





*Dr. Safford*  
*1864*







T H E

P L A Y S

O F

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. VII.

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THE  
PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the SEVENTH,

CONTAINING,

KING RICHARD III.

KING HENRY VIII.

CORIOLANUS.

L O N D O N :

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T H E

L I F E and D E A T H

O F

R I C H A R D III.

VOL. VII.

B

Per:

## Persons Represented.

KING Edward IV.

Edward, *Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward V.* } Sons to Edward IV.

Richard, *Duke of York,*

George, *Duke of Clarence, Brother to Edward IV.*

Richard, *Duke of Gloucester, Brother to Edward IV. afterwards King Richard III.*

Cardinal, *Archbishop of York.*

*Duke of Buckingham.*

*Duke of Norfolk. Earl of Surrey.*

*Marquis of Dorset, Son to Queen Elizabeth.*

*Earl Rivers, brother to the Queen.*

*Lord Gray, Son to Queen Elizabeth.*

*Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.*

*Bishop of Ely.*

*Lord Hastings.*

*Sir Thomas Vaughan.*

*Sir Richard Ratcliff.*

*Lord Lovel.*

*Catesby.*

*Sir James Tyrrel.*

*Thomas Lord Stanley.*

*Earl of Oxford.*

*Blount.*

*Herbert.*

*Sir Will. Brandon.*

*Brakenbury Lieutenant of the Tower.*

*Two Children of the Duke of Clarence.*

*Sir Christopher Urswick, a Priest.*

*Lord Mayor.*

*Elizabeth, Queen of Edward IV.*

*Queen Margaret, Widow of Henry VI.*

*Anne, Widow of Edward Prince of Wales, Son to Henry VI. afterwards married to the Duke of Gloucester.*

*Duchess of York, Mother to Edward IV. Clarence, and Richard III.*

*Sheriff, Pursuivant, Citizens, Ghosts of those murdered by Richard III. with Soldiers and other Attendants.*

THE  
L I F E and D E A T H  
O F  
King R I C H A R D III.

---

A C T I. S C E N E I.

*London. A Street.*

*Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester solus.*

G L O U C E S T E R.

**N**OW is the winter of our discontent,  
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;<sup>o</sup>  
And all the clouds, that lowr'd upon our  
house,  
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.  
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;  
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;

<sup>1</sup> *The Life and Death of King Richard III.] This tragedy, though* **R** *is called the Life and Death of this prince, comprizes, at most, but the last eight years of his time; for it opens with George duke of Clarence being clapped up in the Tower, which happened in the beginning of the year 1477; and closes with the death of Richard at Bosworth-field, which battle was fought on the 22d of August, in the year 1485. THEOBALD.*

<sup>2</sup> *—this sun of York;] Alluding to the cognizance of Edward IV. which was a sun, in memory of the three suns, which are said to have appeared at the battle which he gained over the Lancastrians at Mortimer's Cross. STEEVENS.*

Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,<sup>3</sup>  
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.  
 Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;  
 And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds,<sup>4</sup>  
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,  
<sup>5</sup> 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,  
<sup>6</sup> Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,

De-

<sup>3</sup> —merry meetings.] It is not improbable that Shakespeare was indebted on this occasion to the following lines in *The tragical Life and Death of King Richard the Third*, which is one of the metrical monologues in a collection entitled, *The Mirrour of Magistrates*, the preface to which is dated 1586.

————the battles fought in fields before  
 Were turn'd to meetings of sweet amitie;  
 The war-god's thundring cannons dreadful roars,  
 And rattling drum-sounds warlike harmonie,  
 To sweet-tun'd noise of pleasing minstrelsie.

God Mars laid by his lance, and tooke his lute,  
 And turn'd his rugged frownes to smiling lookes;  
 Instead of crimson fields, war's fatal fruit,  
 He bath'd his limbes in Cypris warbling brooks,  
 And set his thoughts upon her wanton lookes. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —————barbed steeds] are steeds adorned with military trappings. I. Haywarde, in his *Life and Raigne of Henry IV.* 1599, says,—*The duke of Hereford came to the barriers, mounted upon a white courser, barbed with blew and green velvet, &c.*

It is observed in the *Turkish Spy*, that the German cuirassiers, though armed and *barbed*, man and horse, were not able to stand against the French cavalry. *Barbed steed*, in Haywarde's history, means only steeds covered with trappings on those parts which were cas'd with armour in more dangerous service. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> He capers ———] War capers. This is poetical, though a little harsh; if it be York that capers, the antecedent is at such a distance, that it is almost forgotten. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,] By *dissembling* is not meant

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,<sup>7</sup>  
 To entertain these fair well-spoken days,  
 I am determin'd to prove a villain,  
 And<sup>8</sup> hate the idle pleasures of these days.  
 Plots have I laid, <sup>9</sup> 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<sup>1</sup> 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 murderer shall be.

meant *hypocritical* nature, that pretends one thing and does another: But nature that puts together things of a dissimilar kind, as a brave soul and a deformed body. WARBURTON.

*Dissembling* is here put very licentiously for *fraudful, deceitful*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,*] Shakespeare very diligently inculcates, that the wickedness of Richard proceeded from his deformity, from the envy that rose at the comparison of his own person with others, and which incited him to disturb the pleasures that he could not partake. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *And hate the idle pleasures—*] Perhaps we might read,

*And bate the idle pleasures—* JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *—inductions dangerous,*] Preparations for mischief. The *induction* is preparatory to the action of the play. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *—Edward be as true and just,*] i. e. as open hearted and free from deceit. WARBURTON.

The meaning is only this; if Edward keeps his word. JOHNS.

—Dive, thoughts, down to my soul! here Clarence comes.

*Enter Clarence guarded, and Brakenbury.*

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

*Clar.* His majesty,  
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed  
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

*Glo.* Upon what cause?

*Cl.* Because my name is George,

*Glo.* Alack; my lord, that fault is none of yours;  
He should for that commit your godfathers.—  
O, belike, his majesty hath some intent,  
That you should be new christened in the Tower.  
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

*Clar.* 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 disinherited should be:  
And, for my name of George begins with G,  
It follows in his thought, that I am he.  
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,<sup>2</sup>  
Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.

*Glo.* Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women,  
'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower;  
My lady Gray, his wife, Clarence, 'tis she,  
That tempts him to this harsh extremity.  
Was it not she, and that good man of worship,  
Anthony Woodeville, 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.

<sup>2</sup> —toys—] Fancies, freaks of imagination. JOHNSON.

*Clar.*



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

*Glo.* <sup>3</sup> Humbly complaining to her deity,  
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.

I'll tell you what;—I think it is our way,  
If we will keep in favour with the king,  
To be her men, and wear her livery:

<sup>4</sup> The jealous o'erworn widow, and herself,  
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,  
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

*Brak.* 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.

*Glo.* 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; fair, and not jealous:—  
We say, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,  
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;  
That the queen's kindred are made gentle folks:  
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

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

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

He that doth naught with her, excepting one,  
Were best to do it secretly, alone.

*Brak.* What one, my lord?

<sup>3</sup> *Humbly complaining, &c.*] I think these two lines might be better given to Clarence. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *The jealous o'erworn widow and herself,*] That is, the queen and Shore. JOHNSON.

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

*Brak.* I beseech your grace to pardon me ; and withal

Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

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

*Glo.* We are the <sup>s</sup> queen's abjects, and must obey.

Brother, farewell : I will unto the king ;

And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,

Were it to call king Edward's widow, sister, <sup>6</sup>

I will perform it, to enfranchise you.

Mean time, this deep disgrace in brotherhood,

Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

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

*Glo.* Well, your imprisonment shall not be long ;

I will deliver you, or else lye for you :

Mean time, have patience.

*Clar.* I must perforce ; farewell.

[*Exeunt Brakenbury and Clarence.*]

*Glo.* 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,

<sup>s</sup> ————*the queen's abjects*———] That is, not the queen's *subjects*, whom she might protect, but her *abjects*, whom she drives away. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Were it to call king Edward's widow, sister,*] This is a very covert and subtle manner of insinuating treason. The natural expression would have been, *were it to call king Edward's wife, sister.* I will solicit for you, though it should be at the expence of so much degradation and constraint, as to own the low-born wife of king Edward for a sister. But by slipping, as it were casually, *widow* into the place of *wife*, he tempts Clarence with an oblique proposal to kill the king. JOHNSON.

*King Edward's widow* is, I believe, only an expression of contempt, meaning the *widow Gray*, whom Edward had thought proper to make his queen. He has just before called her, *the jealous o'erworn widow.* STEEVENS.

K I N G R I C H A R D I I I.

If heaven will take the present at our hands.

—But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

*Enter Lord Hastings.*

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

*Glo.* As much unto my good lord chamberlain!  
Well are you welcome to the open air.

How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

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

*Glo.* No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence  
too;

For they, that were your enemies, are his,  
And have prevail'd as much on him, as you.

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

*Glo.* What news abroad?

*Hast.* No news so bad abroad, as this at home;  
The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,  
And his physicians fear him mightily.

*Glo.* Now, by saint Paul,<sup>7</sup> that 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.  
Where is he, in his bed?

*Hast.* He is.

*Glo.* Go you before, and I will follow you.

*[Exit Hastings.]*

He cannot live I hope; and must not die,  
'Till George be 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,

<sup>7</sup> Now, by saint Paul, ——— ] The folio reads,  
Now, by saint John, ——— STEEVENS.

Clarence

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 breathes ; Edward still lives, and reigns ;  
 When they are gone, then must I count my gains.

[Exit.

## S C E N E II.

*Another Street.*

*Enter the corpse of Henry the sixth, with halberds to guard it, Lady Anne being the mourner.*

*Anne.* Set down, set down your honourable load, —  
 If honour may be shrouded in a hearse, —  
 Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament<sup>8</sup>  
 The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.  
 —Poor key-cold figure of a holy king !  
 Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster !  
 Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood !  
 Be it lawful, that I invoke thy ghost,  
 To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,  
 Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son ;  
 Stabb'd by the self-same hand, that made these  
 wounds.  
 Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,

<sup>8</sup> ——— obsequiously lament] *Obsequious*, in this instance means *funereal*. So in *Hamlet*, Act I. Sc. 2.

*To do obsequious sorrow.* STEEVENS,

I pour

I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes :—  
 O curfed be the hand that made thefe 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 wifh to adders, fpiders, toads,  
 Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives !  
 If ever he have child, abortive be it,  
 Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,  
 Whofe ugly and unnatural afpect  
 May fright the hopeful mother at the view ;  
 And that be heir to his unhappinefs !  
 If ever he have wife, let her be made  
 More miferable by the death of him,  
 Than I am made by my young lord and thee !—  
 —Come, now towards Chertfey with your holy load,  
 Taken from Paul's to be interred there :  
 And ftill, as you are weary of this weight,  
 Reft you, while I lament king Henry's coarfe.

*Enter Richard.*

*Glo.* Stay you, that bear the coarfe, and fet it down.

*Anne.* What black magician conjures up this fiend,  
 To ftop devoted charitable deeds ?

*Glo.* Villains, fet down the coarfe, or, by faint Paul,  
 I'll make a coarfe of him that difobeys.<sup>9</sup>

*Gen.* My lord, ftand back, and let the coffin pafs.

*Glo.* Unmanner'd dog ! ftand thou when I com-  
 mand :

Advance thy halberd higher than my breaft,  
 Or, by faint Paul, I'll ftrike thee to my foot,  
 And fpurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldnefs.

