
*Which once, quoth Forrest, almost chang'd my mind :*  
*But, o, the devil—there the villain stop'd ;*  
 When Dighton thus told on,—*we smothered*  
*The most replenished sweet work of nature,*  
*That, from the prime creation, e'er she framed.*  
 Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse,  
 They could not speak ; and so I left them both,  
 To bear these tidings to the bloody king.

*Enter RICHARD.*

And here he comes : — All health, my sovereign lord !

*RIC.* Kind Tyrrel ! am I happy in thy news ?

*TYR.* If to have done the thing you gave in charge  
 Beget your happiness, be happy then,  
 For it is done.

*RIC.* But didst thou see them dead ?

*TYR.* I did, my lord.

*RIC.* And bury'd, gentle Tyrrel ?

*TYR.* The chaplain of the tower hath bury'd them ;  
 But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

*RIC.* Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, at after supper,  
 When thou shalt tell the process of their death.  
 Mean time, but think how I may do thee good,

And be inheritor of thy desire.

Farewel, 'till then.

*IRR.* I humbly take my leave. [Exit.]

*RIC.* The son of *Clarence* have I pen'd up close,  
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;  
The sons of *Edward* sleep in *Abram*'s bosom,  
And *Anne* my wife hath bid the world good night.  
Now, for I know the *Breton Richmond* aims  
At young *Elizabeth*, my brother's daughter,  
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,  
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

*Enter RATCLIFF.*

*RAT.* My lord,—

*RIC.* Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

*RAT.* Bad news, my lord: *Morton* is fled to *Richmond*;  
And *Buckingham*, back'd with the hardy *Welshmen*,  
Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth.

*RIC.* *Ely* with *Richmond* troubles me more near,  
Than *Buckingham* and his rash-levy'd strength.  
Come,—I have learn'd, that fearful commenting  
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;  
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary:  
Then fiery expedition be my wing,  
*Jove's Mercury*, and herald for a king!  
Go, muster men: My counsel is my shield;  
We must be brief, when traitors brave the field. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *The same. Before the Palace.*

*Enter Queen Margaret.*

*Q. M.* So, now prosperity begins to mellow,  
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.  
Here in these confines flily have I lurk'd,

To watch the waining of mine enemies :  
 A dire induction am I witness to,  
 And will to *France*; hoping, the consequence  
 Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.  
 Withdraw thee, wretched *Margaret*; Who comes here?

*Enter the Queen, hastily; Dutchess  
 of York following her.*

*Que.* Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!  
 My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!  
 If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,  
 And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,  
 Hover about me with your airy wings,  
 And hear your mother's lamentation.

*Q. M.* Hover about her; say, that right for right  
 Hath dim'd your infant morn to aged night.

*Dut.* So many miseries have craz'd my voice,  
 That my woe-weary'd tongue is still and mute. —  
*Edward Plantagenet*, why art thou dead?

*Q. M.* *Plantagenet* doth quit *Plantagenet*,  
*Edward* for *Edward* pays a dying debt.

*Que.* Wilt thou, o God, fly from such gentle lambs,  
 And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?  
 Why didst thou sleep, when such a deed was done?

*Q. M.* When holy *Henry* dy'd, and my sweet son?

*Dut.* Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost,  
 Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,  
 Brief abstract and record of tedious days,  
 Rest thy unrest on *England's* lawful earth,

[*sitting down on it.*

Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood.

*Que.* Ah, that thou would'st as soon afford a grave,  
 As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;

Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here!

[*throwing herself by her.*]

Ah, who hath any cause to mourn, but we?

*Q. M.* If ancient sorrow be most reverent,  
Give mine the benefit of seniory,  
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.

[*joining, and taking Seat between them.*]

If sorrow can admit society,  
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.

*Dut.* I had a *Richard* too, and thou didst kill him;  
I had a *Rutland* too, thou holp'st to kill him.

*Q. M.* Thou hadst a *Clarence* too, and *Richard* kill'd him.  
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept  
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:  
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,  
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood;  
That foul defacer of God's handy-work;  
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,  
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,  
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.—  
O upright, just, and true-disposing God,  
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur  
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,  
And makes her pue-fellow with others' moan!

*Dut.* O *Harry's* wife, triumph not in my woes;  
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

*Q. M.* Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,  
And now I cloy me with beholding it.

Thy *Edward* he is dead, that kill'd my *Edward*;  
 Thy other *Edward* dead, to quit my *Edward*;  
 Young *York* he is but boot, because both they  
 Match not the high perfection of my loss:  
 Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that stab'd my *Edward*;  
 And the beholders of this tragick play,  
 The adulterate *Hastings*, *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Grey*,  
 Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.  
*Richard* yet lives, hell's black intelligencer;  
 Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,  
 And send them thither: But at hand, at hand,  
 Ensues his piteous and unpity'd end:  
 Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar for him; saints pray,  
 To have him suddenly convey'd from hence:—  
 Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,  
 That I may live to say, The dog is dead!

*Que.* O, thou didst prophesy, the time would come,  
 That I should wish for thee to help me curse  
 That bottl'd spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

*Q. M.* I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my fortune;  
 I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen;  
 The presentation of but what I was,  
 The flattering index of a direful pageant,  
 One heav'd a high to be hurl'd down below:  
 A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;  
 A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,  
 To be the aim of every dangerous shot;  
 A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;  
 A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.  
 Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?  
 Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?  
 Who sues, and kneels, and says—God save the queen?

Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?  
 Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?  
 Decline all this, and see what now thou art.  
 For happy wife, a most distressed widow;  
 For joyful mother, one that wails the name;  
 For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care:  
 For one being su'd to, one that humbly sues;  
 For one commanding all, obey'd of none;  
 For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me.  
 Thus hath the course of justice whir'd about,  
 And left thee but a very prey to time;  
 Having no more but thought of what thou wert,  
 To torture thee the more, being what thou art.  
 Thou didst usurp my place, And dost thou not  
 Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?  
 Now thy proud neck bears half my burthen'd yoke;  
 From which even here I slip my weary'd head,  
 And leave the burthen of it all on thee. —  
 Farewel, *York's* wife, — and queen of sad mischance, —  
 These *English* woes shall make me smile in *France*.

*Que.* O thou well skill'd in curses, stay a while,  
 And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

*Q. M.* Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day;  
 Compare dead happiness with living woe;  
 Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,  
 And he, that slew them, fouler than he is:  
 Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse;  
 Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

*Que.* My words are dull, O, quicken them with thine!

*Q. M.* Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like  
 mine. [Exit Margaret.

*Dut.* Why should calamity be full of words?

*Que.* Windy attorneys to their client woes,  
Airy succeders of intestate joys,  
Poor breathing orators of miseries,  
Let them have scope: though what they do impart  
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

*Dut.* If so, then be not tongue-ty'd: go with me,  
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 RICHARD, and Train, marching.*

*Ric.* Who intercepts me in my expedition?

*Dut.* O, she, that might have intercepted thee,  
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,  
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

*Que.* Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,  
Where should be branded, if that right were right,  
The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,  
And the dire death of my poor sons, and brothers?  
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?

*Dut.* Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother *Clarence?*  
And little *Ned Plantagenet*, his son? [*reance?*

*Que.* Where is the gentle *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Grey*?

*Dut.* Where is kind *Hastings*?

*Ric.* A flourish, trumpets; — strike alarum, drums;  
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women  
Rail on the Lord's anointed: Strike, I say. —

[*Flourish. Alarums.*

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,  
Or with the clamorous report of war  
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

*Dut.* Art thou my son?

*Ric.* Ay; I thank God, my father, and yourself.

*Dut.* Then patiently hear my impatience.

*Ric.* Madam, I have a touch of your condition,  
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

*Dut.* O, let me speak.

*Ric.* Do, then; but I'll not hear.

*Dut.* I will be mild and gentle in my words.

*Ric.* And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.

*Dut.* Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd for thee,  
God knows, in torment and in agony.

*Ric.* And came I not at last to comfort you?

*Dut.* No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,  
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.

A grievous burthen was thy birth to me;

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;

Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild, and furious;

Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous;

Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,

More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:

What comfortable hour canst thou name,

That ever grac'd me in thy company? [grace

*Ric.* 'Faith, none, but *Humphrey* *Hour*, that call'd your  
To breakfast once, forth of my company.

If I be so disgracious in your sight,

Let me march on, and not offend you, madam. —

Strike up the drum.

*Dut.* I pr'ythee, hear me speak.

*Ric.* You speak too bitterly.

*Dut.* Hear me a word;

For I shall never speak to thee again.

*Ric.* So.

*Dut.* Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,



Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;  
 Or I with grief and extream 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,  
 Than all the compleat armour that thou wear'st!  
 My prayers on the aduerse party fight;  
 And there the little souls of *Edward's* children  
 Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,  
 And promise them success and victory.  
 Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;  
 Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend.

[*Exit Dutchess.*

*Que.* Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to  
 curse

Abides in me; I say amen to her. [going.

*Ric.* Stay, madam, I must speak a word with you.

*Que.* I have no more sons of the royal blood,  
 For thee to murder: for my daughters, *Richard*,—  
 They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;  
 And therefore level not to hit their lives.

*Ric.* You have a daughter call'd — *Elizabeth*,  
 Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

*Que.* And must she die for this? O, let her live,  
 And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;  
 Slander myself, as false to *Edward's* bed;  
 Throw over her the veil of infamy:  
 So she may live unscar'd of bleeding slaughter,  
 I will confess she was not *Edward's* daughter.

*Ric.* Wrong not her birth, she is a royal princess.

*Que.* To save her life, I'll say — she is not so.

*Ric.* Her life is safest only in her birth.

*Que.* And only in that safety dy'd her brothers.

*Ric.* Lo, at their births good stars were opposite.

*Que.* No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

*Ric.* All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

*Que.* True, when avoided grace makes destiny :

My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,  
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

*Ric.* You speak, as if that I had slain my cousins.

*Que.* Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd  
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life,  
Whose hand soever lanc'd their tender hearts,  
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction :  
No doubt, the murth'rous knife was dull and blunt,  
'Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,  
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.  
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,  
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,  
'Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;  
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,  
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling rest,  
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

*Ric.* Madam, so thrive I in my enterprize  
And dangerous success of bloody wars,  
As I intend more good to you and yours,  
Than ever you and yours by me were harm'd!

*Que.* What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,  
To be discover'd, that can do me good?

*Ric.* The advancement of your children, gentle lady.

*Que.* Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads.

*Ric.* No, to the dignity and height of fortune,  
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

*Que.* Flatter my sorrows with report of it;

Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,  
Canst thou devise to any child of mine?

*Ric.* Even all I have; ay, and myself and all,  
Will I withal endow a child of thine;

So in the *Lethe* of thy angry soul  
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,  
Which, thou supposest, I have done to thee.

*Que.* Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness  
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date. [ughter.

*Ric.* Then know, that, from my soul, I love thy dau-

*Que.* My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

*Ric.* What do you think?

*Que.* That thou dost love my daughter, from thy soul:  
So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers;  
And, from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

*Ric.* Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:  
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,  
And do intend to make her queen of *England*.

*Que.* Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?

*Ric.* Even he, that makes her queen; Who else should

*Que.* What, thou? [be?

*Ric.* Even I: What think you of it, madam?

*Que.* How canst thou woo her?

*Ric.* That would I learn of you,  
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

*Que.* And wilt thou learn of me?

*Ric.* Madam, with all my heart.

*Que.* Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,  
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave,  
*Edward*, and *York*; then, haply, will she weep:  
Therefore present to her, — as sometime *Margaret*  
Did to thy father, steep'd in *Rutland's* blood, —

A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain  
 The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,  
 And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.  
 If this inducement move her not to love,  
 Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;  
 Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle *Clarence*,  
 Her uncle *Rivers*; ay, and, for her sake,  
 Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt *Anne*.

*Ric.* You mock me, madam; this is not the way  
 To win your daughter.

*Que.* There is no other way;  
 Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,  
 And not be *Richard* that hath done all this.

*Ric.* Say, that I did all this for love of her? [thee,

*Que.* Nay, then (indeed) she cannot choose but hate  
 Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

*Ric.* Look, what is done cannot be now amended;  
 Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,  
 Which after-hours give leisure to repent.  
 If I did take the kingdom from your sons,  
 To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter:  
 If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,  
 To quicken your encrease, I will beget  
 Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter:  
 A grandam's name is little less in love,  
 Than is the doting title of a mother;  
 They are as children, but one step below,  
 Even of your metal, of your very blood;  
 Of all one pain,—save for a night of groans  
 Endur'd of her, for whom you 'bid like sorrow,  
 Your children were vexation to your youth,  
 But mine shall be a comfort to your age.

The loss, you have, is but — a son being king,  
 And, by that loss, your daughter is made queen.  
 I cannot make you what amends I would,  
 Therefore accept such kindness as I can.  
*Dorset* your son, that, with a fearful soul,  
 Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,  
 'This fair alliance quickly shall call home  
 To high promotions and great dignity :  
 The king, that calls your beauteous daughter — 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! we have many goodly days to see :  
 The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,  
 Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl ;  
 Advantaging their loan, with interest  
 Of ten times double gain of happiness.  
 Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go,  
 Make bold her bashful years with your experience ;  
 Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale ;  
 Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame  
 Of golden sov'reignty ; acquaint the princess  
 With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys :  
 And when this arm of mine hath chastised  
 The petty rebel, dull-brain'd *Buckingham*,  
 Bound with triumphant laurels will I come,  
 And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed ;  
 To whom I will retail my conquest won,  
 And she shall be sole vict'ress, *Cæsar's Cæsar*.  
*Que.* What were I best to say ? her father's brother  
 Would be her lord ? Or shall I say, her uncle ?

Or, he that slew her brothers, and her uncles?  
 Under what title shall I woo for thee,  
 That God, the law, my honour, and her love,  
 Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

*Ric.* Infer fair *England's* peace by this alliance.

*Que.* Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

*Ric.* Tell her, the king, that may command, entreats.

*Que.* That at her hands, which the king's King forbids.

*Ric.* Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

*Que.* To wail the title, as her mother doth.

*Ric.* Say, I will love her everlastingly.

*Que.* But how long shall that title, ever, last?

*Ric.* Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

*Que.* But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

*Ric.* As long as heaven, and nature, lengthens it.

*Que.* As long as hell, and *Richard*, likes of it.

*Ric.* Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject love.

*Que.* But she, your subject, loaths such sov'reignty.

*Ric.* Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

*Que.* An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

*Ric.* Then plainly to her tell my loving tale.

*Que.* Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.

*Ric.* Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

*Que.* O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead;—

Too deep and dead, poor infants, in your graves.

*Ric.* Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.

*Que.* Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.

*Ric.* Now, by my george, my garter, and my crown,—

*Que.* Prophan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

*Ric.* I swear:

*Que.* By nothing; for this is no oath:

Thy george, prophan'd, hath lost his lordly honour;

Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue ;  
 Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory :  
 If something thou would'st swear to be believ'd,  
 Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

*Ric.* Now by the world ;

*Que.* 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

*Ric.* My father's death ;

*Que.* Thy life hath that dishonour'd.

*Ric.* Then, by myself ;

*Que.* Thyself is self-mis-us'd.

*Ric.* Why then, by heaven :

*Que.* Heaven's wrong is most of all.

If thou hadst 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 hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,  
 The imperial metal, circling now thy head,  
 Had grac'd the tender temples of my child ;  
 And both the princes had been breathing here,  
 Which now, too tender bed-fellows for dust,  
 Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.  
 What canst thou swear by now ?

*Ric.* The time to come.

*Que.* That thou hast wronged in the time o'er-past ;  
 For I myself have many tears to wash  
 Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.  
 The children live, whose parents thou hast slaughter'd,  
 Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age ;  
 The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,  
 Old barren plants, to wail it with their age :  
 Swear not by time to come ; for that thou hast  
 Mis-us'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'er-past.

*Ric.* As I intend to prosper, and repent!  
 So thrive I in my dangerous attempt  
 Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!  
 Heaven, and fortune, bar me happy hours!  
 Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest!  
 Be opposite all planets of good luck  
 To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,  
 Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,  
 I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!  
 In her consists my happiness, and thine;  
 Without her, follows to myself, and thee,  
 Herself, the land, and many a christian soul,  
 Death, desolation, ruin, and decay:  
 It cannot be avoided, but by this;  
 It will not be avoided, but by this.  
 Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so)  
 Be the attorney of my love to her:  
 Plead what I will be, not what I have been;  
 Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:  
 Urge the necessity and state of times,  
 And be not peevish found in great designs.

*Que.* Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

*Ric.* Ay, if the devil tempt you to do good.

*Que.* Shall I forget myself, to be myself?

*Ric.* Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong yourself.

*Que.* But thou didst kill my children.

*Ric.* But in your daughter's womb I bury them:  
 Where, in that nest of spicery, they shall breed  
 Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

*Que.* Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

*Ric.* And be a happy mother by the deed.

*Que.* I go.— Write to me very shortly,



And you shall understand from me her mind.

*RIC.* Bear her my true love's kisses, [*saluting the Queen.*]  
and so farewell; [*Exit Queen.*]

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing — woman.

*Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY following.*

How now? what news?

*RAT.* Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast  
Rideth a puissant navy; to the 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 hull, expecting but the aid  
Of *Buckingham*, to welcome them ashore. [*folk; —*]

*RIC.* Some light-foot friend post to the duke of *Nor-*  
*Ratcliff*, thyself, — or *Catesby*, Where is he?

*CAT.* Here, my good lord.

*RIC.* *Catesby*, fly to the duke.

*CAT.* I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

*RIC.* *Ratcliff*, come hither: Post to *Salisbury*;  
When thou com'st thither, — Dull unmindful villain,  
Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke? [*sure,*]

*CAT.* First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' plea-  
What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

*RIC.* O, true, good *Catesby*; Bid him levy straight  
The greatest strength and power he can make,  
And meet me suddenly at *Salisbury*.

*CAT.* I go. [*Exit CAT.*]

*RAT.* What, may it please you, shall I do at *Salisbury*?

*RIC.* Why, what wouldst thou do there, before I go?

*RAT.* Your highness told me, I should post before.

*Enter STANLEY.* [*you?*]

*RIC.* My mind is chang'd. — *Stanley*, what news with

*STA.* None good, my liege, to please you with the  
Nor none so bad, but well may be reported. [hearing;

*RIC.* Heyday, a riddle; neither good, nor bad!  
What need'st thou run so many miles about,  
When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way?  
Once more, what news?

*STA.* *Richmond* is on the seas.

*RIC.* There let him sink, and be the seas on him!  
White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?

*STA.* I know not, mighty sovereign, but by gues.

*RIC.* Well, as you gues?

*STA.* Stir'd up by *Dorset*, *Buckingham*, and *Morton*,  
He makes for *England*, here to claim the crown.

*RIC.* Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?  
Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?  
What heir of *York* is there alive, but we?  
And who is *England's* king, but great *York's* heir?  
Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

*STA.* Unless for that, my liege, I cannot gues.

*RIC.* Unless for that he comes to be your liege,  
You cannot gues wherefore the *Welshman* comes.  
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

*STA.* No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me not.

*RIC.* Where is thy power then, to beat him back?  
Where be thy tenants, and thy followers?  
Are they not now upon the western shore,  
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

*STA.* No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

*RIC.* Cold friends to me: What do they in the north,  
When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

*STA.* They have not been commanded, mighty king:  
Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,

I'll muster up my friends ; and meet your grace,  
Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.

*Ric.* Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone, to join with  
*Richmond*:

I will not trust you, fir.

*Sta.* Most mighty fovereign,  
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful ;  
I never was, nor never will be, false. [behind

*Ric.* Well, go, muster thy men. But, hear you, leave  
Your son, *George Stanley* : look your heart be firm,  
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

*Sta.* So deal with him, as I prove true to you. [*Exit.*  
*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* My gracious fovereign, now in *Devonshire*,  
As I by friends am well advertised,  
Sir *Edward Courtney*, and the haughty prelate,  
Bishop of *Exeter*, his elder brother,  
With many more confederates, are in arms.

*Enter another Messenger.*

2. *M.* In *Kent*, my liege, the *Guilfords* are in arms ;  
And every hour more competitors  
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

*Enter another Messenger.*

3. *M.* My lord, the army of great *Buckingham* —

*Ric.* Out on ye, owls ! nothing but songs of death !  
There, take thou † that, till thou bring better news.  
[*striking him.*

3. *M.* The news I have to tell your majesty,  
Is,—that, by sudden floods and fall of waters,  
*Buckingham's* army is disperf'd and scatter'd ;  
And he himself wander'd away alone,  
No man knows whither.

*Ric.* O, I cry you mercy:  
There is † my purse, to cure that blow of thine.  
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd  
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

3. *M.* Such proclamation hath been made, my lord.

*Enter another Messenger.*

4. *M.* Sir *Thomas Lovel*, and lord marquifs *Dorset*,  
'Tis said, my liege, in *Yorkshire* are in arms.

But this good comfort bring I to your highness,—  
The *Breton* navy is dispers'd by tempest:

*Richmond*, in *Dorsetshire*, sent out a boat

Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks,

If they were his assistants, yea, or no;

Who answer'd him, they came from *Buckingham*

Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,

Hoif'd sail, and made his course again for *Bretagne*.

*Ric.* 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 CATESBY.*

*CAT.* My liege, the duke of *Buckingham* is taken,

That is the best news; That the earl of *Richmond*

Is with a mighty power landed at *Milford*,

Is colder news, but yet it must be told.

*Ric.* Away towards *Salisbury*; while we reason 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. *The same. A Room in Lord Stanley's House.*

*Enter STANLEY, and URSWICK.*

*STA.* Sir *Christopher*, tell *Richmond* this from me: —

That, in the sty of this most bloody boar;  
My son *George Stanley* is frank'd up in hold;  
If I revolt, off goes young *George's* head;  
The fear of that withholds my present aid.

But, tell me, where is princely *Richmond* now?

*URS.* At *Pembroke*, or at *Ha'rford-west*, in *Wales*.

*STA.* What men of name resort to him?

*URS.* Sir *Walter Herbert*, a renowned soldier;

Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, and sir *William Stanley*,  
*Oxford*, redoubted *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 fought withal.

*STA.* Well, hie thee to thy lord; commend me to him;  
Tell him, the queen hath heartily consented  
He shall espouse *Elizabeth* her daughter.

Those † letters will resolve him of my mind.

Farewel.

[*Exeunt, severally.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *Salisbury. An open Place.*

*Enter BUCKINGHAM, to Execution; Sheriff,  
and Guard, with him.*

*Buc.* Will not king *Richard* let me speak with him?

*She.* No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

*Buc.* *Hastings*, and *Edward's* children, *Rivers*, *Grey*,  
Holy king *Henry*, and thy fair son *Edward*,  
*Vaughan*, and all that have miscarried  
By underhand corrupted foul injustice;

If that your moody discontented souls  
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,  
Even for revenge mock my destruction! —  
This is *All-souls'* day, fellows, is it not?

*She.* It is, my lord.

*Buc.* Why, then *All-souls'* day is my body's dooms-day.  
This is the day, which, in king *Edward's* time,  
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found  
False to his children, or his wife's allies:  
This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall  
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted;  
'This, this *All-souls'* day to my fearful soul,  
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs:  
'That high All-fer whom I dally'd with,  
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,  
And given in earnest what I beg'd in jest.  
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 split thy heart with sorrow,  
Remember Margaret was a prophetess.* —  
Come, firs, convey me to the block of shame;  
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

[*Exit, guarded.*]

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SCENE II. *Fields near Tamworth.*

*Enter, with Drum and Colours, HENRY Earl of Richmond,  
and Forces, marching; Earl of OXFORD, Sir James BLUNT,  
Sir Walter HERBERT, and Others, about him.*

*HEN.* 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 spoils your summer fields, and fruitful vines,  
 Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough  
 In your embowel'd bosoms, — this foul swine  
 Lies now even in the center of this isle,  
 Near to the town of *Leicester*, as we learn :  
 From *Tamworth* thither, is but one day's march :  
 In God's name, chearly on, courageous friends,  
 To reap the harvest of perpetual peace  
 By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

*OXF.* Every man's conscience is a thousand swords,  
 To fight against that bloody homicide.

*HER.* I doubt not, but his friends will turn to us.

*BLU.* He hath no friends, but who are friends for fear;  
 Which, in his dearest need, will fly from him.

*HEN.* All for our vantage. Then, in God's name, march:  
 True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings ;  
 Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

*SCENE III. A Field by Bosworth.*

*Drums. Enter King RICHARD, and Forces; Duke  
 of NORFOLK, Earl of SURREY, and Others.*

*RIC.* Here pitch our tent, [*to some Officers.*] even here  
 in *Bosworth* field. —

My lord of *Surrey*, why look you so sad ?

*SUR.* My heart is ten times lighter than my looks:

*RIC.* My lord of *Norfolk*, —

*NOR.* Here, most gracious liege.

*RIC.* *Norfolk*, we must have knocks; Ha! must we not?

*NOR.* We must both give and take, my loving lord.

*RIC.* Up with my tent: — [*Tent set up.*] Here will I lye to-night;

But where, to-morrow? — Well, all's one for that. —

Who hath descry'd the number of the traitors?

*NOR.* Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

*RIC.* Why, our battalion 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 survey the vantage of the ground; —

Call for some men of sound direction: —

Let's lack no discipline, make no delay;

For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*]

*Drums.* Enter, on the other Side of the Field,

*Soldiers of Richmond's Army, and set up his Tent:*

Then, Enter *HENRY*, *BLUNT*, *Oxford*, *Herbert*,

*Sir William Brandon, and Others.*

*HEN.* The weary sun hath made a golden set,

And, by the bright track of his fiery car,

Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow. —

*Sir William Brandon*, you shall bear my standard. —

Give me some ink and paper in my tent; —

I'll draw the form and model of our battle,

Limit each leader to his several charge,

And part in just proportion our small power. —

My lord of *Oxford*, — you, *sir William Brandon*, —

And you, *sir Walter Herbert*, stay with me: —

The earl of *Pembroke* keeps his regiment; —

Good captain *Blunt*, bear my good night to him,

And by the second hour in the morning



Desire the earl to see me in my tent : —  
 Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me ;  
 Where is lord *Stanley* quarter'd, do you know ?

*BLU.* Unless I have mista'en his colours much,  
 (Which, well I am assur'd, I have not done)  
 His regiment lies half a mile at least  
 South from the mighty power of the king.

*HEN.* If without peril it be possible,  
 Sweet *Blunt*, make some good means to speak with him,  
 And give him from me this most needful † note.

*BLU.* Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it ;  
 And so, God give you quiet rest to-night !

*HEN.* Good night, good captain *Blunt*. — [*Exit BLU.*  
 Come, gentlemen,

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business ;  
 In to my tent, the air is raw and cold. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter, to his Tent, King RICHARD, NORFOLK,  
 RATCLIFF, and CATESBY.*

*RIC.* What is't o'clock ?

*CAT.* It's supper-time, my lord ;  
 It's nine o'clock.

*RIC.* I will not sup to-night.  
 What, is my beaver easier than it was ?  
 And all my armour lay'd into my tent ?

*CAT.* It is, my liege ; and all things are in readiness.

*RIC.* Good *Norfolk*, hie thee to thy charge, away ;  
 Use careful watch, choose trusty centinels.

*NOR.* I go, my lord.

*RIC.* Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle *Norfolk*.

*NOR.* I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit NOR.*

*RIC.* *Ratcliff*, —

*RAT.* My lord ?

*RIC.* Send out a purfuiuant at arms  
To *Stanley's* regiment; bid him bring his power  
Before fun-rising, lest his fon *George* fall  
Into the blind cave of eternal night. —  
Fill me a bowl of wine; — [*to Cat.*] Give me a watch: —  
Saddle white *Surrey* for the field to-morrow:  
Look that my staves be found, and not too heavy. —  
*Ratcliff*, —

*RAT.* My lord?

*RIC.* Saw'st thou the melancholy lord *Northumberland*?

*RAT.* *Thomas* the earl of *Surrey*, and himself,  
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop  
Went through the army, cheering up the foldiers.

*RIC.* I am fatiffy'd. Give me a bowl of wine:  
I have not that alacrity of spirit,  
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have. —

[*Wine brought.*]

So, set it down. — Is ink and paper ready?

*RAT.* It is, my lord.

*RIC.* Bid my guard watch, and leave me.  
About the mid of night, come to my tent  
And help to arm me, *Ratcliff*. Leave me, I say.

[*Exeunt RAT. and CAT.*]

*Richmond's Tent opens; discovering him, and his  
Friends, conferring: to them, STANLEY.*

*STA.* Fortune and victory fit on thy helm!

*HEN.* All comfort that the dark night can afford  
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!  
Tell me, how fares it with our loving mother?

*STA.* I, by attorney, blefs thee from thy mother,  
Who prays continually for *Richmond's* good:  
So much for that. The silent hours steal on,

And flaky darknes breaks within the east.  
 In brief, for so the season bids us be,  
 Prepare thy battle early in the morning ;  
 And put thy fortune to the arbitrement  
 Of bloody strokes, and mortal-fearing war.  
 I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot)  
 With best advantage will deceive the time,  
 And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms :  
 But on thy side I may not be too forward,  
 Lest, being seen, thy tender brother *George*  
 Be executed in his father's fight.

Farewel : the leisure and the fearful time  
 Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,  
 And ample enterchange of sweet discourse,  
 Which so long sundred friends should dwell upon ;  
 God give us leisure for these rites of love !  
 Once more, adieu : Be valiant, and speed well !

*HEN.* Good lords, conduct him to his regiment :  
 I'll strive, with troubl'd thoughts, to take a nap ;  
 Lest leaden slumber peize me down to-morrow,  
 When I should mount with wings of victory :  
 Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

[*Exeunt Lords, &c. with STANLEY.*

O thou, whose captain I account myself,  
 [*going towards a Couch, and kneeling,*  
 Look on my forces with a gracious eye ;  
 Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,  
 That they may crush down with a heavy fall  
 The usurping helmets of our adversaries ;  
 Make us thy ministers of chastisement,  
 That we may praise thee in the victory !  
 To thee I do commend my watchful soul,

5 mortall staring

Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;  
Sleeping, and waking, o defend me still!

[*throws himself upon the Couch, and sleeps.*  
*Lightning, and hollow Sounds. Suddenly,*  
*is seen rising, betwveen the Tents, the Ghost of Prince*  
*Edward, Son to Henry the sixth.*

EDW. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!

[*to Richard, sitting asleep in his Chair.*

Think, how thou stab'dst me in my prime of youth  
At *Tewksbury*; Despair therefore, and die! —

Be chearful, *Richmond*; for the wronged souls  
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:  
King *Henry's* issue, *Richmond*, comforts thee.

*Ghost of Henry the sixth rises.*

HEN. When I was mortal, my anointed body  
By thee was punched full of deadly holes:  
Think on the tower, and me; Despair, and die;  
*Henry the sixth* bids thee despair and die! —

Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!  
*Harry*, that prophesy'd thou should'st be king,  
Doth comfort thee in sleep; Live thou, and flourish!

*Ghost of Clarence rises.*

CLA. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow;  
I, that was wash'd to death with fulsom wine,  
Poor *Clarence*, by thy guile betray'd to death!  
To-morrow in the battle think on me,  
And fall thy edgeless sword; Despair, and die! —

Thou off-spring of the house of *Lancaster*,  
The wronged heirs of *York* do pray for thee;  
Good angels guard thy battle! live, and flourish!

*Ghosts of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan, rise.*

RIV. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,

*Rivers*, that dy'd at *Pomfret*! Despair, and die!

*GRE.* Think upon *Grey*, and let thy foul despair!

*VAU.* Think upon *Vaughan*; and, with guilty fear,  
Let fall thy hurtless lance, despair, and die! —

*all.* Awake; and think, our wrongs in *Richard's*  
bosom

Will conquer him; awake, and win the day!

*Ghost of Hastings rises.*

*HAS.* Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake;

And in a bloody battle end thy days!

Think on lord *Hastings*; and despair, and die! —

Quiet untroubl'd foul, awake, awake;

Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair *England's* sake!

*Ghosts of the two young Princes rise.*

*Pri.* Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the tower;

Let us be lay'd within thy bosom, *Richard*,

And weigh 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 angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!

Live, and beget a happy race of kings!

*Edward's* unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

*Ghost of Lady Anne rises.*

*ANN.* *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;

Dream of success and happy victory;

Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

*Ghost of Buckingham rises.*

*Buc.* The first was I, that help'd thee to the crown ;  
 The last was I, that felt thy tyranny :  
 O, in the battle think on *Buckingham*,  
 And die in terror of thy guiltiness !  
 Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death ;  
 Fainting, despair ; despairing, yield thy breath ! —

I dy'd forlook, ere I could lend thee aid :  
 But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd :  
 God, and good angels, fight on *Richmond's* side ;  
 And *Richard* falls in height of all his pride.

[*Lightning ; and the Ghosts vanish.*]

*Ric.* Give me another horse, — bind up my wounds, —  
 [*starting wildly out of his Sleep.*]

Have mercy, *Jesu!* — Soft ; I did but dream. —  
 O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me ! —  
 The lights burn blue. Is it not dead midnight ?  
 Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.  
 What do I fear ? myself ? there's none else by :  
*Richard* loves *Richard* ; that is, I am I.  
 Is there a murderer here ? No ; Yes, I am :  
 Then fly, — What, from myself ? Great reason : Why ?  
 Left I revenge. Myself upon 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 tongues,  
 And every tongue brings in a several tale,  
 And every tale condemns me for a villain :  
 Perjury, perjury, in the highest degree ;

Murther, stern murther, in the dir'st degree ;  
 All several fins, all us'd in each degree,  
 Throng to the bar, crying all — Guilty ! guilty !  
 I shall despair. There is no creature loves me ;  
 And, if I die, no soul shall pity me : —  
 Nay, wherefore should they ? since that I myself  
 Find in myself no pity to myself.  
 Methought, the souls of all that I have murther'd  
 Came to my tent ; and every one did threat  
 To-morrow's vengeance on the head of *Richard*.

*Enter RATCLIFF.*

*RAT.* My lord, —

*RIC.* 'Zouns, who is there ? [ *starting.*

*RAT.* My lord, 'tis I : The early village cock  
 Hath twice done salutation to the morn ;  
 Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

*RIC.* O, *Ratcliff*, I have dream'd a fearful dream ! —  
 What thinkest thou ? will our friends prove all true ?

*RAT.* No doubt, my lord.

*RIC.* *Ratcliff*, I fear, I fear.

*RAT.* Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

*RIC.* By the apostle *Paul*, shadows to-night  
 Have strook 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 eaves-dropper,  
 To hear if any mean to shrink from me. [ *Exeunt.*

*Richmond wakes. Enter OXFORD, and  
 Others, to him.*

*OXF.* Good morrow, *Richmond*.

*HEN.* 'Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,

That you have ta'en a tardy fluggard here.

*OXF.* How have you slept, my lord?

*HEN.* The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams  
That ever enter'd in a drowzy head,  
Have I since your departure had, my lords.  
Methought, their souls, whose bodies *Richard* murther'd,  
Came to my tent, and cry'd on victory:  
I promise you, my heart is very jocund  
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.  
How far into the morning is it, lords?