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

<sup>9</sup> *I'll make a coarfe of him that difobeys.]* So in *Hamlet*,

*I'll make a ghoft of him that lets me.* JOHNSON.

Alas, I blame you not, for you are mortal,  
 And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.  
 —Avant, thou dreadful minister of hell!  
 Thou had'st but power over his mortal body,  
 His soul thou canst not have; therefore be gone.

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

*Anne.* Foul devil! for God's sake, hence, and  
 trouble us not,

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,  
 Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclams.  
 If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,  
 Behold this pattern of thy butcheries:—<sup>1</sup>  
 Oh, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds  
 Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh!—<sup>2</sup>  
 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 deeds inhuman and unnatural,  
 Provoke this deluge most unnatural.——

O God! which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!  
 O earth! which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!  
 Either heaven, with lightning strike the murderer  
 dead,

Or earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick;  
 As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,  
 Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

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

<sup>1</sup> —*pattern of thy butcheries :*] *Pattern is instance, or example.*

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ——*see, dead Henry's wounds,*

*Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh.]*

It is a tradition very generally received, that the murdered body bleeds on the touch of the murderer. This was so much believed by sir Kenelm Digby, that he has endeavoured to explain the reason. JOHNSON.

*Anne.*

*Anne.* Villain, thou know'st nor law of God nor man;

No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

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

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

*Glo.* More wonderful, when angels are so angry.

Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,  
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,  
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

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

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

*Anne.* Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst  
make

No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

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

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

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

*Anne.* Then say, they were not slain:

But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

*Glo.* I did not kill your husband.

*Anne.* Why, then he is alive.

*Glo.* Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hands.

*Anne.* In thy foul throat thou ly'st. Queen Mar-  
garet saw

Thy murderous faulchion smoking in his blood;

<sup>3</sup> *Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,*] I believe, *diffus'd* in this place signifies *irregular, uncouth*; such is its meaning in other passages of Shakespeare. JOHNSON.

*Diffus'd infection of a man* may mean, thou that art as dangerous as a pestilence, that infects the air by its diffusion. *Diffus'd* may, however, mean *irregular*. So in *The Merry Wives, &c.*

—————rush at once

With some *diffused* song. STREVENS.

The

The which thou once didst bend against her breast,  
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

*Glo.* I was provoked by her stand'rous tongue,  
† That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

*Anne.* Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,  
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries :  
Didst thou not kill this king ?

*Glo.* I grant ye.

*Anne.* Dost grant me, hedge-hog ? then, God grant  
me too,

Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed !  
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.—

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

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

*Glo.* Let him thank me, that help to send him  
thither :

For he was fitter for that place than earth.

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

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

*Anne.* Some dungeon.

*Glo.* Your bed-chamber.

*Anne.* Ill rest betide the chamber where thou lyest !

*Glo.* So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

*Anne.* I hope so.

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

*Anne.* <sup>5</sup> Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd  
effect.

*Glo.*

† *That laid their guilt*————] The crime of my brothers.  
He has just charged the murder of lady Anne's husband upon  
Edward. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect.*] Effect, for execu-  
tioner.



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

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

*Glo.* These eyes could not endure sweet beauty's  
wreck.

You should not blemish it, if I stood by :  
As all the world is cheered by the sun,  
So I by that ; it is my day, my life.

*Anne.* Black night o'er-shade thy day, and death  
thy life !

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

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

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

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

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

*Anne.* His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

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

*Anne.* Name him.

*Glo.* Plantagenet.

*Anne.* Why that was he.

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

tioner. He asks, was not the *causer* as ill as the *executioner* ? She answers, Thou wast both. But, for *causer*, using the word *cause*, this led her to the word *effect*, for *execution*, or *executioner*. But the Oxford editor, troubling himself with nothing of this, will make a fine oratorical period of it.

*Thou wast the cause. And most accur's'd th' effect !*

WARBURTON.

I cannot but be rather of sir T. Hanmer's opinion than Dr. Warburton's, because *effect* is used immediately in its common sense, in answer to this line. JOHNSON.

*Anne.*

*Anne.* Where is he ?

*Glo.* Here : [*She spits at him.*] Why dost thou spit at me ?

*Anne.* Would it were mortal poison for thy sake !

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

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

—Out of my sight ! thou dost infect mine eyes.

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

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

*Glo.* I would they were, that I might die at once ;  
For now they kill me with a living death. <sup>6</sup>

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

<sup>7</sup> 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 sued 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.*]

<sup>6</sup> ————*they kill me with a living death.*] In imitation of this passage, and, I suppose, of a thousand more, Pope writes,

———*a living death I bear,*

*Says Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.* JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *These eyes, which never, &c.*] The twelve following beautiful lines added after the first editions. POPE.

They were added with many more. JOHNSON.

Teach not thy lip such scorn ; for it was made  
 For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.  
 If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,  
 Lo ! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword ;  
 Which, if thou please to hide in this true breast,  
 And let the soul forth that adareth thee,  
 I lay it naked to the deadly stroke.  
 And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

*[He lays his breast open, she offers at it with his sword.]*

Nay, do not pause ; for I did kill king Henry ;—

<sup>s</sup> But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.

Nay, now dispatch : 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward ;—

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

*[She lets fall the sword.]*

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

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

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

*Anne.* I have already.

*Glo.* That was in thy rage :

Speak it again, and, even with thy 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.

*Anne.* I would I knew thy heart.

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

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

*Glo.* Then never man was true.

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

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

*Anne.* That shalt thou know hereafter.

*Glo.* But shall I live in hope ?

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

<sup>s</sup> *But 'twas thy beauty*——] Shakespeare countenances the observation, that no woman can ever be offended with the mention of her beauty. JOHNSON.

*Glo.* Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

[*She puts on the ring.*]

*Anne.* To take is not to give.

*Glo.* Look how my ring encompasseth thy finger,  
Even so thy breast incloseth my poor heart:

Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.

And if thy poor devoted suppliant may  
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,  
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

*Anne.* What is it ?

*Glo.* 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 :<sup>9</sup>

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.

*Anne.* With all my heart ; and much it joys me too,  
To see you are become so penitent.

Tressel and Berkley, go along with me.

*Glo.* Bid me farewell.

*Anne.* 'Tis more than you deserve :

But since you teach me how to flatter you,

<sup>1</sup> Imagine, I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt two with Anne.*]

*Glo.* Take up the coarfe, sirs.

*Gen.* Towards Chertsey, noble lord ?

<sup>9</sup> —*Crosby-place* :] A house near Bishopsgate-street, belonging to the duke of Gloucester. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *Imagine, I have said farewell already.*] Cibber, who altered Rich. III. for the stage, was so thoroughly convinced of the ridiculousness and improbability of this scene, that he thought himself obliged to make Tressel say,

*When future chronicles shall speak of this,*

*They will be thought romance, not history.* STEEVENS.

*Glo.* No, to White-Fryars; there attend my coming. [*Exeunt 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,  
 Stabb'd in my angry mood, at Tewksbury?  
 A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,  
<sup>2</sup> Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,  
 Young, wise, and valiant, and, no doubt, right royal,<sup>3</sup>  
 The spacious world cannot again afford:  
 And will she yet abase her eyes on me,

<sup>2</sup> *Fram'd in the prodigality of nature.*] i. e. when nature was in a prodigal or lavish mood. WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> ————*and, no doubt, right royal,*] Of the degree of royalty belonging to Henry the sixth there could be *no doubt*, nor could Richard have mentioned it with any such hesitation; he could not indeed very properly allow him *royalty*. I believe we should read,

—————*and, no doubt, right loyal.*

That is, *true to her bed*. He enumerates the reasons for which she should love him. He was *young, wise, and valiant*; these were apparent and indisputable excellencies. He then mentions another not less likely to endear him to his wife, but which he had less opportunity of knowing with certainty, *and, no doubt right loyal*.

JOHNSON.

Richard means only *full of all the noble properties of a king*. *No doubt, right royal*, may, however, be ironically spoken, alluding to the incontinence of Margaret. STEEVENS.

That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,  
 And made her widow to a woful bed ?  
 On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety ?  
 On me, that halt, and am mishapen 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 you' fellow in his grave,  
 And then return lamenting to my love.—  
 Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,  
 That I may see my shadow as I pass. [Exit.]

## S C E N E I I I.

## T H E P A L A C E.

*Enter the Queen, Lord Rivers her brother, and Lord Gray her son.*

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

Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

*Gray.* 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.

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

*Gray.* No other harm, but loss of such a lord.

*Queen.* The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

*Gray.* The heavens have blest you with a goodly son,  
 To be your comforter, when he is gone.

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

*Riv.*

*Riv.* Is it concluded, he shall be protector ?

*Queen.* <sup>4</sup> It is determin'd, not concluded yet :  
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

*Enter Buckingham and Stanley.*

*Gray.* Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley. <sup>5</sup>

*Buck.* Good time of day unto your royal grace!

*Stanley.* God make your majesty joyful as you have been !

*Queen.* The countess of 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.

*Stanley.* 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.

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

*Stanley.* But now the duke of Buckingham and I

<sup>4</sup> *It is determin'd, not concluded yet :*] *Determin'd* signifies the final conclusion of the will : *concluded*, what cannot be altered by reason of some act, consequent on the final judgment. WARB.

<sup>5</sup> *Here come the lords of Buckingham and Derby.*] This is a blunder of inadvertence, which has run through the whole chain of impressions. It could not well be original in Shakespeare, who was most minutely intimate with his history, and the intermarriages of the nobility. The person here called Derby, was Thomas lord Stanley, lord steward of king Edward the fourth's household. But this Thomas lord Stanley was not created earl of Derby till after the accession of Henry the seventh ; and accordingly, afterwards, in the fourth and fifth acts of this play, before the battle of Bosworth-field, he is every where called lord Stanley. This sufficiently justifies the change I have made in his title.

THEOBALD.

Are come from visiting his majesty.

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

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

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

*Buck.* 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.

*Queen.* 'Would all were well !—But that will never  
be ;—

I fear our happiness is at the height.

*Enter Gloucester, Hastings, and Derfet.*

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

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

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

*Queen.* Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter :

The



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 ;  
 Makes him to fend, that thereby he may gather  
 The ground of your ill-will, <sup>6</sup> and so remove it.

*Glo.* 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.

*Queen.* Come, come, we know your meaning,  
 brother Gloster.

You envy my advancement, and my friends :  
 God grant, we never may have need of you !

*Glo.* Mean time, 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 many fair promotions  
 Are daily given to enoble those,  
 That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

*Queen.* 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,  
 Falsly to draw me in these vile suspects.

*Glo.* You may deny that you were not the cause  
 Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

*Riv.* She may, my lord ; for,——

*Glo.* She may, lord Rivers ?—why, who knows  
 not so ?

<sup>6</sup> *Of your ill-will, &c.*] This line is restored from the first edition. POPE.

She may do more, fir, 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 ?

*Glo.* What, marry, may she ? marry with a king,  
 A batchelor, a handsome stripling too :  
 I wis, your grandam had a worser match.—

*Queen.* My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne  
 Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs :  
 By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty,  
 Of 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 thus taunted, scorn'd, and baited at.  
 Small joy have I in being England's queen.

*Enter Queen Margaret behind.*

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

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

*Glo.* What ! threat you me with telling of the king ?  
 7 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, 8 my pains are quite forgot.

*Q. Mar.* 9 Out, devil ! I remember them too well :  
 Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,

7 *Tell him, and spare not ; look, what I have said,*] This verse  
 I have restored from the old quarto's. THEOBALD.