*1. L.* Upon the stroke of four.

*HEN.* Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give direction.

*[arms, and comes forth.]*

More than I have said, loving countrymen,

*[to his Troops; who now gather about the Tent.]*

The leisure and enforcement of the time  
Forbids to dwell upon: Yet remember this,—  
God, and our good cause, fight upon our side;  
The prayers of holy faints, and wronged souls,  
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;  
*Richard* except, those, whom we fight against,  
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.  
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,  
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;  
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;  
One that made means to come by what he hath,  
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;  
A base fowl stone, made precious by the foil  
Of *England's* chair, where he is falsely set;  
One that hath ever been God's enemy:  
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,  
God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers;



If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,  
 You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;  
 If you do fight against your country's foes,  
 Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;  
 If you do fight in safe-guard of your wives,  
 Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;  
 If you do free your children from the sword,  
 Your children's children quit it in your age.  
 Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,  
 Advance your standards, draw your willing swords:  
 For me, the ransom of my bold attempt  
 Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;  
 But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt  
 The least of you shall share his part thereof.  
 Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly, cheerfully;  
 God, and faint *George! Richmond, and victory!*

[*Shouts, &c. and Exeunt.*

*Re-enter RICHARD, and RATCLIFF; Attendants,  
 and Forces, with them.* [mond?

*RIC.* What said *Northumberland*, as touching *Rich-*

*RAT.* That he was never trained up in arms.

*RIC.* He said the truth: And what said *Surrey* then?

*RAT.* He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

*RIC.* He was i'the right; and so, indeed, it is.

[*Clock strikes.*

Tell the clock there. — Give me a kalendar. —

Who saw the sun to-day?

*RAT.* Not I, my lord.

*RIC.* Then he disdains to shine; for, by the book,  
 He should have brav'd the east an hour ago:

A black day will it be to somebody. —

*Ratcliffe,* —

RAT. My lord?

RIC. The sun will not be seen to-day;  
The sky doth frown, and lour upon our army.  
I would, these dewy tears were from the ground.  
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me,  
More than to *Richmond*? for the self-same heaven,  
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

*Enter NORFOLK, and Others, hastily.*

NOR. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.

RIC. Come, bustle, bustle; — Caparison my horse; —  
Call up lord *Stanley*, bid him bring his power: —  
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,  
And thus my battle shall be ordered.  
My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,  
Consisting equally of horse and foot;  
Our archers shall be placed in the midst:  
*John* duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas* earl of *Surrey*,  
Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.  
They thus directed, we ourself will follow  
In the main battle; which, on either side,  
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse. [*folk?*]  
This, and faint *George* to boot, — What think'st thou, *Nor-*

NOR. A good direction, warlike sovereign.  
This † paper found I on my tent this morning.

RIC. Jockey of *Norfolk*, be not too bold; [*reads.*]  
*For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.*

A thing devised by the enemy. — [*throws it away.*]  
Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:  
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;  
For conscience is a word that cowards use,  
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe;  
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.

March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell ;  
 If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell. —

What shall I say more than I have infer'd ?

[*turning to his Troops.*

Remember whom you are to cope withal ; —  
 A sort of vagabonds, rascals, runaways ;  
 A scum of *Bretons*, and base lackey peasants,  
 Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth  
 To desperate 'ventures and assur'd destruction :  
 You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest ;  
 You having lands, and blest with beauteous wives,  
 They would distraïn the one, distraïn the other.  
 And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,  
 Long kept in *Bretagne* at our brother's cost ?  
 A milk-sop, one that never in his life  
 Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow ?  
 Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again ;  
 Lash hence these over-weaning rags of *France*,  
 These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives ;  
 Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,  
 For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves :  
 If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,  
 And not these bastard *Bretons* ; whom our fathers  
 Have in their own land beaten, bob'd, and thump'd,  
 And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.  
 Shall these enjoy our lands ? lye with our wives ?  
 Ravish our daughters ? — Hark, I hear their drum.

[*Drum afar off.*

Fight, gentlemen of *England* ! fight, bold yeomen !  
 Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head !  
 Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood ;  
 Amaze the welkin with your broken staves ! —

*Enter a Messenger.*

What says lord *Stanley*? will he bring his power?

*Mes.* My lord, he doth deny to come to you.

*Ric.* Off instantly with his son *George's* head.

*NOR.* My lord, the enemy is past the marsh;  
After the battle let *George Stanley* die.

*Ric.* A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:  
Advance our standards, set upon our foes;  
Our ancient word of courage, fair saint *George*,  
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!  
Upon them! Victory fits on our helms.

[ *Drums, and Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarums, as of a Battle join'd. Excursions. Enter Norfolk, and Forces, fighting; to him, CATESBY.*

*CAT.* Rescue, my lord of *Norfolk*, rescue, rescue!  
The king enacts more wonders than a man,  
Daring, and 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!

*Enter RICHARD.*

*Ric.* A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

*CAT.* Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horse.

*Ric.* Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,  
And I will stand the hazard of the dye:  
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, fighting.*

*Other long Alarums: afterwards, a Retreat.*

*Shouts; and Enter Richmond victorious, his Sword bloody; STANLEY, with Richard's Crown in his Hand; other Lords, and Forces.*

HEN. God, and your arms, be prais'd, victorious friends;  
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

STA. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee!  
Lo, here, this long-usurped royalty  
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch  
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal;  
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

*[sets it upon his Head. Shouts.]*

HEN. Great God of heaven, say amen to all! —  
But, tell me, is your son *George Stanley* living?

STA. He is, my lord, and safe in *Leicester* town;  
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

HEN. What men of name are slain on either side?

STA. *John* duke of *Norfolk*, *Walter* lord *Ferrers*,  
*Sir Robert Brakenbury*, and *sir William Brandon*.

*[reading out of a Note.]*

HEN. Interr their bodies as becomes their births.  
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,  
That in submission will return to us;  
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,  
We will unite the white rose and the red: —  
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,  
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity! —  
What traitor hears me, and says not — amen?  
*England* hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;  
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,  
The father madly slaughter'd his own son,  
The son compell'd been butcher to the fire:  
All this divided *York* and *Lancaster*

7 royalties 13 young *George* 20 become

Divided, in their dire division. —  
O, now, let *Richmond* and *Elizabeth*,  
The true succeeders of each royal house,  
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!  
And let their heirs (God, if thy will be so)  
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,  
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!  
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,  
That would reduce these bloody days again,  
And make poor *England* weep in streams of blood!  
Let them not live to taste this land's encrease,  
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!  
Now civil wounds are stop'd, peace lives again;  
That she may long live here, God say — Amen!

*Flourish.*

*Exeunt.*

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HENRY VIII.





## PROLOGUE.

I come no more to make you laugh ; things now,  
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,  
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,  
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow  
We now present. Those, that can pity, here  
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear ;  
The subject will deserve it : Such, as give  
Their money out of hope they may believe,  
May here find truth too : Those, that come to see  
Only a show or two, and so agree,  
The play may pass ; if they be still, and willing,  
I'll undertake, may see away their shilling  
Richly in two short hours : Only they,  
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,  
A noise of targets ; or to see a fellow  
In a long motley coat, garded with yellow,  
Will be deceiv'd : for, gentle hearers, know,  
To rank our chosen truth with such a show  
As fool and fight is, (beside forfeiting  
Our own brains ; and the opinion, that we bring,  
To make that only true we now intend)  
Will leave us never an understanding friend.  
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known  
The first and happiest hearers of the town,  
Be sad, as we would make ye : Think, ye see  
The very persons of our history,  
As they were living ; think, you see them great,  
And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat  
Of thousand friends ; then, in a moment, see  
How soon this mightiness meets misery :  
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,  
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

*Persons represented.*

*King Henry the eighth.*

*Cardinal Wolsey. Cardinal Campeius.*

*Capucius, Embassador from the Emperor.*

*Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.*

*Lord Chancellor. Lord Chamberlain. Duke of Suffolk.*

*Duke of Norfolk. Duke of Buckingham. Earl of Surrey.*

*Lord Abergavenny. Lord Sands. Bishop of Lincoln.*

*Sir Thomas Lovel. Sir Henry Guilford.*

*Sir Nicholas Vaux. Sir Antony Denny.* [chester.

*Gardiner, King's Secretary; afterwards, Bishop of Winchester, Servant to Wolsey; afterwards, King's Secretary, and a Serjeant at Arms. Doctor Butts. [tary, &c.*

*Griffith, gentleman-Usher to Queen Catharine.*

*Secretary to Wolsey: Attendant upon the same.*

*Gentleman of the King's. Gentleman of the Queen's.*

*three other Gentlemen. Garter, King at Arms.*

*Duke of Buckingham's Surveyor.*

*a Scribe. a Cryer. Page to Gardiner.*

*Porter, and his Man. Keeper of the Council-Chamber.*

*Catharine, Wife to Henry; afterwards, divorc'd:*

*Anne Bullen, her Maid of Honour; afterwards, Queen.  
an old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.*

*Patience, Woman to Queen Catharine.*

*Several Lords, Ladies, &c. in the dumb Shews.*

*Women attending Catharine; Spirits appearing to her.*

*Guards, and other Attendants.*

*Scene, London; once, at Kimbolton.*

HENRY VIII.

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ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *Anti-room in the Palace.*

*Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, at one Door; at the other,  
the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and the Lord  
ABERGAVENNY.*

[done,

*Buc.* Good morrow, and well met. How have you  
Since last we saw in *France*?

*NOR.* I thank your grace:  
Healthful; and, ever since, a fresh admirer  
Of what I saw there.

*Buc.* An untimely ague  
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when  
Those sons of glory, those two lights of men,  
Met in the vale of *Arde*.

*NOR.* 'Twixt *Guynes* and *Arde*:  
I was then present, saw them salute on horse-back;  
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung  
In their embracement, as they grew together;  
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd  
Such a compounded one?

*Buc.* All the whole time

I was my chamber's prisoner.

*NOR.* Then you lost  
 The view of earthly glory: Men might say,  
 'Till this time, pomp was single; but now marry'd  
 To one above itself. Each following day  
 Became the last day's master, 'till the next  
 Made former wonders it's: To-day, the *French*,  
 All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,  
 Shone down the *English*; and, to-morrow, they  
 Made *Britain India*: every man, that stood,  
 Shew'd like a mine; their dwarfish pages were  
 As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too,  
 Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear  
 The pride upon them, that their very labour  
 Was to them as a painting: now this mask  
 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 presence did present them; him in eye,  
 Still him in praise: and, being present both,  
 'Twas said, they saw but one; and no discerner  
 Durst wag his tongue in censure: When these suns  
 (For so they phrase 'em) by their heralds challeng'd  
 The noble spirits to arms, they did perform  
 Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,  
 Being now seen possible enough, got credit,  
 That *Bevis* was believ'd.

*Buc.* O, you go far.

*NOR.* As I belong to worship, and affect  
 In honour honesty, the tract of every thing  
 Would by a good discourser lose some life,  
 Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;

To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,  
Order gave each thing view; the office did  
Distinctly his full function.

*Buc.* Who did guide,  
I mean, who fet the body and the limbs  
Of this great sport together, as you gues's?

*Nor.* One, certes, that promises no element  
In such a business.

*Buc.* I pray you, who, my lord?

*Nor.* All this was order'd by the good discretion  
Of the right reverend cardinal of *York*.

*Buc.* The devil speed him! no man's pye is free'd  
From his ambitious finger. What had he  
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder,  
That such a ketch can with his very bulk  
Take up the rays o'the beneficial sun,  
And keep it from the earth.

*Nor.* Yet, surely, fir,  
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends:  
For, being not propt by ancestry, (whose grace  
Chalks successors their way) nor call'd upon  
For high feats done to the crown, neither ally'd  
To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,  
Out of his self-drawn web, he gives us note,  
The force of his own merit makes his way;  
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys  
A place next to the king.

*AbE.* I cannot tell  
What heaven hath given him, let some graver eye  
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride  
Peep through each part of him: Whence has he that?  
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard;

Or has given all before, and he begins  
A new hell in himself.

*Buc.* And 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 honour  
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,  
The honourable board of council out,  
Must fetch him in he papers.

*ABE.* I do know  
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have  
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never  
They shall abound as formerly.

*Buc.* O, many  
Have broke their backs with laying manors on them  
For this great journey. What did this vanity,  
But minister communication of  
A most poor issue?

*NOR.* Grievingly I think,  
The peace between the *French* and us not values  
The cost that did conclude it.

*Buc.* Every man,  
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was  
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke  
Into a general prophecy,— That this tempest,  
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboated  
The sudden breach on't.

*NOR.* Which is budded out;  
For *France* hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd  
Our merchants' goods at *Bourdeaux*.

*ABE.* Is it therefore  
The ambaffador is filenc'd?

*NOR.* Marry, is't.

*ABE.* A proper title of a peace and purchas'd  
At a superfluous rate!

*BUC.* Why, all this businefs  
Our reverend cardinal carry'd.

*NOR.* Like it your grace,  
The state takes notice of the private difference  
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,  
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you  
Honour and plenteous safety) that you read  
The cardinal's malice and his potency  
Together: to confider further, that  
What his high hatred would effect wants not  
A minifter in his power: You know his nature,  
That he's revengeful; and I know, his fword  
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and, 't may be faid,  
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,  
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counfel,  
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock,  
That I advise your fhunning.

*Enter Cardinal WOLSEY,*

*(the Purje born before him) certain of the  
Guard, and two Secretaries with Papers.  
The Cardinal in his Passage fixeth his Eye on  
Buckingham, and Buckingham on him,  
both full of Difdain.*

*WOL.* The duke of *Buckingham's* surveyor? ha?  
Where's his examination?

*1. S.* Here, fo please you.

*WOL.* Is he in perfon ready?

1. S. Ay, please your grace. [*bam*

*WOL.* Well, we shall then know more; and *Bucking-*  
Shall lessen this big look. [*Exeunt WOLSEY, and Train.*

*BUC.* This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I  
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best  
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book  
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.

*BUC.* I read in his looks  
Matter against me; and his eye revil'd  
Me, as his abject object: at this instant  
He bores me with some trick: He's gone to the king;  
I'll follow, and out-stare him.

*NOR.* Stay, my lord,  
And let your reason with your choler question  
What 'tis you go about: To climb steep hills,  
Requires slow pace at first: Anger is like  
A full-hot horse; who being allow'd his way,  
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in *England*  
Can advise me like you: be to yourself,  
As you would to your friend.

*BUC.* I'll to the king;  
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down  
This *Ipswich* fellow's insolence; or proclaim,  
There's difference in no persons.

*NOR.* Be advis'd;  
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot  
That it do findge yourself: We may out-run,  
By violent swiftnes, that which we run at,  
And lose by over-running. Know you not,



Henry VIII.

9

The fire, that mounts the liquor till't run o'er,  
 In seeming to augment it, waists it? Be advis'd :  
 I say again, there is no *English* soul  
 More stronger to direct you than yourself ;  
 If with the sap of reason you would quench,  
 Or but allay, the fire of passion.

*Buc.* Sir,

I am thankful to you ; and I'll go along  
 By your prescription : — but this top-proud fellow,  
 (Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but  
 From sincere motions ; by intelligence,  
 And proofs as clear as founts in *July*, when  
 We see each grain of gravel) I do know  
 To be corrupt and treasonous.

*NOR.* Say not, treasonous.

[strong

*Buc.* To the king I'll say't ; and make my vouch as  
 As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,  
 Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous,  
 As he is subtle ; and as prone to mischief,  
 As able to perform't : his mind and place  
 Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally)  
 Only to shew his pomp as well in *France*  
 As here at home, suggests the king our master  
 To this last costly treaty, the interview,  
 That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass  
 Did break i'the rinsing.

*NOR.* 'Faith, and so it did.

*Buc.* Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal  
 The articles o'the combination drew,  
 As himself pleas'd ; and they were ratify'd,  
 As he cry'd, Thus let be : to as much end,  
 As give a crutch to the dead : But our count cardinal

Has done this, and 'tis well · for worthy *Wolsey*,  
 Who cannot err, he did it · Now this follows,  
 (Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy  
 To the old dam, treason) — *Charles* the emperor,  
 Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,  
 (For 'twas, indeed, his colour ; but he came  
 To whisper *Wolsey*) here makes visitation :  
 His fears were, that the interview, betwixt  
*England* and *France*, might, through their amity,  
 Breed him some prejudice ; for from this league  
 Peep'd harms that menac'd him : He therefore privily  
 Deals with our cardinal ; and, as I trow, —  
 (Which I do well ; for, I am sure, the emperor  
 Pay'd, ere he promis'd ; whereby his suit was granted,  
 Ere it was ask'd) — but, when the way was made,  
 And pav'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd ; —  
 That he would please to alter the king's course,  
 And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,  
 (As soon he shall by me) that thus the cardinal  
 Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,  
 And for his own advantage.

*NOR.* I am sorry,  
 To hear this of him ; and could wish, he were  
 Something mistaken in't.

*BUC.* No, not a syllable ;  
 I do pronounce him in that very shape,  
 He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDON ; a Serjeant at Arms before him,  
 and two or three of the Guard.*

*BRA.* Your office, serjeant ; execute it.

*Ser.* Sir,

My lord the duke of *Buckingham*, and earl

Of *Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton*, I  
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name  
Of our most sovereign king.

*BUC.* Lo you, my lord,  
The net has fall'n upon me; I shall perish  
Under devise and practice.

[to *Nor.*

*BRA.* I am sorry,  
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on  
The business present: 'Tis his highness' pleasure,  
You shall to the tower.

*BUC.* It will help me nothing,  
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,  
Which makes my whit'ft part black. The will of heaven  
Be done in this and all things! — I obey. —  
O my lord *Aberga'ny*, fare you well.

*BRA.* Nay, he must bear you company: — The king  
Is pleas'd, you shall to the tower, 'till you know  
How he determines further.

*ABE.* As the duke said,  
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure  
By me obey'd.

*BRA.* Here is a warrant from  
The king, to attach lord *Montacute*; and the bodies  
Of the duke's confessor, *John de-la-Car*,  
One *Gilbert Peck*, his chancellor, —

*BUC.* So, so,  
These are the limbs o'the plot: No more, I hope.

*BRA.* A monk o'the *Chartreux*.

*BUC.* O, *Nicholas Hopkins*?

*BRA.* He.

*BUC.* My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal  
Hath shew'd him gold: my life is span'd already:

I am the shadow of poor *Buckingham* ;  
 Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,  
 By dark'ning my clear sun. — My lord, farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Council-Chamber.*

*Enter King HENRY, WOLSEY, Lords,  
 and others of the Council, (Sir Thomas Lovel, one)  
 Officers and Attendants. King enters leaning  
 on the Cardinal's Shoulder.*

*Kin.* My life itself, and the best heart of it,  
 Thanks you for this great care : I stood i'the level  
 Of a full-charg'd confed'racy ; and give thanks  
 To you that chok'd it. — Let be call'd before us  
 That gentleman of *Buckingham's* : in person  
 I'll hear him his confessions justify ;  
 And point by point the treasons of his master  
 He shall again relate.

*King takes his Seat under a State ;  
 the Council theirs ; the Cardinal placeth himself  
 under the King's Feet, on his right Side.*

*Noise within of crying, Room for the Queen.*

*Enter the Queen, usher'd by the Dukes of  
 NORFOLK and Suffolk. She kneels : King  
 riseth from his State, and advances  
 towards her.*

*Que.* Nay, we must longer kneel ; I am a suitor.

*Kin.* Arise, and take place by us : — Half your suit  
 Never name to us ; you have half our power :  
 The other moiety, ere you ask, is given ;  
 Repeat your will, and take it.

*Que.* Thank your majesty.  
 That you would love yourself ; and, in that love,

Not unconfider'd leave your honour, nor  
The dignity of your office, is the point  
Of my petition.

*Kin.* Lady mine, proceed.

*Que.* I am sollicited, not by a few,  
And those of true condition, that your subjects  
Are in great grievance: There have been commissions  
Sent down among them, which hath flaw'd the heart,  
Of all their loyalties: — wherein, although,  
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches  
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on  
Of these exactions, yet the king our master [not  
(Whose honour heaven shield from foil!) even he escapes  
Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks  
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears  
In loud rebellion.

*NOR.* Not almost appears,  
It doth appear: for, upon these taxations,  
The clothiers all, not able to maintain  
The many to them 'longing, have put off  
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,  
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger  
And lack of other means, in desperate manner  
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,  
And danger serves among them.

*Kin.* Taxation!  
Wherein? and what taxation? — My lord cardinal,  
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,  
Know you of this taxation?

*WOL.* Please you, sir,  
I know but of a single part, in ought  
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file

Where others tell steps with me.

*Que.* No, my lord,  
You know no more than others: but you frame  
Things, that are known alike; which are not wholesome  
To those which would not know them, and yet must  
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,  
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are  
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,  
The back is sacrifice to the load: They say,  
They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer  
Too hard an exclamation.

*Kin.* Still exaction!  
The nature of it? in what kind, let's know,  
Is this exaction?

*Que.* 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 levy'd  
Without delay; and the pretence for this  
Is nam'd, your wars in *France*: This makes bold mouths:  
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze  
Allegiance in them; nay, their curses now  
Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass,  
This tractable obedience is a slave  
To each incens'd will. I would, your highness  
Would give it quick consideration; for  
There is no primer business.

*Kin.* By my life,  
This is against our pleasure.

*WOL.* And for me,  
I have no further gone in this, than by

A single voice; and that not past me, but  
 By learned approbation. If I am  
 Traduc'd by ignorant tongues,— which neither know  
 My faculties, nor person, yet will be  
 The chronicles of my doing,— let me say,  
 'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake  
 That virtue must go through. We must not stint  
 Our necessary actions, in the fear  
 To cope malicious censurers; which ever,  
 As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow  
 That is new trim'd; but benefit no further  
 Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,  
 By sick interpreters (once weak ones) is  
 Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,  
 Hitting a grosser quality, is cry'd up  
 For our best action. If we shall stand still,  
 In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,  
 We should take root here where we fit, or fit  
 State statues only.

*Kin.* Things that are done well,  
 And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;  
 Things done without example, in their issue  
 Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent  
 Of this commission? I believe not any.  
 We must not rend our subjects from our laws,  
 And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?  
 A trembling contribution! Why, we take,  
 From every tree, lop, bark, and part o'the timber;  
 And, though we leave it with a root, thus hacket,  
 The air will drink the sap. To every county,  
 Where this is question'd, send our letters, with  
 Free pardon to each man that has deny'd

<sup>2</sup> approbation of the Judges: If

The force of this commission: Pray, look to't;  
I put it to your care.

*WOL.* "A word with you." [to an Att.

"Let there be letters writ to every shire,"

"Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons"

"Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,"

"That, through our intercession, this revokement"

"And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you"

"Further in the proceeding." [Exit Att.

*Enter an Officer of the Council, with the  
Duke of Buckingham's Surveyor.*

*Que.* I am sorry, that the duke of Buckingham  
Is run in your displeasure.

*Kin.* It grieves many:

The gentleman is learn'd, a most rare speaker,  
To nature none more bound; his training such,  
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,  
And never seek for aid out of himself.

Yet see,

When these so noble benefits shall prove  
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,  
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly  
Then ever they were fair: This man, so compleat,  
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,  
Almost with list'ning ravish'd, could not find  
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,  
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces  
That once were his, and is become as black  
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear  
(This was his gentleman in trust) of him  
Things to strike honour sad. — Bid him recount,  
The fore-recited practices; whereof



We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

*Wol.* Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate what you,  
Most like a careful subject, have collected  
Out of the duke of *Buckingham*.

*Kin.* Speak freely.

*Sur.* First, it was usual with him, every day  
It would infect his speech, That, if the king  
Should without issue dye, he'd carry it so  
To make the scepter his: These very words  
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,  
Lord *Aberga'ny*; to whom by oath he menac'd  
Revenge upon the cardinal.

*Wol.* Please your highness, note  
His dangerous conception in this point:  
Not friended by his wish, to your high person  
His will is most malignant; and it stretches  
Beyond you, to your friends.

*Que.* My learn'd lord cardinal,  
Deliver all with charity.

*Kin.* Speak on:  
How grounded he his title to the crown,  
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him  
At any time speak ought?

*Sur.* He was brought to this  
By a vain prophecy of *Nicholas Hopkins*.

*Kin.* What was that *Hopkins*?

*Sur.* Sir, a *Chartreux* friar,  
His confessor; who fed him every minute  
With words of sovereignty.

*Kin.* How know'st thou this?

*Sur.* Not long before your highness sped to *France*,  
The duke being at the rose, within the parish

14 This dan — 25 Henton. 26 Henton?

Saint *Lawrence Poultney*, did of me demand  
 What was the speech among the *Londoners*  
 Concerning the *French* journey : I reply'd,  
 Men fear'd, the *French* would prove perfidious,  
 To the king's danger : Presently the duke  
 Said, 'Twas the fear, indeed ; and that he doubted,  
 'Twould prove the verity of certain words  
 Spoke by a holy monk, *that oft*, says he,  
*Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit*  
*John de-la-Car, my chaplain, a choice hour*  
*To hear from him a matter of some moment :*  
*Whom after under the confession's seal*  
*He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,*  
*My chaplain to no creature living, but*  
*To me, should utter, with demure confidence*  
*This pausingly ensu'd,— Neither the king, nor his heirs,*  
*Tell you the duke, shall prosper : bid him strive*  
*To gain the love o'the commonalty ; the duke*  
*Shall govern England.*

*Que.* If I know you well,  
 You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office  
 On the complaint o'the tenants : Take good heed,  
 You charge not in your spleen a noble person,  
 And spoil your nobler soul ; I say, take heed ;  
 Yes, heartily beseech you.

*Kin.* Let him on : —  
 Go forward.

*Sur.* On my soul, I'll speak but truth.  
 I told my lord the duke, By the devil's illusions  
 The monk might be deceiv'd ; and that 'twas dangerous  
 To ruminat on this so far, until [for him  
 It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,

It was much like to do : He answer'd, *Tush!*  
*It can do me no damage :* adding further,  
 That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,  
 The cardinal's and sir *Thomas Lovel's* heads  
 Should have gone off.

*Kin.* Ha! what, so rank? Ah, ha!  
 There's mischief in this man : — Can'st thou say further?

*Sur.* I can, my liege.

*Kin.* Proceed.

*Sur.* Being at *Greenwich*,  
 After your highness had reprov'd the duke  
 About sir *William Blomer*,—

*Kin.* I remember  
 Of such a time ; he being my sworn servant,  
 The duke retain'd him his. — But on ; What hence ?

*Sur.* *If*, quoth he, *I for this had been committed,*  
*To the tower, as I thought, I would have play'd*  
*The part my father meant to act upon*  
*The usurper Richard ; who, being at Salisbury,*  
*Made suit to come in his presence ; which if granted,*  
*As he made semblance of his duty, would*  
*Have put his knife into him.*

*Kin.* A giant traitor !

*WOL.* Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,  
 And this man out of prison ?

*Que.* God mend all ! [What say'st ?

*Kin.* There's something more would out of thee ;

*Sur.* After — *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 us'd, he would out-go

His father, by as much as a performance  
Does an irresolute purpose.

*Kin.* There's his period,  
To sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd ;  
Call him to present trial : if he may  
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his ; if none,  
Let him not seek't of us : By day and night,  
He's traitor to the height.

[ *Exeunt.* ]

SCENE III. *Anti-room in the Palace.*

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain, and Lord SANDS.*

*Cha.* Is't possible, the spells of France should juggle  
Men into such strange mysteries ?

*SAN.* New customs,  
Though they be never so ridiculous,  
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

*Cha.* As far as I see, all the good, our *English*  
Have got by the late voyage, is but meerly  
A fit or two o'the face ; but they are shrew'd ones ;  
For, when they hold 'em, you would swear directly,  
Their very noses had been counsellors

To *Pepin*, or *Clotharius*, they keep state so. [take it,

*SAN.* They have all new legs, and lame ones ; one would  
That never saw them pace before, the spavin  
And spring-halt reign'd among 'em.

*Cha.* Death ! my lord,  
Their cloaths are after such a pagan cut too,  
That, sure, they have worn out christendom. — How now ?

*Enter Sir Thomas LOVEL.*

What news, sir *Thomas Lovel* ?

*Lov.* 'Faith, my lord,  
I hear of none, but the new proclamation

That's clap'd upon the court gate.

*Cha.* What is't for?

*Lov.* The reformation of our travel'd gallants,  
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

*Cha.* I am glad, 'tis there; now I would pray our mon-  
To think an *Englisb* courtier may be wise, [sieurs  
And never see the *Louvre*.

*Lov.* They must either

(For so run the conditions) leave those remnants  
Of fool, and feather, that they got in *France*,  
With all their honourable points of ignorance  
Pertaining thereunto, (as fights, and fire-works;  
Abusing better men than they can be,  
Out of a foreign wisdom) renouncing clean  
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,  
Short bolster'd breeches, and those types of travel,  
And understand again like honest men;  
Or pack to their old play-fellows: there, I take it,  
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away  
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

*SAN.* 'Tis time to give 'em physick, their diseases  
Are grown so catching.

*Cha.* What a loss our ladies  
Will have of these trim vanities!

*Lov.* Ay, marry,  
There will be woe indeed, lords: the fly whorsons  
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;  
A *French* song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

*SAN.* The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad, they're going;  
(For, sure, there's no converting of 'em) now  
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten  
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,

And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r-lady,  
Held current musick too.

*Cha.* Well said, lord *Sands*;  
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

*SAN.* No, my lord;  
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

*Cha.* Sir *Thomas*,  
Whither were you a going?

*Lov.* To the cardinal's;  
Your lordship is a guest too.

*Cha.* 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. [deed,

*Lov.* That churchman bears a bounteous mind in-  
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;  
His dews fall every where.

*Cha.* No doubt, he's noble;  
He had a black mouth, that said other of him.

*SAN.* He may, my lord, he has where-withal; in him,  
Sparing would shew a worse sin than ill doctrine:  
Men of his way should be most liberal,  
They are set here for examples.

*Cha.* True, they are so;  
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;  
Your lordship shall along: — Come, good sir *Thomas*,  
We shall be late else; which I would not be,  
For I was spoke to, with sir *Henry Guilford*,  
This night to be comptrollers.

*SAN.* I am your lordship's.

[*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE IV. *A Hall in York-Place.*

*Musick. Banquet set out : Table under a State  
for the Cardinal. Enter a great Company of Lords,  
Ladies, &c. and ANNE BULLEN : to them,  
Sir Henry GUILFORD.*

*GVI.* Ladies, a general welcome from his grace  
Salutes you all : This night he dedicates  
To fair content, and you : none here, he hopes,  
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her  
One care abroad ; he would have all as merry,  
As first-good company, good wine, good welcome,  
Can make good people. — O, my lord, you're tardy ;

*Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord SANDS,  
and Sir Thomas LOVEL.*

The very thought of this fair company  
Clap'd wings to me.

*Cba.* You are young, sir *Harry Guilford.*

*SAN.* Sir *Thomas Lovel*, had the cardinal  
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these  
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,  
I think, would better please 'em : by my life,  
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

*LOV.* O, that your lordship were but now confessor  
To one or two of these !

*SAN.* I would, I were ;  
They should find easy penance.

*LOV.* 'Faith, how easy ?

*SAN.* As easy as a down bed would afford it.

*Cba.* Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? — Sir *Harry*,  
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this ;  
His grace is entring. — Nay, you must not freeze ;  
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather : —  
My lord *Sands*, you are one will keep 'em waking,

Pray, sit between these ladies.

SAN. By my faith,  
And thank your lordship. — By your leave, sweet ladies :  
[*seating himself between Anne Bullen, and another Lady.*  
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me ;  
I had it from my father.

ANN. Was he mad, sir ?

SAN. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too :  
But he would bite none ; just as I do † now,  
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

Cba. Well said, my lord. —  
So, now you're fairly seated : — Gentlemen,  
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies  
Pass away frowning.

SAN. For my little cure,  
Let me alone.

*Flourish. Enter WOLSEY, attended ;  
and takes his State.*

WOL. You're welcome, my fair guests ; that noble lady,  
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,  
Is not my friend : This, to confirm my welcome ;  
And to you all good health. [*drinks.*

SAN. Your grace is noble : —  
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,  
And save me so much talking.

WOL. My lord Sands,  
I am beholding to you : cheer your neighbours. —  
Ladies, you are not merry ; — Gentlemen,  
Whose fault is this ?

SAN. The red wine first must rise  
In their fair cheeks, my lord ; then we shall have 'em  
Talk us to silence.



*ANN.* You are a merry gamester,  
My lord *Sands*.

*SAN.* Yes, if I may choose my play.  
Here's to your ladiship : and pledge it, madam ;  
For 'tis to such a thing,—

*ANN.* You cannot shew me.

*SAN.* I told your grace, they would talk anon.

[*Trumpets within : Chambers discharg'd.*]

*WOL.* What's that ?

*Cba.* Look out there, some of you. [*Exit an Att.*]

*WOL.* What warlike voice ?

And to what end is this ? — Nay, ladies, fear not ;  
By all the laws of war you're priviledg'd.

*Re-enter Attendant.*

*Cba.* How now ? what is't ?

*Att.* A noble troop of strangers ;

For so they seem : they have left their barge, and landed ;  
And hither make, as great ambassadors  
From foreign princes.

*WOL.* Good lord chamberlain,

Go, give 'em welcome, you can speak the *French* tongue ;  
And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em  
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty  
Shall shine at full upon them : — Some attend him. —

[*Exit Chamberlain, attended.*]

*Company rise : Tables remov'd.*

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.

*Flourish.* Enter King, and Others, as Maskers,  
habited like Shepherds, usher'd by the Lord Chamberlain :  
*They pass directly before the Cardinal,*

*and gracefully salute him.*

A noble company : What are their pleasures ?

*Cha.* 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 flocks ; and, under your fair conduct,  
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat  
An hour of revels with them.

*WOL.* Say, lord chamberlain, [them  
They have done my poor house grace ; for which I pay  
A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.

[Musick. Dance form'd : King chooses Anne Bullen.

*Kin.* The fairest hand I ever touch'd ! O, beauty,  
'Till now I never knew thee. [Dance.

*WOL.* My lord, —

*Cha.* Your grace ?

*WOL.* Pray, tell 'em thus much from me :  
There should be one amongst 'em, 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.

*Cha.* I will, my lord. [whispers the Maskers.

*WOL.* What say they ?

*Cha.* Such a one, they all confess,  
There is, indeed ; which they would have your grace  
Find out, and he will take it.

*WOL.* Let me see then : — [comes from his State.  
By all your good leaves, gentlemen ; — Here I'll make  
My royal choice.

*Kin.* 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.* I am glad,  
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

*Kin.* My lord chamberlain,  
Pr'ythee, come hither; What fair lady's that? [ughter,

*Cha.* An't please your grace, fir *Thomas Bullen's* dau-  
The viscount *Rochford*, one of her highness' women.

*Kin.* By heaven, she is a dainty one. — Sweet heart,  
I were unmannerly, to take you out,  
And not to kifs you. — A health, gentlemen,  
Let it go round.

*WOL.* Sir *Thomas Lovel*, is the banquet ready  
I' the privy-camber?

*LOV.* Yes, my lord.

*WOL.* Your grace,  
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

*Kin.* I fear, too much.

*WOL.* There's fresher air, my lord,  
In the next chamber.

*Kin.* Lead in your ladies, every one: — Sweet partner  
I must not yet forsake you: — Let's be merry; —  
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths  
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure  
To lead 'em once again; and then let's dream  
Who's best in favour. — Let the musick knock it.

[*Exeunt. Loud Musick.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. *A Street.*

*Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.*

1. G. Whither away so fast, sir?

2. G. O,— God save you!

Even to the hall, to hear what shall become  
Of the great duke of *Buckingham*.

1. G. I'll save you

That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony  
Of bringing back the prisoner.

2. G. Were you there?

1. G. Yes, indeed, was I.

2. G. Pray, speak, what has happen'd?

1. G. You may guess quickly what.

2. G. Is he found guilty?

1. G. Yes, truly, is he, and condemn'd upon't.

2. G. I am sorry for't.

1. G. So are a number more.

2. G. But, pray, how pass'd it?

1. G. I'll tell you in a little. The great duke  
Came to the bar; where, to his accusations  
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alledg'd  
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.  
The king's attorney, on the contrary,  
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions  
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desir'd  
To have brought, *vivâ voce*, to his face:  
At which appear'd against him, his surveyor;  
*Sir Gilbert Peck*, his chancellor; and *John Car*,  
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,  
*Hopkins*, that made this mischief.

2. G. That was he,  
That fed him with his prophecies?

1. G. The same.

All these accus'd him strongly : which he fain  
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not ;  
And so his peers, upon this evidence,  
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much  
He spoke, and learnedly, for life ; but all  
Was either pity'd in him, or forgotten.

2. G. After all this, how did he bear himself ?

1. G. When he was brought again to the bar, — to hear  
His knell rung out, his judgment, — he was stir'd  
With such an agony, he sweat extreamly,  
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty :  
But he fell to himself again, and, sweetly,  
In all the rest shew'd a most noble patience.

2. G. I do not think, he fears death.

1. G. Sure, he does not,  
He never was so womanish ; the cause  
He may a little grieve at.

2. G. Certainly,  
The cardinal is the end of this.

1. G. 'Tis likely,  
By all conjectures : first, *Kildare's* attainder,  
Then deputy of *Ireland* ; who remov'd,  
Earl *Surrey* was sent thither, and in haste too,  
Left he should help his father.

2. G. That trick of state  
Was a deep envious one.

1. G. At his return,  
No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,  
And generally ; whoever the king favours,  
The cardinal instantly will find employment,  
And far enough from court too.

2. G. All the commons

Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,  
Wish him ten fathom deep : this duke as much  
They love and doat on ; call him, bounteous *Buckingham*,  
The mirror of all courtesy :

1. G. Stay there, sir,

And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM from his Arraignment ;  
Tip-staves before him, the Axe with the Edge  
towards him, Halberds on each Side : with him,  
Sir Thomas LOVEL, Sir Nicholas VAUX,  
and Others, and common People.*

2. G. Let's stand close, and behold him.

*Bvc.* All good people,

You that thus far have come to pity me,  
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.  
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,  
And by that name must die ; Yet heaven bear witness,  
And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me,  
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful !  
The law I bear no malice for my death,  
'T has done, upon the premises, but justice ;  
But those, that fought it, I could wish more christians :  
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em :  
But let 'em look they glory not in mischief,  
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men ;  
For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.  
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,  
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies  
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,  
And dare be bold to weep for *Buckingham*,  
His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave

Is only bitter to him, only dying,  
Go with me, like good angels, to my end ;  
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,  
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,  
And lift my soul to heaven. — Lead on, o'God's name.

*LOV.* I do beseech your grace, for charity,  
If ever any malice in your heart  
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

*BUC.* Sir *Thomas Lovel*, 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 mark my grave. Commend me to his grace ;  
And, if he speak of *Buckingham*, pray, tell him,  
You met him half in heaven : my vows and prayers  
Yet are the king's ; and, 'till my soul forsake me,  
Shall cry for blessings on him : May he live  
Longer than I have time to tell his years !  
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be !  
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,  
Goodness and he fill up one monument !

*LOV.* To the water side I must conduct your grace ;  
Then give my charge up to sir *Nicholas Vaux*,  
Who undertakes you to your end.

*VAU.* Prepare there,  
The duke is coming : see, the barge be ready ;  
And fit it with such furniture, as suits  
The greatness of his person.

*BUC.* 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 'em one day groan for't.  
 My noble father, *Henry of Buckingham*,  
 Who first rais'd head against usurping *Richard*,  
 Flying for succour to his servant *Banister*,  
 Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,  
 And without trial fell ; God's peace be with him !  
*Henry* the seventh succeeding, truly pitying  
 My father's loss, like a most royal prince,  
 Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,  
 Made my name once more noble : Now his son,  
*Henry* the eighth, life, honour, name, and all  
 That made me happy, at one stroke has taken  
 For ever from the world. I had my trial,  
 And, must needs say, a noble one ; which makes me  
 A little happier than my wretched father :  
 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 a dying man receive as certain : —  
 Where you are liberal of your loves, and counsels,  
 Be sure, you be not loose ; for those you make friends,  
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive  
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away  
 Like water from ye, never found again  
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,  
 Pray for me ; I must now forsake ye ; the last hour  
 Of my long weary life is come upon me.  
 Farewel :  
 And when you would say something that is sad,



Speak how I fell. I have done ; and God forgive me !  
 [ *Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and Train.*

1. G. O, this is full of pity ! — Sir, it calls,  
 I fear, too many curses on their heads,  
 That were the authors.

2. G. If the duke be guiltless,  
 'Tis full of woe : yet I can give you inkling  
 Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,  
 Greater than this.

1. G. Good angels keep it from us !  
 What may it be ? You do not doubt my faith, sir ?

2. G. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require  
 A strong faith to conceal it.

1. G. Let me have it ;  
 I do not talk much.

2. G. I am confident ;  
 You shall, sir : Did you not of late days hear  
 A buzzing, of a separation  
 Between the king and *Catherine* ?

1. G. Yes, but it held not :  
 For when the king once heard it, out of anger  
 He sent command to the lord mayor, straight  
 To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues  
 That durst disperse it.

2. G. But that slander, sir,  
 Is found a truth now : for it grows again  
 Fresher than e'er it was ; and held for certain,  
 The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,  
 Or some about him near, have, out of malice  
 To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple  
 That will undo her : To confirm this too,  
 Cardinal *Campeius* is arriv'd, and lately ;

As all think, for this business.

1. G. 'Tis the cardinal;  
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,  
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,  
The arch-bishoprick of *Toledo*, this is purpos'd.

2. G. I think, you have hit the mark: But is't not cruel,  
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal  
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1. G. 'Tis woeful.  
We are too open here, to argue this;  
Let's think in private more.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The King's Anti-chamber.*

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading.*

*Cha.* My lord, *The horses your lordship sent for,*  
*with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and*  
*furnish'd: They were young, and handsome; and of the best*  
*breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for*  
*London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission, and*  
*main power, took 'em from me; with this reason, — His*  
*master would be serv'd before a subject, if not before the*  
*king: which stop'd our mouths, sir.*

I fear, he will, indeed; let him have 'em;  
He will have all, I think.

*Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK, and SUFFOLK.*

*NOR.* Well met, my good  
Lord chamberlain.

*Cha.* Good day to both your graces.

*SUF.* How is the king employ'd?

*Cha.* I left him private,  
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

*NOR.* What's the cause?

*Cha.* It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife  
Has crept too near his conscience.

*SUF.* No, his conscience  
Has crept too near another lady.

*NOR.* 'Tis so;  
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:  
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,  
Turns what he lists. The king will know him one day.

*SUF.* Pray God, he do! he'll never know himself else.

*NOR.* How holily he works in all this 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 twenty years  
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;  
Of her, that loves him with that excellence  
That angels love good men with; even of her,  
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,  
Will bless the king: And is not this course pious?

*Cha.* Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most  
true,

These news are every where; every tongue speaks 'em,  
And every true heart weeps for't: All, that dare  
Look into these affairs, see his main end,  
'The *French* king's sister. Heaven will one day open  
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon  
This bold bad man.

*SUF.* And free us from his slavery.

8 list 10 all his 29 see this

*NOR.* We had need pray,  
 And heartily, for our deliverance;  
 Or this imperious man will work us all  
 From princes into pages: all men's honours  
 Lye like one lump before him, to be fashion'd  
 Into what pinch he please.

*SUF.* For me, my lords,  
 I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed:  
 As I am made without him, so I'll stand,  
 If the king please; his curses and his blessings  
 Touch me alike, they are breath I not believe in:  
 I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him  
 To him, that made him proud, the pope.

*NOR.* Let's in;  
 And, with some other business, put the king  
 From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him:—  
 My lord, you'll bear us company?

*Cba.* Excuse me;  
 The king hath sent me other-where: besides,  
 You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:  
 Health to your lordships.

*NOR.* Thanks, my good lord chamberlain,  
[Exit Chamberlain.]

*They go toward the Door: Door opens;  
 and the King is discover'd, sitting to a Table,  
 pensively, and reading.*

*SUF.* How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.

*Kin.* Who's there? ha? [starting up.]

*NOR.* ¶ pray God, he be not angry.

*Kin.* Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust your-  
 selves

Into my private meditations?

Who am I? ha?

*NOR.* A gracious king, that pardons all offences  
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty, this way,  
Is business of estate; in which, we come  
To know your royal pleasure.

*Kin.* You're too bold:  
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:  
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha? —

*Enter WOLSEY, with CAMPEIUS.*

Who's there? my good lord cardinal? — O my *Wolsey*,  
The quiet of my wounded conscience,  
Thou art a cure fit for a king. — You're welcome,  
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 cannot.  
I would, your grace would give us but an hour  
Of private conference.

*Kin.* We are busy; go. [to *NOR.* and *SUF.*]

*NOR.* "This priest has no pride in him?"

*SUF.* "Not to speak of;"

"I would not be so sick though, for his place:"

"But this can not continue."

*NOR.* "If it do,"

"I'll venture one heave at him."

*SUF.* "I another." [*Exeunt NOR. and SUF.*]

*WOL.* Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom  
Above all princes, in committing freely  
Your scruple to the voice of christendom:  
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?  
The *Spaniard*, ty'd by blood and favour to her,  
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,

The trial just and noble. All the clerks,  
 I mean, the learned ones, in christian kingdoms,  
 Have their free voices: *Rome*, the nurse of judgment,  
 Invited by your noble self, hath sent  
 One general tongue unto us, this † good man,  
 This just and learned priest, cardinal *Campeius*;  
 Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

*Kin.* And, once more, in mine arms I bid him welcome,  
 And thank the holy conclave for their loves;  
 They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

*CAM.* Your grace must needs deserve all strangers?  
 You are so noble: To your highness' hand [loves,  
 I tender my † commission; by whose virtue,  
 (The court of *Rome* commanding) — you, my lord  
 Cardinal of *York*, are join'd with me their servant,  
 In the impartial judging of this business.

*Kin.* Two equal men: The queen shall be acquainted,  
 Forthwith, for what you come: — Where's *Gardiner*?

*WOL.* I know, your majesty has always lov'd her  
 So dear in heart, not to deny her that  
 A woman of less place might ask by law,  
 Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

*Kin.* Ay, and the best she shall have; and my favour  
 To him that does best; God forbid else. Cardinal,  
 Pr'ythee, call *Gardiner* to me, my new secretary;  
 I find him a fit fellow. [Exit *WOLSEY*.

*Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.* [you;"]

*WOL.* "Give me your hand: much joy and favour to  
 "You are the king's now."

*GAR.* "But to be commanded"

"For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me."

*Kin.* Come hither, *Gardiner.* [talk apart.

*CAM.* My lord of *York*, was not one doctor *Pace*  
In this man's place before him?

*WOL.* Yes, he was.

*CAM.* Was he not held a learned man?

*WOL.* Yes, surely.

*CAM.* Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then  
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

*WOL.* How! of me?

*CAM.* They will not stick to say, you envy'd him;  
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,  
Kept him a foreign man still: which so griev'd him,  
That he ran mad, and dy'd.

*WOL.* Heaven's peace be with him!  
That's christian care enough: for living murmurers,  
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;  
For he would needs be virtuous: That † good fellow,  
If I command him, follows my appointment;  
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,  
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

*Kin.* Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[Exit GARDINER.]

The most convenient place that I can think of,  
For such receipt of learning, is *Black-friars*;  
There ye shall meet about this weighty business: —  
My *Wolfey*, see it furnish'd. — O my lord,  
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave  
So sweet a bed-fellow? But, conscience, conscience, —  
O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The Queen's Anti-chamber.*

Enter ANNE BULLEN, and an old Lady. [es:]

ANN. Not for that neither; Here's the pang that pinch-

His highness having liv'd so long with her ; and she  
 So good a lady, that no tongue could ever  
 Pronounce dishonour of her, — by my life,  
 She never knew harm-doing ; — o, now, after  
 So many courses of the sun enthron'd,  
 Still growing in a majesty and pomp, — the which  
 To leave, 's a thousand fold more bitter, than  
 'Tis sweet at first to acquire, — after this process  
 To give her the avant ! it is a pity  
 Would move a monster.

*o. L.* Hearts of most hard temper  
 Melt and lament for her.

*ANN.* O, God's will ! much better,  
 She ne'er had known pomp : though't be temporal,  
 Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce  
 It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging  
 As foul and body's severing.

*o. L.* Alas, poor lady !  
 She's stranger now again.

*ANN.* So much the more  
 Must pity drop upon her : Verily,  
 I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,  
 And range with humble livers in content,  
 Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,  
 And wear a golden sorrow.

*o. L.* Our content  
 Is our best having.

*ANN.* By my troth, and maidenhead,  
 I would not be a queen.

*o. L.* Beshrew me, I would,  
 And venture maidenhead for't ; and so would you,  
 For all this spice of your hypocrisy :



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 gifts  
 (Saving your mincing) the capacity  
 Of your ſoft cheveril conſcience would receive,  
 If you might pleaſe to ſtretch it.

*ANN.* Nay, good troth,— [queen?

*o. L.* Yes, troth, and troth,— You would not be a

*ANN.* No, not for all the riches under heaven. [me,

*o. L.* 'Tis ſtrange; a three-pence bow'd now would hire  
 Old as I am, to queen it: But, I pray you,  
 What think you of a dutcheſs? have you limbs  
 To bear that load of title?

*ANN.* No, in truth.

*o. L.* Then you are weakly made: Pluck off a little;  
 I would not be a young count in your way,  
 For more than bluſhing comes to: if your back  
 Cannot vouchſafe this burthen, 'tis too weak  
 Ever to get a boy.

*ANN.* How you do talk!

I ſwear again, I would not be a queen  
 For all the world.

*o. L.* In faith, for little *England*  
 You'd venture an emballing: I myſelf  
 Would for *Carnarvonſhire*, although there 'long'd  
 No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain.*

*Cha.* Good morrow, ladies. What wer't worth, to know  
 The ſecret of your conference?

*ANN.* My good lord,  
 Not your demand; it values not your asking:

Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

*Cba.* It was a gentle business, and becoming  
The action of good women : there is hope,  
All will be well.

*ANN.* Now I pray God, amen !

*Cba.* You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings  
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,  
Perceive I speak sincerely, and that high note's  
Ta'en of your many virtues, The king's majesty  
Commends his good opinion of you, and  
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing  
Than marchioness of *Pembroke* ; to which title  
A thousand pound a year, annual support,  
Out of his grace he adds.

*ANN.* I do not know,  
What kind of my obedience I should tender ;  
More than my all is nothing : nor my prayers  
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes  
More worth than empty vanities ; yet prayers, and wishes,  
Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,  
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,  
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness ;  
Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.

*Cba.* Lady,  
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit,  
The king hath of you. " I have perus'd her well ;"  
" Beauty and honour in her are so mingl'd,"  
" That they have caught the king : And who knows yet,"  
" But from this lady may proceed a jem,"  
" To lighten all this isle ?" I'll to the king,  
And say, I spoke with you.

*ANN.* My honour'd lord, — [Exit Chamberlain.

*o. L.* Why, this it is; fee, fee!

I have been begging sixteen years in court,  
 (Am yet a courtier beggarly) nor could  
 Come pat betwixt too early and too late,  
 For any suit of pounds: and you, (o fate!)  
 A very fresh fish here, (fie, fie upon  
 This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up,  
 Before you open it.

*ANN.* This is strange to me.

*o. L.* How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no:  
 There was a lady once, ('tis an old story)  
 That would not be a queen, that would she not,  
 For all the mud in *Egypt*; Have you heard it?

*ANN.* Come, you are pleasant.

*o. L.* With your theme, I could  
 O'er-mount the lark. The marchioness of *Pembroke*!  
 A thousand pounds a year! for pure respect.  
 No other obligation by my life,  
 That promises more thousands: Honour's train  
 Is longer than his fore-skirt. By this time,  
 I know, your back will bear a dutchess; Say,  
 Are you not stronger than you were?

*ANN.* Good lady,  
 Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,  
 And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being,  
 If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me,  
 To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful  
 In our long absence: Pray, do not deliver,  
 What here you have heard, to her.

*o. L.* What do you think of me?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Hall in Black-friars.*

*Trumpets, &c. Enter two Vergers, with short silver Wands; next them, two Scribes, in the Habit of Doctors; after them, the Bishops of LINCOLN, Ely, Rochester, and Saint Asaph; after them, the Arch-bishop of Canterbury, alone.*

*Flourish, and Enter 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-usber, bare-headed, accompany'd with a Serjeant at Arms; then, two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver Pillars; after them, Side by Side, the two Cardinals, WOLSEY, and CAMPEIUS.*

*The Cardinals take their Seats upon Benches prepar'd for them in the Front; the Bishops, theirs on each Side; below them, the Scribes; Cryer, and other Officers, standing in convenient Order about the Court.*

*Flourish. Enter the King, and his Train, and takes his Seat under a State upon the right Hand: then, Enter the Queen, and her Train, and takes hers under another State upon the left. The Court rises upon the Entry of the King and Queen; who seated, they are seated likewise.*

*WOL.* Whilst our commission from Rome is read,  
Let silence be commanded.

*Kin.* What's the need?  
It hath already publickly been read,  
And on all sides the authority allow'd;  
You may then spare that time.

*WOL.* Be it so: — Proceed.

*Scr.* Say, *Henry*, king of *England*, come into the court.

*Cry.* *Henry* king of *England*, &c.

*Kin.* Here.

*Scr.* Say, *Catherine*, queen of *England*, come into the court.

*Cry.* *Catherine*, queen of *England*, &c.

[*Queen rises; goes about the Court toward the King's Chair, and kneels at his Feet.*]

*Que.* Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice ;  
 And to bestow your pity on me : for  
 I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,  
 Born out of your dominions ; having here  
 No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance  
 Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,  
 In what have I offended you ? what cause  
 Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,  
 That thus you should proceed to put me off  
 And take your good grace from me ? Heaven witness,  
 I have been to you a true and humble wife,  
 At all times to your will conformable :  
 Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,  
 Yea, subject to your countenance ; glad, or sorry,  
 As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,  
 I ever contradicted your desire ;  
 Or made it not mine too ? Or which of your friends  
 Have I not strove to love, although I knew  
 He were mine enemy ? what friend of mine,  
 That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I  
 Continue in my liking ? nay, gave notice,  
 He was from thence discharg'd. Sir, call to mind,  
 That I have been your wife, in this obedience,

Upward of twenty years, and have been blest  
 With many children by you: If, in the course  
 And process of this time, you can report,  
 And prove it too, against mine honour ought,  
 My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty  
 Against your sacred person, In God's name,  
 Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt  
 Shut door upon me, and so give me up  
 To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,  
 The king, your father, was reputed for  
 A prince most prudent, of an excellent  
 And unmatched wit and judgment; *Ferdinand*,  
 My father, king of *Spain*, was reckon'd one  
 The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many  
 A year before: it is not to be question'd,  
 That they had gather'd a wise council to them  
 Of every realm, that did debate this business,  
 Who deem'd our marriage lawful: Wherefore I humbly  
 Beseech you, sir, to spare me, 'till I may  
 Be by my friends in *Spain* advis'd; whose counsel  
 I will implore: If not; i'the name of God,  
 Your pleasure be fulfill'd.

*WOL.* You have here, lady,  
 (And of your choice) these reverend fathers; men  
 Of singular integrity, and learning,  
 Yea, the elect o'the land, who are assembl'd  
 To plead your cause: It shall be therefore bootless,  
 That longer you defer the court; as well  
 For your own quiet, as to rectify  
 What is unsettl'd 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 produc'd, and heard.

*Que.* Lord cardinal,—

To you I speak :

*WOL.* Your pleasure, madam ?

*Que.* Sir,

I am about to weep ; but, thinking that  
 We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so) certain,  
 The daughter of a king, my drops of tears  
 I'll turn to sparks of fire.

*WOL.* Be patient yet.

*Que.* I will, when you are humble ; nay, before,  
 Or God will punish me. I do believe,  
 Induc'd by potent circumstances, that  
 You are mine enemy ; and make my challenge,  
 You shall not be my judge : for it is you  
 Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me, —  
 Which God's dew quench ! — Therefore, I say again,  
 I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul  
 Refuse you for my judge ; whom, yet once more,  
 I hold my most malicious foe, and think not  
 At all a friend to truth.

*WOL.* I do profess,

You speak not like yourself ; who ever yet  
 Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects  
 Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom  
 O'er-topping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong :  
 I have no spleen against you ; nor injustice  
 For you, or any : how far I have proceeded,  
 Or how far further shall, is warranted  
 By a commission from the consistory,

Yea, the whole confistory of *Rome*. You charge me,  
 That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:  
 The king is present; If it be known to him,  
 That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,  
 And worthily, my falshood? yea, as much  
 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,  
 It lies, to cure me; and the cure is, to  
 Remove these thoughts from you: The which before  
 His highness shall speak in, I do beseech  
 You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,  
 And to say so no more.

*Que.* My lord, my lord,  
 I am a simple woman, much too weak [mouth'd;  
 To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and humble-  
 You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,  
 With meekness and humility: but your heart  
 Is cram'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.  
 You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,  
 Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted,  
 Where powers are your retainers: and your words,  
 Domesticks to you, serve your will, as't please  
 Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,  
 You tender more your person's honour, than  
 Your high profession spiritual: That again  
 I do refuse you for my judge; and here,  
 Before you all, appeal unto the pope,  
 To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,  
 And to be judg'd by him. [*curtsies to the King, and is going.*

*CAM.* The queen is obstinate,  
 Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and



Disdainful to be try'd by't; 'tis not well.  
She's going away.

*Kin.* Call her again.

*Cry.* *Catherine*, queen of *England*, come into the court.

*g. U.* Madam, you are call'd back.

*Que.* What need you note it? pray you, keep your way: When you are call'd, return. — Now the Lord help, They vex me past my patience! — pray you, pass on: I will not tarry; no, nor ever more, Upon this business, my appearance make In any of their courts. [*Exeunt Queen, and her Train.*]

*Kin.* Go thy ways, *Kate*:

That man i'the world, who shall report he has  
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,  
For speaking false in that: Thou art, alone,  
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,  
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government, —  
Obeying in commanding, — and thy parts  
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out)  
The queen of earthly queens: — She's noble born;  
And, like her true nobility, she has  
Carry'd herself towards me.

*WOL.* Most gracious sir,  
In humblest manner I require your highness,  
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing  
Of all these ears, (for where I am rob'd, and bound,  
There must I be unloos'd; although not there  
At once and fully satisfy'd) whether ever I  
Did broach this business to your highness; or  
Lay'd any scruple in your way, which might  
Induce you to the question on't? or ever

Have to you, — but with thanks to God for such  
 A royal lady, — spoke one the least word, might  
 Be to the prejudice of her present state,  
 Or touch of her good person ?

*Kin.* My lord cardinal,

I do excuse you ; yea, upon mine honour,  
 I free you from't. You are not to be taught  
 That you have many enemies, that know not  
 Why they are so, but, like to village curs,  
 Bark when their fellows do : by some of these  
 The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd :  
 But will you be more justify'd ? you ever  
 Have wish'd the sleeping of this business ; never  
 Desir'd it to be stir'd ; but oft have hinder'd, oft,  
 The passages made toward it : — on my honour,  
 I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,  
 And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't, —  
 I will be bold with time, and your attention ; [to't : —  
 Then mark the inducement. Thus it came ; — give heed  
 My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness, ●  
 Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd  
 By the bishop of *Bayonne*, then *French* ambassador ;  
 Who had been hither sent on the debating  
 A marriage, 'twixt the duke of *Orleans* and  
 Our daughter *Mary* : P'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 advertise  
 Whether our daughter were legitimate,  
 Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,  
 Sometime our brother's wife. This respite shook  
 The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,

Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble  
 The region of my breast; which forc'd such way,  
 That many maz'd considerings 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 to't, than  
 The grave does to the dead: for her male issue  
 Or dy'd where they were made, or shortly after  
 This world had air'd them: Hence I took a thought,  
 This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,  
 Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not  
 Be gladdened in't by me: Then follows, that  
 I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in  
 By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me  
 Many a groaning throw. Thus hulling in  
 The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer  
 Toward this remedy, whereupon we are  
 Now present here together; that's to say,  
 I meant to rectify my conscience,— which  
 I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—  
 By all the reverend fathers of the land,  
 And doctors learn'd. — First, I began in private  
 With you, my lord of *Lincoln*; you remember  
 How under my oppression I did reek,  
 When I first mov'd you.

*LIN.* Very well, my liege.

*Kin.* I have spoke long; be pleas'd yourself to say  
 How far you satisfi'd me.

*LIN.* So please your highness,  
 The question did at first so stagger me,—

Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,  
 And consequence of dread,— that I committed  
 The daring'st counsel, which I had, to doubt;  
 And did entreat your highness to this course,  
 Which you are running here.

*Kin.* I then mov'd you,  
 My lord of *Canterbury*; and got your leave  
 To make this present summons: — Unsolicited  
 I left no reverend person in this court;  
 But by particular consent proceeded,  
 Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on;  
 For no dislike i'the world against the person  
 Of our good queen, but the sharp thorny points  
 Of my alledged reasons, drives this forward:  
 Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,  
 And kingly dignity, we are contented  
 To wear our mortal state to come, with her,  
*Catherine* our queen, before the primest creature  
 That's paragon'd o'the world.

*CAM.* So please your highness,  
 The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness  
 That we adjourn this court 'till further day:  
 Mean while must be an earnest motion  
 Made to the queen, to call back her appeal  
 She intends unto his holiness.

*Kin.* “ I may perceive,”  
 “ These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor”  
 “ This dilatory sloth, and tricks of *Rome*.”  
 “ My learn'd and well-beloved servant, *Cranmer*,”  
 “ Pr'ythee, return! with thy approach, I know,”  
 “ My comfort comes along.” — Break up the court;  
 I say, set on. [ *Exeunt, in Manner as they enter'd.* ]

## ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Room in the Queen's Apartment.*

Queen, and certain of her Women, at Work.

[troubles ;

*Que.* Take thy lute, wench : my soul grows sad with  
Sing, and disperse them, if thou can'st : leave working.

## SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,  
and the mountain tops, that freeze,  
bow themselves, when he did sing :  
to his musick, plants, and flowers,  
ever sprung ; as sun, and showers,  
there had made a lasting spring.

## II. St.

Every thing that heard him play,  
e'en the billows of the sea,  
hung their heads, and then lay by.  
In sweet musick is such art ;  
killing care, and grief of heart,  
fall asleep, or, hearing, dye.

Enter a Gentleman.

*Que.* How now ?

*Gen.* An't please your grace, the two great cardinals  
Wait in the presence.

*Que.* Would they speak with me ?*Gen.* They will'd me say so, madam.*Que.* Pray their graces

To come near. [*Exit Gen.*] What can be their business  
With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour ?  
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.

They should be good men ; their affairs are righteous :  
But, All hoods make not monks.

*Enter WOLSEY, and CAMPEIUS.*

*WOL.* Peace to your highness !

*Que.* Your graces find me here part of a huswife,  
(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.

*Que.* Speak it here ;  
There's nothing I have done yet, o'my conscience,  
Deserves a corner : 'Would all other women  
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do !  
My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy  
Above a number) if my actions  
Were try'd by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,  
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,  
I know my life so even : If your business  
Seek me out, and that way I am wise in,  
Out with it boldly ; Truth loves open dealing.

*WOL.* *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, Regina serenissima,*—

*Que.* 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 : [ous ;  
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious—  
Pray, speak in *English* : here are some will thank you,  
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake ;  
Believe me, she has had much wrong : Lord cardinal,  
'The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,  
May be absolv'd in *English*.

*WOL.* Noble lady,  
 I am sorry, my integrity should breed  
 (And service to his majesty and you)  
 So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.  
 We come not by the way of accusation,  
 To taint that honour every good tongue blesses;  
 Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;  
 You have too much, good lady: but to know  
 How you stand minded in the weighty difference  
 Between the king and you; and to deliver,  
 Like free and honest men, our just opinions,  
 And comforts to your cause.

*CAM.* Most honour'd madam,  
 My lord of *York*,—out of his noble nature,  
 Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace;  
 Forgetting (like a good man) your late censure  
 Both of his truth and him, (which was too far)—  
 Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,  
 His service, and his counsel.

*Que.* “To betray me.”—  
 My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,  
 Ye speak like honest men, (pray God, ye prove so!)  
 But how to make ye suddenly an answer,  
 In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,  
 (More near my life, I fear) with my weak wit,  
 And to such men of gravity and learning,  
 In truth, I know not. I was set at work  
 Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking  
 Either for such men, or such business:  
 For her sake that I have been, (for I feel  
 The last fit of my greatness) good your graces,  
 Let me have time, and counsel, for my cause;

Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless. [fears;

*WOL.* Madam, you wrong the king's love with these  
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

*Que.* In *England!*

But little for my profit: Can you think, lords,  
That any *Englishman* dare give me counsel?  
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,  
(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest)  
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,  
They that must weigh out my afflictions,  
They that my trust must grow to, live not here;  
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,  
In mine own country, lords.

*CAM.* I would, your grace  
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

*Que.* How, sir?

*CAM.* Put your main cause into the king's protection;  
He's loving, and most gracious: 'twill be much  
Both for your honour better, and your cause;  
For, if the trial of the law o'er-take you,  
You'll part away disgrac'd.

*WOL.* He tells you rightly.

*Que.* Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:  
Is this your christian counsel? out upon ye!  
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge,  
That no king can corrupt.

*CAM.* Your rage mistakes us.

*Que.* The more shame for ye; holy men I thought ye,  
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;  
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:  
Mend 'em for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?  
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?



A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?  
 I will not wish ye half my miseries,  
 I have more charity : But say, I warn'd ye ;  
 Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once  
 The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye.

*WOL.* Madam, this is a meer distraction ;  
 You turn the good we offer into envy.

*Que.* Ye turn me into nothing ; Woe upon ye,  
 And all such false professors ! Would you have me  
 (If you have any justice, any pity ;  
 If you 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, 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.

*Que.* Have I liv'd thus long (let me speak myself,  
 Since virtue finds no friends) a wife, a true one ?  
 A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory)  
 Never yet branded with suspicion ?  
 Have I with all my full affections  
 Still met the king ? lov'd him next heaven ? obey'd him ?  
 Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him ?  
 Almost forgot my prayers, to content him ?  
 And am I thus rewarded ? 'tis not well, lords.  
 Bring me a constant woman to her husband,  
 One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure ;  
 And to that woman, when she has done most,  
 Yet will I add an honour, — a great patience.

*WOL.* Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

*Que.* My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,  
To give up willingly that noble title  
Your master wed me to: nothing but death  
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

*WOL.* Pray, hear me.

*Que.* 'Would I had never trod this *English* earth,  
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!  
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.  
What will become of me now, wretched lady?  
I am the most unhappy woman living. —  
Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?  
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,  
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me,  
Almost, no grave allow'd me: — Like the lilly,  
That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,  
I'll hang my head, and perish.

*WOL.* If your grace  
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,  
You'd feel more comfort: Why should we, good lady,  
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas, our places,  
The way of our profession is against it;  
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.  
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;  
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly  
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this 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  
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

CAM. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues  
 With these weak women's fears : A noble spirit,  
 As yours was put into you, ever casts  
 Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you ;  
 Beware, you lose it not : For us, if you please  
 To trust us in your business, we are ready  
 To use our utmost studies in your service. [me,

Que. Do what ye will, my lords : And, pray, forgive me  
 If I have us'd myself unmannerly ;  
 You know, I am a woman, lacking wit  
 To make a seemly answer to such persons.  
 Pray, do my service to his majesty :  
 He has my heart yet ; and shall have my prayers,  
 While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,  
 Bestow your counsels on me : she now begs,  
 That little thought, when she set footing here,  
 She should have bought her dignities so dear. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Room in the King's Apartment.*

*Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the  
 Earl of SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

NOR. If you will now unite in your complaints,  
 And force them with a constancy, the cardinal  
 Cannot stand under them : If you omit  
 The offer of this time, I cannot promise,  
 But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,  
 With these you bear already.

SUR. I am joyful  
 To meet the least occasion, that may give me  
 Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,  
 To be reveng'd on him.

SUF. Which of the peers

Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least  
 Strangely neglected? when did he regard  
 The stamp of nobleness in any person,  
 Out of himself?

*Cba.* My lords, you speak your pleasures:  
 What he deserves of you and me, I know;  
 What we can do to him, (though now the time  
 Gives way to us) I much fear. If you cannot  
 Bar his access to the king, never attempt  
 Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft  
 Over the king in his tongue.

*NOR.* O, fear him not;  
 His spell in that is out: the king hath found  
 Matter against him, that for ever mars  
 The honey of his language. No, he's settl'd,  
 Not to come off, in his displeasure.

*SUR.* Sir,  
 I should be glad to hear such news as this  
 Once every hour.

*NOR.* Believe it, this is true.  
 In the divorce, his contrary proceedings  
 Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,  
 As I would wish mine enemy.

*SUR.* How came  
 His practices to light?

*SUF.* Most strangely.

*SUR.* O, how, how?

*SUF.* The cardinal's letters to the pope miscarry'd,  
 And came to the eye o'the king: wherein was read,  
 How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness  
 To stay the judgment o'the divorce; For if  
 It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive*,

*My king is tangl'd in affection to  
A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen.*

*SUR.* Has the king this?

*SUF.* Believe it.

*SUR.* Will this work?