8 ——— *my pains*—] My labours ; my toils. JOHNSON.

9 *Out, devil!*—] Read, *No.* WARBURTON.

There is no need of change, but if there were, the commentator  
 does not change enough. He should read,

————— *I remember them too well ;*

that is, *his pains.* JOHNSON.

And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

*Glo.* 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. Mar.* Ay, and much better blood than his, or  
thine.

*Glo.* In all which time, you, and your husband Gray  
Were factious for the house of Lancaster ;—  
And, Rivers, so were you :—<sup>1</sup> 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 now, and what you are :  
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

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

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

*Q. Mar.* Which God revenge !—

*Glo.* 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. Mar.* Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this  
world,

Thou Cacodæmon ! there thy kingdom is.

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

*Glo.* If I should be ?—I had rather be a pedlar :

<sup>1</sup> ————— Was not your husband,  
In Margaret's battle, ————— ]

It is said in *Henry VI.* that he died *in quarrel of the house of York.*

Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!

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

*Q. Mar.* A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;  
For I am she, and altogether joyless.

I can no longer hold me patient.— [*She advances.*]

<sup>2</sup> Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out  
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me:  
Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?  
If not, that I being queen, you bow like subjects;  
Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?—

<sup>3</sup> Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away!

*Glo.* Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my  
sight?

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

*Glo.* Wert thou not banished on pain of death?

*Q. Mar.* I was; but I do find more pain in banishment,

Than death can yield me here by my abode.  
A husband and a son thou 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.

<sup>2</sup> *Hear me, you wrangling pirates, &c.*] This scene of Margaret's imprecations is fine and artful. She prepares the audience, like another Cassandra, for the following tragic revolutions. WARB.

<sup>3</sup> *Ah, gentle villain,———*] We should read,

———ungentle villain,——— WARBURTON.

The meaning of *gentle* is not, as the commentator imagines, *tender* or *courteous*, but *high-born*. An opposition is meant between that and *villain*, which means at once a *wicked* and a *low-born* wretch. So before,

*Since ev'ry Jack is made a gentleman,  
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.* JOHNSON.

*Glo.*

*Glo.* The curse my noble father laid on thee,——  
 When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,  
 And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes ;  
 And then, to dry them, 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 fallen upon thee ;  
 And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

<sup>4</sup> *Queen.* So just is God, to right the innocent.

*Hast.* O, 'twas the foulest deed, to slay that babe,  
 And the most merciless that e'er was heard of.

*Riv.* Tyrants themselves wept, when it was re-  
 ported.

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

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

*Q. Mar.* What ! were you snazling 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 !——

If not by war, <sup>5</sup> 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 !

<sup>4</sup> *Q. Mar.* *So just is God, &c.*] This line should be given to Edward IVth's queen. WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> *—by surfeit die your king,*] Alluding to his luxurious life.

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 stabb'd with bloody daggers ; God, I pray him,  
 That none of you may live your natural age,  
 But by some unlook'd accident cut off !

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

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

If heaven have any grievous plague in store,  
 Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,  
 O, let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe ;  
 And then hurl down their indignation  
 On thee, thou troubler of the poor world's peace !  
 The worm of conscience still be-gnaw 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

<sup>6</sup> ————— *rooting hog* !] The expression is fine, alluding (in memory of her young son) to the ravage which hogs make, with the finest flowers, in gardens ; and intimating that Elizabeth was to expect no other treatment for her sons. WARBURTON.

She calls him *hog*, as an appellation more contemptuous than *beast*, as he is elsewhere termed from his ensigns armorial. There is no such heap of allusion as the commentator imagines.

JOHNSON.

In the *Mirror of Magistrates* (a book already quoted) is the *Complaint of Collingbourne, who was cruelly executed for making a rime*, on which I find the following passage :

For

Thou that was seal'd in thy nativity  
 7 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!  
 8 Thou rag of honour! thou detested—

*For where I meant the king by name of hog,  
 I only alluded to his badge the bore.*

*To Lovel's name I added more,—our dog,  
 Because most dogs have borne that name of yore.  
 These metaphors I us'd with other more,*

*As cat and rat, the half-names of the rest,  
 To hide the sense that they so wrongly wrest.* STEEVENS.

7 *The slave of nature* — —] The expression is strong and noble, and alludes to the ancient custom of masters' branding their profligate slaves: by which it is insinuated that his misshapen person was the mark that nature had set upon him to stigmatize his ill conditions. Shakespear expresses the same thought in *The Comedy of Errors*.

*He is deformed, crooked, &c.*

*Stigmatical in making, —————*

But as the speaker rises in her resentment, she expresses this contemptuous thought much more openly, and condemns him to a still worse state of slavery,

*Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks upon him.*

Only, in the first line, her mention of his moral condition insinuates her reflections on his deformity: and, in the last, her mention of his deformity insinuates her reflections on his moral condition: And thus he has taught her to scold in all the elegance of figure.

WARBURTON.

8 *Thou rag of honour, &c* ] We should certainly read,

*Thou wrack of honour* ———

i. e. the ruin and destruction of honour; which, I suppose, was first writ *rack*, and then further corrupted to *rag*. WARBURTON.

*Rag* is, in my opinion, right, and intimates that much of his honour is torn away. *Parcb* is, in the same manner, a contemptuous appellation. JOHNSON.

This word of contempt is used again in *Timon*:

“If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor *rag*,

“Must be the subject.”

Again in this play,

“These over-weening *rags* of France.” STEEVENS.

*Glo.*

*Glo.* Margaret.

*Q. Mar.* Richard!

*Glo.* Ha?

*Q. Mar.* I call thee not.

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

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

*Glo.* 'Tis done by me; and ends in—Margaret.

*Queen.* Thus have you breath'd your curse against  
yourself.

*Q. Mar.* Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my  
fortune!

Why strew'st thou sugar on that<sup>9</sup> bottled spider,  
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?

Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.

The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me  
To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.

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

*Q. Mar.* Foul shame upon you! you have all mov'd  
mine.

*Riv.* Were you well serv'd, you would be taught  
your duty.

*Q. Mar.* To serve me well, you all should do me  
duty,

Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:  
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.

*Dorf.* Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.

*Q. Mar.* <sup>1</sup>Peace, master Marquis, you are malapert;  
Your

<sup>9</sup> ——— *bottled spider.*] A spider is called bottled, because, like other insects, he has a middle slender and a belly protuberant. Richard's form and venom, make her liken him to a spider.

JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *Peace, master Marquis, you are malapert, &c.*] Shakespeare may either allude to the late creation of the marquis of Dorset, or to the institution of the title of marquis here in England, as a special dignity,



Your fire-new stamp 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.

*Glo.* Good counsel, marry, learn it, learn it, marquis.

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

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

*Q. Mar.* And turns the sun to shade;—alas! alas!  
 Witness my son, now in the shade of death;  
 Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath  
 Hath in eternal darkness folded up.

Your airy buildeth in our airy's nest:—  
 O God, that seest it, do not suffer it;  
 As it was won with blood, lost be it so!

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

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

*Buck.* Have done, have done.

*Q. Mar.* O princely Buckingham, I'll 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.

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

dignity, which was no older than Richard II. Robert Vere, earl of Oxford, was the first, who, as a distinct dignity, received the title of marquis, 1st December, *anno nono Richardi secundi*. See Ashmole's *History of the Order of the Garter*, p. 456. GRAY.

*Q. Mar.*

*Q. Mar.* I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,  
 And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.  
 O Buckingham beware 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.

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

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

*Q. Mar.* What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?

And sooth the devil, that I warn thee from?  
 O, but remember this another day,  
 When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow;  
 And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.—  
 Live each of you the subject to his hate,  
 And he to you, and all of you to God's! [*Exit.*]

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

*Riv.* And so doth mine: I wonder, she's at liberty.

*Glo.* 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.

*Dorf.* I never did her any to my knowledge.

*Glo.* 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 fatting for his pains;—  
 God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

<sup>2</sup> He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains.] A *frank* is an old English word for a *hog-sly*. 'Tis possible he uses this metaphor to Clarence, in allusion to the crest of the family of York, which was a *boar*. Whereto relate those famous old verses on Richard III.

*The cat, the rat, and Lovel the dog,  
 Rule all England under a hog.*

He uses the same metaphor in the last scene of act iv. POPE.

*Riv.*

*Riv.* A virtuous and a christian-like conclusion,  
To pray for them, that have done scathe to us.<sup>3</sup>

*Glo.* So do I ever, being well advis'd;—  
For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself. [*Aside.*]

*Enter Catesby.*

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

*Queen.* Catesby, we come: lords, will you go  
with us?

*Riv.* Madam, we will attend you grace.

[*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*]

*Glo.* I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.  
The secret mischiefs, that I set abroad,  
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.  
Clarence, whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,  
I do bewep to many simple gulls;  
Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;  
And tell them, 'tis the queen and her allies,  
That stir the king against the duke my brother.  
Now they believe it, and withal whet me  
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Gray:  
But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,  
Tell them, that God bids us do good for evil:  
And thus I clothe my naked villainy  
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ;  
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

*Enter two Murderers.*

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

*1 Mur.* We are, my lord, and come to have the  
warrant,

<sup>3</sup> ——— done scathe to us.] Scathe is harm, mischief.

That we may be admitted where he is.

*Glo.* Well thought upon, I have it here about me:  
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.

*I Mur.* Fear not, 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.

*Glo.* Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes  
drop tears.

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

*I Mur.* We will, my noble lord. [*Exeunt.*

#### S C E N E I V.

*An apartment in the Tower.*

*Enter Clarence and Brakenbury.*

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

*Clar.* O, I have past a miserable night,  
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,  
That, as I am a christian <sup>+</sup> faithful man,  
I would not spend another such a night,  
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;  
So full of dismal terror was the time.

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

*Clar.* Methought, that I had broken from the  
Tower,  
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;  
And in my company my brother Gloster,

<sup>+</sup> ————*faithful man,*] Not an infidel. JOHNSON.

Who from my cabin tempted me to walk  
Upon the hatches. Thence we look'd toward Eng-  
land,

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 stumbled; and, in falling,  
Struck me, that sought to stay him, over-board,  
Into the tumbling billows of the main.

Lord, 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, unvalued jewels,

All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.

Some lay in dead mens' skulls; and, in those holes,  
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,

(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,

<sup>6</sup> That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,

And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

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

*Clar.* Methought, I had; and often did I strive

To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood,

Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth

To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;

But smother'd it within my panting bulk,

Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

*Brak.* Awak'd you not with this sore agony?

*Clar.* O no, my dream was length'n'd after life;  
O, then began the tempest to my soul!

<sup>6</sup> *That woo'd the slimy bottom*———] By seeming to gaze upon it; or, as we now say, to ogle it. JOHNSON.

I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,  
 With that grim ferryman, which poets write of,  
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.  
 The first that there did greet my stranger soul,  
 Was my great father-in-law, renowned 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  
 Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,—  
*Clarence is come, false, <sup>7</sup> fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,*  
*That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;—*  
*Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!—*  
 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 impresson made my dream.

*Brak.* No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you;  
 I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

*Clar.* Ah! Brakenbury, I have done these things,—  
 That now give evidence against my soul,—  
 For Edward's sake, and, see, how he requites me!  
<sup>8</sup> O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,  
 But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,  
 Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:  
 O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children!  
 —I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me:  
 My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

*Brak.* I will, my lord; God give your grace good  
 rest! [Clarence sleeps.]