*Cba.* 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 physick  
After his patient's death; the king already  
Hath marry'd the fair lady.

*SUR.* 'Would he had!

*SUF.* May you be happy in your wish, my lord;  
For, I profess, you have it.

*SUR.* Now all my joy  
Trace the conjunction!

*SUF.* My amen to't.

*NOR.* All men's.

*SUF.* There's order given for her coronation:  
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left  
To some ears unrecounted. — But, my lords,  
She is a gallant creature, and compleat  
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her  
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall  
In it be memoriz'd.

*SUR.* But, will the king  
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?  
The lord forbid!

*NOR.* Marry, amen!

*SUF.* No, no;  
There be more wasps that buz 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 o'the king unhandl'd ; and  
 Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,  
 To second all his plot. I do assure you,  
 The king cry'd, ha! at this.

*Cba.* 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 satisfi'd the king for his divorce,  
 Together with all famous colledges  
 Almost in christendom: shortly, I believe,  
 His second marriage shall be publish'd, and  
 Her coronation. *Catherine* no more  
 Shall be call'd, queen; but princess dowager,  
 And widow to prince *Arthur*.

*NOR.* This same *Cranmer's*  
 A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain  
 In the king's business.

*SUF.* He has; and we shall see him,  
 For it, an arch-bishop.

*NOR.* So I hear.

*SUF.* 'Tis so.

The cardinal—

*Enter, at a distant Part of the Room,  
 WOLSEY, and CROMWEL.*

*NOR.* Observe, observe, he's moody.

*WOL.* The packet, *Cromwel*,  
 Gave't you the king?

*CRO.* To his own hand, in his bed-chamber.

*WOL.* Look'd he o'the inside of the paper?

*CRO.* Presently

He did unseal them : and the first he view'd,  
 He did it with a serious mind; a heed  
 Was in his countenance : You, my lord, he bad  
 Attend him here this morning.

WOL. Is he ready  
 To come abroad?

CRO. I think, by this he is.

WOL. Leave me a while. — [Exit CROMWEL.

It shall be to the dutchess of *Alençon*,  
 The *French* king's sifter: he shall marry her.—  
*Anne Bullen!* No; I'll no *Anne Bullens* for him:  
 There's more in't than fair visage.—*Bullen!*

No, we'll no *Bullens*.—Speedily I wish  
 To hear from *Rome*.—The marchioness of *Pembroke!*

NOR. He's discontented.

SUF. May be, he hears the king  
 Does whet his anger to him.

SUR. Sharp enough,  
 Lord, for thy justice! [daughter!

WOL. The late queen's gentlewoman; a knight's  
 To be her mistress' mistress; the queen's queen!  
 This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;  
 Then, out it goes. What though I know her vertuous,  
 And well deserving? yet I know her for  
 A spleeny lutheran; and not wholesome to  
 Our cause, that she should lye i'the bosom of  
 Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up  
 An heretick, an arch one, *Cranmer*; one  
 Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,  
 And is his oracle.

NOR. He is vex'd at something. [string.

SUR. I would, 'twere something that would fret the

The master cord of's heart.

*Enter King, turning over some Papers;*

*Sir Thomas Lovel attending.*

*SUF.* The king, the king.

*Kin.* What piles of wealth hath he accumulated  
To his own portion! and what expence by the hour  
Seems to flow from him! How, i'the name of thrift,  
Does he rake this together!—Now, my lords;  
Saw you the cardinal?

*NOR.* My lord, we have  
Stood here observing him: Some strange commotion  
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;  
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,  
Then, lays his finger on his temple; straight,  
Springs out into fast gait; then, stops again,  
Strikes his breast hard; and then, anon, he casts  
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures  
We have seen him set himself.

*Kin.* It may well be;  
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning  
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,  
As I requir'd; And, wot you, what I found  
There; on my conscience, put unwittingly?  
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,—  
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,  
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which  
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks  
Possession of a subject.

*NOR.* It's heaven's will;  
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,  
To bless your eye withal.

*Kin.* If we did think,



His contemplations were above the earth,  
 And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still  
 Dwell in his musings; but, I am afraid,  
 His thinkings are below the moon, not worth  
 His serious considering. [*takes his Seat; and whispers*  
*Lovel, who goes to the Cardinal.*

*WOL.* Heaven forgive me! —  
 Ever God blefs your highness!

*Kin.* Good my lord,  
 You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory  
 Of your best graces in your mind; the which  
 You were now running o'er: you have scarce time  
 To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,  
 To keep your earthly audit: Sure, in that  
 I deem you an ill husband; and am glad  
 To have you therein my companion.

*WOL.* Sir,  
 For holy offices I have a time; a time,  
 To think upon the part of business, which  
 I bear i' the state; and nature does require  
 Her times of preservation, which, perforce,  
 I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,  
 Must give my tendance to.

*Kin.* You have said well.

*WOL.* And ever may your highness yoke together,  
 As I will lend you cause, my doing well  
 With my well saying.

*Kin.* 'Tis well said again;  
 And 'tis 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  
 His word upon you. Since I had my office,

I have kept you next my heart; have not alone  
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,  
But par'd my present havings, to bestow  
My bounties upon you.

*WOL.* "What should this mean?"

*SVR.* "The lord increase this business!"

*Kin.* Have I not made you  
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,  
If what I now pronounce you have found true:  
And, if you may confess it, say withal,  
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?

*WOL.* My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,  
Shower'd on me daily, have been more, than could  
My study'd purposes requite; which went  
Beyond all man's endeavours: my endeavours  
Have ever come too short of my desires;  
Yet fill'd with my abilities: Mine own ends  
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed  
To the good of your most sacred person, and  
The profit of the state. For your great graces  
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I  
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;  
My prayers to heav'n for you; my loyalty,  
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,  
'Till death, that winter, kill it.

*Kin.* Fairly answer'd;  
A loyal and obedient subject is  
Therein illustrated: the honour of it  
Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary,  
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,  
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,  
My heart drop'd love, my pow'r rain'd honour, more

On you, than any; so your hand, and heart,  
Your brain, and every function of your power,  
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,  
As 'twere in love's particular, be more  
To me, your friend, than any.

*WOL.* I do profess,  
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd  
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be.  
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,  
And throw it from their soul; though perils did  
Abound as thick as thought could make 'em, and  
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,  
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,  
Should the approach of this wild river break,  
And stand unshaken yours.

*Kin.* 'Tis nobly spoken:—  
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,  
For you have seen him open't.—Read o'er † this;  
And, after, † this: and then to breakfast, with  
What appetite you have.

*[Exit King, frowning upon the Cardinal; the Nobles  
throng after him, smiling, and whispering.]*

*WOL.* What should this mean?  
What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?  
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin  
Leap'd from his eyes: So looks the chafed lion  
Upon the daring huntsman, that has gall'd him;  
Then makes him nothing. I must read this † paper;  
I fear, the story of his anger. 'Tis so;  
This paper has 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 see my friends in *Rome*. O negligence,  
 Fit for a fool to fall by! what cross devil  
 Made me put this main secret in the packet  
 I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?  
 No new device to beat this from his brains?  
 I know, 'twill stir him strongly; Yet I know  
 A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune  
 Will bring me off again. What's this † — *To the Pope?*  
 The letter, as I live, with all the business  
 I writ to 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 bright exhalation in the evening,  
 And no man see me more.

*Re-enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the  
 Earl of SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

NOR. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who com-  
 To render up the great seal presently [mands you  
 Into our hands; and to confine yourself  
 To *Esper-house*, my lord of *Winchester's*,  
 'Till you hear further from his highness.

WOL. Stay,

Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry  
 Authority so weighty.

SUF. Who dare cross 'em?

Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

WOL. 'Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,  
 (I mean, your malice) know, officious lords,  
 I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel  
 Of what base metal ye are molded, envy:  
 How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,

As if it fed ye? and how sleek and wanton  
 Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin?  
 Follow your envious courses, men of malice;  
 You have christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,  
 In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,  
 You ask with such a violence, the king  
 (Mine, and your master) with his own hand gave me:  
 Bad me enjoy it, with the place and honours,  
 During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,  
 Ty'd it by letters patents: Now, who'll take it?

*SUR.* The king, that gave it.

*WOL.* It must be himself then.

*SUR.* Thou'rt a proud traitor, priest.

*WOL.* Proud lord, thou ly'ft;

Within these forty hours *Surrey* durst better  
 Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

*SUR.* Thy ambition,

Thou scarlet sin, rob'd this bewailing land

Of noble *Buckingham*, my father-in-law:

The heads of all thy brother cardinals,

(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together)

Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!

You sent me deputy for *Ireland*;

Far from his succour, from the king, from all

That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'ft him;

Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,

Absolv'd him with an axe.

*WOL.* This, and all else

This talking lord can lay upon my credit,

I answer, is most false. The duke by law

Found his deserts: how innocent I was

From any private malice in his end,

His noble jury and foul cause can witness.  
 If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,  
 You have as little honesty as honour;  
 That  $\mathfrak{J}$ , i' the way of loyalty and truth  
 Toward the king, my ever-royal master,  
 Dare mate a founder man than *Surrey* can be,  
 And all that love his follies.

*SUR.* By my soul,  
 Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou should'it feel  
 My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,  
 Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?  
 And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,  
 To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,  
 Farewel nobility; let his grace go forward,  
 And dare us with his cap, like larks.

*WOL.* All goodness  
 Is poison to thy stomach.

*SUR.* Yes, that goodness  
 Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,  
 Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;  
 The goodness of your intercepted packets,  
 You writ to the pope, against the king: your goodness,  
 Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—  
 My lord of *Norfolk*,—as you are truly noble,  
 As you respect the common good, the state  
 Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,  
 Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,—  
 Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles  
 Collected from his life:—I'll startle you  
 Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench  
 Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

*WOL.* How much, methinks, I could despise this man,

But that I am bound in charity against it.

*NOR.* Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand; But, thus much, they are foul ones.

*WOL.* So much fairer,  
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,  
When the king knows my truth.

*SUR.* This cannot save you :  
I thank my memory, I yet remember  
Some of these articles; and out they shall.  
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,  
You'll shew a little honesty.

*WOL.* Speak on, sir;  
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,  
It is, to see a nobleman want manners. [you.

*SUR.* I had rather want those, than my head. Have at  
First, that, without the king's assent, or knowledge,  
You wrought to be a legate; by which power  
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

*NOR.* Then, that, in all you writ to *Rome*, or else  
To foreign princes, *Ego & Rex meus*  
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king  
To be your servant.

*SUF.* Then, that, without the knowledge  
Either of king or council, when you went  
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold  
To carry into *Flanders* the great seal.

*SUR.* Item, you sent a large commission  
To *Gregory de Cassalis*, to conclude,  
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,  
A league between his highness and *Ferrara*.

*SUF.* That, out of meer ambition, you have caus'd  
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

*SUR.* Then, that you have sent innumerable substance,  
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience)  
To furnish *Rome*, and to prepare the ways  
You have for dignities; to the meer undoing  
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;  
Which, since they are of you, and odious,  
I will not taint my mouth with.

*Cha.* O my lord,  
Pres not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:  
His faults lye open to the laws; let them,  
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him  
So little of his great self.

*SUR.* I forgive him.

*SUF.* Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,—  
Because all those things, you have done of late  
By your power legatine within this kingdom,  
Fall into the compass of a *Præmunire*,—  
That therefore such a writ be su'd against you;  
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,  
Castles, and whatsoever, and to be  
Out of the king's protection: This is my charge.

*NOR.* And so we'll leave you to your meditations  
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,  
About the giving back the great seal to us,  
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.  
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt Nobles.*]

*WOL.* So farewell to the little good you bear me.  
Farewel, a long farewell, to all my greatness!  
This is the state of man; To-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,  
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:



The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;  
 And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
 His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,  
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,  
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
 These many summers in a sea of glory;  
 But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride  
 At length broke under me; and now has left me,  
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy  
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.  
 Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;  
 I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched  
 Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!  
 There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,  
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have;  
 And when he falls, he falls like *Lucifer*,  
 Never to hope again.—

*Enter CROMWEL, amazedly.*

Why, how now, *Cromwel*?

*CRO.* 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 false indeed.

*CRO.* How does your grace?

*WOL.* Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good *Cromwel*.  
 I know myself now; and I feel within me  
 A peace above all earthly dignities,  
 A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,  
 I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,

'These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken  
 A load would sink a navy, too much honour :  
 O, 'tis a burden, *Cromwel*, 'tis a burden,  
 Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven. [of it.

*CRO.* I am glad, your grace has made that right use

*WOL.* I hope, I have: I am able now, methinks,  
 (Out of a fortitude of soul I feel)

To endure more miseries, and greater far,  
 Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.

What news abroad?

*CRO.* The heaviest, and the worst,  
 Is your displeasure with the king.

*WOL.* God blefs him!

*CRO.* The next is, that sir *Thomas More* is chosen  
 Lord chancellor in your place.

*WOL.* That's somewhat sudden:

But he's a learned man. May he continue  
 Long in his highness' favour, and do justice  
 For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,  
 When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,  
 May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em.  
 What more?

*CRO.* That *Cranmer* is return'd with welcome,  
 Install'd lord arch-bishop of *Canterbury*.

*WOL.* That's news indeed.

*CRO.* Last, that the lady *Anne*,  
 Whom the king hath in secrecy long marry'd,  
 This day was view'd in open, as his queen,  
 Going to chapel; and the voice is now  
 Only about her coronation. [*Cromwel*,

*WOL.* There was the weight that pull'd me down. O  
 The king has gone beyond me; all my glories

In that one woman I have lost for ever:  
 No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,  
 Or gild again the noble troops that waited  
 Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, *Cromwel*;  
 I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now  
 To be thy lord and master: Seek the king;  
 (That sun, I pray, may never set!) I have told him  
 What, and how true thou art: he will advance thee;  
 Some little memory of me will stir him,  
 I know his noble nature, not to let  
 Thy hopeful service perish too: Good *Cromwel*,  
 Neglect him not; make use now, and provide  
 For thine own future safety.

*CRO.* O my lord,  
 Must I then leave you? must I needs forego  
 So good, so noble, and so true a master?—  
 Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,  
 With what a sorrow *Cromwel* leaves his lord.—  
 The king shall have my service; but my prayers  
 For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

*WOL.* *Cromwel*, I did not think to shed a tear  
 In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,  
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.  
 Let's dry our eyes: And thus far hear me, *Cromwel*;  
 And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be;  
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
 Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee,  
 Say, *Wolsey*,—that once trod the ways of glory,  
 And founded all the depths and shoals of honour,—  
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;  
 A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.  
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.

*Cromwel*, I charge thee, fling away ambition;  
 By that sin fell the angels, How can man then,  
 The image of his maker, hope to win by't?  
 Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;  
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:  
 Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,  
 Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, o *Cromwel*;  
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;  
 And, pr'ythee, lead me in:  
 There take an inventory of all I have,  
 To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,  
 And my integrity to heaven, is all  
 I dare now call mine own. O *Cromwel*, *Cromwel*;  
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal  
 I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age  
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

*CRO.* Good sir, have patience.

*WOL.* So I have. Farewel

The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell. [*Ex.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. A Street.

*Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.*

1. G. You are well met once again.

2. G. And so are you.

1. G. You come to take your stand here, and behold  
 The lady *Anne* pass from her coronation?

2. G. 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,

The duke of *Buckingham* came from his trial.

1. G. 'Tis very true: But that time offer'd sorrow;  
This, general joy.

2. G. 'Tis well: the citizens,  
I am sure, have shewn at full their royal minds;  
As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward  
In celebration of this day with shews,  
Pageants, and fights of honour.

1. G. Never greater,  
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

2. G. May I be bold to ask what that contains,  
That † paper in your hand?

1. G. Yes; 'tis the list  
Of those, that claim their offices this day  
By custom of the coronation.

The duke of *Suffolk* is the first, and claims  
To be high steward; next, the duke of *Norfolk*,  
He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.

2. G. I thank you, sir; had I not known these customs,  
I should have been beholding to your paper.  
But, I beseech you, what's become of *Catherine*,  
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

1. G. That I can tell you too, sir. The arch-bishop  
Of *Canterbury*, accompany'd with other  
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,  
Held a late court at *Dunstable*, six miles off  
From *Amptbill*, where the princess lay; to which  
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:  
And, to be short, for not appearance, and  
The king's late scruple, by the main assent  
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,  
And the late marriage made of none effect:

Since which, she was removed to *Kymbolton*;  
Where she remains now, sick.

2. G. Alas, good lady! — [Trumpets.  
The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.

*Order of the Procession.*

*A lively Flourish of Trumpets. Then, Enter,*

1. *two Judges.*
2. *Lord Chancellor, with Purse and Mace before him.*
3. *Choristers singing.* [Musick.
4. *Mayor of London, bearing the Mace: then, Garter, in his Coat of Arms, on his Head a gilt copper Crown.*
5. *Marquis Dorset, bearing a Scepter of Gold, on his Head a demi-Coronal of Gold: with him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the Rod of Silver with the Dove, crowned with an Earl's Coronet. Collars of SS.*
6. *Duke of Suffolk, in his Robe of Estate, his Coronet on his Head, bearing a long white Wand, as High Steward: with him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the Rod of Marshalship, a Coronet on his Head. Collars of SS.*
7. *A Canopy, born by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the Queen, rob'd, in her Hair richly adorn'd with Pearl, crown'd: on each Side her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*
8. *The old Dutches of Norfolk, in a Coronet of Gold wrought with Flowers, bearing the Queen's Train.*
9. *Certain Ladies, or Countesses, with plain Circlets of Gold without Flowers.*

2. G. A royal train, believe me. These I know;  
Who's that, that bears the scepter?

1. G. Marquis *Dorset*:

And that the earl of *Surrey*, with the rod.

2. G. A bold brave gentleman. That next should be  
The duke of *Suffolk*.

1. G. 'Tis the same; high steward.

2. G. And that my lord of *Norfolk*?

1. G. Yes.

2. G. Heaven bless thee!

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;

Our king has all the *Indies* in his arms,

And more, and richer, when he strains that lady:

I cannot blame his conscience.

1. G. They that bear

The cloth of honour over her, are four barons

Of the *Cinque-ports*.

2. G. Those men are happy; and so are all, are near  
her.

I take it, she that carries up the train,

Is that old noble lady, dutchess of *Norfolk*.

1. G. It is; and all the rest are countesses.

2. G. Their coronets say so. These are stars, indeed;  
And, sometimes, falling ones.

1. G. No more of that.

[*Exit Procession. A great Flourish of Trumpets.*

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

2. G. God save you, sir! and where have you been  
broiling?

3. G. Among the croud i'the abbey; where a finger  
Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled  
With the meer rankness of their joy.

2. G. You saw

The ceremony?

3. G. That I did.

1. G. How was it?

3. G. Well worth the seeing.

2. G. Good fir, speak it to us.

3. G. As well as I am able. The rich stream  
Of lords, and 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 freely  
The beauty of her person to the people.  
Believe me, fir, she is the goodliest woman  
That ever lay by man: which when the people  
Had the full view of, such a noise arose  
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,  
As loud, and to as many tunes: Hats, cloaks,  
(Doublets, I think) flew up; and had their faces  
Been loose, this day they had been lost: Such joy  
I never saw before. Great-belly'd women,  
That had not half a week to go, like rams  
In the old time of war, would shake the prease,  
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living  
Could say, *That is my wife*, there; all were woven  
So strangely in one piece.

2. G. But, pray, what follow'd?

3. G. At length, her grace rose, and with modest  
paces

Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and, faint-like,  
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.  
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:  
When by the arch-bishop of *Canterbury*



She had all the royal makings of a queen ;  
 As holy oil, *Edward* confessor's crown,  
 The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems  
 Lay'd nobly on her : which perform'd, the choir,  
 With all the choicest musick of the kingdom,  
 Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,  
 And with the same full state pac'd back again  
 To *York*-place, where the feast is held.

1. G. Good sir,

You must no more call it *York*-place, that's past :  
 For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost ;  
 'Tis now the king's, and call'd — *Whitehall*.

3. G. I know it ;

But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name  
 Is fresh about me.

2. G. What two reverend bishops

Were those, that went on each side of the queen ?

3. G. *Stokesly*, and *Gardiner* ; the one, of *Winchester*,  
 (Newly prefer'd from the king's secretary)  
 The other, *London*.

2. G. He of *Winchester*

Is held no great good lover of the arch-bishop's,  
 The virtuous *Cranmer*.

3. G. All the land knows that :

However, yet there is no great breach ; when it comes,  
*Cranmer* will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2. G. Who may that be, I pray you.

3. G. *Thomas Cromwel* ;

A man in much esteem wi' the king, and truly  
 A worthy friend. The king has made him master  
 O' the jewel-house, and one o' the privy-council.

2. G. He will deserve more.

3. G. Yes, without all doubt.

Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which  
Is to the court, and there shall be my guests;  
Something I can command. As I walk thither,  
I'll tell ye more.

1. 2. You may command us, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Kymbolton.

*A Room in one of the royal Seats.*

*Enter* CATHARINE, Dowager, sick; led between

GRIFFITH her gentleman-Usher, and

PATIENCE her Woman.

GRI. How does your grace?

CAT. O, Griffith, sick to death:

My legs, like loaded branches, bow to the earth,

Willing to leave their burthen: Reach a chair;

So, † now, methinks, I feel a little ease.

Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,

That the great child of honour, cardinal *Wolfey*,

Was dead?

GRI. Yes, madam; but, I think, your grace,

Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

CAT. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he dy'd:

If well, he step'd before me, hapily,

For my example.

GRI. Well, the voice goes, madam.

For after the stout earl *Northumberland*

Arrested him at *York*, and brought him forward

(As a man forely tainted) to his answer,

He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill

He could not fit his mule.

CAT. Alas, poor man!

3 there ye shall

*GRI.* At last, with easy roads, he came to *Leicester*,  
Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,  
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;  
To whom he gave these words,— *O father abbot,*  
*An old man, broken with the storms of state,*  
*Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;*  
*Give him a little earth for charity.*

So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness  
Pursu'd him still; and, three nights after this,  
About the hour of eight, (which he himself  
Foretold, should be his last) full of repentance,  
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,  
He gave his honours to the world again,  
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

*CAT.* So may he rest; his faults lye 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  
Tyth'd all the kingdom: simony was fair play;  
His own opinion was his law: l' the presence  
He would say untruths; and be ever double,  
Both in his words and meaning: He was never,  
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:  
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;  
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.  
Of his own body he was ill, and gave  
The clergy ill example.

*GRI.* 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?

*CAT.* Yes, good *Griffith*;  
I were malicious else.

*GRI.* This cardinal,  
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly  
Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle  
He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one:  
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:  
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not;  
But, to those men that fought him, sweet as summer,  
And though he were unsatisfy'd in getting,  
(Which was a sin) yet in bestowing, madam,  
He was most princely: Ever witness for him  
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,  
*Ipswich*, and *Oxford*: one of which fell with him,  
Unwilling to out-live the good that did it;  
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,  
So excellent in art, and still so rising,  
That christendom shall ever speak his virtue.  
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;  
For then, and not 'till then, he felt himself,  
And found the blessedness of being little:  
And, to add greater honours to his age  
Than man could give him, he dy'd, fearing God.

*CAT.* After my death I wish no other herald,  
No other speaker of my living actions,  
To keep mine honour from corruption,  
But such an honest chronicler as *Griffith*.  
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,  
With thy religious truth, and modesty,  
Now in his ashes honour: Peace be with him!—  
*Patience*, be near me still; and set me lower:  
I have not long to trouble thee.— Good *Griffith*,

Cause the musicians play me that sad note  
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating  
On that celestial harmony I go to.

*[Woman composes her. Sad and solemn Musick.*

GRI. She is asleep: Good wench, let's fit down quiet,  
For fear we wake her: softly, gentle *Patience*.

*Enter (as in Vision) solemnly, tripping one after another, six Personages, clad in white Robes, wearing on their Heads Garlands of Bays, and golden Vizards on their Faces; Branches of Bays, or Palm, in their Hands. They first congee unto her, then dance: and, at certain Changes, the two first hold a spare Garland over her Head; at which, the other four make reverend Curtseys: Then the two, that held the Garland, deliver the same to the other next two; who observe the same Order in their Changes, and holding the Garland over her Head: Which done, they deliver the same Garland to the last two; who likewise observe the same Order. At which, (as it were by Inspiration) she makes, in her Sleep, Signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her Hands to Heaven. And so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the Garland with them.*

CAT. Spirits of peace, *[starting out of her Sleep]* where  
are ye? Are ye all gone?

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

GRI. Madam, we are here.

CAT. It is not you I call for:

Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

GRI. None, madam.

CAT. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop  
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces  
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?  
They promis'd me eternal happiness;

And brought me garlands, *Griffith*, which I feel  
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,  
Assuredly.

*GRI.* I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams  
Possess your fancy.

*CAT.* Bid the musick leave,  
They are harsh and heavy to me. [Musick 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 you her eyes?"

*GRI.* "She is going, wench; pray, pray."

*PAT.* "Heaven comfort her!"

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Gen.* An't like your grace,—

*CAT.* You are a saucy fellow;  
Deserve we no more reverence?

*GRI.* You're to blame,  
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,  
To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.

*Gen.* I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;  
My haste made me unmannerly: There is staying  
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

*CAT.* Admit him entrance, *Griffith*: But this fellow  
Let me ne'er see again. [Exeunt *GRI.* and *Gen.*

*Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.*

If my sight fail not,  
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,  
My royal nephew, and your name *Capucius*.

*CAP.* Madam, the same, your servant.

*CAT.* O my lord,  
The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely

With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,  
What is your pleasure with me?

*CAP.* Noble lady,  
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,  
The king's request that I would visit you;  
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me  
Sends you his princely commendations,  
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

*CAT.* O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;  
'Tis like a pardon after execution:  
That gentle physick, given in time, had cur'd me;  
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.  
How does his highness?

*CAP.* Madam, in good health.

*CAT.* So may he ever do! and ever flourish,  
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name  
Banish'd the kingdom! — *Patience*, is that letter,  
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

*PAT.* No, madam. *[reaching it.]*

*CAT.* Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver  
This † to my lord the king:

*CAP.* Most willingly, madam.

*CAT.* In which I have commended to his goodness  
The model of our chaste 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 poor petition  
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity  
Upon my wretched women, that so long

Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully :  
 Of which there is not one, I dare avow,  
 (And now I should not lie) but will deserve,  
 For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,  
 For honesty, and decent carriage,  
 A right good husband; let him be a noble;  
 And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em.  
 The last is, for my men;— they are the poorest,  
 But poverty could never draw 'em from me;—  
 That they may have their wages duly pay'd 'em,  
 And something over to remember me by :  
 If heaven had pleas'd 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.

*CAP.* By heaven, I will;  
 Or let me lose the fashion of a man.

*CAT.* I thank you, honest lord. Remember me  
 In all humility unto his highness:  
 Say, his long trouble now is passing from him  
 Out of this world; tell him, in death I blest'd him,  
 For so I will. — Mine eyes grow dim. — Farewel,  
 My lord. — *Griffith*, farewel. — 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 us'd with honour; strew me over  
 With maiden flowers, that all the world may know  
 I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,  
 Then lay me forth; although unqueen'd, yet like



A queen, and daughter to a king, interr me.

I can no more.

[*Exeunt, leading Catherine.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Gallery in the Palace.*

*Enter GARDINER Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a Torch before him, met by Sir Thomas LOVEL.*

GAR. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

Pag. It hath strook.

GAR. These should be hours for necessities,  
Not for delights; times to repair our nature  
With comforting repose, and not for us  
To waste these times.—Good hour of night, *fir Thomas!*  
Whither so late?

LOV. Came you from the king, my lord?

GAR. I did, *fir Thomas*; and left him at primero  
With the duke of *Suffolk*.

LOV. I must to him too,  
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

GAR. Not yet, *fir Thomas Lovel*. What's the matter?  
It seems, you are in haste: an if there be  
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend  
Some touch of your late business: Affairs, that walk  
(As, they say, spirits do) at midnight, have  
In them a wilder nature, than the business  
That seeks dispatch by day.

LOV. My lord, I love you;  
And durst commend a secret to your ear  
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour,  
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd,

She'll with the labour end.

*GAR.* The fruit, she goes with,  
I pray for heartily; that it may find  
Good time, and live: but for the stock, fir *Thomas*,  
I wish it grub'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, fir, fir,—  
Hear me, fir *Thomas*: you're a gentleman  
Of mine own way, I know you wise, religious;  
And let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—  
'Twill not, fir *Thomas Lovel*, take't of me,—  
'Till *Cranmer*, *Cromwel*, her two hands, and she,  
Sleep in their graves.

*LOV.* Now, fir, you speak of two  
The most remark'd i'the kingdom. As for *Cromwel*,—  
Beside that of the jewel-house, he is made master  
O'the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, fir,  
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,  
With which the time will load him: The arch-bishop  
Is the king's hand, and tongue; And who dare speak  
One syllable against him?

*GAR.* Yes, yes, fir *Thomas*,  
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd  
To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day,  
Sir, (I may tell it you) I think, I have  
Incens'd the lords o'the council, that he is  
(For so I know he is, they know he is)  
A most arch heretick, 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; fore-seeing those fell mischiefs,  
 Our reasons lay'd before him) he hath commanded,  
 To-morrow morning to the council-board  
 He be convented. He's a rank weed, fir *Thomas*,  
 And we must root him out. From your affairs  
 I hinder you too long: good night, fir *Thomas*.

*LOV.* Many good nights, my lord; I rest your servant.

[*Exeunt GARDINER, and Page. As Lovel is going out,*

*Enter the King, and the Duke of SUFFOLK,*

*as new risen from Play.*

*Kin.* *Charles*, I will play no more to-night;  
 My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

*SUF.* Sir, I did never win of you before.

*Kin.* But little, *Charles*;

Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.—  
 Now, *Lovel*, from the queen what is the news?

*LOV.* I could not personally deliver to her  
 What you commanded me, but by her woman  
 I sent your message; who return'd her thanks  
 In the great'st humbleness, and desir'd your highness  
 Most heartily to pray for her.

*Kin.* What say'st thou? ha!

To pray for her? what, is she crying out? [made

*LOV.* So said her woman; and that her sufferance  
 Almost each pang a death.

*Kin.* Alas, good lady!

*SUF.* God safely quit her of her burthen, and  
 With gentle travel, to the glading of  
 Your highness with an heir!

*Kin.* 'Tis midnight, *Charles*,

Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember  
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;  
For I must think of that, which company  
Would not be friendly to.

*SUF.* I wish your highness  
A quiet night, and my good mistress will  
Remember in my prayers.

*Kin.* Charles, good night. — [Exit *SUFFOLK.*  
*Enter Sir Antony DENNY.*

Well, fir, what follows?

*DEN.* Sir, I have brought my lord the arch-bishop,  
As you commanded me.

*Kin.* Ha! *Canterbury*?

*DEN.* Ay, my good lord.

*Kin.* 'Tis true: Where is he, *Denny*?

*DEN.* He attends your highness' pleasure.

*Kin.* Bring him to us. [Exit *DENNY.*

*LOV.* "This is about that which the bishop spake;"  
"I am happily come hither."

*Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER.*

*Kin.* Avoid the gallery. [*Lovel seemeth to stay.*] Ha!  
I have said. Begone.

What! [Exeunt *LOVEL, and DENNY.*

*CRA.* "I am fearful: wherefore frowns he thus?"

"'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well."

*Kin.* How now, my lord? You do desire to know  
Wherefore I sent for you.

*CRA.* It is my duty,  
To attend your highness' pleasure.

*Kin.* Pray you, arise,  
My good and gracious lord of *Canterbury.*  
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;

I have news to tell you: Come, come, give me your hand.  
 Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,  
 And am right forry to repeat what follows:  
 I have, and most unwillingly, of late  
 Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,  
 Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,  
 Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall  
 This morning come before us; where, I know,  
 You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,  
 But that, 'till further trial, in those charges  
 Which will require your answer, you must take  
 Your patience to you, and be well contented  
 To make your house our tower: you a brother of us,  
 It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness  
 Would come against you.

*CRA.* I humbly thank your highness;  
 And am right glad to catch this good occasion  
 Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff  
 And corn shall fly afunder: for, I know,  
 There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,  
 Than I myself, poor man.

*Kin.* Stand up, good *Canterbury*;  
 Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted  
 In us, thy friend: Give me thy hand, stand up;  
 Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy-dame,  
 What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd  
 You would have given me your petition, that  
 I should have ta'en some pains to bring together  
 Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you,  
 Without indurance, further.

*CRA.* Most dread liege,  
 The good I stand on is my truth, and honesty;

If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,  
 Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,  
 Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing  
 What can be said against me.

*Kin.* Know you not  
 How your state stands i'the world, with the whole world?  
 Your enemies 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 swear against you? such things have been done.  
 You are potently oppos'd, and with a malice  
 Of as great size: Ween you of better luck,  
 I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your master,  
 Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd  
 Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;  
 You take a precipice for no leap of danger,  
 And woo your own destruction.

*CRA.* God, and your majesty,  
 Protect mine innocence, or I fall into  
 The trap is lay'd for me.

*Kin.* Be of good cheer;  
 They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.  
 Keep comfort to you; and this morning see  
 You do appear before them: if they shall chance,  
 In charging you with matters, to commit you,  
 The best persuasions to the contrary  
 Fail not to use, and with what vehemency  
 The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties  
 Will render you no remedy, this † ring  
 Deliver them, and your appeal to us

There make before them. — Look, the good man weeps!  
 He's honest, on mine honour. 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 bid you. — He has strangl'd  
 His language in his tears. [Exit CRANMER.]

Gen. [within] Come back; What mean you?

Enter old Lady, LOVEL following.

o. L. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring  
 Will make my boldness manners. — Now, good angels  
 Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person  
 Under their blessed wings!

Kin. Now, by thy looks  
 I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?  
 Say, ay; and of a boy.

o. L. Ay, ay, my liege;  
 And of a lovely boy; The God of heaven  
 Both now and ever blest her! 'tis a girl,  
 Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen  
 Desires your visitation, and to be  
 Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,  
 As cherry is to cherry.

Kin. Lovel,—

Lov. Sir.

Kin. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen.  
 [Exit King.]

o. L. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll have more.  
 An ordinary groom is for such payment.  
 I will have more, or scold it out of him.  
 Said I for this, the girl was like to him? I'll  
 Have more, or else unfay't: now, while 'tis hot,  
 I'll put it to the issue. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The council-Chamber.*

*Chair, under a State, for the King; beneath,  
a Table: Chamber-keeper attending. Ser-vants  
at the Door without; to which,*

*Enter CRANMER.*

CRA. I hope, I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,  
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me  
To make great haste. All fast? what means this?—Hoa!  
Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?

Kee. Yes, my lord;  
But yet I cannot help you.

CRA. Why?

*Enter Doctor BUTTS.*

Kee. Your grace  
Must wait 'till you be call'd for.

CRA. So.

BUT. This is a piece of malice. I am glad,  
I came this way so happily: The king  
Shall understand it presently. [Exit' BUTTS.

CRA. 'Tis Butts,  
The king's physician; as he pass'd along,  
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me:  
Pray heaven, he found not my disgrace! For certain,  
This is of purpose lay'd, by some that hate me,  
(God turn their hearts! I never fought their malice)  
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me  
Wait else at door; a fellow counsellor,  
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures  
Must be fulfil'd, and I attend with patience.

*Enter the King, and BUTTS, at a Window above.*

BUT. I'll shew your grace the strangest sight,—



*Kin.* What's that, *Butts*?

*BUT.* I think, your highness saw this many a day.

*Kin.* Body o' me, where is it?

*BUT.* There, † my lord:

The high promotion of his grace of *Canterbury*;  
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,  
Pages, and foot-boys.

*Kin.* Ha! 'Tis he, indeed:

Is this the honour they do one another?

'Tis well, there's one above 'em yet. I had thought,

They had parted so much honesty among 'em,

(At least, good manners) as not thus to suffer

A man of his place, and so near our favour,

To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,

And at the door too, like a post with packets.

By holy *Mary*, *Butts*, there's knavery:

Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close;

We shall hear more anon.

[*Curtain drawn.*]

*Enter the Lord Chancellor, Duke of*

*SUFFOLK, Duke of NORFOLK, Earl of SURREY,*

*Lord Chamberlain, GARDINER, and CROMWEL.*

*The Lord Chancellor places himself at the upper End*

*of the Table on the left Hand, a Seat being left void*

*above him as for the Arch-bishop of Canterbury;*

*the rest seat themselves in Order on each Side;*

*Cromwel at lower End, as Secretary.*

*Chan.* Speak to the business, Mr. secretary;

Why are we met in council?

*CRO.* Please your honours,

The chiefest cause concerns his grace of *Canterbury*.

*GAR.* Has he had knowledge of it?

*CRO.* Yes.

*NOR.* Who waits there ?

*Kee.* Without, my noble lords ?

*GAR.* Yes.

*Kee.* My lord arch-bishop ;  
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

*Chan.* Let him come in.

*Kee.* Your grace may enter now.

*Cranmer approaches the Council Table.*

*Chan.* My good lord arch-bishop, I am very sorry  
To sit here at this present, and behold  
That † chair stand empty : But we all are men,  
In our own natures frail, and capable  
Of our flesh ; few are angels : out of which frailty,  
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,  
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,  
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling  
The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chaplains',  
(For so we are inform'd) with new opinions,  
Divers, and dangerous ; which are heresies,  
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

*GAR.* Which reformation must be sudden too,  
My noble lords : for those, that tame wild horses,  
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle ;  
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em,  
'Till they obey the manage. If we suffer  
(Out of our easiness, and childish pity  
To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,  
Farewel all physick : And what follows then ?  
Commotions, uproars, and a general taint  
Of the whole state : as, of late days, our neighbours,  
The upper *Germany*, can dearly witness,  
Yet freshly pity'd in our memories.

*CRA.* My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress  
 Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,  
 And with no little study, that my teaching,  
 And the strong course of my authority,  
 Might go one way, and safely; and the end  
 Was ever, to do well: nor is there living  
 (I speak it with a single heart, my lords)  
 A man, that more detests, more stirs against,  
 Both in his private conscience, and his place,  
 Defacers of a publick peace, than I do.  
 Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart  
 With less allegiance in it! Men, that make  
 Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment,  
 Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,  
 That, in this case of justice, my accusers,  
 Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,  
 And freely urge against me.

*SUF.* Nay, my lord,  
 That cannot be; you are a counsellor,  
 And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you. [ment,

*GAR.* My lord, because we have business of more mo-  
 We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,  
 And our consent, for better trial of you,  
 From hence you be committed to the tower;  
 Where being but a private man again,  
 You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,  
 More than, I fear, you are provided for.

*CRA.* Ah, my good lord of *Winchester*, I thank you,  
 You are always my good friend; if your will pass,  
 I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,  
 You are so merciful: I see your end,  
 'Tis my undoing: Love, and meekness, lord,

Become a churchman better than ambition ;  
 Win straying souls with modesty again,  
 Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,  
 Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,  
 I make as little doubt, as you do conscience  
 In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,  
 But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

*GAR.* My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,  
 That's the plain truth ; your painted gloss discovers,  
 To men that understand you, words and weakness.

*CRO.* My lord of *Winchester*, you are a little,  
 By your good favour, too sharp ; men so noble,  
 However faulty, yet should find respect  
 For what they have been : 'tis a cruelty,  
 To load a falling man.

*GAR.* Good Mr. secretary,  
 I cry your honour mercy ; you may, worst  
 Of all this table, say so.

*CRO.* Why, my lord ?

*GAR.* Do not I know you for a favourer  
 Of this new sect ? ye are not found.

*CRO.* Not found ?

*GAR.* Not found, I say.

*CRO.* 'Would you were half so honest !  
 Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

*GAR.* I shall remember this bold language.

*CRO.* Do :

Remember your bold life too.

*Chan.* This is too much ;  
 Forbear, for shame, my lords.

*GAR.* I have done.

*CRO.* And I.

*Chan.* 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.

*CRA.* Is there no other way of mercy,  
But I must needs to the tower, my lords?

*GAR.* What other  
Would you expect? You're strangely troublesome: —  
Let some o'the guard be ready there.

*CRA.* For me?

*Enter Guard.*

Must I go like a traitor thither?

*GAR.* Receive him,  
And see him safe i' the tower.

*CRA.* Stay, good my lords,  
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;  
By virtue of that † ring, I take my cause  
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it  
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

*Cha.* This is the king's ring.

*SUR.* 'Tis no counterfeit.

*SUF.* 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all,  
When we first put this dangerous stone a rowling,  
'T would fall upon ourselves.

*NOR.* Do you think, my lords,  
The king will suffer but the little finger  
Of this man to be vex'd?

*Cha.* 'Tis now too certain:  
How much more is his life in value with him?  
'Would I were fairly out on't.

† *Cham.* Then

*CRO.* My mind gave me,  
 In seeking tales, and informations,  
 Against this man, (whose honesty the devil  
 And his disciples only envy at)  
 Ye blew the fire that burns ye: Now have at ye.

*Enter King, frowning on them; takes his Seat.*

*GAR.* Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to  
 In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince; [heaven  
 Not only good and wise, but most religious:  
 One that, in all obedience, makes the church  
 The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen  
 That holy duty, out of dear respect,  
 His royal self in judgment comes to hear  
 The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

*Kin.* You were ever good at sudden commendations,  
 Bishop of *Winchester*. But know, I come not  
 To hear such flatteries now, and in my presence;  
 They are too thin and base to hide offences,  
 To me you cannot reach: You play the spaniel,  
 And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;  
 But, whatfo'er thou tak'st me for, I am sure,  
 Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody. —  
 Good man, sit down. Now let me see the proudest  
 He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:  
 By all that's holy, he had better starve,  
 Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

*SVR.* May it please your grace, —

*Kin.* No, sir, it does not please me.  
 I had thought, I had had men of some understanding  
 And wisdom of my council; but I find none.  
 Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,  
 This good man, (few of you deserve that title)

This honest man, wait like a lousy foot-boy  
 At chamber door? and one as great as you are?  
 Why, what a shame was this? Did my commission  
 Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye  
 Power as he was a counsellor to try him,  
 Not as a groom: There's some of ye, I see,  
 More out of malice than integrity,  
 Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;  
 Which ye shall never have, while I live.

*Chan.* Thus far,  
 My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace  
 To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd,  
 Concerning his imprisonment, was rather  
 (If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,  
 And fair purgation to the world, than malice;  
 I am sure, in me.

*Kin.* Well, well, my lords, respect him;  
 Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it:  
 I will say thus much for him, If a prince  
 May be beholding to a subject, I  
 Am, for his love and service, so to him.  
 Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;  
 Be friends, for shame, my lords. — My lord of *Canterbury*,  
 I have a suit which you must not deny me:  
 There is a fair young maid, that yet wants baptism;  
 You must be godfather, and answer for her.

*CRA.* The greatest monarch now alive may glory  
 In such an honour; How may I deserve it,  
 That am a poor and humble subject to you?

*Kin.* Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons:  
 you shall have [folk,  
 Two noble partners with you; the old dutchefs of *Nor-*

And lady marquiss *Dorset*; Will these please you? —  
Once more, my lord of *Winchester*, I charge you,  
Embrace, and love, this man.

*GAR.* With a true heart,  
And brother's love, I do it.

*CRA.* And let heaven  
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

*Kin.* Good man, those joyful tears shew thy true heart.  
The common voice, I see, is verify'd  
Of thee, which says thus, *Do my lord of Canterbury*  
*A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.* —  
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long  
To have this young one made a christian.  
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;  
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Court of the Palace.*  
*Noise and Tumult within. Enter Porter,*  
*and his Man.*

*Por.* You'll leave your noise  
Anon, ye rascals: Do you take the court  
For *Paris-garden*? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.  
*within.* Good Mr. porter, I belong to the larder.

*Por.* Belong to the gallows, and be hang'd, you rogue:  
Is this a place to roar in? —

Fetch me a dozen crab-tree slaves, and strong ones;  
These are but switches to 'em. —

I'll scratch your heads: You must be seeing christnings?  
Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

*Man.* Pray, sir, be patient; 'tis as much impossible,  
(Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons)  
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep



On *May*-day morning, which will never be:  
We may as well push against *Paul's*, as stir 'em.

*Por.* How got they in, and be hang'd?

*Man.* Alas, I know not; How gets the tide in?  
As much as one found cudgel of four foot  
(You see † the poor remainder) could distribute,  
I made no spare, fir.

*Por.* You did nothing, fir.

*Man.* I am not *Sampson*, nor fir *Guy*, nor *Colbrand*,  
To mow 'em down before me: but, if I spar'd  
Any, that had a head to hit, either young  
Or old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,  
Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again;  
And that I would not for a cow, God save her.

*within.* Do you hear, Mr. porter?

*Por.* I shall be with you presently,  
Good Mr. puppy.—Keep the door close, firrah.

*Man.* What would you have me do?

*Por.* What should you do,  
But knock 'em down by the dozens?—Is this *Morefields*,  
To muster in? or have we some strange *Indian*, [us?  
Wi'th the great tool, come to court, the women so besiege  
Bless me,  
What a fry of fornication is at door!  
O'my christian conscience, this one christning will  
Beget a thousand; here will be father, godfather,  
And all together.

*Man.* The spoons will be the bigger, fir.  
There is a fellow somewhat near the door,  
He should be a brazier by his face,  
For, o'my conscience, twenty of the dog-days  
Now reign in his nose; all that stand about him are

Under the line, they need no other penance :  
 That fire-drake did I hit three times on the head,  
 And three times was his nose discharg'd against me ;  
 He stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us.  
 There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit  
 Near him, that rail'd upon me,  
 'Till her pink'd porringer fell off her head,  
 For kindling such combustion in the state :  
 I miss'd the meteor once, and hit that woman,  
 Who cry'd out, *clubs!* when I might see from far  
 Some forty truncheoneers draw to her succour, [ter'd :  
 Which were the hope o'the *Strand* where she was quar-  
 They fell on, I made good my place ; at length  
 They came to the broom-staff wi'me, I defy'd 'em still ;  
 When suddenly a file of boys behind 'em,  
 Loose shot, deliver'd such a shower of pebbles,  
 That I was fain to draw mine honour in,  
 And let 'em win the work :  
 The devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely. [house,  
*Por.* These are the youths that thunder at a play-  
 And fight for bitten apples ; that no audience,  
 But the sweet tribulation of *Tower-hill*,  
 Or the limbs of *Lime-house*, their dear brothers, are  
 Able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo*  
*Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days ;  
 Besides the running banquet of two beadles,  
 That is to come.

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain.*

*Cha.* Mercy o'me, what a multitude are here !  
 They grow still too, from all parts they are coming,  
 As if we kept a fair ! Where are these porters,  
 These lazy knaves?—Ye've made a fine hand, fellows'

There's a trim rabble let in: Are all these  
Your faithful friends o'the suburbs? We shall have  
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,  
When they pass back from the christning:

*Por.* An't please your honour,  
We are but men; and what so many may do,  
Not being torn a pieces, we have done:  
An army cannot rule 'em.

*Cha.* 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 fines, for neglect: Y'are lazy knaves;  
And here ye lye baiting of bombards, when  
Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound;  
They're come already from the christening:  
Go, break among the prease, and find a way out  
To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find  
A *Marshalsea*, shall hold you play these two months.  
[Exit Chamberlain.]

*Por.* Make way there for the princess.

*Man.* You great fellow,  
Stand close up, or I'll make your head ake.

*Por.* You i'the chamblet,  
Get up o'the rail, I'll peck you o'er the pales else.

[Exeunt, forcing back the Croud.]

#### SCENE IV. *The same.*

*Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen,  
Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, Duke of Nor-  
folk with his Marshal's Staff, Duke of Suffolk,  
two Noblemen bearing great standing Bowls for  
the christning Gifts: then four Noblemen bearing*

*a Canopy, under which the Dutcheſs of Norfolk, Godmother, bearing the Child richly habited in a Mantle &c. Train born by a Lady: then follow the Marchionefs Dorſet, the other Godmother, and Ladies. Troop halts, and Garter advances.*

*Gar.* 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.*

*CRA.* 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 lay'd up to make parents happy,  
May hourly fall upon ye!

*Kin.* Thank you, good lord arch-biſhop:  
What is her name?

*CRA.* *Elizabeth.*

*Kin.* Stand up, lord.—  
With this † kiſs take my bleſſing: God protect thee!  
Into whoſe hand I give thy life.

*CRA.* Amen!

*Kin.* My noble goſſips, ye have been too prodigal:  
I thank ye heartily; ſo ſhall this lady,  
When ſhe has ſo much *Engliſh.*

*CRA.* Let me ſpeak, fir,  
For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter  
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.  
This royal infant, (heaven ſtill move about her!)  
Though in her cradle, yet now promiſes  
Upon this land a thouſand thouſand bleſſings,  
Which time ſhall bring to ripeneſs: She ſhall be  
(But few now living can behold that goodneſs)

A pattern to all princes living with her,  
 And all that shall succeed: *Sheba* 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 doubl'd on her: truth shall nurse her,  
 Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:  
 She shall be lov'd, and fear'd: her own shall bless her;  
 Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,  
 And hang their heads with sorrow: Good grows with her:  
 In her days, every man shall eat in safety,  
 Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing  
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:  
 God shall be truly known; and those about her  
 From her shall read the perfect way of honour,  
 And by that claim their greatness, not by blood.  
 [Nor shall this peace sleep with her: But as when  
 The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,  
 Her ashes new create another heir,  
 As great in admiration 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 honour,  
 Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,  
 And so stand fix'd: peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,  
 That were the servants to this chosen infant,  
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;  
 Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,  
 His honour, and the greatness of his name,  
 Shall be, and make new nations: he shall flourish,  
 And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches

2 *Saba* 17 by those

To all the plains about him : Our children's children  
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

*Kin.* Thou speakest wonders.]

*CRA.* 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 fairs must have her ; yet a virgin,  
A pure unspotted lily shall she pass  
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

*Kin.* O lord arch-bishop,  
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 beholding ;  
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,  
And ye shall find me thankful.—Lead the way, lords ;—  
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,  
She will be sick else. This day, no man think  
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 ease,  
And sleep an act or two ; but those, we fear,  
We have frighted with our trumpets ; so, 'tis clear,

is you good

They'll say, 'tis naught : others, to hear the city  
Abus'd extremely, and to cry, — that's witty ;  
Which we have not done neither : that, I fear,  
All the expected good we are like to hear  
For this play at this time, is only in  
The merciful construction of good women ;  
For such a one we shew'd 'em : If they smile,  
And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while  
All the best men are ours ; for 'tis ill hap,  
If they hold, when their ladies bid 'em clap.

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CORIOLANUS.

*Persons represented.*

Caius Marcius Coriolanus, *a noble Roman,  
hated by the common People.*

Cominius, } *Generals against the Volcians,*  
Titus Lartius, } *and Friends to Coriolanus.*

Menenius Agrippa, *Friend to Coriolanus.*

Sicinius Velutus, } *Tribunes of the People, and*

Junius Brutus, } *Enemies to Coriolanus.*

*Boy, Son to Coriolanus*

*Senators, two; Officers of the Senate, two; Citizens,  
six; Soldiers, three; a Patrician, Ædile, Herald,  
Officer, Spy, and eight Messengers, Romans.*

Tullus Aufidius, *General of the Volcians.*

*Senators of Corioli, two; of Antium, three; Servants  
of Aufidius, three; Friends of the same, Conspirators  
against Marcius, three; a Citizen of Antium, Officer,  
Soldier, Spy, and two Guards, Volcians.*

Volumnia, *Mother to Coriolanus:*

Virgilia, *his Wife.*

Valeria, *Friend to Virgilia.*

*Gentlewoman, attending Virgilia.*

*Roman Ladies, Patricians, Ædiles, Licitors, &c.  
Senators, and Citizens, Officers, Soldiers,  
&c. Roman and Volcian.*

*Scene, dispers'd: in Rome, Antium, and Corioli; and  
in the Roman and Volcian Territories.*

CORIOLANUS.

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ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. *A Street.*

*Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with  
Staves, Clubs, and other Weapons.*

1. C. Before we proceed any farther, hear me speak.

*all.* Speak, speak.

1. C. You are all resolv'd rather to die than to fam-  
ish?

*all.* — Resolv'd, resolv'd.

1. C. First, you know, *Caius Marcius* is chief enemy  
to the people.

*all.* We know't, we know't.

1. C. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our  
own price. Is't a verdict?

*all.* No more talking on't; let it be done: away,  
away.

2. C. One word, good citizens.

1. C. We are accounted poor citizens; the patrici-  
ans, good: What authority surfeits on, would relieve us:  
If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were

wholsome, we might guess they relieved us humanely: but they think, we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them:— Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2. C. Would you proceed especially against *Caius Marcius*?

*all.* Against him first; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2. C. Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1. C. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

*all.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1. C. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienc'd men can be content to say, it was for his country, he did it partly to please his mother, and to be proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2. C. What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: You must in no way say, he is covetous.

1. C. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition.— [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o'th' city is risen: Why stay we prating here? to th' capitol.

*all.* Come, come.

1. C. Soft; who comes here?

*Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.*

2. C. Worthy *Menenius Agrippa*; one that hath always lov'd the people.

1. C. He's one honest enough; 'Would, all the rest were so!

MEN. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you

With bats, and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

1. C. Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll shew them in deeds: They say, poor suiters have strong breaths; they shall know, we have strong arms too.

MEN. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves?

1. C. We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

MEN. I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them Against the *Roman* state; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong link asunder, than can ever Appear in your impediment: For the dearth, The gods, not the patricians, make it; and Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack, You are transported by calamity Thither where more attends you; and you slander The helms o'the state, who care for you like fathers, When you curse them as enemies.

1. C. Care for us! True, indeed: they ne'er car'd for

us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses cram'd with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers: repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich; and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor: If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

*MEN.* Either you must  
Confess yourselves wond'rous malicious,  
Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you  
A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it,  
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture  
To stale't a little more.

*I. C.* Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale: but, an't please you, deliver.

*MEN.* There was a time, when all the body's members  
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—  
That only like a gulf it did remain  
I'the midst o'the body, idle and unactive,  
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing  
Like labour with the rest; where the other instruments  
Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,  
And mutually participate, did minister  
Unto the appetite and affection common  
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd,—

*I. C.* Well, sir,  
What answer made the belly?

*MEN.* Sir, I shall tell you: With a kind of smile,  
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus,  
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile,  
As well as speak) it tauntingly reply'd  
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts

Coriolanus.

That envy'd his receipt ; even so most fitly  
As you malign our senators, for that  
They are not such as you.

1. C. Your belly's answer : What!  
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,  
The counsellor heart, the arm our foldier,  
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,  
With other muniments and petty helps  
In this our fabrick, if that they —

MEN. What then? —

'Fore me, this fellow speaks ! — what then ? what then ?

1. C. Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,  
Who is the sink o'the body, —

MEN. Well, what then ?

1. C. The former agents if they did complain,  
What could the belly answer ?

MEN. I will tell you ;

If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little)  
Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

1. C. You're long about it.

MEN. Note me this, good friend ;  
Your most grave belly was deliberate,  
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd :  
*True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,  
That I receive the general food at first,  
Which you do live upon : and fit it is ;  
Because I am the store-house, and the shop  
Of the whole body : But, if you do remember,  
I send it through the rivers of your blood  
Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o'the brain ;  
And, through the cranks and offices of man,  
I be strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,*

*From me receive that natural competency  
Whereby they live : And though that all at once,  
You, my good friends, this says the belly ; mark me,—*

1. C. Ay, fir ; well, well.

*MEN. Though all at once cannot  
See what I do deliver out to each ;  
Yet I can make my audit up, that all  
From me do back receive the flower of all,  
And leave me but the bran. What say you to't ?*

1. C. It was an answer : How apply you this ?

*MEN. The senators of Rome are this good belly,  
And you the mutinous members : For examine  
Their counsels, and their cares ; digest things rightly,  
Touching the weal o'the common ; you shall find,  
No publick 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. C. I the great toe ! Why the great toe ?

*MEN. For that, being one o'the lowest, basest, poorest,  
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost ;  
Thou, rascal, that art first in blood to run,  
Lead'st first, to win some vantage.*

*But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs ;  
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,*

*Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.*

*The one side must have bale. — Hail, noble Marcius.*

*MAR. Thanks. — What's the matter, you dissentious  
rogues,  
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,  
Make yourselves scabs.*

1. C. We have ever your good word.



*MAR.* He that will give good words to thee, will flatter  
 Beneath abhorring. — What would you have, you curs,  
 That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,  
 The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,  
 Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;  
 Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,  
 Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,  
 Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,  
 To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,  
 And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness,  
 Deserves your hate: and your affections are  
 A sick man's appetite, who desires most that  
 Which would encrease his evil. He that depends  
 Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,  
 And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?  
 With every minute you do change a mind;  
 And call him noble, that was now your hate,  
 Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,  
 That in these several places of the city  
 You cry against the noble senate, who,  
 Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else  
 Would feed on one another? — What's their seeking?

*MEN.* For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,  
 The city is well stor'd.

*MAR.* Hang 'em! They say?  
 They'll fit by the fire, and presume to know  
 What's done i' the capitol: who's like to rise,  
 And who declines: side factions, and give out  
 Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,  
 And feebling such as stand not in their liking,  
 Below their cobl'd shoes. They say, there's grain enough?  
 Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,

And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry  
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high  
As I could pitch my lance.

*MEN.* Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded ;  
For though abundantly they lack discretion,  
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,  
What says the other troop ?

*MAR.* They're dissolv'd: Hang 'em !  
They said, they were an-hungry ; sigh'd forth proverbs ; —  
That, hunger broke stone walls ; that, dogs must eat ;  
That, meat was made for mouths ; that, the gods sent not  
Corn for the rich men only : With these shreds  
They vented their complainings ; which being answer'd,  
And a petition granted them, a strange one,  
(To break the heart of generosity,  
And make bold power look pale) they threw their caps  
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,  
Shouting their emulation.

*MEN.* What is granted them ?

*MAR.* Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wisdoms,  
Of their own choice : One's *Junius Brutus*,  
*Sicinius Velutus*, and I know not — S'death !  
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,  
Ere so prevail'd with me : it will in time  
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes  
For insurrection's arguing.

*MEN.* This is strange.

*MAR.* Go, get you home, you fragments.

*Enter a Messenger, hastily.*

*Mes.* Where's *Caius Marcius* ?

*MAR.* Here : What's the matter ?

*Mes.* The news is, sir, the *Volcians* are in arms.

*MAR.* I am glad on't; then we shall have means to vent  
Our musty superfluity: — See, our best elders:

*Enter certain Senators, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS,  
BRUTUS, and SICINIUS.*

*I. S.* *Marcus*, 'tis true, that you have lately told us,  
The *Volcians* are in arms.

*MAR.* They have a leader,  
*Tullus Aufidius*, 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.

*MAR.* Were half to half the world by the ears, and he  
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make  
Only my wars with him: He is a lion  
That I am proud to hunt.

*I. S.* Then, worthy *Marcus*,  
Attend upon *Cominius* to these wars.

*COM.* It is your former promise.

*MAR.* Sir, it is;  
And I am constant. — *Titus Lartius*, thou  
Shalt see me once more strike at *Tullus*' face:  
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

*TIT.* No, *Caius Marcus*;  
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight wi' the other,  
Ere stay behind this business.

*MEN.* O, true bred!

*I. S.* Your company to the capitol; where, I know,  
Our greatest friends attend us.

*TIT.* Lead you on: —  
Follow, *Cominius*; we must follow you;  
Right worthy you priority.

COM. Noble *Lartius*!

1. S. Hence, to your homes, [*to the Cit.*] be gone.

MAR. Nay, let them follow :

The *Volcians* have much corn; take these rats thither,  
To gnaw their garner:—Worshipful mutineers,  
Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.

[*Exeunt* Senators, COM. MAR. TIT. and  
MENENIUS; Citizens *steal away*.]

SIC. Was ever man so proud as is this *Marcus*?

BRU. He has no equal.

SIC. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

BRU. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?

SIC. Nay, but his taunts!

BRU. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods:

SIC. Bemock the modest moon.

BRU. The present wars devour him! he is grown  
Too proud to be so valiant.

SIC. Such a nature,

Tickl'd with good success, disdains the shadow  
Which he treads on at noon: But I do wonder,  
His insolence can brook to be commanded  
Under *Cominius*.

BRU. Fame, at the which he aims,—  
In which already he is well grac'd,— 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 on *Marcus*, O, if he  
*Had born the business!*

SIC. Besides, if things go well,  
Opinion, that so sticks on *Marcus*, shall

Of his demerits rob *Cominius*.

*BRU.* Come:

Half all *Cominius'* honours are to *Marcus*,  
Though *Marcus* earn'd them not; and all his faults  
To *Marcus* shall be honours, though, indeed,  
In ought he merit not.

*SIC.* Let's hence, and hear  
How the dispatch is made; and in what fashion,  
More than his singularity, he goes  
Upon this present action.

*BRU.* Let's along.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Corioli. *The Senate-House.*

*Enter certain Senators, and AUFIDIUS.*

1. S. So, your opinion is, *Aufidius*,  
That they of *Rome* are enter'd in our counsels,  
And know how we proceed.

*AUF.* Is it not yours?

What ever hath been thought on in this state,  
That could be brought to bodily act ere *Rome*  
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone,  
Since I heard thence; these 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 dearth is great;  
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,—  
Cominius, Marcus your old enemy,  
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you)  
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,  
These three lead on this preparation  
Whither 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you;  
Consider of it.*

1. S. Our army's in the field:  
We never yet made doubt but *Rome* was ready  
To answer us.

*AUF.* Nor did you think it folly,  
To keep your great pretences veil'd, 'till when  
They needs must shew themselves; which in the hatching,  
It seem'd, appear'd to *Rome*. By the discovery,  
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,  
To take in many towns, ere, almost, *Rome*  
Should know we were afoot.

2. S. Noble *Aufidius*,  
Take your commission †; hye you to your bands;  
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.

*AUF.* O, doubt not that;  
I speak from certainties. Nay, more,  
Some parcels of their power are forth already,  
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.  
If we and *Caius Marcius* chance to meet,  
'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike  
'Till one can do no more.

*all.* The gods assist you!

*AUF.* And keep your honours safe!

1. S. Farewel.

2. S. Farewel.

*all.* Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE III. *Rome. A Room in Marcius' House.*  
*Enter VOLUMNIA, and VIRGILIA: They seat*  
*themselves upon Stools, and so on.*

*VOL.* I pray you, daughter, sing; or exprefs yourself in a more comfortable fort: If my fon were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would shew most love. When yet he was but tender-body'd, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comelinefs pluck'd all gaze his way; when, for a day of kings' entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I,—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleas'd to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he return'd, his brows bound with oak: I tell thee, daughter,—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

*VIR.* But had he dy'd in the business, madam? how then?

*VOL.* Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely; Had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good *Marcus*,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

*Enter a Gentlewoman.*

*Gen.* Madam, the lady *Valeria* is come to visit you.

*VIR.* 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

*VOL.* Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hither hear your husband's drum;

I see him pluck *Aufidius* down by the hair;

As children from a bear, the *Volcians* shuning him:

Methinks, I see him stamp † thus, and call thus,—  
*Come on, you cowards; you were got in fear,*  
*Though you were born in Rome: His bloody brow*  
 With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes;  
 Like to a harvestman, that's task'd to mow  
 Or all, or lose his hire.

*VIR.* His bloody brow! o, *Jupiter*, no blood!

*VOL.* Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,  
 Than gilt his trophy: The breasts of *Hecuba*,  
 When she did suckle *Heſtor*, look'd not lovelier  
 Than *Heſtor's* forehead, when it spit forth blood  
 At *Grecian* swords' contending.—Tell *Valeria*,  
 We are fit to bid her welcome. [Exit Gen.]

*VIR.* Heavens bless my lord from fell *Aufidius*!

*VOL.* He'll beat *Aufidius'* head below his knee,  
 And tread upon his neck.

*Enter VALERIA, attended.*

*VAL.* My ladies both, good day to you.

*VOL.* Sweet madam,—

*VIR.* I am glad to see your ladyship.

*VAL.* How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers. What, are you sowing here? A fine spot, in good faith.—How does your little son?

*VIR.* I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

*VOL.* He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum,  
 Than look upon his school-master.

*VAL.* O my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd upon him o' wednesday half an hour together: h'as such a confirm'd countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catch'd it



again : or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; o, I warrant, how he mamock'd it!

*VOL.* One of's father's moods.

*VAL.* Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

*VIR.* A crack, madam.

*VAL.* Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

*VIR.* No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

*VAL.* Not out of doors!

*VOL.* She shall, she shall.

*VIR.* Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold, 'till my lord return from the wars.

*VAL.* Fye, you confine yourself most unreasonably: Come, you must go visit the good lady that lyes in.

*VIR.* I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

*VOL.* Why, I pray you?

*VIR.* 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

*VAL.* You would be another *Penelope*: yet, they say, all the yarn, she spun in *Ulysses'* absence, did but fill *Ithaca* full of moths. Come; I would your cambrick were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

*VIR.* No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

*VAL.* In truth la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

*VIR.* O, good madam, there can be none yet.

*VAL.* Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

*VIR.* Indeed, madam?

*VAL.* In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:— The *Volcians* have an army forth; against whom *Cominius* the general is gone, with one part of our *Roman* power: your lord, and *Titus Lartius*, are set down before their city *Corioli*; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

*VIR.* Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

*VOL.* Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

*VAL.* In troth, I think she would:— Fare you well then.— Come, good sweet lady.— Pr'ythee, *Virgilia*, turn thy solemnness out o'door, and go along with us.

*VIR.* No: at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

*VAL.* Well, then farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Trenches before Corioli.*

*Enter, with Drum and Colours, MARCIUS, TITUS, Officers, Soldiers, &c. to them, a Messenger.*

*MAR.* Yonder comes news:— A wager, they have met.

*TIT.* My horse to yours, no.

*MAR.* 'Tis done.

*TIT.* Agreed.

*MAR.* Say, has our general met the enemy?

*Mes.* They lye in view, but have not spoke as yet.

*TIT.* So, the good horse is mine.

*MAR.* I'll buy him of you.

*TIT.* No, I'll nor sell, nor give him: lend you him  
I will,

For half a hundred years.— Summon the town.

MAR. How far off lye these armies ?

Mef. Within this mile and half.

MAR. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they  
ours. —

Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work ;  
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,  
To help our fielded friends! — Come, blow thy blast. —

*They sound a Parley. Enter, upon the Walls,  
some Senators, and other Volcians.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls ?

i. S. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,  
That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums

[*Alarums heard.*

Are bringing forth our youth : We'll break our walls,  
Rather than they shall pound us up : our gates,  
Which yet seem shut, we have but pin'd with rushes ;  
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off ;

[*other Alarums.*

There is Aufidius : list, what work he makes  
Amongst your cloven army.

MAR. O, they are at it.

TIT. Their noise be our instruction. — Ladders, ho !  
*The Volcians enter, and pass over.*

MAR. They fear us not, but issue forth their city. —  
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight  
With hearts more proof than shields. — Advance, brave

*Titus :*

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,  
Which makes me sweat with wrath. — Come on, my  
fellows ;

He that retires, I'll take him for a Volcian,  
And he shall feel mine edge. [*Exeunt, as to the Fight.*

*Alarums. The Romans are beat back. Re-enter*

MARCIUS.

MAR. All the contagion of the south light on you,  
 You flames of *Rome*, you! Herds of boils and plagues  
 Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhor'd  
 Farther than seen, and one infect another  
 Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,  
 That bear the shapes of men, how have you run  
 From slaves that apes would beat? *Pluto* and hell!  
 All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale  
 With flight and agu'd fear! Mend, and charge home,  
 Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,  
 And make my wars on you: look to't: Come on;  
 If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,  
 As they us to our trenches followed. [*Exeunt.*

*Alarums. The Fight renew'd. Enter, in Retire  
 towards their City, the Volcians; MARCIUS, and  
 the Romans, pressing them.*

MAR. So, now the gates are ope:— Now prove good  
 seconds:

'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,  
 Not for the fliers: Mark me, and do the like.

[*charges the flying Enemy: Enters the  
 Gates with them; and is shut in.*

1. R. Fool-hardiness; not I.

2. R. Nor I.

1. R. See, they have shut him in.

all. To the pot, I warrant him. [*Alarum continues.*  
*Enter TITUS LARTIUS.*

TIT. What is become of *Marcus*?

all. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1. R. Following the fliers at the very heels,

4 Rome: you Heard of

With them he enters: who, upon the sudden,  
Clapt to their gates; he is himself alone,  
To answer all the city.

*TIT.* O noble fellow!

Who, sensible, out-dares his senseless sword,  
And, when it bows, stands up! Thou art left, *Marcius*:  
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,  
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier  
Even to *Cato's* wish: not fierce and terrible  
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks, and  
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,  
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world  
Were feverous, and did tremble.

*Re-enter MARCIUS bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.*

1. *R.* Look, sir.

*TIT.* O, 'tis *Marcius*:

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

*[They fight, and all enter the City.]*

SCENE V. *Within the Town. A Street.*

*Enter certain Romans, with Spoils.*

1. *R.* This will I carry to *Rome*.

2. *R.* And I this.

3. *R.* A murrain on't! I took this for silver.

*Enter MARCIUS, TITUS, Officers, &c. and  
a Trumpet. Alarum afar off.*

*MAR.* See here these movers, that do prize their hours  
At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,  
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would  
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,  
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up:—Down with them.—  
And hark, what noise the general makes! To him:

There is the man of my soul's hate, *Aufidius*,  
 Piercing our *Romans*: Then, valiant *Titus*, take  
 Convenient numbers to make good the city;  
 Whil'st I, with those that have the spirit, will haste  
 To help *Cominius*.