<sup>7</sup> ——— *fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,]* *Fleeting* is the same as *changing sides*. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> O God! if my deep prayers, &c.] The four following lines have been added since the first edition. POPE.

<sup>9</sup> Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,  
 Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide, night.  
<sup>1</sup> Princes have but their titles for their glories,  
 An outward honour, for an inward toil ;  
 And, <sup>2</sup> 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 Vil.** Ho, who's here ?

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

**2 Vil.** I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

**Brak.** What, so brief ?

**1 Vil.** O fir, 'tis better to be brief, than tedious.—  
 Shew him our commission, talk no more.

**Brak.** [*Reads.*] I am, in this, commanded to deliver  
 The noble duke of Clarence to your hands :—  
 I will not reason what is meant hereby,

<sup>9</sup> *Sorrow breaks seasons, &c.*] In the common editions, the keeper is made to hold the dialogue with Clarence till this line. And here Brakenbury enters, pronouncing these words ; which seem to me a reflection naturally resulting from the foregoing conversation, and therefore continued to be spoken by the same person, as it is accordingly in the first edition. POPE.

<sup>1</sup> *Princes have but their titles for their glories,  
 An outward honour, for an inward toil ;*]

The first line may be understood in this sense, *The glories of princes are nothing more than empty titles* : but it would more impress the purpose of the speaker, and correspond better with the following lines, if it were read,

*Princes have but their titles for their troubles.* JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ————*for unfelt imaginations,  
 They often feel a world of restless cares :*]

They often suffer real miseries for *imaginary* and *unreal* gratifications. JOHNSON.

Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.  
 Here are the keys;—there sits the duke asleep:  
 I'll to the king; and signify to him,  
 That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

1 *Vil.* You may, sir; 'tis a point of wisdom. Fare you well. [Exit Brakenbury.]

2 *Vil.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

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

2 *Vil.* When he wakes? why, fool, he shall never wake until the great judgment-day.

1 *Vil.* Why, then he'll say, we stabb'd him sleeping.

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

1 *Vil.* What? art thou afraid?

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

2 *Vil.* Nay, pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope, this compassionate humour of mine will change; it was wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

1 *Vil.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 *Vil.* Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

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

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

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

2 *Vil.* In the duke of Gloster's purse.

1 *Vil.* When he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

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

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

2 *Vil.* I'll not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing,



thing, it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie 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 one 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 turned out of 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 *Vil.* 'Tis even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

2 *Vil.* 3 Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

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

2 *Vil.* 4 Spoke like a tall fellow that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1 *Vil.* Take him over the costard, with the hilt of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt, in the next room.

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

1 *Vil.* Soft, he wakes. Shall I strike?

2 *Vil.* No, 5 we'll reason with him.

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

3 *Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee, &c.*] One villain says, *Conscience* is at his elbows, persuading him not to kill the duke. The other says, take the devil into thy nearer acquaintance, *into thy mind*, who will be a match for thy conscience, and believe it not, &c. It is plain then, that *him* in both places in the text should be *it*, namely, conscience. WARBURTON.

Shakespeare so frequently uses both these pronouns indiscriminately, that no correction is necessary. STEEVENS.

4 *Spoke like a tall fellow*] The meaning of *tall*, in old English, is *stout, daring, fearless, and strong*. JOHNSON.

5 *—we'll reason—*] We'll talk. JOHNSON.

2 *Vil.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon,  
*Clar.* In God's name, what art thou?

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

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

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

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

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

*Clar.* How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak!  
 —Your eyes do menace me. Why look you pale?  
 Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

*Both.* To, to, to,—

*Clar.* To murder me?

*Both.* Ay, ay.

*Clar.* Ye 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 *Vil.* Offended us you have not, but the king.

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

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

*Clar.* <sup>6</sup> Are you call'd forth from out a world of men,  
 To slay the innocent? What's my offence?  
 Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?  
 What lawful <sup>7</sup> 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 to have redemption,  
 That you depart and lay no hands on me:  
 The deed, you undertake, is damnable.

<sup>6</sup> *Are you call'd forth from out a world of men,*] I think it may be better read,

*Are ye call'd forth*—— JOHNSON.

*Are ye call'd forth*——] The folio reads, *drawn*. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *What lawful quest*——] *Quest* is *inquest* or jury. JOHNSON.

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

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

*Clar.* Erroneous vassals! 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 *Vil.* 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 *Vil.* 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 *Vil.* Whom thou wert sworn to cherish and defend.

1 *Vil.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to  
us,

When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

*Clar.* 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 *Vil.* Who made thee then a bloody minister,  
When gallant, <sup>8</sup>springing, brave Plantagenet,  
That princely <sup>9</sup>novice, was struck dead by thee?

<sup>8</sup> —*springing Plantagenet,*] Blooming Plantagenet; a prince in the *spring* of life. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> —*novice,*—] Youth; one yet *new* to the world. JOHNSON.

*Clar.*

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

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

*Clar.* 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 fend you to my brother Gloster,  
Who will reward you better for my life,  
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

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

*Clar.* Oh, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear :  
Go you to him from me.

*Both.* Ay, so we will.

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

*1 Vil.* Ay mill-stones, as he lesson'd us to weep.

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

*1 Vil.* Right, as snow in harvest :—Come, you de-  
ceive yourself ;

'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

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

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

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

*Clar.* Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,  
To counsel me to make my peace with God,  
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,  
That thou wilt war with God, by murdering me ?  
O, sirs, consider, they that set you on  
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

*2 Vil.*

*2 Vil.* What shall we do ?

*Clar.* Relent, <sup>1</sup> and save your souls.

Which of you, if you were a prince's son,  
Being pent from liberty as I am now,  
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,  
Would not intreat for life ? as you would beg,  
Were you in my distress,——

*1 Vil.* Relent ? 'tis cowardly and womanish.

*Clar.* Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.—

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks :  
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,  
Come thou on my side, and intreat for me :  
A begging prince what beggar pities not ? <sup>2</sup>

*2 Vil.* Look behind you, my lord.

*1 Vil.* Take that, and that ; if all this will not do,  
[Stabs him.

I'll drown you in the malmsey butt within. [Exit.

*2 Vil.* A bloody deed, and desperately perform'd.  
—How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands  
Of this most grievous guilty murder done !

*Re-enter first Villain.*

*1 Vil.* How now ? what mean'st thou, that thou  
help'st me not ?

<sup>1</sup> —and save your souls, &c.] The six following lines are not in the old edition. POPE.

They are not necessary, but so forced in, that something seems omitted to which these lines are the answer. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ————[what beggar pities not ?] I cannot but suspect that the lines, which Mr. Pope observed not to be in the old edition, are now misplaced, and should be inserted here, somewhat after this manner.

*Clar.* A begging prince what beggar pities not ?

*Vil.* A begging prince !

*Clar.* Which of you, if you were a prince's son, &c.

Upon this provocation, the villain naturally strikes him. JOHNSON.

[A begging prince what beggar pities not ?]] To this in the quarto, the murderer replies, *Ay, thus, and thus!* and stabs him.

STEEVENS.

By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have been.

*2 Vill.* 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 Vil.* 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 must away; For this will out, and then I must not stay. [*Exit.*]

## A C T I I. S C E N E I.

### T H E C O U R T.

*Enter King Edward sick, the Queen, Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Buckingham, Grey, and others.*

K. E D W A R D.

**W**H Y, fo:—Now have I done a good day's work;—

You peers, continue this united league:  
I every day expect an embassage,  
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;  
And more in peace my soul shall part to heaven,  
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.

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

*K. Edw.* Take heed, you dally not before your king;  
Lest he, that is the supreme King of kings,

Con-

Confound your hidden falshood, and award  
Either of you to be the other's end.

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

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

*K. Edw.* Madam, yourself is not exempt from 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.

*Queen.* There, Hastings :—I will never more re-  
member

Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine !

*K. Edw.* Dorset, embrace him :—Hastings, love  
lord marquis.

*Dor.* This interchange of love, I here protest,  
Upon my part, shall be inviolable.

*Hast.* And so swear I.

*K. Edw.* Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou  
this league

With thy embracements to my wife's allies,  
And make me happy in your unity.

*Buck.* When ever Buckingham doth turn his hate  
Upon your grace, but with all duteous love

[*To the Queen.*

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 to me ! This do I beg of heaven,  
When I am cold in zeal, to you, or yours.

[*Embracing Rivers, &c.*

*K. Edw.* 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.

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

*Enter*

*Enter Gloucester.*

*Glo.* Good morrow to my sovereign king and queen;

And princely peers, a happy time of day!

*K. Edw.* Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day:—

Brother, we have done deeds of charity;  
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,  
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

*Glo.* 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 aught committed that is hardly borne  
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;—  
Of you, lord Woodville, and lord Scales;—of you,  
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.

*Queen.* A holy-day this shall 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.

*Glo.* Why, madam, have I offered love for this,  
To be so flouted in this royal presence?

Who



Who knows not, that the gentle duke is dead?

[*They all start.*]

You do him injury, to scorn his corse.

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

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

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

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

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

*Glo.* But he, poor man, by your first order died,  
And that, a winged Mercury did bear;  
Some tardy cripple had 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 no worse than wretched Clarence did,  
And yet go current from suspicion!

*Enter Lord Stanley.*

*Stanl.* A boon, my sovereign, for my service done.

*K. Edw.* I pr'ythee, peace; my soul is full of  
forrow.

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

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

*Stanl.* <sup>3</sup> The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;  
Who slew to day, a riotous gentleman,  
Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk. ¶

*K. Edw.* <sup>4</sup> 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.

<sup>3</sup> *The forfeit—*] He means the *remission* of the forfeit. JOHNS.

<sup>4</sup> *Have I tongue to doom a brother's death?*] This lamentation is very tender and pathetick. The recollection of the good qualities of the dead is very natural, and no less naturally does the king endeavour to communicate the crime to others. JOHNSON.

Who

Who sued 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 strait 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) spake 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 plead for his life.  
 —O God! I fear, thy justice will take hold  
 On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.—  
 —Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. Oh  
 Poor Clarence! [*Exeunt some with the King and Queen.*]

*Glo.* These are the fruits 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?

*Buck.* We wait upon your grace.

[*Exeunt.*]  
 S C E N E

## SCENE II.

*The same.**Enter the Dutchess of York, with the two children of Clarence.**Son.* Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?*Dutch.* No, boy.*Daugh.* 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?*Dutch.* 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, mine uncle, is to blame for this:  
God will revenge it, whom I will importune  
With earnest prayers, all to that effect.*Daugh.* And so will I.*Dutch.* Peace, children, peace! the king doth love  
you well.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 pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek:  
Bade me rely on him, as on my father,  
And he would love me dearly as his child.*Dutch.* Ah! that deceit should steal such gentle  
shape,  
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?

*Dutch.* Ay, boy.

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

*Enter the Queen distractedly, Rivers and Dorset after her.*

*Queen.* 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.—

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

*Queen.* 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.

*Dutch.* 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 <sup>s</sup> 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 plucked two crutches from my feeble hands,  
Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I,

<sup>s</sup> ————his images.] The children by whom he was represented. JOHNSON.

(Thine

(Thine being but a moiety of my grief)  
To over-go thy plaints, and drown thy cries?

*Son.* Ah! aunt! [*To the Queen.*] you wept not for  
our father's death;

How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

*Daugh.* Our fatherless distrefs was left unmoan'd.  
Your widow dolour likewise be unwept!