*TIT.* Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;  
 Thy exercise hath been too violent for  
 A second course of fight.

*MAR.* Sir, praise me not:  
 My work hath yet not warm'd me: Fare you well.  
 The blood I drop is rather physical  
 Than dangerous to me: To *Aufidius* thus  
 I will appear, and fight.

*TIT.* Now the fair goddess, fortune,  
 Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms  
 Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,  
 Prosperity be thy page!

*MAR.* Thy friend no less  
 Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.

*TIT.* Thou worthiest *Marcus*!— [*Exit MARCIUS.*  
 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, as in Retire, COMINIUS, and his Forces.*

*COM.* Breath you, my friends; well fought: we are come  
 off

Like *Romans*, neither foolish in our stands,  
 Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,  
 We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have strook,  
 By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard

The charges of our friends:—Ye *Roman* gods,  
Lead their successes as we wish our own;  
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encount'ring,

*Enter a Messenger.*

May give you thankful sacrifice!—Thy news?

*Mes.* The citizens of *Corioli* have issu'd,  
And given to *Lartius* and to *Marcus* battle:  
I saw our party to their trenches driven,  
And then I came away.

*Com.* Though thou speak'st true,  
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

*Mes.* Above an hour, my lord.

*Com.* 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:  
How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,  
And bring thy news so late?

*Mes.* Spies of the *Volcians*  
Held me in chace, that I was forc'd to wheel  
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,  
Half an hour since brought my report.

*Enter MARCIUS.*

*Com.* Who's yonder,  
That does appear as he were flea'd? O 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 mantl'd in your own.

*MAR.* O, let me clip you,

In arms as found, as when I woo'd ; in heart  
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,  
And tapers burnt to bedward.

COM. Flower of warriors,  
How is't with *Titus Lartius* ?

MAR. As with a man busy'd about decrees :  
Condemning some to death, and some to exile ;  
Ransoming him, or pitying, threat'ning the other ;  
Holding *Corioli* in the name of *Rome*,  
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,  
To let him slip at will.

COM. Where is that slave,  
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches ?  
Where is he ? call him hither.

MAR. Let him alone,  
He did inform the truth : But for our gentlemen,  
The common file, (A plague ! Tribunes for them !)  
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge  
From rascals worse than they.

COM. But how prevail'd you ?

MAR. Will the time serve to tell ? I do not think—  
Where is the enemy ? Are you lords o'the field ?  
If not, why cease you 'till you are so ?

COM. *Marcus*,  
We have at disadvantage fought ; and did  
Retire, to win our purpose.

MAR. How lyes their battle ? Know you on what side  
They have plac'd their men of trust ?

COM. As I guess, *Marcus*,  
Their bands i'the vaward are the *Antiates*,  
Of their best trust : o'er them *Aufidius*,  
Their very heart of hope.



*MAR.* I do beseech you,  
 By all the battles wherein we have fought,  
 By the blood we have shed together, by the vows  
 We have made to endure friends, that you directly  
 Set me against *Aufidius*, and his *Antiates*:  
 And that you not delay the present; but,  
 Filling the air with swords advanc'd, and darts,  
 We prove this very hour.

*COM.* Though I could wish  
 You were conducted to a gentle bath,  
 And balms apply'd to you, yet dare I never  
 Deny your asking; take your choice of those  
 That best can aid your action.

*MAR.* Those are they  
 That are most willing:—If any such be here,  
 (As it were sin to doubt) that love this painting  
 Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear  
 Lesser his person than an ill report;  
 If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,  
 And that his country's dearer than himself;  
 Let him, alone, or many, if so minded,  
 Wave thus †, to express his disposition,  
 And follow *Marcus*.

[*They all shout, and wave their Swords; take  
 him up in their Arms, and cast up their Caps.*

O me, alone!—Make you a sword of me?  
 If these shews be not outward, which of you  
 But is four *Volcians*? None of you, but is  
 Able to bear against the great *Aufidius*  
 A shield as hard as his. A certain number  
 (Though thanks to all) must I select; the rest  
 Shall bear the business in some other fight,

18 Lessen 21 Or so many so 31 select from all:| The rest

As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;  
 And four shall quickly draw out my command,  
 Which men are best inclin'd.

COM. March on, my fellows:  
 Make good this ostentation, and you shall  
 Divide in all with us. [Drums. Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. *The Gates of Corioli.*

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a Guard upon  
 Corioli, going with Drum and Trumpet toward Cominius,  
 and Caius Marcius, Enters with an Officer of the  
 Guard, his own Party, and a Scout.*

TIT. So, let the ports be guarded: keep your duties,  
 As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch  
 Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve  
 For a short holding: if we lose the field,  
 We cannot keep the town.

Off. Fear not our care, sir.

TIT. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—  
 Our guider, come, to the Roman camp conduct us. [Ex.]

SCENE VIII. *Field of Battle,  
 between the Roman and Volcian Camps. Alarums,  
 as of a Battle join'd: Enter, from opposite Sides,  
 MARCIUS, and AUFIDIUS.*

MAR. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee  
 Worse than a promise-breaker.

AUF. We hate alike;  
 Not *Africk* holds a serpent, I abhor  
 More than thy fame and envy: Fix thy foot.

MAR. Let the first budger die the other's slave,  
 And the gods doom him after.

*AUF.* If I fly, *Marcus*,  
Hallow me like a hare.

*MAR.* Within these three hours, *Tullus*,  
Alone I fought in your *Corioli*' walls,  
And made what work I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood,  
Wherein thou see'st me mask'd; for thy revenge,  
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

*AUF.* Wert thou the *Hector*,  
That was the whip of your brag'd progeny,  
Thou should'st not 'scape me here.—

[*They fight; and certain Volcians  
come to the Aid of Aufidius.*

Officious, and not valiant, you have sham'd me  
In your condemned seconds.

[*Exeunt fighting, driven in by MAR-  
CIUS. Alarum. Retreat.*

SCENE IX. *The Roman Camp.*

*Flourish. Enter, from opposite Sides, COMINIUS, and  
Romans; MARCIUS, with his Arm in a Scarf,  
and other Romans.*

*COM.* If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,  
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,  
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;  
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,  
I' the end, admire; where ladies shall be frighted,  
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull tribunes,  
That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,  
Shall say, against their hearts, *We thank the gods,  
Our Rome hath such a soldier!*  
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,  
Having fully din'd before.

*Enter TITUS, and Power, from the Pursuit.*

TIT. O general,  
Here is the steed, we the caparisons!  
Had'st thou beheld—

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: induc'd,  
As you have also been; that's for my country:  
He, that has but effected his good will,  
Hath overta'en mine act.

COM. You shall not be  
The grave of your deserving; *Rome* must know  
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment  
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,  
To hide your doings; and to silence that,  
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,  
Would seem but modest: Therefore, I beseech you,  
(In sign of what you are, not to reward  
What you have done) before our army hear me.

MAR. I 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 ta'en good, and good store) of all  
The treasure, in this field atchiev'd, and city,  
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,  
Before the common distribution,  
At your own choice.

MAR. I thank you, general;  
But cannot make my heart consent to take

A bribe, to pay my sword: I do refuse it;  
 And stand upon my common part with those  
 That have upheld the doing.

[*Along Flourish. They all cry, Marcius, Marcius!  
 cast up their Caps, and Launces: Cominius, and  
 Titus Lartius, stand bare.*

May these same instruments, which you profane,  
 Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall  
 I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be  
 Made all of false-fac'd soothing! When steel grows  
 Soft as the parasite's filk, let hymns be made  
 An overture for the wars! No more, I say:  
 For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,  
 Or foil'd some debile wretch,—which, without note,  
 Here's many else have done,—you shout me forth  
 In acclamations hyperbolical;  
 As if I lov'd, my little should be dieted  
 With praises fauc'd with lies.

COM. Too modest are you;  
 More cruel to your good report, than grateful  
 To us that give you truly: by your patience,  
 If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you  
 (Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles,  
 Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it known,  
 As to us, to all the world, that *Caius Marcius*  
 Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,  
 My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,  
 With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,  
 For what he did before *Corioli*, call him,  
 With all the applause and clamour of the host,— [er!  
*Caius Marcius Coriolanus*.— Bear the addition nobly ev-  
 [*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.*

3 beheld 11 Let him be 31 *Marcus Caius*

*all.* *Caius Marcius Coriolanus!*

*MAR.* I will go wash;  
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive  
Whether I blush, or no: Howbeit, I thank you:—  
I mean to stride your steed; and, at all times,  
To undercrest your good addition,  
To the fairness of my power.

*COM.* So, to our tent:  
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write  
To *Rome* of our success.—You, *Titus Lartius*,  
Must to *Corioli* back: send us to *Rome*  
The best, with whom we may articulate,  
For their own good, and ours.

*TIT.* I shall, my lord.

*MAR.* The gods begin to mock me: I, that but now  
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg  
Of my lord general.

*COM.* Take't; 'tis yours: What is't?

*MAR.* I sometime lay, here in *Corioli*,  
At a most poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:  
He cry'd to me; I saw him prisoner;  
But then *Aufidius* was within my view,  
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you  
To give my poor host freedom.

*COM.* O, well beg'd!  
Were he the butcher of my son, he should  
Be free, as is the wind:— Deliver him, *Titus*.

*TIT.* *Marcus*, his name?

*MAR.* By *Jupiter*, forgot:  
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd:—  
Have we no wine here?

*COM.* Go we to our tent:

The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time  
It should be look'd to : come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X. *The Volcian Camp.*

*A Flourish. Cornets. Enter AUFIDIUS, bloody,  
with two or three Soldiers.*

AUF. The town is ta'en.

I. S. 'Twill be deliver'd back  
On good condition.

AUF. Condition!—

I would, I were a *Roman*; for I cannot,  
Being a *Volce*, be that I am.— Condition!  
What good condition can a treaty find  
I' the part that is at mercy? — Five times, *Marcus*,  
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me;  
And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter  
As often as we eat.— By the elements,  
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,  
He's mine, or I am his: Mine emulation  
Hath not that honour in't, it had; for where  
I thought to crush him in an equal force,  
True sword to sword, I'll potch at him some way;  
Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

I. S. He's the devil. [son'd

AUF. Bolder, though not so subtle: My valour's poi-  
With only suffering stain by him; for him  
Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep, nor sanctuary,  
Being naked, sick; nor fane, nor capitol,  
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,  
Embankments all of fury, shall lift up  
Their rotten priviledge and custom 'gainst  
My hate to *Marcus*: where I find him, were it

At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,  
 Against the hospitable canon, would I  
 Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the city;  
 Learn, how 'tis held; and what they are, that must  
 Be hostages for *Rome*.

I. S. Will not you go?

*AVF.* I am attended at the cypress grove:  
 I pray you,  
 ('Tis south the city mills) bring me word thither  
 How the world goes; that to the pace of it  
 I may spur on my journey.

I. S. I shall, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *Rome. A publick Place.*

*Enter MENENIUS, BRUTUS, and SICINIUS.*

*MEN.* The augurer tells me, we shall have news to-night.

*BRU.* Good, or bad?

*MEN.* Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not *Marcus*.

*SIC.* Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

*MEN.* Pray you, who does the wolf love?

*SIC.* The lamb.

*MEN.* Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble *Marcus*.

*BRU.* He's a lamb, indeed, that baes like a bear.

*MEN.* He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

*Tri.* Well, sir.



*MEN.* In what enormity is *Marcus* poor, that you two have not in abundance?

*BRU.* He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all.

*SIC.* Especially, in pride.

*BRU.* And topping all others in boast.

*MEN.* This is strange now: Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right hand file, do you?

*Tri.* Why, how are we censur'd?

*MEN.* Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry?

*Tri.* Well, well, fir, well.

*MEN.* Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame *Marcus* for being proud?

*BRU.* We do it not alone, fir.

*MEN.* I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many; or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O, that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! o, that you could!

*Tri.* What then, fir?

*MEN.* Why, then you should discover a brace of as unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias, fools) as any in *Rome*.

*SIC.* *Menenius*, you are known well enough too.

*MEN.* I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of al-

laying *Tiber* in't: said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint; hafty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath: Meeting two such weal's-men as you are, (I cannot call you *Lycurgusses*) if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say, your worships have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the *afs* in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those, that say, you are reverend grave men; yet they lie deadly, that tell you, you have good faces: If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? What harm can your biffon conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

*BRU.* Come, fir, 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 forenoon, in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a foffet-feller; and then rejourne the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the cholick, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience, and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangl'd by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause, is, calling both the parties knaves: You are a pair of strange ones.

*BRU.* Come, come, you are well understood to be a

perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the capitol.

*MEN* Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the waging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entomb'd in an afs's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, *Marcus* is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since *Deucalion*; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en to your worships: more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

*Enter, hastily, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA,  
VALERIA, and a great Crowd of People:  
Tribunes join the Crowd.*

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

*VOL.* Honourable *Menenius*, my boy *Marcus* approaches; for the love of *Juno*, let's go.

*MEN.* Ha! *Marcus* coming home?

*VOL.* Ay, worthy *Menenius*; and with most prosperous approbation.

*MEN.* Take my cap, *Jupiter*, and I thank thee:—Ho, *Marcus* coming home!

*VIR. VAL.* 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?

*VIR.* 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 emperic, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench: — Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

*VIR.* O, no, no, no.

*VOL.* O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

*MEN.* So do I too, if it be not too much: — Brings a victory in his pocket? — The wounds become him.

*VOL.* On's brows, *Menenius*; he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

*MEN.* Has he disciplin'd *Aufidius* soundly?

*VOL.* *Titus Lartius* writes, — they fought together, but *Aufidius* got off.

*MEN.* And 'twas time for him too, I warrant him that: an' he had stay'd by him, I would not have been *sofidius'd*, for all the chests in *Corioli*, and the gold that's in them. — Is the senate possess'd of this?

*VOL.* Good ladies, let's go: — Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

*VAL.* In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

*MEN.* Wordrous? ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

*VIR.* The gods grant them true!

*VOL.* True? pow, wow.

*MEN.* True? I'll be sworn they are true: — Where is he

wounded? God save your good worships! [*to the Tribunes*] *Marcus* is coming home: he has more cause to be proud:—Where is he wounded?

*VOL.* I'the shoulder, and i'the left arm: There will be large cicatrices to shew the people, when he shall stand for his place: He received, in the repulse of *Tarquin*, seven hurts i'the body.

*MEN.* One i'the neck, and two i'the thigh,—There's nine that I know.

*VOL.* He had, before this last expedition, twenty five wounds upon him.

*MEN.* Now it's twenty seven: every gash was an enemy's grave: [*Shout, and Flourish, within.*] Hark, the trumpets.

*VOL.* These are the ushers of *Marcus*: before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears: Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lye; Which being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

*A Sennet. Trumpets.*

*Enter COMINIUS the General, and T. LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANUS, crown'd with an oaken Garland; with Captains, and Soldiers, and a Herald.*

*Her.* Know, *Rome*, that all alone *Marcus* did fight Within *Corioli'* gates: where he hath won, With fame, a name to *Caius Marcus*; these In honour follows now, *Coriolanus*:—  
Welcome to *Rome*, renown'd *Coriolanus*!

*Shout.*

*Flourish.*

*all.* Welcome to *Rome*, renown'd *Coriolanus*!

*COR.* No more of this, it does offend my heart; Pray now, no more.

COM. Look, fir, your mother :—

COR. O,  
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 deed-atchieving honour newly nam'd,  
What is't, *Coriolanus*, must I call thee?  
But, o, thy wife—

COR. My gracious silence, hail!  
Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,  
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,  
Such eyes the widows in *Corioli* wear,  
And mothers that lack sons.

MEN. Now the gods crown thee!

COR. And live you yet?—O, my sweet lady, [to Val.]  
pardon.

VOL. I know not where to turn :—O, welcome home;—  
And welcome, general;— And your welcome all.

MEN. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,  
And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy: Welcome:  
A curse begin at very root of's heart,  
That is not glad to see thee! You are three,  
That *Rome* should dote on: yet, by the faith of men,  
We have some old crab-trees here at home, that will not  
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors:  
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and  
The faults of fools, but folly.

COM. Ever right.

COR. *Menenius*, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

COR. Your hand, and yours: [to his Wife, and Mother.]

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,  
 The good patricians must be visited;  
 From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,  
 But with them change of honours.

*VOL.* I have liv'd  
 To see inherited my very wishes,  
 And the buildings of my fancy:  
 Only there's one thing wanting, which, I doubt not,  
 But our *Rome* will cast upon thee.

*COR.* Know, good mother,  
 I had rather be their servant in my way,  
 Than sway with them in theirs.

*COM.* On, to the capitol. [*Flourish. Ex. in State, as before. Tribunes come forward.*]

*BRU.* All tongues speak of him, and the bleared fights  
 Are spectacl'd to see him: Your prating nurse  
 Into a rapture lets her baby cry,  
 While she chats him: the kitchen malkin pins  
 Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,  
 Clamb'ring the walls to eye him: stalks, bulks, windows  
 Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges horf'd  
 With variable complexions; all agreeing  
 In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens  
 Do press among the popular throngs, and puff  
 To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames  
 Commit the war of white and damask, in  
 Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil  
 Of *Phæbus'* burning kisses: such a pother,  
 As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,  
 Were sily crept into his human powers,  
 And gave him graceful action.

*SIC.* On the sudden,

I warrant him consul.

*BRU.* Then our office may,  
During his power, go sleep.

*SIC.* He cannot temperately transport his honours  
From where he should begin, and end; but will  
Lose those he hath won.

*BRU.* In that there's comfort.

*SIC.* Doubt not,  
The commoners, for whom we stand, but they,  
Upon their ancient malice, will forget,  
With the least cause, these his new honours; which  
That he will give them, make I as little question  
As he is proud to do't.

*BRU.* I heard him swear,  
Were he to stand for consul, never would he  
Appear i'the market-place, nor on him put  
The napless vesture of humility;  
Nor, shewing (as the manner is) his wounds  
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

*SIC.* 'Tis right.

*BRU.* It was his word: O, he would miss it, rather  
Than carry it, but by the suit of the gentry,  
And the desire of the nobles.

*SIC.* I wish no better,  
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it  
In execution.

*BRU.* 'Tis most like, he will.

*SIC.* It shall be to him then, as our good wills,  
A sure destruction.

*BRU.* So it must fall out  
To him, or our authorities. For an end,—  
We must suggest the people, in what hatred



He still hath held them; that, to his power, he would  
 Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and  
 Disproperty'd their freedoms: holding them,  
 In human action and capacity,  
 Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,  
 Than camels in their war; who have their provender  
 Only for bearing burthens, and fore blows  
 For sinking under them.

*Sic.* This, as you say, suggested  
 At some time when his soaring insolence  
 Shall reach the people, (which time shall not want,  
 If he be put upon't; and that's as easy,  
 As to set dogs on sheep) will be as fire  
 To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze  
 Shall darken him for ever.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*BRU.* What's the matter?

*Mef.* You are sent for to the capitol; 'tis thought,  
 That *Marcus* shall be consul: I have seen  
 The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind  
 To hear him speak: The matrons flung their gloves,  
 Ladies and maids their scarfs 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 same. The Senate-House.*

6 Provand 11 teach 13 be his fire

*Enter two Officers, laying Cushions.*

1. O. Come, come, they are almost here: How many stand for consulships?

2. O. Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every one, *Coriolanus* will carry it.

1. O. That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2. O. 'Faith, there have been many great men, that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better ground: Therefore, for *Coriolanus* neither to care whether they love or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and, out of his noble carelessness, he lets them plainly see't.

1. O. If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm: but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their opposite: Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2. O. He hath deserved worthily of his country: And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as theirs, who have been supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted, without any further deed to heave them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report other-

wise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1. O. No more of him; he's a worthy man: Make way, they are coming.

*Sennet. Enter, with Liſtors before them,*

CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, *divers other* Senators, BRUTUS, and SICINIUS: *Senators take their Seats; Tribunes theirs by themſelves.*

MEN. Having determin'd of the *Volcians*, and To fend for *Titus Lartius*, it remains, As the main point of this our after-meeting, To gratify his noble ſervice, that Hath thus ſtood for his country: Therefore, please you, Moſt reverend and grave elders, to deſire The preſent conſul, and laſt general In our well-found ſucceſſes, to report A little of that worthy work perform'd By *Caius Marcius Coriolanus*; whom We are met here, both to thank, and to remember With honours like himſelf.

1. S. Speak, good *Cominius*:

Leave nothing out for length; and make us think, Rather our ſtate's defective for requital, Than we to ſtretch it out.—Masters o'the people, We do requeſt your kindeſt ear; and, after, Your loving motion toward the common body, To yield what paſſes here.

SIC. We are convented Upon a pleaſing treaty; and have hearts Inclenable to honour and advance The theme of our aſſembly.

BRU. Which the rather

We shall be blest to do, if he remember  
A kinder value of the people, than  
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

*MEN.* That's off, that's off;  
I would you rather had been silent: Please you  
To hear *Cominius* speak?

*BRU.* Most willingly:  
But yet my caution was more pertinent,  
Than the rebuke you give it.

*MEN.* He loves your people;  
But tye him not to be their bedfellow. —  
Worthy *Cominius*, speak: — Nay, keep your place.

[to Cor. who rises, and is going out.

1. *S.* Sit, *Coriolanus*; never shame to hear  
What you have nobly done.

*COR.* Your honours' pardon;  
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,  
Than hear say how I got them.

*BRU.* Sir, I hope,  
My words dif-bench'd you not?

*COR.* No, sir: yet oft,  
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.  
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: But, your people, —  
I love them as they weigh.

*MEN.* Pray now, sit down.

*COR.* I had rather have one scratch my head i'the sun,  
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit  
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit CORIOLANUS.*

*MEN.* Masters o'the people,  
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,  
(That's thousand to one good one) when you now see,  
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,

Than one of's ears to hear it?—Proceed, *Cominius*.

*COM.* I shall lack voice: the deeds of *Coriolanus* Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held, That valour is the chiefest virtue, and Most dignifies the haver: if it be, The man I speak of cannot in the world Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years, When *Tarquin* made a head for *Rome*, he fought Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator, Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight, When with his *Amazonian* chin he drove The bristl'd lips before him: he bestrid An o'er-prest *Roman*, and i'the consul's view Slew three opposers; *Tarquin's* self he met, And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats, When he might act the woman in the scene, He prov'd best man i'the field, and for his meed Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea; And, in the brunt 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 him home: He stopt the fliers; And, by his rare example, made the coward Turn terror into sport: as waves before A vessel under sail, so men obey'd, And fell below his stern: his sword, death's stamp, Where it did mark, it took from face to foot: He was a thing of blood, whose every motion Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd The mortal gate o'the city, which he painted With shunless destiny; aidless came off,

1 Than on ones Eares 11 Skinne 27 stem:

And with a sudden re-inforcement struck  
*Corioli*, like a planet: Now all's his :  
 When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce  
 His ready sense: then straight his doubl'd spirit  
 Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,  
 And to the battle came he; where he did  
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if  
 'Twere a perpetual spoil: and, 'till we call'd  
 Both field and city ours, he never stood  
 To ease his breast with panting.

*MEN.* Worthy man!

*I. S.* He cannot but with measure fit the honours  
 Which we devise him.

*COM.* Our spoils he kick'd at;  
 And look'd upon things precious, as they were  
 The common muck o'the world: he covets less  
 Than misery itself would give; rewards  
 His deeds with doing them; and is content  
 To spend the time, to end it.

*MEN.* He's right noble;  
 Let him be call'd for.

*I. S.* Call *Coriolanus*.

*I. O.* He doth appear.

*Re-enter CORIOLANUS.*

*MEN.* The senate, *Coriolanus*, are well pleas'd  
 To make thee consul.

*COR.* I do owe them still  
 My life, and services.

*MEN.* It then remains,  
 That you do speak to the people.

*COR.* I do beseech you,  
 Let me o'er-leap that custom; for I cannot

Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,  
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you,  
That I may pass this doing.

*Sic.* Sir, the people  
Must have their voices; neither will they bate  
One jot of ceremony.

*Men.* Put them not to't:—  
Pray you, go fit you to the custom; and  
Take to you, as your predecessors have,  
Your honour with your form.

*Cor.* It is a part  
That I shall blush in acting, and might well  
Be taken from the people.

*Brv.* Mark you that?

*Cor.* To brag unto them,—Thus I did, and thus;  
Shew them the unaking scars, which I should hide,  
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire  
Of their breath only:

*Men.* Do not stand upon't.—  
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,  
Our purpose to them;—and to our noble consul  
Wish we all joy and honour.

*Sen.* To *Coriolanus* come all joy and honour!

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* Senators.]

*Brv.* You see how he intends to use the people.

*Sic.* May they perceive his intent! He will require  
them,

As if he did contemn what he requested  
Should be in them to give.

*Brv.* Come, we'll inform them  
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,  
I know, they do attend us.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. The Forum.**Enter a Number of Citizens.*

1. C. Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2. C. We may, sir, if we will.

3. C. We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do: for if he shew us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1. C. 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 many-headed multitude.

3. C. We have been call'd so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversly colour'd: and truly, I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one scull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o'the compass.

2. C. Think you so? Which way do you judge my wit would fly?

3. C. Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedg'd up in a block-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2. C. Why that way?



3. *C.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2. *C.* You are never without your tricks: you may, you may.

3. *C.* Are you all resolv'd 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. Here he comes, and in the gown of humility;

*Enter CORIOLANUS, and MENENIUS.*

mark his behaviour: We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by one's, by two's, and by three's: he's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

*all.* Content, content. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

*MEN.* O, sir, you are not right; Have you not known, The worthiest men have don't?

*COR.* What must I say?—

I pray, sir,—Plague upon't! I cannot bring  
My tongue to such a pace:—Look, sir; my wounds;  
I got them in my country's service, when  
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran  
From the noise of our own drums.

*MEN.* O me, the gods!

You must not speak of that; you must desire them  
To think upon you.

*COR.* Think upon me? Hang 'em!

I would they would forget me, like the virtues  
Which our divines lose by them.

*MEN.* You'll mar all;

I'll leave you: Pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you,  
In wholesome manner. [Exit MENENIUS,

*Enter two of the Citizens.*

COR. Bid them wash their faces,  
And keep their teeth clean. — So, here comes a brace:—  
You know the cause, fir, of my standing here.

1. C. We do, fir; tell us what hath brought you to't.

COR. Mine own desert.

2. C. Your own desert?

COR. Ay, not

Mine own desire.

1. C. How! not your own desire?

COR. No, fir; 'twas never my desire yet  
To trouble the poor with begging.

1. C. You must think,

If we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

COR. Well then, I pray, your price o'the consulship?

1. C. The price is, fir, to ask it kindly.

COR. Kindly?

Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to shew you,  
Which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice, fir;  
What say you?

2. C. You shall have it, worthy fir. [beg'd:—

COR. A match, fir:—There's in all two worthy voices  
I have your alms; Adieu.

1. C. But this is something odd.

2. C. An 'twere to give again,— But 'tis no matter.

[Exeunt these:

*Enter two other Citizens.*

COR. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of  
your voices, that I may be consul, I have here the cus-  
tomary gown.

1. C. You have deserv'd nobly of your country, and you have not deserv'd nobly.

COR. Your ænigma?

1. C. 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, fir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly; that is, fir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifullꝝ to the desirers: Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

2. C. We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1. C. You have received many wounds for your country.

COR. I will not seal your knowledge with shewing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

1. 2. The gods give you joy, fir, heartily! [*Exeunt.*]

COR. Most sweet voices!

Better it is to die, better to starve,  
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.  
Why in this wolfish gown should I stand here,  
To beg of *Hob*, and *Dick*, that does appear,  
Their needless voices? Custom calls me to't:  
What custom wills, in all things should we do't,  
The dust on antique time would lye unswept,

And mountainous error be too highly heapt  
 For truth to over-peer. Rather than fool it so,  
 Let the high office and the honour go  
 'To one that would do thus. I am half through;  
 The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

*Enter 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 and odd; battles thrice six  
 I have seen, and heard of; for your voices, have  
 Done many things, some less, some more: your voices:  
 Indeed, I would be consul.

1. C. He has done nobly, and cannot go without any  
 honest man's voice.

2 C. Therefore let him be consul: The gods give  
 him joy, and make him a good friend to the people!

*all.* Amen, amen.—God save thee, noble consul!

COR. Worthy voices! [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

*Enter MENENIUS, BRUTUS, and SICINIUS.*

MEN. You have stood your limitation; and the tri-  
 bunes

Endue you with the people's voice: Remains,  
 That, in the official marks invested, you  
 Anon do meet the senate.

COR. Is this done?

SIC. The custom of request you have discharg'd:  
 The people do admit you; and are summon'd  
 To meet anon, upon your approbation.

COR. Where? at the senate-house?

SIC. There, *Coriolanus*.

COR. May I then change these garments?

*SIC.* You may, fir.

*COR.* That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself again,

Repair to the senate-house.

*MEN.* I'll keep you company. — Will you along?

*BRU.* We stay here for the people.

*SIC.* Fare you well.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS, and MENENIUS.*]

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,

'Tis warm at his heart.

*BRU.* With a proud heart he wore

His humble weeds: Will you dismiss the people?

*Re-enter Citizens.*

*SIC.* How now, my masters? have you chose this man?

1. *C.* He has our voices, fir.

*BRU.* We pray the gods, he may deserve your loves.

2. *C.* Amen, fir: To my poor unworthy notice,  
He mock'd us, when he beg'd our voices.

3. *C.* Certainly,  
He flouted us down-right.

1. *C.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us.

2. *C.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,  
He us'd us scornfully: he should have shew'd us  
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

*SIC.* Why, so he did, I am sure.

*all.* No, no man saw them.

3. *C.* He said, he had wounds, which he could shew  
in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,

*I would be consul, says he: aged custom,*

*But by your voices, will not so permit me;*

*Your voices therefore: When we granted that,  
Here was, I thank you for your voices, thank you,  
Your most sweet voices: now you have left your voices,  
I have no further with you:—Was not this mockery?*

*Sic.* Why, either, were you ignorant to see't?  
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness  
To yield your voices?

*Brv.* Could you not have told him,  
As you were lesson'd,—When he had no power,  
But was a petty servant to the state,  
He was your enemy; ever spake against  
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear  
I'the body of the weal: and now, arriving  
A place of potency, and sway o'the state,  
If he should still malignantly remain  
Fast foe to the *Plebeii*, your voices might  
Be curses to yourselves: You should have said,  
That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less  
Than what he stood for; so his gracious nature  
Would think upon you for your voices, and  
Translate his malice towards you into love,  
Standing your friendly lord.

*Sic.* Thus to have said,  
As you were fore-advis'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 gall'd his surly nature,  
Which easily endures not article,  
Tying him to ought; so, putting him to rage,  
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,  
And pass'd him unelect.

*BRU.* Did you perceive,  
 He did solicit you in free contempt,  
 When he did need your loves; and do you think,  
 That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,  
 When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies  
 No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to cry  
 Against the rectorship of judgment?

*SIC.* Have you,  
 Ere now, deny'd the asker? and, now again,  
 On him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow  
 Your tongues unfu'd-for?

3. *C.* He is not confirm'd,  
 We may deny him yet.

2. *C.* And will deny him:  
 I'll have five hundred voices of that found.

1. *C.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece  
 'em.

*BRU.* Get you hence instantly; and tell those friends,—  
 They have chose a consul, that will from them take  
 Their liberties; make them of no more voice  
 Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,  
 As therefore kept to do so.

*SIC.* Let them assemble;  
 And, on a safer judgment, all revoke  
 Your ignorant election: Enforce his pride,  
 And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not  
 With what contempt he wore the humble weed;  
 How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,  
 Thinking upon his services, took from you  
 The apprehension of his present portance,  
 Which gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion  
 After the inveterate hate he bears you.

*BRU.* Lay  
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd,  
(No impediment between) but that you must  
Cast your election on him.

*SIC.* Say, you chose him  
More after our commandment, than as guided  
By your own true affections: and that, your minds  
Pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do  
Than what you should, made you against the grain  
To voice him consul: Lay the fault on us.

*BRU.* Ay, spare us not: Say, we read lectures to you,  
How youngly he began to serve his country,  
How long continu'd: and what stock he springs of,  
The noble house o'the *Marcii*; from whence came  
That *Ancus Marcius*, *Numa's* daughter's son,  
Who, after great *Hoftilius*, here was king:  
Of the same house *Publius* and *Quintus* were,  
That our best water brought by conduits hither;  
And *Censorinus*, darling of the people,  
And nobly nam'd so for twice being censor,  
Was his great ancestor.

*SIC.* One thus descended,  
That hath beside well in his person wrought  
To be set high in place, we did commend  
To your remembrances: but you have found,  
Scaling his present bearing with his past,  
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke  
Your sudden approbation.

*BRU.* Say, you ne'er had don't,  
(Harp on that still) but by our putting on:  
And presently, when you have drawn your number,  
Repair to the capitol.



*all.* We will so: almost all  
Repent in their election. [Exeunt Citizens.

*BRU.* Let them go on;  
This mutiny were better put in hazard,  
Than stay, past doubt, for greater:  
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage  
With their refusal, both observe and answer  
The vantage of his anger.

*SIC.* To the capitol, come;  
We will be there before the stream o'the people;  
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,  
Which we have goaded onward. [Exeunt.

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### ACT III.

#### SCENE I. *The same. A Street.*

*Cornets.* Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS,  
TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, and Patricians.

*COR.* *Tullus Aufidius* then had made new head?

*TIT.* He had, my lord; and that it was, which caus'd  
Our swifter composition.

*COR.* So then the *Volcians* 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*?

*TIT.* On safe-guard he came to me; and did curse  
Against the *Volcians*, for they had so vilely  
Yielded the town: he is retir'd to *Antium*.

COR. Spoke he of me?

TIT. He did, my lord.

COR. How? what?

TIT. How often he had met you, sword to sword:  
That, of all things upon the earth, he hated  
Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes  
To hopeless restitution, so he might  
Be call'd your vanquisher.

COR. At *Antium* lives he?

TIT. At *Antium*.

COR. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,  
To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.

*Enter SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.*

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,  
The tongues o'the common mouth. I do despise them:  
For they do prank them in authority,  
Against all noble sufferance.

SIC. Pass no further.

COR. Ha! what is that?

BRU. It will be dangerous to go on: no further.

COR. What makes this change?

MEN'. The matter?

COM. Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the commons?

BRU. *Cominius*, no.

COR. Have I had children's voices?

I. S. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.

BRU. The people are incens'd against him:

SIC. Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

COR. Are these your herd?—

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,

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 purpos'd thing, and grows by plot, To curb the will of the nobility: — Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule, Nor ever will be rul'd.

*BRU.* Call't not a plot: The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late, When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd, Scandal'd the suppliant for the people, call'd them — Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to noblenefs.

*COR.* Why, this was known before.

*BRU.* Not to them all.

*COR.* Have you inform'd them since?

*BRU.* How! I inform them!

*COR.* You are like to do such business.

*BRU.* Not unlike, Each way, to better yours.

*COR.* Why then should I be consul? By yon' clouds, Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me Your fellow tribune.

*SIC.* You show too much of that, For which the people stir: If you will pass To where you are bound, you must enquire your way, Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit; Or never be so noble as a consul, Nor yoak with him for tribune.

*MEN.* Let's be calm.

*COM.* The people are abus'd: — Set on. — This palt'ring

Becomes not *Rome*; nor has *Coriolanus*  
 Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, lay'd falsely  
 I'the plain way of his merit.

*COR.* Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak't again.

*MEN.* Not now, not now.

*I. S.* Not in this heat, sir, now.

*COR.* Now, as I live, I will. — My nobler friends,  
 I crave their pardons: —

For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them  
 Regard me as I do not flatter, and  
 Therein behold themselves: — I say again,  
 In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate  
 The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,  
 Which we ourselves have plow'd for, sow'd and scatter'd,  
 By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;  
 Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that  
 Which they have given to beggars.

*MEN.* Well, no more.

*I. S.* No more words, we beseech you.

*COR.* How! no more?

As for my country I have shed my blood,  
 Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs  
 Coin words 'till their decay, against those meazels,  
 Which we disdain should tetter 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 infirmity.

*SIC.* 'Twere well,  
 We let the people know't.

*MEN.* What, what? his choler?

COR. Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,  
By *Jove*, 'twould be my mind.

SIC. It is a mind,  
That shall remain a poison where it is,  
Not poison any further.

COR. Shall remain! —  
Hear you this *Triton* of the minnows? mark you  
His absolute *shall*?

COM. 'Twas from the canon.

COR. *Shall*! —

O good, but most unwise patricians, why,  
You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus  
Given *Hydra* here to choose an officer,  
That with his peremptory *shall*, being but  
The horn and noise o'the monster, wants not spirit  
To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,  
And make your channel his? If they have power,  
Let them have cushions by you; if none, awake  
Your dangerous lenity: if you are learned,  
Be not as common fools; if you are not,  
Then veil your ignorance. You are plebeians,  
If they be senators: and they are no less,  
When, both your voices blended, the great'st taste  
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;  
And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,  
His popular *shall*, against a graver bench  
Than ever frown'd in *Greece*. By *Jove* himself,  
It makes the consuls base: and my soul akes,  
To know, when two authorities are up,  
Neither supream, how soon confusion  
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take

12 O God! 18 If he have v. *Note*,

The one by the other.

COM. Well, on to the market-place.

COR. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth  
The corn o'the store-house gratis, as 'twas us'd  
Sometime in Greece,—

MEN. Well, well, no more of that.

COR. (Though there the people had more absolute  
power)

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed  
The ruin of the state :

BRU. Why, shall the people give  
One, that speaks thus, their voice ?

COR. I'll give my reasons,  
More worthier than their voices. They know, the corn  
Was not our recompence ; resting well assur'd  
They ne'er did service for't : Being press'd to the war,  
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,  
They would not thread the gates : this kind of service  
Did not deserve corn gratis : Being in the war,  
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they shew'd  
Most valour, spoke not for them : The accusation  
Which they have often made against the senate,  
All cause unborn, could never be the native  
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then ?  
How shall this bosom multiply'd digest  
The senate's courtesy ? Let deeds express  
What's like to be their words : *We did request it ;  
We are the greater poll, and in true fear  
They gave us our demands :* Thus we debase  
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble  
Call our cares, fears : which will in time  
Break ope the locks o'the senate, and bring in

The crows to peck the eagles.

*MEN.* Come, enough.

*BRU.* Enough, with over-measure.

*COR.* No, take more :

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,  
 Seal what I end withall ! This double worship,—  
 Where one part does disdain with cause, the other  
 Insult without all reason ; where gentry, title, wisdom  
 Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no  
 Of general ignorance,—it must omit  
 Real necessities, and give way the while  
 To unstable slightness : purpose so bar'd, it follows,  
 Nothing is done to purpose : Therefore, beseech you,—  
 You that will be less fearful than discreet ;  
 That love the fundamental part of state,  
 More than you doubt the change of't ; that prefer  
 A noble life before a long, and wish  
 To vamp 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 dishonour  
 Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state  
 Of that integrity which should become't ;  
 Not having power to do the good it would,  
 For the ill which doth controul't.

*BRU.* He has said enough.

*SIC.* He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer  
 As traitors do.

*COR.* Thou wretch ! despight o'er-whelm thee !—  
 What should the people do with these baid tribunes ?  
 On whom depending, their obedience fails  
 To the greater bench : In a rebellion,

When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,  
Then were they chosen; in a better hour,  
Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet,  
And throw their power i'the dust.

*BRU.* Manifest treason:

*SIC.* This a consul? no.

*BRU.* The ædiles, ho! — Let him be apprehended.

*SIC.* Go, call the people: [*Exit BRUTUS.*] in whose  
name, myself

Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator,  
A foe to the publick weal: Obey, I charge thee,  
And follow to thine answer.

*COR.* Hence, old goat.

*all.* We'll surety him.

*COM.* By aged fir, hands off.

*COR.* Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones  
Out of thy garments.

*SIC.* Help me, citizens.

*Re-enter BRUTUS, with Ædiles, and  
a whole Rabble of Citizens.*

*MEN.* On both sides more respect.

*SIC.* Here's he, that would  
Take from you all your power.

*BRU.* Seize him, ædiles.

*Cit.* Down with him, down with him!

2. *S.* Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*they all bustle about Coriolanus.*]

1. *S.* Tribunes, patricians, citizens! what ho!  
*Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!*

*all.* Peace, peace, peace, stay, hold, peace!

*MEN.* What is about to be? I am out of breath;  
Confusion's near; I cannot speak: — You, tribunes



To the people, — *Coriolanus*, patience: —

Speak, good *Sicinius*.

*Sic.* Hear me, people; peace. [speak.

*Cit.* Let's hear our tribune; peace: — Speak, speak,

*Sic.* You are at point to lose your liberties:

*Marcus* would have all from you; *Marcus*,

Whom late you chose for consul.

*MEN.* Fie, fie, fie!

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

*I. S.* To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

*Sic.* What is the city, but the people?

*Cit.* True,

The people are the city.

*BRU.* By the consent of all, we were establish'd

The people's magistrates.

*Sen.* You so remain.

*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.

*BRU.* Or let us stand to our authority,

Or let us lose it: — We do here pronounce,

Upon the part o'the people, in whose power

We were elected theirs, *Marcus* is worthy

Of present death.

*Sic.* Therefore, lay hold of him;

Bear him to the rock *Tarpeian*, and from thence

Into destruction cast him.

*BRU.* Ædiles, seize him.

*Cit.* Yield, *Marcus*, yield.

*MEN.* Hear me one word, beseech you,  
 Good tribunes, hear me but a word.

*Ædi.* Peace, peace.

*MEN.* Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,  
 And temperately proceed to what you would  
 Thus violently redrefs.

*BRU.* Sir, those cold ways,  
 That seem like prudent helps, are very pois'nous  
 Where the disease is violent: — Lay hands upon him,  
 And bear him to the rock.

*COR.* No; I'll die here. *[drawing his sword.]*  
 There's some among you have beheld me fighting;  
 Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

*MEN.* Down with that sword; — Tribunes, withdraw  
 a while.

*BRU.* Lay hands upon him.

*MEN.* Help, help *Marcus!* help,  
 You that be noble; help him, young, and old!

*Cit.* Down with him, down with him!

*[A great Mutiny: Tribunes, Ædiles, and  
 People are beat in.]*

*MEN.* Go, get you to your house; be gone, away,  
 All will be naught else.

*COM.* Get you gone.

*2. S.* Stand fast;

We have as many friends as enemies.

*MEN.* Shall it be put to that?

*1. S.* The gods forbid!

I pry'thee, noble friend, home to thy house;  
 Leave us to cure this cause.

*MEN.* For 'tis a fore,  
 You cannot tent yourself: Be gone, beseech you.

COM. Come, fir, along with us.

MEN. I would they were barbarians, (as they are, Though in *Rome* litter'd;) not *Romans*, (as they are not, Though calv'd i'the porch o'the capitol.)—Be gone; Put not your worthy rage into your tongue; One time will owe another.

COR. On fair ground,  
I could beat forty of them.

MEN. I could myself  
Take up a brace o'the best; yea, the two tribunes.

COM. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic; And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands Against a falling fabrick.—Will you hence, Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend Like interrupted waters, and o'er-bear What they are us'd to bear.

MEN. Pray you, be gone:  
I'll try if my old wit be in request  
With those that have but little; this must be patch'd  
With cloth of any colour.

COM. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt COR. COM. and Others.*]

I. P. This man has mar'd his fortune.

MEN. His nature is too noble for the world:  
He would not flatter *Neptune* for his trident,  
Or *Jove* for his power to thunder. His heart's his mouth:  
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;  
And, being angry, does forget that ever  
He heard the name of death. [Noise within.]  
Here's goodly work!

I. P. I would they were a-bed! [ance,

MEN. I would they were in *Tiber*! What the venge-

10 best of them, 18 trie whether my

Could he not speak 'em fair?

*Enter BRUTUS, and SICINIUS, with  
the Rabble, again.*

SIC. Where is this viper,  
That would depopulate the city, and  
Be every man himself?

MEN. You worthy tribunes,—

SIC. He shall be thrown down the *Tarpeian* rock  
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,  
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial  
Than the severity of the public power,  
Which he so sets at nought.

I. C. He shall well know,  
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,  
And we their hands.

Cit. He shall, sure, out.

MEN. Sirs,—

SIC. Peace.

MEN. Do not cry, havock, where you should but hunt  
With modest warrant.

SIC. Sir, how comes't, 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 faults:

SIC. Consul! what consul?

MEN. The consul *Coriolanus*.

BRU. He the consul!

Cit. No, no, no, no, no.

MEN. If, 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.

*SIC.* Speak briefly then ;  
For we are peremptory, to dispatch  
This viperous traitor : to eject him hence,  
Were but one danger ; and, to keep him here,  
Our certain death ; therefore, it is decreed,  
He dies to-night.

*MEN.* Now the good gods forbid,  
That our renowned *Rome*, whose gratitude  
Towards her deserving children is enrol'd  
In *Jove's* own book, like an unnatural dam  
Should now eat up her own !

*SIC.* He's a disease, that must be cut away.

*MEN.* O, he's a limb, that has but a disease ;  
Mortal, to cut it off ; to cure it, easy.  
What has he done to *Rome*, that's worthy death ?  
Killing our enemies ? The blood he hath lost,  
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,  
By many an ounce) he drop'd it for his country :  
And, what is left, to lose it by his country,  
Were to us all, that do't, and suffer it,  
A brand to the end o'the world.

*SIC.* This is clean kam.

*BRU.* Meerly awry : When he did love his country,  
It honour'd him.

*MEN.* The service of the foot  
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected  
For what before it was ; —

*BRU.* We'll hear no more : —  
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence ;  
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,  
Spread further.

*MEN.* One word more, one word.

This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find  
The harm of unscan'd swiftneſs, will, too late,  
Tye leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by proceſs ;  
Left parties (as he is belov'd) break out,  
And ſack great *Rome* with *Romans*.

*BRU.* If it were ſo?

*SIC.* What do ye talk?

Have we not had a taſte of his obedience?  
Our ædiles ſmot? ourſelves reſiſted?—Come :

*MEN.* Conſider this; — He has been bred i'the wars  
Since he could draw a ſword, and is ill ſchool'd  
In bolted language; meal and bran together  
He throws without diſtinction. Give me leave,  
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him  
Where he ſhall answer, by a lawful form,  
(In peace) to his utmoſt peril.

1. *S.* Noble tribunes,

It is the humane way: the other courſe  
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it  
Unknown to the beginning.

*SIC.* Noble *Menenius*,

Be you then as the people's officer: —  
Maſters, lay down your weapons.

*BRU.* Go not home.

*SIC.* Meet on the market-place: — We'll attend you  
there:

Where if you bring not *Marcus*, we'll proceed  
In our firſt way.

*MEN.* I'll bring him to you: — Let me  
Deſire your company: He muſt come, or what  
Is worſt will follow.

1. S. Pray you, let us to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A Hall in Coriolanus's House.*

*Enter CORIOLANUS, and Patricians.*

COR. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me  
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;  
Or pile ten hills on the *Tarpeian* rock,  
That the precipitation might down stretch  
Below the beam of fight, yet will I still  
Be thus to them.

*Enter VOLUMNIA.*

Pat. You do the nobler.

COR. I muse, my mother  
Does not approve me further, who was wont  
To call them woollen vassals, things created  
To buy and sell with groats; to shew 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;  
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me  
False to my nature? Rather say, I play  
Nobly the man I am.

VOL. O, fir, fir, fir,  
I would have had you put your power well on,  
Before you had worn it out.

COR. Why, let it go.

VOL. You might have been enough the man you are,  
With striving less to be so: Lesser had been  
The thwartings of your dispositions, if  
You had not shew'd them how you were dispos'd  
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

COR. Let them hang.

*VOL.* Ay, and burn too.

*Enter MENENIUS, and Senators.*

*MEN.* Come, come, you have been too rough, something too rough;

You must return, and mend it.

*1. S.* There's no remedy;

Unless, by not so doing, our good city

Cleave in the midst, and perish.

*VOL.* Pray, be counsel'd:

I have a heart as little apt as yours;

But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger

To better vantage.

*MEN.* Well said, noble woman:

Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that

The violent fit o'the time craves it as physick

For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,

Which I can scarcely bear.

*COR.* What must I do?

*MEN.* Return to the tribunes.

*COR.* Well,

What then? what then?

*MEN.* Repent what you have spoke.

*COR.* For them? I cannot do it to the gods;

Must I then do't to them?

*VOL.* You are too absolute;

Though therein you can never be too noble,

But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,

Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,

I'the war do grow together: Grant that, and tell me,

In peace, what each of them by the other lose,

That they combine not there?

*COR.* Tush, tush!



*MEN.* A good demand.

*VOL.* If it be honour, in your wars, to seem  
The fame you are not, (which, for your best ends,  
You adopt your policy) how is it less, or worse,  
That it shall hold companionship in peace  
With honour, as in war; since that to both  
It stands in like request?

*COR.* Why force you this?

*VOL.* Because,  
That now it lies on you to speak to the people:  
Not by your own instruction, nor by the matter  
Which your heart prompts you to; but with such words,  
That are but rooted in your tongue, but bastards,  
Of no alliance to your bosom's truth.  
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,  
Than to take in a town with gentle words,  
Which else would put you to your fortune, and  
The hazard of much blood.

I would dissemble with my nature, where  
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, requir'd  
I should do so in honour: I am in this,  
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;  
And you will rather shew our general louts  
How you can frown, then spend a fawn upon 'em,  
For the inheritance of their loves, and safe-guard  
Of what that want might ruin.

*MEN.* Noble lady!—

Come, go with us; speak fair: you may save so,  
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss  
Of what is past.

*VOL.* I pry'thee now, my son,  
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;

And thus far having stretch'd it, (here † be with them)  
 Thy knee buffing the stones, (for in such business  
 Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant  
 More learned than the ears) waving thy head,  
 And often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,  
 Now humble as the ripest mulberry,  
 That will not hold the handling: Or, say to them,—  
 Thou art their soldier, and, being bred in broils,  
 Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,  
 Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,  
 In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame  
 Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far  
 As thou hast power, and person.

*MEN.* This but done,  
 Even as she speaks it, why, their hearts were yours:  
 For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free  
 As words to little purpose.

*VOL.* Pry'thee now,  
 Go, and be rul'd: although, I know, thou hadst rather  
 Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,  
 Than flatter him in a bower. Here is *Cominius*.

*Enter COMINIUS.*

*COM.* I have been i'the market-place: and, sir, 'tis fit  
 You make strong party, or defend yourself  
 By calmness, or by absence; all's in anger.

*MEN.* Only fair speech:

*COM.* I think, 'twill serve, if he  
 Can thereto frame his spirit.

*VOL.* He must, and will:—  
 Pry'thee now, say, you will, and go about it. [I,

*COR.* Must I go shew them my unbarb'd sponce? Must  
 With my base tongue, give to my noble heart

A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:  
 Yet were there but this single plot to lose,  
 This mould of *Marcus*, they to dust should grind it,  
 And throw't against the wind. — To the market-place: —  
 You have put me now to such a part, which never  
 I shall discharge to the life.

*COM.* Come, come, we'll prompt you.

*VOL.* I pry'thee now, sweet son; as thou hast said,  
 My praises made thee first a soldier, so,  
 To have my praise for this, perform a part  
 Thou hast not done before.

*COR.* Well, I must do't: —

Away, my disposition, and possess me  
 Some harlot's spirit: My throat of war be turn'd,  
 Which quired with my drum, into a pipe  
 Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice  
 That babies lulls asleep: The smiles of knaves  
 Tent in my cheeks; and school-boy's tears take up  
 The glasses of my sight: A beggar's tongue  
 Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,  
 Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his  
 That hath receiv'd an alms: — I will not do't;  
 Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,  
 And, by my body's action, teach my mind  
 A most inherent baseness.

*VOL.* At thy choice then:

To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,  
 Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let  
 Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear  
 Thy dangerous stoutness: for I mock at death  
 With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.  
 Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me;

But own thy pride thyself.

*COR.* Pray, be content;

Mother, I am going to the market-place;  
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,  
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd  
Of all the trades in *Rome*. Look, I am going:  
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;  
Or never trust to what my tongue can do,  
I'the way of flattery, further.

*VOL.* Do your will.

[*Exit.*

*COM.* Away, the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself  
To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd  
With accusations, as I hear, more strong  
Than are upon you yet.

*COR.* The word is, mildly:—Pray you, let us go:  
Let them accuse me by invention, I  
Will answer in mine honour.

*MEN.* Ay, but mildly.

*COR.* Well, mildly be it then; mildly: [*Exeunt.*

*SCENE III. The same. The Forum.*

*Enter SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.*

*BRU.* In this point charge him home, that he affects  
Tyrannical power: If he evade us there,  
Inforce him with his envy to the people;  
And that the spoil, got on the *Antiates*,  
Was ne'er distributed.—

*Enter an Ædile.*

What, will he come?

*Ædi.* He's coming.

*BRU.* How accompany'd?

*Ædi.* With old *Menenius*, and those senators

That always favour'd him.

*Sic.* Have you a catalogue  
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,  
Set down by the poll?

*Ædi.* I have; 'tis ready.

*Sic.* Have you  
Collected them by tribes?

*Ædi.* I have; 'tis ready.

*Sic.* Assemble presently the people hither:  
And when they hear me say, *It shall be so,*  
*I'the right and strength o'the commons,* be it either  
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,  
If I say, fine, cry, *fine,* if, death, cry, *death;*  
Insisting on the old prerogative,  
And power i'the truth o'the cause.

*Ædi.* I shall inform them.

*Brv.* And when such time they have begun to cry,  
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd  
Inforce the present execution  
Of what we chance to sentence.

*Ædi.* Very well.

*Sic.* Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,  
When we shall hap to give't them.

*Brv.* Go, about it.—

[*Exit Ædile,*

Put him to choler straight: He hath been us'd  
Ever to conquer, and to have his 'worth  
Of contradiction: being once chaf'd, he cannot  
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks  
What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks  
With us to break his neck.

*Sic.* Well, here he comes.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS,*

Senators, *and* Patricians.

*MEN.* Calmly, I do beseech you.

*COR.* Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece  
Will bear the knave by the volume.—The honour'd gods  
Keep *Rome* in safety, and the chairs of justice  
Supply'd with worthy men! plant love among us!  
Throng our large temples with the shews of peace,  
And not our streets with war!

*I. S.* Amen, amen.

*MEN.* A noble wish.

*Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.*

*SIC.* Draw near, ye people.

*Ædi.* Lift to your tribunes; audience:  
Peace, I say.

*COR.* First, hear me speak.

*Tri.* Well, say:—Peace, ho.

*COR.* Shall I be charg'd no further than this present?  
Must all determine here?

*SIC.* I do demand,  
If you submit you to the people's voices,  
Allow their officers, and are content  
To suffer lawful censure for such faults  
As shall be prov'd upon you?

*COR.* I am content.

*MEN.* Lo, citizens, he says, he is content:  
The warlike service he has done, consider; think  
Upon the wounds his body bears, which shew  
Like graves i'the holy church-yard.

*COR.* Scratches with briars,  
Scars to move laughter only.

*MEN.* Consider further,  
That when he speaks not like a citizen,

You find him like a soldier : Do not take  
His rougher accents for malicious sounds ;  
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,  
Rather than envy you.

COM. Well, well, no more.

[To Cor.

COR. I will : — What is the matter,  
That being past for consul with full voice,  
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour  
You take it off again ?

SIC. Answer to us.

COR. Say then : 'tis true, I ought so.

SIC. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take  
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind  
Yourself into a power tyrannical ;  
For which, you are a traitor to the people.

COR. How ! Traitor ?

MEN. Nay ; temperately : your promise.

COR. The fires i'the lowest hell fold in the people !  
Call me their traitor ! — Thou injurious tribune,  
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,  
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in  
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,  
Thou ly'ft, unto thee, with a voice as free  
As I do pray the gods.

SIC. Mark you this, people ?

Cit. To the rock with him ! to the rock with him !

SIC. Peace.

We need not put new matter to his charge :  
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,  
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,  
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying  
Those whose great power must try him ; even this,

So criminal, and in such capital kind,  
Deserves the extreamest death :

*BRU.* But since he hath  
Serv'd well for *Rome*,—

*COR.* What do you prate of service ?

*BRU.* I talk of that, that know it.

*COR.* You ?

*MEN.* Is this  
The promise that you made your mother ?

*COM.* Know,  
I pray you,—

*COR.* I'll know no further :  
Let them pronounce the steep *Tarpeian* death,  
Vagabond exile, fleaing, pent to linger  
But with a grain a day, I would not buy  
Their mercy at the price of one fair word ;  
Nor check my courage for what they can give,  
To have't with faying, Good morrow.

*SIC.* For that he has  
(As much as in him lies) from time to time  
Envy'd against the people, seeking means  
To pluck away their power ; has now at last  
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence  
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers  
That do distribute it ; In the name o'the people,  
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,  
Even from this instant, banish him our city ;  
In peril of precipitation  
From off the rock *Tarpeian*, never more  
To enter our *Rome* gates : I'the people's name,  
I say, It shall be so.

*Cit.* It shall be so,



It shall be so; let him away; he's banish'd,  
And it shall be so.

*COM.* Hear me, my masters, and my common friends:

*SIC.* He's sentenc'd: no more hearing.

*COM.* Let me speak:

I have been consul, and can shew from *Rome*  
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love  
My country's good, with a respect more tender,  
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,  
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's encrease,  
And treasure of my loins: then if I would  
Speak that I know,—

*SIC.* We know your drift: Speak what?

*BRU.* There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,  
As enemy to the people, and his country:  
It shall be so.

*CIT.* It shall be so, it shall be so.

*COR.* You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate  
As reek o'the rotten fens, whose loves I prize  
As the dead carcasses of unbury'd men  
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;  
And here remain with your uncertainty!  
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!  
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,  
Fan you into despair! Have the power still  
To banish your defenders; 'till, at length,  
Your ignorance (which finds not, 'till it feels;  
Making not reservation of yourselves;  
Still your own foes) deliver you, as most  
Abated captives, to some nation  
That won you without blows! Despising,  
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:

There is a world elsewhere. [Exit CORIOLANUS :

MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Sen. and Pat. follow.

*Ædi.* The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

*Cit.* Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone!

[they all shout, and throw up their Caps.

*Sic.* Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,

As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;

Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard

Attend us through the city.

*Cit.* Come, come, let's see him out at gates, come:—

The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come. [Exeunt.

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. *The same. The City Gate.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA,  
MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Senators, and 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 us'd  
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;  
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 strook home, being gently wounded craves  
A noble cunning: you were us'd to load me  
With precepts, that would make invincible  
The heart that con'd them.

*VIR.* 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 lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,  
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,  
If you had been the wife of *Hercules*,  
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd  
Your husband so much sweat. — *Cominius*,  
Droop not; adieu: — Farewell, my wife, my mother;  
I'll do well yet. — Thou old and true *Menenius*,  
Thy tears are falter than a younger man's,  
And venomous to thine eyes — My sometime general,  
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld  
Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,  
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,  
As 'tis to laugh at them. — My mother, you wot well,  
My hazards still have been your solace: and  
Believe't not lightly, (though I go alone,  
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen  
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen) your son  
Will, or exceed the common, or be caught  
With cautelous baits and practice.

*VOL.* My first son,

Whither wilt thou go? Take good *Cominius*  
With thee a while: Determine on some course,  
More than a wild exposure to each chance  
That starts i'the way before thee.

*COR.* O the gods!

*COM.* I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee  
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,  
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth  
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send  
O'er the vast world, to seek a single man;

And lose advantage, which doth ever cool  
I'the absence of the needer.

COR. Fare ye well: —

Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full  
Of the war's surfeits, to go rove with one  
That's yet unbruis'd. bring me but out at gate. —  
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and  
My friends of noble touch: when I am forth,  
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.  
While I remain above the ground, you shall  
Hear from me still; and never of me ought  
But what is like me formerly.

MEN. That's worthily  
As any ear can hear. — Come, let's not weep. —  
If I could shake off but one seven years  
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,  
I'd with thee every foot.

COR. Give me thy hand: — Come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Street, leading from the Gate.*

*Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and Ædile.*

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 shewn our power,  
Let us seem humbler after it is done,  
Than when it was a doing.

SIC. Bid them home:  
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they  
Stand in their ancient strength.

BRU. Dismiss them home. [*Exit Ædile.*]

Here comes his mother.

*Enter* VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.

*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.

[*gods*

*VOL.* O, you're well met : The hoorded plague o'the  
Requite your love!

*MEN.* Peace, peace, be not so loud.

*VOL.* If that I could for weeping, you should hear ;  
Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone?

*VIR.* You shall stay too : I would I had the power  
To say so to my husband.

*SIC.* Are you man-kind?

*VOL.* Ay, fool ; Is that a shame?—Note but this fool.—  
Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship  
To banish him that strook more blows for *Rome*,  
Than thou hast spoken words?

*SIC.* O blessed heavens!

*VOL.* More noble blows, than ever thou wise words ;  
And for *Rome's* good. I'll tell thee what ;—Yet go ;—  
Nay, but thou shalt stay too :—I would my son  
Were in *Arabia*, and thy tribe before him,  
His good sword in his hand :

*SIC.* What then?

*VIR.* What then?

He'd make an end of thy posterity:

*VOL.* Bastards, and all.—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for *Rome!*

*MEN.* Come, come, peace.

*SIC.* I would he had continu'd to his country,

As he began; and not unknit himself  
The noble knot he made.

*BRU.* I would he had.

*VOL.* I would he had? 'Twas you incens'd the rabble:  
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,  
As I can of those mysteries which heaven  
Will not have earth to know.

*BRU.* Pray, let us go.

*VOL.* Now, pray, sir, get you gone:  
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:  
As far as doth the capitol exceed  
The meanest house in *Rome*; so far, my son,  
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see)  
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

*BRU.* Well, well, we'll leave you.

*SIC.* Why stay we to be baited,  
With one that wants her wits?

*VOL.* Take my prayers with you. — [*Ex.* Tribunes.  
I would the gods had nothing else to do,  
But to confirm my curses. Could I meet 'em  
But once a day, it would unclog my heart  
Of what lies heavy to't.

*MEN.* You have told them home,  
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with me?

*VOL.* Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,  
And so shall starve with feeding. — Come, let's go:  
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,  
In anger, *Juno*-like. Come, come, come.

*MEN.* Fie, fie, fie!

[*Exeunt.*

*SCENE III.* Volcian Territories. *A Highway.*  
*Enter a Roman, and a Volcian, meeting.*

*Rom.* I know you well, fir, and you know me : your name, I think, is *Adrian*.

*Vol.* It is fo, fir : truly, I have forgot you.

*Rom.* I am a *Roman* ; and my fervices are, as you are, againft 'em : Know you me yet ?

*Vol.* *Nicanor* ? No.

*Rom.* The fame, fir.

*Vol.* You had more beard, when I laft faw you ; but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue. What's the news in *Rome* ? I have a note from the *Volcian* ftate, to find you out there : You have well faved me a day's journey.

*Rom.* There hath been in *Rome* ftrange infurrections : the people againft the fenators, patricians, and nobles.

*Vol.* Hath been ! Is it ended then ? Our ftate thinks not fo ; they are in a moft warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their divifion.

*Rom.* The main blaze of it is paff, but a fmall thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive fo to heart the banifhment of that worthy *Coriolanus*, that they are in a ripe aptnefs, to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almoft mature for the violent breaking out.

*Vol.* *Coriolanus* banifh'd ?

*Rom.* Banifh'd, fir.

*Vol.* You will be welcome with this intelligence, *Nicanor*.

*Rom.* The day ferves well for them now. I have heard it faid, The fitteft time to corrupt a man's wife, is when ſhe's fallen out with her husband. Your noble *Tullus Aufidius* will appear well in theſe wars, his great oppoſer

*Coriolanus* being now in no request of his country.

*Vol.* He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

*Rom.* I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from *Rome*; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

*Vol.* A most royal one: the centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

*Rom.* I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

*Vol.* You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

*Rom.* Well, let us go together. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. Antium. Before Aufidius's House.

Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean Apparel,  
disguis'd, and muff'd.

COR. A goodly city is this *Antium*: City,  
'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir  
Of these fair edifices for my wars  
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not;  
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me. — Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

COR. Direct me, if it be your will,  
Where great *Aufidius* lies: Is he in *Antium*?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state



At his house this night.

COR. Which is his house, 'beseech you.

Cit. This, here, before you.

COR. Thank you, sir; farewell. [Exit Citizen.

O, world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,  
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,  
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,  
Are still together, who twin (as 'twere) in love,  
Unseparable, shall within this hour,  
On a dissention of a doit, break out  
To bitterest enmity: So, fellest foes,  
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep  
To take the one 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 enemy 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. *The same. A Hall in Aufidius's House.*

*Musick within. Enter a Servant.*

1. S. Wine, wine, wine! What service is here! I think  
our fellows are asleep. [Exit.

*Enter another Servant.*

2. S. Where's *Cotus*? my master calls for him: —  
*Cotus!* [Exit.

*Enter CORIOLANUS.*

COR. A goodly house: The feast smells well: but I  
Appear not like a guest. [goes toward the Hearth.

*Re-enter first Servant, with Wine.*

1. S. What would you have, friend? Whence are you?

Here's no place for you : Pray, go to the door. [*Exit.*

COR. I have deserv'd no better entertainment,  
In being *Coriolanus*.

*Re-enter second Servant.*

2. S. Whence are you, fir? — Has the porter his eyes  
in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? —  
Pray, get you out.

COR. Away.

2. S. Away? Get you away.

COR. Now thou'rt troublesome.

2. S. Are you so brave? I'll have you talk'd with  
anon. [*going.*

*Enter a third Servant.*

3. S. What fellow's this?

2. S. A strange one as ever I look'd on : I cannot get  
him out o'the house : Pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3. S. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you,  
avoid the house.

COR. Let me but stand, I will not hurt your hearth.

3. S. What are you?

COR. A gentleman.

3. S. A marvellous poor one.

COR. True, so I am.

3. S. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other  
station : here's no place for you ; pray you, avoid : come.

COR. Follow your function, go,  
And batten on cold bits. [*pushing him away.*

3. S. What, you will not? — Pr'ythee, tell my master  
what a strange guest he has here.

2. S. And I shall. [*Exit.*

3. S. Where dwell'st thou?

COR. Under the canopy.

3. S. Under the canopy ?

COR. Ay.

3. S. Where's that ?

COR. I'the city of kites and crows.

3. S. I'the city of kites and crows ?—What an afs it is !—Then thou dwell'ft with daws too ?

COR. No, I ferve not thy master.

3. S. How, fir ! Do you meddle with my master ?

COR. Ay ; 'tis an honefter fervice, than to meddle with thy miftrefs :

Thou prat'ft, and prat'ft ; ferve with thy trencher, hence.  
[beating him away.]

*Enter AUFIDIUS, and fecond Servant.*

AUF. Where is this fellow ?

2. S. Here, fir ; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

AUF. Whence com'ft thou ? and what wouldeft thou ?  
Thy name ?

Why fpeak'ft not ? Speak, man : What's thy name ?

COR. If, *Tullus*, [unmuffling.]

Not yet thou know'ft me, and, feeing me, doft not take me  
To be the man I am, neceffity  
Commands me name myfelf.

AUF. What is thy name ? [Servants retire.]

COR. A name unmufical to the *Volcians'* ears,  
And harfh in found to thine.

AUF. Say, what's thy name ?

Thou haft a grim appearance, and thy face  
Bears a command in't : though thy tackle's torn,  
Thou fhew'ft a noble veffel : What's thy name ?

COR. Prepare thy brow to frown : Know'ft thou me yet ?

AUF. I know thee not ; Thy name ?

COR. My name is *Caius Marcius*, who hath done  
 To thee particularly, and to all the *Volcians*,  
 Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may  
 My surname, *Coriolanus*: The painful service,  
 The extream dangers, and the drops of blood  
 Shed for my thankless country, are requited  
 But with that surname; a good memory  
 And witness of the malice and displeasure  
 Which thou should'st bear me, only that name remains:  
 The cruelty and envy of the people,  
 Permitted by our dastard nobles, who  
 Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;  
 And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be  
 Whoop'd out of *Rome*. Now, this extremity  
 Hath brought me to thy hearth; Not out of hope  
 (Mistake me not) to save my life; for if  
 I had fear'd death, of all the men i'the world  
 I'd have avoided thee: but in meer spite,  
 To be full quit of those my banishers,  
 Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast  
 A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge  
 Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims  
 Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,  
 And make my misery serve thy turn; so use it,  
 That my revengeful services may prove  
 As benefits to thee; for I will fight  
 Against my canker'd country with the spleen  
 Of all the under fiends. But if so be  
 Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes  
 Thou 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 shew thee but a fool ;  
 Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,  
 Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,  
 And cannot live but to thy shame, unless  
 It be to do thee service.

*AVF.* O *Marcus, Marcus,*

Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart  
 A root of ancient envy. If *Jupiter*  
 Should from yon' cloud speak divine things, and say,  
 'Tis true, I'd not believe them more than thee,  
 All noble *Marcus*. *D*, let me twine  
 Mine arms about that body, where against  
 My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,  
 And scar'd the moon with splinters ! Here I clip  
 The anvil of my sword ; and do contest  
 As hotly and as nobly with thy love,  
 As ever in ambitious strength I did  
 Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,  
 I lov'd the maid I marry'd, never man  
 Sigh'd truer breath ; but that I see thee here,  
 Thou noble thing, more dances my rapt heart ;  
 Than when I first my wedded mistress saw  
 Bestride my threshold. Why, thou *Mars*, I tell thee ;  
 We have a power on foot ; and I had purpose  
 Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,  
 Or lose mine arm for't : Thou hast beat me out  
 Twelve several times, and I have nightly since  
 Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me ;  
 We have been down together in my sleep,  
 Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,  
 And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy *Marcus* ;  
 Had we no quarrel else to *Rome*, but that

32 no other quarrell

Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all  
 From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war  
 Into the bowels of ungrateful *Rome*,  
 Like a bold flood o'er-bear. O, come, go in,  
 And take our friendly senators by the hands;  
 Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,  
 Who am prepar'd against your territories,  
 Though not for *Rome* itself.