*Queen.* Give me no help in lamentation,  
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:  
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,  
That I, <sup>6</sup> being govern'd by the watry moon,  
May fend forth plenteous tears to drown the world!  
Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Alas! I am the mother of these griefs,  
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.  
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;  
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:  
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I;  
I for an Edward weep, so do not they.  
Alas! you three, on me, threefold distrefs'd,

<sup>6</sup> ——— *being governed by the watry moon.*] That I may live here-  
after under the influence of the moon, which governs the tides,  
and by the help of that influence, drown the world. The intro-  
duction of the moon is not very natural. JOHNSON.

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 with unthankfulness you take 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 strait for him,  
Let him be crown'd ; in him your comfort lives.  
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,  
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

*Enter Gloucester, Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, and Ratcliff.*

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

*Dutch.* God bless thee ; and put meekness in thy breast,

Love, charity, obedience, and true duty !

*Glo.* Amen, and make me die a good old man !—  
That is the butt end of a mother's blessing ; [*Aside.*  
I marvel that her grace did leave it out.

*Buck.* 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

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,  
 7 Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd  
 Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

*Riv.* Why with some little train, my lord of Buck-  
 ingham ?

*Buck.* Marry, my lord, lest by a multitude  
 The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out ;  
 Which would be so much the more dangerous,  
 By how much the estate is 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.

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

*Riv.* 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 so few should fetch the prince.

*Hast.* And so say I.

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

[*Exeunt.*

7 *Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd*] Edward the young prince, in his father's life-time, and at his demise, kept his household at Ludlow, as prince of Wales ; under the governance of Antony Woodville, earl of Rivers, his uncle by the mother's side. The intention of his being sent thither was to see justice done in the Marches ; and, by the authority of his presence, to restrain the Welshmen, who were wild, dissolute, and ill-disposed, from their accustomed murders and outrages. Vid. Hall, Holingshead, &c. THEOBALD.

*Manent Buckingham and Gloucester.*

*Buck.* My lord, whoever journies to the prince,  
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home :  
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,

*Glo* My other self, my counsel's consistory,  
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,  
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.

Toward Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

[*Exeunt,*

### S C E N E III.

*A street near the court.*

*Enter two Citizens meeting.*

1 *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour : whither away  
so fast ?

2 *Cit.* I promise you, I hardly know myself :  
Hear you the news abroad ?

1 *Cit.* Ay, that the king is dead.

2 *Cit.* Ill news, by'r lady ; seldom comes a better :  
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

*Enter another Citizen.*

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed !

1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, sir.

3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good king Edward's  
death ?

2 *Cit.* Ay, sir, it is too true ; God help, the while !

3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1 *Cit.* No, no ; by God's good grace, his son shall  
reign.

3 *Cit.* Woe to that land, that's govern'd by a  
child !

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government,

That



<sup>3</sup> That in his nonage, council under him,  
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,  
No doubt shall then, and till then, govern well.

<sup>1</sup> *Cit.* So stood the state, when Henry the sixth  
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

<sup>3</sup> *Cit.* Stood the state so? no, no, good friends,  
God wot;

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

<sup>1</sup> *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and  
mother.

<sup>3</sup> *Cit.* Better it were, they all came by his father,  
Or, by his father, there were none at all:  
For emulation now who shall be nearest,  
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.  
O, full of danger is the duke of Gloster;  
And the queen's sons, and brothers, haughty, and  
proud:

And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,  
This sickly land might solace as before.

<sup>1</sup> *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst; all will be  
well.

<sup>3</sup> *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on their  
cloaks;

When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;  
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?  
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.

All may be well; but, if God fort it so,  
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

<sup>2</sup> *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:  
You cannot reason almost with a man

<sup>8</sup> *Which in his nonage*———] The word *which* has no antecedent, nor can the sense or connection be easily restored by any change. I believe a line to be lost, in which some mention was made of the *land* or the *people*. JOHNSON.

The quarto reads, *that*. STEEVENS.

That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so ;  
By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust  
Ensuing danger ; as by proof, we see,  
The waters swell before a boist'rous storm.

But leave it all to God. Whither away ?

2 *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3 *Cit.* And so was I ; I'll bear you company.

[*Exeunt.*

#### S C E N E IV.

*A room in the palace.*

*Enter Archbishop of York, the young Duke of York,  
the Queen, and the Dutchess of York.*

*Arch.* Last night, I heard, they lay at Northampton,  
At Stony Stratford they do rest to-night :  
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

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

*Queen.* But I hear, no ; they say, my son of York  
Has almost overta'en him in his growth.

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

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

*York.* Grandam, one night as we did sit 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,  
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.

*Dutch.* 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 ;

° ————*the wretched'st thing,*——] *Wretched* is here used  
in a sense yet retained in familiar language, for *valtry*, *pitiful*,  
being below expectation. JOHNSON.

So long a growing, and so leisurely,  
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

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

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

*York.* Now, by my troth, if I had <sup>1</sup> been remember'd,

I could have given my uncle's grace a flout  
To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.

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

*York.* Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,  
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old;  
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.

Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

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

*York.* Grandam, his nurse.

*Dutch.* His nurse! why she was dead ere thou wast born.

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

*Queen.* A per'ulous boy:—go to, you are too shrewd.

*Dutch.* Good madam, be not angry with the child.

*Queen.* Pitchers have ears.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Arch.* Here comes a messenger: what news?

*Mes.* Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report.

*Queen.* How doth the prince?

*Mes.* Well, madam, and in health.

*Dutch.* What is thy news?

*Mes.* Lord Rivers, and lord Grey,

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

*Dutch.* Who hath committed them?

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

<sup>1</sup> ————been remember'd] To be remembered is in Shakespeare, to have one's memory quick, to have one's thoughts about one. JOHNSON.

*Queen.* <sup>2</sup> For what offence?

*Mef.* The fum of all I can, I have difclos'd;  
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,  
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

*Queen.* Ah me! I fee the ruin of my houfe!  
The tyger now hath feiz'd the gentle hind:  
Insulting tyranny now begins to jut  
Upon the innocent and <sup>3</sup> awlefs throne:—  
Welcome destruction, blood, and massacre!  
I fee, as in a map, the end of all.

*Dutch.* Accursed and unquiet wrangling days!  
How many of you have mine eyes beheld?  
My husband loft his life to get the crown;  
And often up and down my fons were toft,  
For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and lofs:  
And being feated, and domestick broils  
Clean over-blown, themfelves, the conquerors,  
Make war upon themfelves; brother to brother,  
Blood to blood, felf againft felf; O prepofterous  
And frantick outrage, end thy damned spleen;  
<sup>4</sup> Or let me die, to look on death no more.

*Queen.* Come, come, my boy, we will to fanctuary.  
—Madam, farewell.

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

*Queen.* You have no caufe.

<sup>2</sup> For what offence?] This question is given to the archbifhop in former copies, but the meffenger plainly fpeaks to the queen or dutchefs. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> —awlefs—] Not producing awe, not reverenced. To jut upon is to encroach. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> Or let me die, to look on earth more.] This is the reading of all the copies, from the firft edition put out by the players, downwards. But I have reftored the reading of the old quarto in 1597, which is copied by all the other authentic quarto's, by which the thought is finely and properly improved.

*Or let me die, to look on death no more.* THEOBALD.

This quarto printed in 1597 I have never feen, neither was it in Theobald's collection of the old copies, which the late Mr. Tonfon poffeffed entire. STEEVENS.

*Arch.*

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

## ACT III. SCENE I.

IN LONDON.

*The trumpets sound. Enter Prince of Wales, the Dukes of Gloucester and Buckingham, Archbishop, with others.*

BUCKINGHAM.

**W**ELCOME, sweet prince, to London,<sup>s</sup> to your chamber.

*Glo.* Welcome, dear cousin, my thought's sovereign:  
 The weary way hath made you melancholy.

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

*Glo.* Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years  
 Hath not yet 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.

*Prince.* God keep me from false friends! but they  
 were none.

<sup>s</sup> ———— to your chamber.] London was anciently called *Castra regia*. POPE.

*Glo.*

*Glo.* My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

*Enter Lord Mayor and his train.*

*Mayor.* God bless your grace with health and happy days!

*Prince.* I thank you, good my lord; and thank you all.—

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 Lord Hastings.*

*Buck.* And, in good time, here comes the sweating lord.

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

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

*Buck.* 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, you go with him,  
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

*Arch.* 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 deep a sin.

*Buck.* You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord;

Too

<sup>6</sup> Too ceremonious, and traditional.

<sup>7</sup> Weigh it but with the grossness of this 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.

*Arch.* My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for  
once.

Come on, lord Hastings, will you go with me?

<sup>6</sup> *Too ceremonious, and traditional.*] *Ceremonious* for superstitious; *traditional* for adherent to old customs. WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> *Weigh it but with the grossness of this age.*] But the more *gross*, that is, the more superstitious the age was, the stronger would be the imputation of violated sanctuary. The question, we see by what follows, is whether sanctuary could be claimed by an infant. The speaker resolves it in the negative, because it could be claimed by those only whose actions necessitated them to fly thither; or by those who had an understanding to demand it; neither of which could be an infant's case: It is plain then, the first line, which introduces this reasoning, should be read thus,

*Weigh it but with the greenness of his age.*

i. e. the young duke of York's, whom his mother had fled with to sanctuary. The corrupted reading of the old quarto is something nearer the true.

—————*the greatness of his age.* WARBURTON.

This emendation is received by Hanmer, and is very plausible; yet the common reading may stand.

*Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,  
You break not sanctuary,*—————

That is, compare the act of seizing him with the *gross* and licentious practices of *these times*, it will not be considered as a violation of sanctuary, for you may give such reasons as men are now used to admit. JOHNSON.

*Hast.*

*Hast.* I go, my lord.

*Prince.* Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may. [*Exeunt Archbishop and Hastings.*]

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

*Glo.* 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.

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

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

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

*Buck.* Upon record, my gracious lord.

*Prince.* But say, my lord, it were not register'd;  
Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,  
<sup>8</sup> As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,  
Even to the general all-ending day.

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

*Prince.* What say you, uncle?

*Glo.* I say, without characters, fame lives long.

<sup>8</sup> *As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,*] And so it is: and, by that means, like most other *retailed* things, became adulterated. We should read,

—————intail'd to all posterity;

which is finely and sensibly expressed, as if *truth* was the natural inheritance of our children; which it is impiety to deprive them of. WARBURTON.

*Retailed* may signify diffused, dispersed. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *So wise, &c.*]

*Is cadit ante senem, qui sapit ante diem,*

a proverbial line. STEEVENS.

Thus,



1 Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,  
 I moralize: Two meanings in one word. } *Aside.*  
Prince.

1 Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,  
 I moralize two meanings in one word.]

By *vice*, the author means not a *quality*, but a *person*. There was hardly an old *play*, till the period of the *Reformation*, which had not in it a *devil*, and a droll character, a jester; (who was to play upon the devil;) and this buffoon went by the name of a *Vice*. This *buffoon* was at first accoutred with a long jerkin, a cap with a pair of ass's ears, and a wooden dagger, with which (like another *Arlequin*) he was to make sport in belabouring the *devil*. This was the constant entertainment in the times of *popery*, whilst spirits, and witchcraft, and exorcising held their own. When the *Reformation* took place, the stage shook off some grossities, and increased in refinements. The master-devil then was soon dismissed from the scene; and this buffoon was changed into a subordinate fiend, whose business was to range on earth, and seduce poor mortals into that personated vicious quality, which he occasionally supported; as, *iniquity* in general, *hypocrisy*, *usury*, *vanity*, *prodigality*, *gluttony*, &c. Now, as the fiend (or *vice*,) who personated Iniquity (or Hypocrisy, for instance) could never hope to play his game to the purpose but by hiding his cloven foot, and assuming a semblance quite different from his real character; he must certainly put on a *formal* demeanour, *moralize* and prevaricate in his words, and pretend a *meaning* directly opposite to his *genuine* and *primitive intention*. If this does not explain the passage in question, 'tis all that I can at present suggest upon it. THEOBALD.