*COR.* You bless me, gods!

*AUF.* Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have  
 The leading of thine own revenges, take  
 The one half of my commission; and set down,—  
 As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st  
 Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own ways:  
 Whether to knock against the gates of *Rome*,  
 Or rudely visit them in parts remote,  
 To fright them, ere destroy. But come, come in;  
 Let me commend thee first to those, that shall  
 Say, *yea*, to your desires. A thousand welcomes!  
 And more a friend than e'er an enemy;  
 Yet, *Marcus*, that was much. Your hand: Most welcome.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS, and AUFIDIUS.*]

3. *S.* [*advancing*] Here's a strange alteration!

2. *S.* By my hand, I had thought to have strooken  
 him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me, his  
 cloaths made a false report of him.

3. *S.* What an arm he has! He turn'd me about with  
 his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

2. *S.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was some-  
 thing in him: He had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—  
 I cannot tell how to term it.

3. *S.* He had so; looking, as it were,—'Would I were

hang'd, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2. S. So did I, I'll be sworn: He is simply the rarest man i'the world.

3. S. I think, he is: but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

2. S. Who? my master?

3. S. Nay, it's no matter for that.

2. S. Worth fix of him.

3. S. Nay, not so, neither: but I take him to be the greater soldier.

2. S. 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

3. S. Ay, and for an assault too.

*Re-enter first Servant.*

1. S. 'O, slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals.

2. 3. What, what, what? let's partake.

1. S. I would not be a *Roman*, of all nations; I had as lief be a condemn'd man.

2. 3. Wherefore, wherefore?

1. S. Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general, *Caius Marcius*.

3. S. Why do you say, thwack our general?

1. S. I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2. S. Come, we are fellows, and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

3. S. He was too hard for him directly, to say the troth on't: before *Corioli*, he scotch'd him and notch'd him like a carbonado.

2. S. An he had been canibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.

3. S. But, more of thy news?

1. S. Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to *Mars*: set at upper end o'the table: no question ask'd him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with's hand, and turns up the white o'the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i'the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday: for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He will go, he says, and fowle the porter of *Rome* gates by the ears: He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage poll'd.

2. S. And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

1. S. Do't? he will do't: For, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir, (as it were) durst not (look you, sir) shew themselves (as we term it) his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

3. S. Directitude! what's that?

1. S. But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

3. S. But when goes this forward?

1. S. To-morrow, to-day, presently; you shall have the drum strook up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2. S. Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is good for nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

3. S. Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's sprightly, waking, audible,



and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mull'd, deaf, asleep, insensible; a getter of more bastard children, than war's a destroyer of men.

2. S. 'Tis so: and as war, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be deny'd, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

3. S. Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

1. S. Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to see *Romans* as cheap as *Volcians*.—They are rising, they are rising.

2. 3. In, in, in, in. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. Rome. A publick Place.

Enter SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

SIC. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him; His remedies are tame i'the present peace And quietness of the people, which before Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had, Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold Dissentious numbers pestring streets, than see Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

BRU. We stood to't in good time. Is this *Menenius*?

SIC. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind Of late.—Hail, sir.

BRU. Hail, sir.

MEN. Hail to you both.

SIC. Your *Coriolanus*, sir, is not much miss'd, But with his friends: the common-wealth doth stand; And so would do, were he more angry at it.

2 sleepe 4 warres

*MEN.* All's well; and might have been much better, if  
He could have temporiz'd.

*SIC.* Where is he, hear you?

*MEN.* Nay, I hear nothing; his mother, and his wife,  
Hear nothing from him.

*Enter three or four Citizens.*

*Cit.* The gods preserve you both!

*SIC.* Good-e'en, our neighbours.

*BRU.* Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

*1. C.* Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,  
Are bound to pray for you both.

*SIC.* Live, live, and thrive!

*BRU.* Farewel, kind neighbours: We wish'd *Coriolanus*  
Had lov'd you as we did.

*Cit.* Now the gods keep you!

*Tri.* Farewel, farewel. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

*SIC.* This is a happier and more comely time,  
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,  
Crying, Confusion.

*BRU.* *Caius Marcius* was  
A worthy officer i'the war; but insolent,  
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,  
Self-loving,—

*SIC.* And affecting one sole throne,  
Without assistance.

*MEN.* Nay, I think not so.

*SIC.* We had by this, to all our lamentation,  
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

*BRU.* The gods have well prevented it, and *Rome*  
Sits safe and still without him.

*Enter Ædile.*

*Ædi.* Worthy tribunes,

There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,  
 Reports, — the *Volcians* with two several powers  
 Are enter'd in the *Roman* territories;  
 And with the deepeſt malice of the war  
 Deſtroy what lies before 'em.

*MEN.* 'Tis *Aufidius*,  
 Who, hearing of our *Marcus*' banishment,  
 Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;  
 Which were inſhell'd, when *Marcus* ſtood for *Rome*,  
 And durſt not once peep out.

*SIC.* Come, what talk you of *Marcus*?

*BRU.* Go ſee this rumourer whip'd. — It cannot be,  
 The *Volcians* dare break with us.

*MEN.* Cannot be!  
 We have record, that very well it can;  
 And three examples of the like have been  
 Within my age. But reaſon with the fellow,  
 Before you puniſh him, where he heard this;  
 Left you ſhall chance to whip your information,  
 And beat the meſſenger who bids beware  
 Of what is to be dreaded.

*SIC.* Tell not me;  
 I know, this cannot be.

*BRU.* Not poſſible.

*Enter a Meſſenger.*

*Meſ.* The nobles, in great earneſtneſs, are going  
 All to the ſenate-houſe: ſome news is come,  
 That turns their countenances.

*SIC.* 'Tis this ſlave; —  
 Go, whip him 'fore the people's eyes: — his raiſing;  
 Nothing but his report.

*Meſ.* Yes, worthy ſir,

16 hath beene 27 comming

The slave's report is seconded; and more,  
More fearful, is deliver'd.

*SIC.* What more fearful?

*Mef.* It is spoke freely out of many mouths,  
(How probable, I do not know) that *Marcus*,  
Join'd with *Aufidius*, leads a power 'gainst *Rome*;  
And vows revenge as spacious, as between  
The young'st and oldest thing.

*SIC.* This is most likely.

*BRU.* Rais'd only, that the weaker fort may wish  
Good *Marcus* home again.

*SIC.* The very trick on't.

*MEN.* This is unlikely: he and *Aufidius* can  
No more attone than violentest contraries.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mef.* You are sent for to the senate:  
A fearful army, led by *Caius Marcus*,  
Associated with *Aufidius*, rages  
Upon our territories; and have already  
O'er-born their way, consum'd with fire, and took  
What lay before them.

*Enter COMINIUS.*

*COM.* O, you have made good work!

*MEN.* What news? what news?

*COM.* You have help to ravish your own daughters, and  
To melt the city leads upon your pates;  
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses,—

*MEN.* What's the news? what's the news?

*COM.* Your temples burned in their cement; and  
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd  
Into an auger's bore.

*MEN.* Pray now, the news?—

You have made fair work, I fear me : — Pray, your news ?  
If *Marcus* should be join'd with *Volcians*,—

*COM.* If!

He is their god ; he leads them like a thing  
Made by some other deity than nature,  
That shapes man better : and they follow him,  
Against us brats, with no less confidence,  
Than boys pursuing summer butter-flies,  
Or butchers killing flies.

*MEN.* You have made good work,  
You, and your apron-men ; you, that stood so much  
Upon the voice of occupation, and  
The breath of garlick-eaters !

*COM.* He'll shake your *Rome* about your ears :

*MEN.* As *Hercules*

Did shake down mellow fruit : You have made fair work !

*BRU.* But is this true, sir ?

*COM.* Ay ; and you'll look pale,  
Before you find it other. All the regions  
Do smilingly revolt ; and, who resist,  
Are only mock'd for valiant ignorance,  
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him ?  
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

*MEN.* We are all undone, unless  
The noble man have mercy.

*COM.* Who shall ask it ?

The tribunes cannot do't for shame ; the people  
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf  
Does of the shepherds : for his best friends, if they  
Should say, *Be good to Rome*, they charg'd him even  
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,  
And therein shew'd like enemies.

*MEN.* 'Tis true :

If he were putting to my house the brand  
That should consume it, I have not the face  
To say, ' *Beseech you, cease.*—You have made fair hands,  
You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

*COM.* You have brought  
A trembling upon *Rome*, such as was never  
So incapable of help.

*Tri.* Say not, we brought it.

*MEN.* How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but, like beasts,  
And cowardly nobles, gave way to your clusters,  
Who did hoot him out o'the city.

*COM.* But, I fear,  
They'll roar him in again. *Tullus Aufidius*,  
The second name of men, obeys his points  
As if he were his officer: Desperation  
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,  
That *Rome* can make against them.

*Enter a Troop of Citizens.*

*MEN.* Here come the clusters. —  
And is *Aufidius* with him? You are they  
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast  
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at  
*Coriolanus'* exile. Now he's coming;  
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,  
Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs,  
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,  
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;  
If he could burn us all into one coal,  
We have deserv'd it.

*Cit.* 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

*i. C.* For mine own part,

When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

2. C. And so did I.

3. C. And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very many of us: That we did, we did for the best; and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.

COM. You're goodly things, you voices!

MEN. You have made you

Good work, you and your cry! — Shall's to the capitol?

COM. O, ay, what else? [Exeunt COM. and MEN.]

SIC. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd; These are a fide, that would be glad to have This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home, And shew no sign of fear.

1. C. The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let's home. I ever said, we were i'the wrong, when we banish'd him.

2. C. So did we all. But come, let's home.

[Exeunt Citizens.]

BRU. I do not like this news.

SIC. Nor I.

BRU. Let's to the capitol: 'Would, half my wealth Would buy this for a lie!

SIC. Pray, let us go.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. Roman Territories.

Enter, marching, AUFIDIUS, and a Volcian Officer:

Forces at a Distance.

AUF. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Off. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat, Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;

And you are darken'd in this action, fir,  
Even by your own.

*AUF.* I cannot help it now;  
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot  
Of our design. He bears himself more proudly,  
Even to my person, than I thought he would,  
When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature  
In that's no changeling; and I must excuse  
What cannot be amended.

*Off.* Yet I wish, fir,  
(I mean, for your particular) you had not  
Join'd in commission with him: but either born  
The action of yourself, or else to him  
Had left it solely.

*AUF.* I understand thee well; and be thou sure,  
When he shall come to his account, he knows not  
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,  
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent  
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,  
And shews good husbandry for the *Volcian* state;  
Fights dragon-like, and does atchieve as soon  
As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone  
That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,  
Whene'er we come to our account.

*Off.* But, fir,  
'Beseech you, think you he will carry *Rome*?

*AUF.* All places yield to him ere he sits down;  
And the nobility of *Rome* are his:  
The senators, and patricians, love him too:  
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people  
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty  
To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to *Rome*



As is the ofprey to the fish, who takes it  
 By sovereignty of nature. First he was  
 A noble servant to them; but he could not  
 Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,  
 Which out of daily fortune ever taints  
 The happy man; whether defect of judgment,  
 To fail in the disposing of those chances  
 Which he was lord of; or whether nature,  
 Not to be other than one thing, not moving  
 From the cask to the cushion, but commanding peace  
 Even with the same austerity and garb  
 As he controul'd the war: but, one of these  
 (As he hath spices of them all, not all,  
 For I dare so far free him) made him fear'd,  
 So hated, and so banish'd: But he has merit,  
 Though he choak it in the utterance. So our virtues  
 Lye in the interpretation of the time:  
 And power, unto itself most commendable,  
 Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair  
 To extol what it hath done.  
 One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;  
 Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths do fail.  
 Come, let's away. When, *Caius, Rome* is thine,  
 Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine. [*Ex.*]

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ACT V.

SCENE I. Rome. *A publick Place.*

*Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS,  
 BRUTUS, and Others.*

*MEN.* No, I'll not go: you hear, what he hath said,

▪ Aspray 15 ha's a Merit 16 To choake

Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him  
 In a most dear particular. He call'd me, father:  
 But what o'that? Go, you that banish'd him,  
 A mile before his tent fall down, and knee  
 The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd  
 To hear *Cominius* speak, I'll keep at home.

*COM.* He would not seem to know me.

*MEN.* Do you hear?

*COM.* Yet one time he did call me by my name:  
 I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops  
 That we have bled together. *Coriolanus*  
 He would not answer to: forbad all names;  
 He was a kind of nothing, titleless,  
 'Till he had forg'd himself a name o'the fire  
 Of burning *Rome*.

*MEN.* Why, so; you have made good work.  
 A pair of tribunes, that have rack'd for *Rome*  
 To make coals cheap: A noble memory.

*COM.* I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon  
 When it was less expected: He reply'd,  
 It was a bare petition of a state,  
 To one whom they had punish'd.

*MEN.* Very well:  
 Could he say less?

*COM.* 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 noisome, musty chaff: He said, 'twas folly,  
 For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,  
 And still to nose the offence.

*MEN.* For one poor grain or two?  
 I am one of those; his mother, wife, his child,

And this brave fellow too, we are the grains :  
 You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt  
 Above the moon : We must be burnt for you.

*SIC.* Nay, pray, be patient: If you refuse your aid  
 In this so never-needed help, yet do not  
 Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you  
 Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,  
 More than the instant army we can make,  
 Might stop our countryman.

*MEN.* No, I'll not meddle.

*SIC.* I pray you, go to him.

*MEN.* What should I do ?

*BRU.* Only make trial what your love can do,  
 For *Rome*, towards *Marcus*.

*MEN.* Well, and say that *Marcus*  
 Return me, as *Cominius* is return'd,  
 Unheard,—What then?—a discontented friend,  
 Grief-shot with his unkindness? Say't be so?

*SIC.* Say it be so; yet your good will, *Menenius*,  
 Must have that thanks from *Rome*, after the measure  
 As you intended well.

*MEN.* I'll undertake't :

I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,  
 And hum at good *Cominius*, much unhearts me.  
 He was not taken well; he had not din'd :  
 The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then  
 We pout upon the morning, are unapt  
 To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd  
 These pipes, and these conveyances of our blood,  
 With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls  
 Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch him  
 'Till he be dieted to my request,

17 then? But as a dif-

And then I'll set upon him.

*BRU.* You know the very road into his kindness,  
And cannot lose your way.

*MEN.* Good faith, I'll prove him;  
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge  
Of my success: [Exit *MENENIUS.*

*COM.* He'll never hear him.

*SIC.* No?

*COM.* I tell you, he does fit in gold, his eye  
Red as 'twould burn *Rome*; and his injury  
The jailer 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;  
Unless from his noble mother, and his wife,  
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him  
For mercy to his country: Therefore, let's hence,  
And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [Exit.

*SCENE II.* *An advanc'd Post of the Volcian  
Camp before Rome. Certain of the Guard upon Duty:  
Enter, to them, MENENIUS.*

1. *G.* Stay: Whence are you?

2. *G.* Stand, and go back.

*MEN.* You guard like men; 'tis well: But, by your  
leave,

I am an officer of state, and come  
To speak with *Coriolanus*.

1. *G.* From whence?

*MEN.* From *Rome*.

1. G. You may not pass, you must return: our general Will no more hear from thence.

2. G. You'll see your *Rome* embrac'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. Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name Is not here passable.

*MEN.* I tell thee, fellow,  
Thy general is my lover: I have been  
The book of his good acts, whence men have read  
His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplify'd.  
For I have ever verify'd my friends  
(Of whom he's chief) with all the size that verity  
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,  
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,  
I have tumb'l'd past the throw; and in his praise  
Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing: Therefore, fellow,  
I must have leave to pass.

1. G. 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as you have utter'd words in your own, you should not pass here: no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as to live chafly. Therefore, go back.

*MEN.* Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is *Mene-nius*, 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, can't thou tell? for I would not speak with him 'till after dinner.

1. G. You are a *Roman*, are you?

*MEN.* I am as thy general is.

1. G. Then you should hate *Rome*, as he does. Can you, when you have push'd out of your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsy'd intercession of such a decay'd dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire, your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceiv'd; therefore, back to *Rome*, and prepare for your execution: you are condemn'd, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

*MEN.* Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

1. G. Come, my captain knows you not.

*MEN.* I mean, thy general.

1. G. My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood;—back,—that's the utmost of your having:—back.

*MEN.* Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

*Enter CORIOLANUS, and AUFIDIUS.*

*COR.* What's the matter?

*MEN.* Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now, that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a *Jack* guardant cannot office me from my son *Coriolanus*: guess, by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i'the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy

particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father *Menenius* does! O, my son, my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee: but being assured; none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon *Rome*, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; † this, who, like a block, hath deny'd my access to thee.

*COR.* Away!

*MEN.* How! away?

*COR.* Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs  
Are servanted to others: Though I owe  
My revenge properly, my remission lies  
In *Volcian* breasts. That we have been familiar,  
Ingrate forgetfulness shall prison, rather  
Than pity note how much. Therefore, be gone.  
Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than  
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,  
Take this † along; I writ it for thy sake,  
And would have sent it. Another word, *Menenius*,  
I will not hear thee speak.—This man, *Aufidius*,  
Was my belov'd in *Rome*: yet thou behold'st:

*AUF.* You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS, und AUFIDIUS.*

1. G. Now, sir, is your name *Menenius*.

2. G. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power: You know the way home again.

1. G. Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your greatness back?

2. G. What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

*MEN.* I neither care for th' world, nor your general: for

such things as you, I scarce think there's any, you're so flight. He that hath a will to die by himself, fears it not from another. Let your general do his worst. For you, Be that you are, long ; and your misery increase with your age ! I say to you, as I was said to, Away. [Exit.

1. G. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2. G. The worthy fellow is our general :  
He is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. 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 *Volcian* lords, how plainly  
I still have born this business.

AUF. Only their ends  
You have respected ; stopt your ears against  
The general suit of Rome ; never admitted  
A private whisper, no, not with such friends  
That thought them sure of you.

COR. This last old man,  
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,  
Lov'd me above the measure of a father ;  
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge  
Was to send him : for whose old love, I have  
(Though I shew'd sourly to him) once more offer'd  
The first conditions, which they did refuse,  
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,  
That thought he could do more ; a very little  
I have yielded too : Fresh embassies and suits,  
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter  
Will I lend ear to. [Shout within.] Ha ! what shout is this ?



Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow  
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.—

*Enter, in neglected and mourning Habits,  
VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA leading in her Hand young  
Marcus, Valeria, and other Ladies.*

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mold  
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand  
The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection;  
All bond and privilege of nature, break:  
Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.—  
What is that curt'fy worth? or those dove's eyes,  
Which can make gods forsworn? — I melt, and am not  
Of stronger earth than others.— My mother bows;  
As if *Olympus* to a mole-hill should  
In supplication nod: and my young boy  
Hath an aspect of intercession, which  
Great nature cries, *Deny not*.— Let the *Volcians*  
Plough *Rome*, and harrow *Italy*; I'll never  
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,  
As if a man were author of himself,  
And knew no other kin.

*VIR.* My lord and husband!

*COR.* These eyes are not the same I wore in *Rome*.

*VIR.* 'The sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd,  
Makes you think so.

*COR.* Like a dull actor now,  
I have forgot my part, and I am out,  
Even to a full disgrace.— Best of my flesh,  
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,  
For that, *Forgive our Romans*. O, a kiss  
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!  
Now by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss

I carry'd from thee, dear; and my true lip  
 Hath virgin'd it e'er since. — You gods, I prate,  
 And the most noble mother of the world  
 Leave unaluted: Sink, my knee, i'the earth;  
 Of thy deep duty more impressiō shew  
 Than that of common sons.

*VOL.* O, stand up blest! [raising him.]

Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,  
 I kneel before thee; and unproperly  
 Shew duty, as mistaken all this while  
 Between the child and parent.

*COR.* What's this? [preventing her.]

Your knees to me? to your corrected son?  
 Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach  
 Fillop the stars: then let the mutinous winds  
 Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;  
 Murd'ring impossibility, to make  
 What cannot be, slight work.

*VOL.* Thou art my warrior;  
 I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

*COR.* The noble sister of *Publicola*,  
 The moon of *Rome*; chaste as the icicle,  
 That's curdl'd by the frost from purest snow,  
 And hangs on *Dian's* temple: Dear *Valeria*!

*VOL.* This is a poor epitome of yours,  
 Which by th' interpretation of full time  
 May shew like all yourself.

*COR.* The god of soldiers,  
 With the consent of supream *Jove*, inform  
 Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st prove  
 To shame invulnerable, and stick i'the wars  
 Like a great-sea-mark, standing every flaw,

And saving those that eye thee!

*VOL.* Your knee, firrah.

*COR.* That's my brave boy.

*VOL.* Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,  
Are suitors to you.

*COR.* I beseech you, peace :  
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before ;  
The things I have forsworn to grant, may never  
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me  
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate  
Again with *Rome's* mechanicks : Tell me not  
Wherein I seem unnatural : Desire not  
To allay my rages and revenges, with  
Your colder reasons.

*VOL.* O, no more, no more !  
You have said, you will not grant us any thing ;  
For we have nothing else to ask, but that  
Which you deny already : Yet we will ask ;  
That, if we fail in our request, the blame  
May hang upon your hardness : therefore hear us.

*COR.* *Aufidius*, and you *Volcians*, mark ; for we'll  
Hear nought from *Rome* in private. — Your request ?

[*sits himself.*]

*VOL.* Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment  
And state of bodies would bewray what life  
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,  
How more unfortunate than all living women  
Are we come hither : since that thy fight, 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

8 thing 19 if you faile

His country's bowels out. And to poor we  
 Thine enmity's most capital : thou bar'st us  
 Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort  
 That all but we enjoy : For how can we,  
 Alas ! how can we for our country pray,  
 Where to we are bound ; together with thy victory,  
 Where to we are bound ? Alack ! or we must lose  
 The country, our dear nurse ; or else thy person,  
 Our comfort in the country. We must find  
 An evident calamity, though we had  
 Our wish, which side should win : for either thou  
 Must, as a foreign recreant, be led  
 With manacles thorough our streets ; or else  
 Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin ;  
 And bear the palm, for having bravely shed  
 Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,  
 I purpose not to wait on fortune, 'till  
 These wars determine : if I cannot persuade thee  
 Rather to shew a noble grace to both parts,  
 Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner  
 March to assault thy country, than to tread  
 (Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,  
 That brought thee to this world.

*VIR.* Ay, and on mine,  
 That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name  
 Living to time.

*Boy.* He shall not tread on me ;  
 I'll run away 'till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

*COR.* Not of a woman's tenderness to be,  
 Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.  
 I have fat too long.

[*rising.*

*VOL.* Nay, go not from us thus.

If it were so, that our request did tend  
 To save the *Romans*, thereby to destroy  
 The *Volcians* whom you serve, you might condemn us,  
 As poisonous of your honour: No; our suit  
 Is, that you reconcile them: while the *Volcians*  
 May say, *This mercy we have shew'd*; the *Romans*,  
*This we receiv'd*; and each in either side  
 Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be blest*  
*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 benefit  
 Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,  
 Whose repetition will be dog'd with curses;  
 Whose chronicle thus writ, *The man was noble,*  
*But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;*  
*Destroy'd his country, and his name remains,*  
*To the ensuing age, abhor'd.* Speak to me, son:  
 Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,  
 To imitate the graces of the gods;  
 To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o'the air,  
 And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt  
 That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?  
 Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man,  
 Still to remember wrongs?— Daughter, speak you:  
 He cares not for your weeping. — Speak thou, boy;  
 Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more  
 Than can our reasons.— There is no man i'the world  
 More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me prate,  
 Like one i'the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life  
 Shew'd thy dear mother any courtesy;  
 When she, (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,  
 Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,

Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,  
 And spurn me back: But, if it be not so,  
 Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee,  
 That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which  
 To a mother's part belongs. — He turns away:  
 Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.  
 To his surname *Coriolanus*'longs more pride,  
 Than pity to our prayers. Down: An end;  
 This is the last: So we will home to *Rome*,  
 And die among our neighbours. — Nay, behold us:  
 This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,  
 But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,  
 Does reason our petition with more strength  
 Than thou hast to deny't. — Come, let us go:  
 This fellow had a *Volcian* to his mother;  
 His wife is in *Corioli*, and this child  
 Like him by chance: — Yet give us our dispatch:  
 I am hush'd until our city be o' fire,  
 And then I'll speak a little.

*COR.* Mother, mother! [*holds her by the Hands: Silent.*  
 What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,  
 The gods look down, and this unnatural scene  
 They laugh at. O, my mother, mother, o!  
 You have won a happy victory to *Rome*:  
 But, for your son, believe it, o, believe it,  
 Most dang'rously you have with him prevail'd,  
 If not most mortal to him. But, let it come: —  
*Aufidius*, though I cannot make true wars,  
 I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good *Aufidius*,  
 If you were in my stead, would you have heard  
 A mother less? or granted less, *Aufidius*?

*AUF.* I was mov'd with't.

COR. I dare be sworn, you were:  
 And, fir, it is no little thing, to make  
 Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good fir,  
 What peace you'll make, advise me: For my part,  
 I'll not to *Rome*, I'll back with you: and pray you  
 Stand to me in this cause. — O mother! wife! [our"]

AUF. "I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and thy hon-  
 " At difference in thee: out of that I'll work"  
 " Myself a former fortune."

COR. Ay, by and by; [to Vol.  
 But we will drink together; and you shall bear  
 A better witness back than words, which we,  
 On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.  
 Come, enter with us. — Ladies, you deserve  
 To have a temple built you: all the swords  
 In *Italy*, and her confederate arms,  
 Could not have made this peace. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *Rome. A public Place.*

*Enter MENENIUS, and SICINIUS.*

MEN. See you yon' coign o'the capitol; yon' corner-  
 stone?

SIC. Why, what of that?

MEN. If it be possible for you to displace it with your  
 little finger, there is some hope the ladies of *Rome*, espe-  
 cially his mother, may prevail with him. But, I say, there  
 is no hope in't; our throats are sentenc'd, and stay upon  
 execution.

SIC. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the  
 condition of a man?

MEN. There is difference between a grub, and a but-  
 terfly; yet your butterfly was a grub: This *Marcus* is

grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

*SIC.* He lov'd his mother dearly.

*MEN.* So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight year old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes: When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading: He is able to pierce a corset with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for *Alexander*. What he bids be done, is finish'd with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god, but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

*SIC.* Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

*MEN.* I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tyger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is 'long of you.

*SIC.* The gods be good unto us!

*MEN.* No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banish'd him, we respected not them: and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house: The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune, And hale him up and down; all swearing, if The *Roman* ladies bring not comfort home, They'll give him death by inches.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*SIC.* What's the news?

*Mes.* Good news, good news; The ladies have prevail'd,  
The *Volcians* are dislodg'd, and *Marcus* gone:



A merrier day did never yet greet *Rome*,  
No, not the expulsion of the *Tarquins*.

*Sic.* Friend,

Art thou certain, this is true? is it most certain?

*Mef.* As certain, as I know the sun is fire:

Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?

Ne'er through an arch so hurry'd the blown tide,

As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you,

[*Noise within, of Shoutings, and loud Musick.*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,

Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting *Romans*,

Make the sun dance. Hark you!

[*Shout again.*

*MEN.* This is good news:

I will go meet the ladies. This *Volumnia*

Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,

A city full; of tribunes, such as you,

A sea and land full: You have pray'd well to-day;

This morning, for ten thousand of your throats

I'd not have given a doit. [*Shout.*] Hark, how they joy!

*Sic.* First, the gods bless you for your tidings: next,  
Accept my thankfulness.

*Mef.* Sir, we have all

Great cause to give great thanks.

*Sic.* They are near the city?

*Mef.* Almost at point to enter.

*Sic.* We will meet them,

And help the joy.

[*going.*

*Enter, in Procession, the Ladies; with a great Press  
of Senators, Patricians, and People.*

*I. S.* Behold our patroness, the life of *Rome*:

Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,

And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:

Unshout the noise that banish'd *Marcus*,  
 Repeal him with the welcome of his mother ;  
 Cry, Welcome, ladies, welcome !

*all.* Welcome, ladies, welcome ! [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Antium. *A publick Place.*

*Enter AUFIDIUS, attended.*

*AUF.* Go tell the lords o'the city, I am here :  
 Deliver them this † paper : having read it,  
 Bid them repair to the market-place ; where I,  
 Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,  
 Will vouch the truth of it. He I accuse  
 The city ports by this hath enter'd, and  
 Intends to appear before the people, hoping  
 To purge himself with words : Dispatch.— [*Exit Att.*]

*Enter certain Friends of Aufidius,  
 Conspirators against Marcus.*

Most welcome.

1. *C.* How is it with our general ?

*AUF.* Even so,  
 As with a man by his own alms impoison'd,  
 And with his charity slain.

2. *C.* Most noble sir,  
 If you do hold the same intent wherein  
 You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you  
 Of your great danger.

*AUF.* Sir, I cannot tell ;  
 We must proceed, as we do find the people.

3. *C.* The people will remain uncertain, whilst  
 'Twi't you there's difference ; but the fall of either  
 Makes the survivor heir of all.

*AUF.* I know it ;

And my pretext to strike at him admits  
 A good construction. I rais'd him, pawn'd  
 Mine honour for his truth: Who being so heighten'd,  
 He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,  
 Seducing so my friends: and, to this end,  
 He bow'd his nature, never known before  
 But to be rough, unswayable:

3. C. Sir, his stoutness

When he did stand for consul, which he lost  
 By lack of stooping,—

*AVF.* That I would have spoke of:

Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth;  
 Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;  
 Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way  
 In all his own desires; nay, let him choose  
 Out my files, his projects to accomplish,  
 My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments  
 In mine own person; help to reap the fame,  
 Which he did end all his; and took some pride  
 To do myself this wrong: 'till, at the last,  
 I seem'd his follower, not partner; and  
 He wag'd me with his countenance, as if  
 I had been mercenary.

1. C. So he did, my lord:

The army marvel'd at it. And, in the last,  
 When he had carry'd *Rome*; and that we look'd  
 For no less spoil, than glory,—

*AVF.* There was it;—

For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.  
 At a few drops of women's rheum, which are  
 As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour  
 Of our great action; Therefore shall he die,

<sup>2</sup> him, and I pawn'd 7 unswayable, and free.

And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark.

[*Noise within, of Drums, Trumpets,  
and great Shoutings.*]

1. C. Your native town you enter'd like a post,  
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,  
Splitting the air with noise.

2. C. And patient fools,  
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear,  
With giving him glory.

3. C. Therefore, at your vantage,  
Ere he expresses himself, or move the people  
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,  
Which we will second. When he lies along,  
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury  
His reasons with his body.

*AVF.* Say no more;  
Here come the lords.

*Enter the Lords of the City.*

*Lor.* You are most welcome home.

*AVF.* I have not deserv'd it.

But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd  
What I have written to you?

*Lor.* We have.

1. L. And grieve to hear it.  
What faults he made before the last, I think,  
Might have found easy fines: but there to end,  
Where he was to begin; and give away  
The benefit of our levies, answering us  
With our own charge; making a treaty, where  
There was a yielding; This admits no excuse.

*AVF.* He approaches, you shall hear him.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, with Drum and Colours;*

*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 still subsisting  
 Under your great command. You are to know,  
 That prosp'rously I have attempted, and  
 With bloody passage led your wars, even to  
 The gates of *Rome*. Our spoil, we have brought home,  
 Doth more than counterpoise, a full third part,  
 The charges of the action. We have made peace,  
 With no less honour to the *Antiates*,  
 Than shame to the *Romans*: And we here † deliver,  
 Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,  
 Together with the seal o'the senate, what  
 We have compounded on.

AUF. Read it not, noble lords;  
 But tell the traitor, in the highest degree  
 He hath abus'd your powers.

COR. Traitor! How now?

AUF. Ay, traitor, *Marcus*.

COR. *Marcus*!

AUF. Ay, *Marcus*, *Caius Marcus*; Dost thou think  
 I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stoln name  
*Coriolanus* in *Corioli*?—

You lords and heads o'the state, perfidiously  
 He has betray'd your business, and given up,  
 For certain drops of salt, your city *Rome*  
 (I say, your city) to his wife and mother:  
 Breaking his oath and resolution, like  
 A twist of rotten silk; never admitting  
 Council o'the war: but at his nurse's tears  
 He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;

‡ spoiles

That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart  
Look'd wond'ring each at other.

*COR.* Hear'st thou, *Mars*?

*AUF.* Name not the god, thou boy of tears,—

*COR.* Ha!

*AUF.* 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 cur the lie: and his own notion,  
(Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him; that  
Must bear my beating to his grave) shall join  
To thrust the lie unto him.

1. *L.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.

*COR.* Cut me to pieces, *Volcians*, men and lads,  
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False hound!  
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,  
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I  
Flutter'd your *Volcians* in *Corioli*:  
Alone I did it. Boy!

*AUF.* Why, noble lords,  
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,  
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,  
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

*Con.* Let him die for't.

*Cit.* [*confusedly.*] Tear him to pieces,—Do it presently:—He kill'd my son,—My daughter;—He kill'd my cousin *Marcus*;—He kill'd my father.

2. *L.* Peace, ho; no outrage; peace.  
The man is noble, and his fame folds in  
This orb o'the earth: His last offences to us

Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, *Aufidius*,  
And trouble not the peace.

*COR.* O, that I had him,  
With six *Aufiduses*, or more, his tribe,  
To use my lawful sword!

*AVF.* Insolent villain!

*CON.* Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[*Aufidius and the Conspirators draw, and kill Marcius; who falls, and Aufidius stands on him.*]

*LOR.* Hold, hold, hold, hold.

*AVF.* My noble masters, hear me speak.

1. *L.* O *Tullus*,—

2. *L.* Thou hast done a deed, whereat  
Valour will weep.

3. *L.* Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be quiet;  
Put up your swords.

*AVF.* My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage,  
Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger  
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice  
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours  
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver  
Myself your loyal servant, or endure  
Your heaviest censure.

1. *L.* Bear from hence his body, —  
And mourn you for him: — let him be regarded  
As the most noble corse, that ever herald  
Did follow to his urn.

2. *L.* His own impatience  
Takes from *Aufidius* a great part of blame.  
Let's make the best of it.

*AVF.* My rage is gone,  
And I am struck with sorrow. — Take him up: —

Help, three o'the chiefest foldiers; 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. —

Asist.

[*Exeunt, bearing the Body of Marcius.*  
*A dead March sounded.*

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