Thus like the formal vice, Iniquity,  
 I moralize two meanings in one word.

That the buffoon, or jester of the old English farces, was called the *vice*, is certain: and that, in their *moral* representations, it was common to bring in the deadly sins, is as true. Of these we have yet several remains. But that the *vice* used to assume the personage of those sins, is a fancy of Mr. Theobald's, who knew nothing of the matter. The truth is, the *vice* was always a fool or jester: And, (as the woman, in the *Merchant of Venice*, calls the clown, alluding to this character,) a *merry devil*. Whereas these mortal sins were so many sad serious ones. But what misled our editor was the name, *Iniquity*, given to this *vice*: But it was only on account of his unhappy tricks and rogueries. That it was given to him, and for the reason I mention, appears from the following passage of Jonson's *Staple of News*, second intermeane.

M. How like you the vice i' the play?

T. Here

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man ;  
With what his valour did enrich his wit,

His

T. Here is never a fiend to carry him away. Besides he has never a wooden dagger.

M. That was the old way, gossip, when Iniquity came in, like Hocas Pocas, in a jugler's jerkin, with false skirts, like the knave of clubs.

And, in *The Devil's an Ass*, we see this old vice, *Iniquity*, described more at large.

From all this, it may be gathered, that the text, where Richard compares himself to the *formal vice, Iniquity*, must be corrupt : And the interpolation of some foolish player. The *vice*, or *iniquity* being not a *formal* but a merry, buffoon character. Besides, Shakespeare could never make an exact speaker refer to this character, because the subject he is upon is *tradition* and *antiquity*, which have no relation to it ; and because it appears from the turn of the passage, that he is apologizing for his equivocation by a *reputable* practice. To keep the reader no longer in suspense my conjecture is, that Shakespeare wrote and pointed the lines in this manner,

*Thus like the formal-wise Antiquity,*

*I moralize : Two meanings in one word.*

Alluding to the mythologic learning of the antients, of whom they are all here speaking. So that Richard's ironical apology is to this effect, You men of morals who so much extol your all-wise antiquity, in what am I inferior to it? which was but an equivocator as I am. And it is remarkable, that the Greeks themselves called their remote antiquity, *Διχρόμβος* or the *equivocator*. So far as to the general sense ; as to that which arises particularly out of the corrected expression, I shall only observe, that *formal-wise* is a compound epithet, an extreme fine one, and admirably fitted to the character of the speaker, who thought all *wisdom* but *formality*. It must therefore be read for the future with a hyphen. My other observation is with regard to the pointing ; the common reading,

*I moralize two meanings*————

is nonsense : but reformed in this manner, very sensible,

*Thus like the formal-wise Antiquity*

*I moralize : Two meanings in one word.*

i. e. I moralize as the antients did. And how was that? the having two meanings to one word. A ridicule on the morality of the antients, which he insinuates was no better than equivocating. WARBURTON.

This

His wit set down to make his valour live.  
 Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;  
 For now he lives in fame, though not in life.  
 I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.

*Buck.* What, my gracious lord?

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

*Glo.* Short summers <sup>2</sup> lightly have a forward spring.  
 [Aside.]

*Enter York, Hastings, and Archbishop.*

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

*Prince.* Richard of York! how fares our noble  
 brother?

*York.* Well, my <sup>3</sup> dread lord; so must I call you  
 now.

*Prince.*

This alteration Mr. Upton very justly censures. Dr. Warburton has, in my opinion, done nothing but correct the punctuation, if indeed any alteration be really necessary. See the dissertation on the old *vice* at the end of this play.

To this long collection of notes may be added a question, to what equivocation Richard refers? The position immediately preceding, that *some lives long without characters*, that is, without the help of letters, seems to have no ambiguity. He must allude to the former line,

*So young, so wise, they say, did ne'er live long,*

in which he conceals under a proverb, his design of hastening the prince's death. JOHNSON.

From the following stage direction, in an old dramatic piece entitled *Histrionastix, or the Player whipt*, 1610, it appears, that *the Vice*, and *Iniquity* were two distinct personages.

“Enter a roaring devil, with *the Vice* on his back, *Iniquity* in  
 “one hand, and *Juventus* in the other.”

The devil likewise makes the distinction in his first speech:

*Ho, ho, ho, these babes mine are all,  
 The Vice, Iniquitie, and child prodigal.* STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —lightly—] Commonly, in ordinary course. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> —dread lord; —] The original of this epithet applied  
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*Prince.* Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is yours:  
 4 Too late he died, that might have kept that title,  
 Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

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

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

*Glo.* He hath, my lord.

*York.* And therefore is he idle?

*Glo.* Oh, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

*York.* Then is he more beholden to you, than I.

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

*York.* I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

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

*Prince.* A beggar, brother?

*York.* Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;  
 And, being but a toy, which is no gift to give.<sup>5</sup>

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

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

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

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

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

*York.* <sup>6</sup> I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

*Glo.*

plied to kings has been much disputed. In some of our old statutes, the king is called *Rex metuendissimus*. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Too late he died*———] i. e. too lately, the loss is too fresh in our memory. But the Oxford editor makes him say,

*Too soon he died*——— WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> *And, being but a toy, which is no gift to give.*] This is the reading of the quarto's; the first folio reads,

*And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give.*

This reading, made a little more metrical, has been followed, I think erroneously, by all the editors. JOHNSON.

The quarto 1612 reads,

———no grief——— STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *I weigh it lightly, &c.*] i. e. I should still esteem it but a trifling

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

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

*Glo.* How?

*York.* Little.

*Prince.* My lord of York will still be cross in talk; Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

*York.* You mean to bear me, not to bear with me:— Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me:

<sup>7</sup> Because that I am little like an ape,  
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

*Buck.* With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!  
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,  
He prettily and aptly taunts himself:  
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

*Glo.* My lord, will't please you pass along?  
Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham  
Will to your mother, to entreat of her  
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

*York.* What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

*Prince.* My lord protector needs will have it so.

*York.* I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

*Glo.* Why, what should you fear?

*York.* Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost;  
My grandam told me he was murther'd there.

*Prince.* I fear no uncles dead.

*Glo.* Nor none that live I hope.

*Prince.* 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 Prince, York, Hastings, and Dorset.*]

sling gift, were it heavier. But the Oxford editor reads,

I'd weigh it lightly,——

i. e. I could manage it, tho' it were heavier. WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> Because that I am little like an ape,] The reproach seems to consist in this: at country shews it was common to set the monkey on the back of some other animal, as a bear. The duke, therefore, in calling himself *ape*, calls his uncle *bear*. JOHNSON.

*Buck.* Think you, my lord, this little prating York  
Was not incensed by his subtle mother,  
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously ?

*Glo.* No doubt, no doubt. Oh, 'tis a per'lous boy ;  
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable ;  
He's all the mother's from the top to toe.

*Buck.* Well, let them rest.—Come hither, Catesby ;  
thou art sworn  
As deeply to effect what we intend,  
As closely to conceal what we impart.  
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way ;—  
What think'st thou ? is it not an easy matter  
To make William lord Hastings of our mind,  
For the instalment of this noble duke  
In the seat royal of this famous isle ?

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

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

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

*Buck.* Well then, no more but this. Go, gentle  
Catesby,

And, as it were far off, sound thou lord Hastings,  
How he doth stand affected to our purpose ;  
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 <sup>s</sup> divided councils,  
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

<sup>s</sup> ——— *divided council.*] That is, a *private consultation*, *separate* from the known and publick council. So, in the next scene, Hastings says,

*Bid him not fear the separated councils.* JOHNSON.

*Glo.* Commend me to lord William: tell him,  
Catesby,

His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries  
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;  
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,  
Give gentle mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

*Buck.* Good Catesby, go; effect this business soundly.

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

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

*Cates.* You shall, my lord.

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

[*Exit Catesby.*]

*Buck.* Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive,

Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

*Glo.* Chop off his head, man; somewhat we will do:—

And look, when I am king, claim thou of me  
The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables  
Whereof the king, my brother, stood possess'd.

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

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

## S C E N E II.

*Before Lord Hastings's house.*

*Enter a Messenger to the door of Hastings.*

*Mes.* My lord, My lord,—

*Hast.* [*Within*] Who knocks?

*Mes.* One from lord Stanley.

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

*Mes.* Upon the stroke of four.

*Enter Lord Hastings.*

*Hast.* Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?

*Mef.* So it appears, by what I have to fay.  
 Firft, he commends him to your noble lordship.

*Haf.* And then,—

*Mef.* Then certifies your lordship, that this night  
 He dreamt, the boar had rafed off his helm.  
 Befides, he fays, 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 fends to know your lordship's pleasure,  
 If you will prefently take horfe with him,  
 And with all fpeed poft with him towards the north,  
 To fhun the danger that his foul divines.

*Haf.* Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord ;  
 Bid him not fear the feperated councils :  
 His honour and myfelf are at the one ;  
 And at the other, is my good friend Catefby ;  
 Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us,  
 Whereof I fhall not have intelligence.  
 Tell him, his fears are fhallow, <sup>9</sup> wanting instance ;  
 And for his dreams, I wonder, he's fo fond  
 To trust the mockery of unquiet flumbers,  
 To fly the boar, before the boar purfues,  
 Were to incense the boar to follow us,  
 And make purfuit, where he did mean no chafe.  
 Go, bid thy mafter rife and come to me ;  
 And we will both together to the Tower,  
 Where, he fhall fee, the boar will ufe us kindly.

*Mef.* I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you fay.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Catefby.*

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

*Haf.* Good morrow, Catefby. You are early ftirring ;  
 What news, what news, in this our tottering ftate ?

<sup>9</sup> ————*wanting instance :*] That is, *wanting* fome *example* or *act of malevolence*, by which they may be juftified : or which, perhaps, is nearer to the true meaning, *wanting* any *immediate ground or reafon*. JOHNSON.

*Catef.*



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

*Hast.* How! wear the garland? dost thou mean  
the crown?

*Cates.* Ay, my good lord.

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

*Cates.* Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you for-  
ward

Upon his party, for the gain thereof;  
And thereupon he sends you this good news,—  
That, this same very day, your enemies,  
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

*Hast.* Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,  
Because they have been still my adversaries:  
But that 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.

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

*Hast.* But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month  
hence,—

That they, who brought me in my master's hate,  
I live to look upon their tragedy.

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

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

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

*Cates.* The princes both make high account of you,—

For they account his head upon the bridge. [*Aside.*  
*Hast.* I know, they do ; and I have well deserv'd it.

*Enter Lord Stanley.*

Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear, man?  
 Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

*Stanl.* My lord, good morrow ; and good morrow,  
 Catesby ;

You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,  
 I do not like these several councils, I.

*Hast.* My lord,  
 I hold my life as dear as you do yours ;  
 And never in my days, 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 ?

*Stanl.* The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from  
 London,

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.

*Hast.* Come, come, ' have with you.——Wot ye  
 what, my lord ?

To day the lords, you talk of, are beheaded.

*Stanl.* <sup>2</sup> They, for their truth, might better wear  
 their heads,

Than some, that have accus'd them, wear their hats.  
 —But come, my lord, let us away.

<sup>1</sup> ——*have with you.*——] A familiar phrase in parting, as much as, *take something along with you*, or *I have something to say to you.* JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *They, for their truth,*——] That is, with respect to their honesty. JOHNSON.

*Enter*

*Enter a Pursuivant.*

*Hast.* Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow.  
[*Exeunt Lord Stanley and Catesby.*

Sirrah, how now? how goes the world with thee?

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

*Hast.* I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,  
Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet;  
Then I was 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.

*Purs.* God<sup>3</sup> hold it, to your honour's good content!

*Hast.* Gramercy, fellow: There, drink that for me.

[*Throws him his purse.*

*Purs.* I thank your honour. [Exit Pursuivant.

*Enter a Priest.*

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

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

I am in your debt for your last<sup>4</sup> exercise:

Come the next sabbath, and I will content you.

*Enter Buckingham.*

*Buck.* What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?  
Your friends at Pomfret they do need a priest;  
Your honour hath no<sup>5</sup> thriving work in hand.

*Hast.* Good faith, and when I met this holy man,  
The men, you talk of, came into my mind.  
What, go you toward the Tower?

<sup>3</sup> ——— *bold it,* ——— ] That is, *continue it.* JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *exercise:* ] Performance of divine service. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *thriving work in hand.* ] *Shriving work* is *confession.*  
JOHNSON.

*Buck.*

*Buck.* I do, my lord, but long I shall not stay :  
I shall return before your lordship thence.

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

*Buck.* And supper too, altho' thou know'st it not.

[*Aside.*

Come, will you go ?

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

[*Exeunt.*

### S C E N E III.

*Before Pomfret-castle.*

*Enter Sir Richard Ratcliff, carrying Lord Rivers, Lord Richard Grey, and Sir Thomas Vaughan to death.*

*Rat.* Come, bring forth the prisoners.

*Riv.* Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this;—  
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die,  
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

*Grey.* God keep the prince from all the pack of you!  
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

*Vaugh.* You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

*Rat.* Dispatch, the limit of your lives is out.

*Riv.* O Pomfret, Pomfret ! O thou bloody prison,  
Fatal and ominous to noble peers !  
Within the guilty closure of thy walls  
Richard the second, here, was hack'd to death :  
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,  
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

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

*Riv.* Then curs'd she Hastings, curs'd she Buck-  
ingham,  
Then curs'd she Richard. O remember, God !  
To hear her prayer for them, as now for us ;  
As for my sister and her princely sons,  
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true bloods,  
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt !

*Rat.*

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

*Riv.* Come, Grey; come, Vaughan; let us all embrace.

[*They embrace.*

Farewell, until we meet again in heaven. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

T H E T O W E R.

*Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, Bishop of Ely, Catesby, Lovel, with others, at a table.*

*Hast.* Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met,  
Is to determine of the coronation:

In God's name speak, when is the royal day?

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

*Stanl.* They are, and want but nomination.

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

*Buck.* Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?  
Who is most inward with the noble duke?

*Ely.* Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

*Buck.* We know each other's faces: for our hearts,  
He knows no more of mine, than I of your's;  
Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine.  
—Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

*Hast.* I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;  
But, for his purpose in the coronation,  
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd  
His gracious pleasure any way therein:  
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 Gloucester.*

*Ely.* In happy time here comes the duke himself.

*Glo.* My noble lords and cousins, all good morrow:  
I have been long a sleeper, but, I trust,  
My absence doth neglect no great design,

Which

Which by my presence might have been concluded.

*Buck.*<sup>6</sup> Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,  
William lord Hastings had pronounced your part,—  
I mean, your voice, for crowning of the king.

*Glo.* Than my lord Hastings no man might be  
bolder :

His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.  
My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,  
I saw good strawberries in your garden there ;  
I do beseech you, send for some of them.

*Ely.* Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.  
[*Exit Ely.*

*Glo.* Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.  
—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 son, as worshipfully he terms it,  
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

*Buck.* Withdraw yourself a while, I'll go with you.  
[*Exeunt Gloucester and Buckingham.*

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

*Re-enter Bishop of Ely.*

*Ely.* Where is my lord protector ? I have sent  
For these same strawberries.

*Hast.* His grace looks chearfully and smooth this  
morning ;  
There's some conceit or other likes him well.  
When he doth bid good morrow with such spirit.

<sup>6</sup> *Had you not come upon your cue*—] This expression is borrowed from the theatre. The *cue*, *queue*, or *tail* of a speech, consists of the last words, which are the token for an entrance or answer. 'To *come on the cue*, therefore, is to come at the proper time. JOHNSON.

I think,

I think, there's ne'er a man in Christendom  
Can leffer hide his love, or hate, than he,  
For by his face strait shall you know his heart.

*Stanl.* What of his heart perceive you in his face,  
By any <sup>7</sup> likelihood he shew'd to day?

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

*Re-enter Gloucester and Buckingham.*

*Glo.* I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,  
That do conspire my death with devilish plots  
Of damned witchcraft; and that have prevail'd  
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

*Hast.* The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,  
Makes me most forward in this noble presence,  
To doom the offenders. Whosoe'er they be,  
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

*Glo.* Then be your eyes the witness of their evil,  
Look, how I am bewitch'd; behold, mine arm  
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:  
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,  
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore,  
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

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

*Glo.* If!—thou protector of this damned strumpet,  
Talk'st 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.—

<sup>8</sup> Lovel, and Catesby, look, that it be done:—

The

<sup>7</sup> ———likelihood———] Semblance; appearance. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Lovel, and Catesby, look, that it be done.*] In former copies,

*Lovel, and Ratcliff, look, that it be done.*

The scene is here in the Tower: and lord Hastings was cut off on that very day, when Rivers, Gray, and Vaughan suffered at Pomfret. How then could Ratcliff be both in Yorkshire and the Tower? In the scene preceding this, we find him conducting those gentlemen to the block. In the old quarto, we find it,

*Exeunt:*

The rest, that love me, rise, and follow me.

[*Exit Council with Richard and Buckingham.*

*Hast.* Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me;  
For I, too fond, might have prevented this:  
Stanley did dream, the boar did raise his helm;  
But I did scorn it, and disdain to fly.

Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,<sup>9</sup>  
And started, 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:  
—I now 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.

Oh, Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse  
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

*Cates.* Dispatch, my lord; the duke would be at  
dinner;

Make a short shrift; he longs to see your head.

*Exeunt: Marcell Catesby with Hastings.* And in the next scene, before the Tower walls, we find Lovel and Catesby come back from the execution, bringing the head of Hastings. THEOBALD.

<sup>9</sup> *Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble, &c.*] So in the Legend of Lord Hastings by M. D.

*My palfrey, in the plainest paved street,  
Thrice bowed his bones, thrice kneeled on the floor,  
Thrice shunn'd (as Balaam's ass) the dreaded Tow'r.*

The housings of a horse, and sometimes a horse himself, were anciently called the *foot-cloth*. So in Ben Jonson's play called *The Case is altered*,

“ I'll go on my *foot-cloth*, I'll turn gentleman.

So in the tragedy of *Mulcaffer the Turk*, 1610,

“ I have seen, since my coming to Florence, the son of a  
“ pedlar mounted on a *foot-cloth*.”

Again, in *A fair Quarrel*, by Middleton, 1617,

“ ———— thou shalt have a physician,  
“ The best that gold can fetch upon his *foot-cloth*,”

STEEVENS.

*Hast.*



*Hast.* O momentary grace of mortal men,  
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!  
<sup>1</sup> 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 ex-  
claim.

*Hast.* Oh, 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.

*Changes to the Tower-walls.*

*Enter Gloucester and Buckingham in rusty armour, mar-  
velous ill-favour'd.*

*Glo.* 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?

*Buck.* 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: ghastly looks  
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;  
And both are ready in their offices,  
At any time, to grace my stratagems.  
But what, is Catesby gone?

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

<sup>1</sup> *Who builds, &c.*] So Horace,

*Nescius auræ fallacis.*

JOHNSON.

*Enter*

*Enter the Lord Mayor and Catesby.*

*Buck.* Let me alone to entertain him.—Lord mayor!

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

*Buck.* Hark, a drum!

*Glo.* Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

*Buck.* Lord Mayor, the reason we have sent for you,—

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

*Buck.* God and our innocence defend and guard us!

*Enter Lovel and Ratcliff with Hastings's head.*

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

*Lov.* Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,  
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

*Glo.* So dear I lov'd the man that I must weep.  
I took him for the plainest harmless creature,  
That breath'd 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 lived from all attainder of suspect.

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

That ever liv'd.—

Would you imagine, or almost believe,  
(Were't not, that by great preservation  
We live to tell it you) that the subtle traitor  
This day had plotted, in the council-house,  
To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster?

*Mayor.* What?—Had he so?

*Glo.* What! think you, we are Turks or infidels?  
Or that we would, against the form of law;  
Proceed thus rashly to the villain's death;

But

But that the extreme peril of the case,  
The peace of England, and our person's safety,  
Enforc'd us to this execution ?

*Mayor.* 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.

*Buck.* Yet had not we determin'd he should die,  
Until your lordship came to see his end ;  
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,  
Something 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.

*Mayor.* 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.

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

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

[*Exit Mayor.*]

*Glo.* Go after, after, cousin Buckingham.  
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post :—  
There at your meetest vantage of the time,  
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children :  
Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,  
Only for saying, he would make his son  
Heir to the crown ; meaning, indeed, his house,

Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.  
 Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,  
 And bestial appetite in change of lust,  
 Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,  
 Even where his ranging eye, or savage heart  
 Without controul, list'd to make his prey.  
 Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person :—  
 Tell them, that when 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.  
 Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off ;  
 Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives.

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

*Glo.* If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's  
 castle ;

Where you shall find me well accompanied  
 With reverend fathers, and well learned bishops.

*Buck.* I go, and towards three or four o'clock,  
 Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.

[*Exit Buckingham.*]

*Glo.* Go, Lovel, with all speed to doctor Shaw,—  
 Go thou to friar Penker ; bid them both  
 Meet me within this hour at Baynard's castle.

[*Exeunt Lovel and Catesby, severally.*]

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

S C E N E

## S C E N E VI.

## A S T R E E T.

*Enter a Scrivener.*

*Scriv.* Here is the indictment of the good lord Hastings;

Which in a set hand fairly is ingross'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 ill dealing must be<sup>2</sup> seen in thought. [*Exit.*]

## S C E N E VII.

*Changes to Baynard's castle.**Enter Gloucester and Buckingham, at several doors.*

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

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

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

*Buck.* I did; with his contract with lady Lucy,  
And his contract by deputy in France:  
The insatiate greediness of his desires,

<sup>2</sup> ———— *seen in thought.*] That is, seen in silence, without notice or detection. JOHNSON.

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 :  
 Laid open all your victories in Scotland,  
 Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,  
 Your bounty, virtue, fair humility ;  
 Indeed, left nothing, fitting for the purpose,  
 Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse.  
 And, when my oratory grew toward end,  
 I bid them, that did love their country's good,  
 Cry, *God save Richard, England's royal king !*

*Glo.* And did they so ?

*Buck.* No ; so God help me, they spake not a word ;  
 But, like dumb statues, or unbreathing stones,  
 Star'd on each 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 the recorder.  
 Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again ;—  
*Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd,*  
 But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.  
 When he had done, some followers of mine own,  
 At lower end o' 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.

*Glo.* What tongueless blocks were they ; would  
 they not speak ?

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

*Buck.*

*Buck.* The mayor is here at hand: <sup>3</sup> 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 build a holy descant;  
 And be not easily won to our requests,  
 Play the maid's part, still answer, *nay*, and take it.

*Glo.* I go: and if you plead as well for them,  
<sup>4</sup> As I can say, *nay* to thee, for myself;  
 No doubt, we'll bring it to a happy issue.

[*Exit Gloucester.*]

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

*Enter Lord Mayor and Citizens.*

—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?

*Catesb.* He doth intreat 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 suits would he be mov'd,  
 To draw him from his holy exercise.

<sup>3</sup> ————*intend some fear* ;] Perhaps, *pretend* ; though *intend* will stand in the sense of giving attention. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *As I can say, nay to thee,*] I think it must be read,

—————*if you plead as well for them*

*As I must say, nay to them for myself.* JOHNSON.

Perhaps the change is not necessary. Buckingham is to plead for the citizens; and *if* (says Richard) *you speak for them as plausibly as I in my own person, or for my own purposes, shall seem to deny your suit, there is no doubt but we shall bring all to a happy issue.*

STEEVENS.

*Buck.* 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.

*Cates.* I'll signify so much unto him strait. [*Exit.*]

*Buck.* 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, <sup>s</sup> to engross his idle body,  
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul.  
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince  
Take on his grace the sovereignty thereof;  
But, sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it.

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

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

*Enter Catesby.*

Catesby, what says his grace?

*Cates.* He wonders to what end you have assembled  
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.

*Buck.* 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 Catesby.*]

When holy and devout religious men  
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence,  
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

<sup>s</sup> ————— to engross ————— ] To fatten; to pamper. JOHNSON.

*Enter*



*Enter Gloucester above, between two Bishops. Catesby returns.*

*Mayor.* See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergymen !

*Buck.* Two props of virtue, for a christian prince,  
To stay him from the fall of vanity :  
And see, a book of prayer in his hand ;  
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.

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

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

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

*Buck.* You have, my lord ; would it might please  
your grace,  
On our entreaties, to amend your fault !

*Glo.* Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land ?

*Buck.* Know, then, it is your fault, that you resign  
The supream seat, the throne majestic,  
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,  
Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,  
The lineal glory of your royal house,  
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock ;  
While, 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,  
 9 And almost shouler'd in the swallowing gulph  
 Of dark forgetfulness, and deep oblivion.  
 Which to re-cure, 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, consorted with the citizens,  
 Your very worshipful and loving friends,  
 And by their vehement instigation,  
 In this just suit come I to move your grace.

*Glo.* I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,  
 Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,  
 Best sitteth 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 sovereignty,  
 Which fondly you would here impose on me :  
 If to reprove you for this suit of yours,  
 So season'd with your faithful love to me,  
 Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.  
 Therefore,—to speak, and to avoid the first,  
 And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,—  
 Definitively thus I answer you.  
 Your love deserves my thanks ; but my desert

9 *And almost shouldered in the swallowing gulf  
 Of dark forgetfulness,———]*

What it is to be *shouler'd in a gulph*, Hanmer is the only editor who seems not to have known : for the rest let it pass without observation. He reads,

*Almost sho lder'd into th' swallowing gulph.*

I believe we should read,

*And almost smoulder'd in the swallowing gulph,*

That is, almost *smother'd*, covered and lost. JOHNSON.

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,  
 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,  
 (<sup>1</sup> 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, what you would lay on me,  
 The right and fortune of his happy stars,—  
 Which, God defend, that I should wring from him !

*Buck.* My lord, this argues conscience in your grace ;  
 But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,  
 All circumstances well considered.

You say, that Edward is your brother's son ;  
 So say we too, but not by Edward's wife :—  
 For first was he contract to lady Lucy,  
 Your mother lives a witness to that vow ;  
 And afterward by substitute betroth'd  
 To Bona, sister to the king of France.  
 These both put by, a poor petitioner,  
 A care-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 all his thoughts

<sup>1</sup> *And much I need to help you, —*] And I want much of the ability requisite to give you help, if help were needed. JOHNSON.

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.

*Mayor.* Do, good my lord; your citizens intreat you.

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

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

*Glo.* Alas, why would you heap these cares on me?  
 I am unfit for state and majesty :  
 I do beseech you, take it not amiss ;  
 I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.

*Buck.* If you refuse it, as in love and zeal,  
 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, whether you accept our suit or no,  
 Your brother's son shall never reign our king ;  
 But we will plant some other in the throne,  
 To the disgrace and downfall of your house.  
 And in this resolution here we leave you.

—Come, citizens, we will intreat no more. [*Exeunt.*]

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

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

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

Call

—Call them again ; I am not made of stone,  
[Exit Catesby.]

But penetrable to your kind entreaties,  
 Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

*Re-enter Buckingham and the rest.*

—Cousin of Buckingham, and sage, grave men,  
 Since you will buckle fortune on my back  
 To bear her burden, 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 doth know, and you may partly see,  
 How far I am from the desire of this.

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

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

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

*All.* Amen.

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

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

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

*Glo.* [To the Clergymen.] Come, let us to our holy  
 work again :

—Farewell, good cousin ; farewell, gentle friends. <sup>2</sup>  
[Exeunt.]

<sup>2</sup> *Farewell, good cousin ; farewell, gentle friends.* ] To this act should, perhaps, be added the next scene, so will the coronation pass between the acts ; and there will not only be a proper interval of action, but the conclusion will be more forcible. JOHNSON.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Before the Tower.*

*Enter the Queen, Dutchess of York, and Marquis of Dorset, at one door; Anne, Dutchess of Gloucester, leading Lady Margaret Plantagenet, Clarence's young daughter, at the other.*

DUTCHESS.

**W**HO meets us here?—my niece Plantagenet,  
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster?<sup>3</sup>  
Now, for my life she's wandring to the Tower,  
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender prince.—  
Daughter, well met.

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

*Queen.* As much to you, good sister! Whither away?

*Anne.* No further than the Tower; and, as I guess,  
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,  
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

*Queen.* Kind sister, 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?

*Brak.* Right well.—Dear madam, by your patience  
I may not suffer you to visit them;

<sup>3</sup> *Who meets us here?—my niece Plantagenet,  
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster?]*

Here is a manifest intimation, that the dutchess of Gloster leads in somebody in her hand; but there is no direction marked in any of the copies, from which we can learn who it is. I have ventured to guess it must be Clarence's young daughter. The old dutchess of York calls her *niece*, i. e. grand-daughter; as grand-children are frequently called *nephews*. THEOBALD.

The

The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

*Queen.* The king? who's that?

*Brak.* I mean, the lord protector.

*Queen.* 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?

*Dutch.* I am their father's mother; I will see them.

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

*Brak.* No, madam, no, <sup>4</sup> I may not leave it so.  
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[*Exit Brakenbury.*]

*Enter Stanley.*

*Stanl.* 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, you must strait to Westminster,

[*To the Dutchess of Gloucester.*]

There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

*Queen.* Ah, cut my lace afunder!

That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,  
Or else I swoon with this dead killing news!

*Anne.* Despightful tidings! O unpleasing news!

*Dor.* Be of good chear:—mother how fares your  
grace?

*Queen.* O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee hence;  
Death and destruction dog thee at thy heels;

Thy mother's name is ominous to children.

If thou wilt outstrip 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 increase the number of the dead;

And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,—

<sup>4</sup> — [*I may not leave it so.*] That is, *I may not so resign my office,*  
which you offer to take on you at your peril. JOHNSON.

Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen:

*Stanl.* Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam:  
—Take all the swift advantage of the time;  
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.

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

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

*Anne.* 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 sear me to the brain!  
Anointed let me be with deadly venom,  
And die, ere men can say, *God save the queen!*

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

*Anne.* 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 mine own soul's curse,  
Which ever since hath held mine eyes from rest.

For



For never yet one hour in his bed  
 Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,  
<sup>5</sup> But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.  
 Beside, he hates me for my father Warwick;  
 And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

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

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

*Dor.* Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory!

*Anne.* Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it!

*Dutch.* Go thou to Richmond; and good fortune  
 guide thee! [To Dorset.

Go thou to Richard; and good angels tend thee!

[To Anne.

Go thou to sanctuary; and good thoughts possess thee!

[To the Queen.

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,

And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.\*

*Queen.* 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!

<sup>6</sup> Rude ragged nurse! old sullen play fellow

For tender princes, use my babies well!

So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.<sup>7</sup> [Exeunt.

<sup>5</sup> *But with his timorous dreams*——] 'Tis recorded by Polydore Virgil, that Richard was frequently disturbed by terrible dreams: this is therefore no fiction. JOHNSON.

• ——of teen.] Teen is sorrow. <sup>6</sup> So in *Romeo and Juliet*,

“And yet to my teen be it spoken, &c.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Rude ragged nurse! old sullen play-fellow,*] To call the Tower nurse and playfellow is very harsh: perhaps part of this speech is addressed to the Tower, and part to the lieutenant. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.*] Hither the third act should be extended, and here it very properly ends with a pause of action. JOHNSON.

## SCENE II.

*Changes to the court.**Flourish of trumpets. Enter Richard as King, Buckingham, Catesby, a Page, and others.*

*K. Rich.* Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham,—  
*Buck.* My gracious soveraign!

*K. Rich.* 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?

*Buck.* Still live they, and for ever let them last!

*K. Rich.* <sup>s</sup> Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch;  
 To try if thou be current gold, indeed:—  
 Young Edward lives;—Think now, what I would  
 speak.

*Buck.* Say on, my loving lord.

*K. Rich.* Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

*Buck.* Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned liege.

*K. Rich.* Ha! am I king? 'tis so:—but Edward  
 lives.

*Buck.* True, noble prince.

*K. Rich.* O bitter consequence!

That Edward still should live—true, noble prince!—  
 Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull:—  
 —Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;  
 And I would have it suddenly perform'd.  
 What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.

<sup>s</sup> *Ab! Buckingham, now do I play the touch,*] The technical term  
 is requisite here. The poet wrote,

—————*now do I'ply the touch,*

i. e. apply the *touchstone*: for that is meant by what he calls *touch*.  
 So, again, in *Timon of Athens*, speaking of gold, he says,

—————*O, thou touch of hearts!*

i. e. thou trial, touchstone. WARBURTON.

To *play the touch*, is to represent the *touchstone*. No emendation  
 is necessary. STEEVENS.

*Buck.*

*Buck.* Your grace may do your pleasure.

*K. Rich.* Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness  
freezes :

Say, have I thy consent, that they shall die ?

*Buck.* Give me some breath, some little pause; dear  
lord,

Before I positively speak in this :

I will resolve your grace immediately.

[*Exit Buckingham;*

*Cates.* The king is angry ; see, he gnaws his lip.

*K. Rich.* I will converse with iron-witted fools,  
And unrespective boys ;<sup>9</sup> none are for me,  
That look into me with considerate eyes.

High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.—  
Boy,——

*Page.* My lord.

*K. Rich.* Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting  
gold

Would tempt unto a<sup>1</sup> close exploit of death ?

*Page.* 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.

*K. Rich.* What is his name ?

*Page.* His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

*K. Rich.* I partly know the man ; go call him hi-  
ther, boy. [Exit Boy:

—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 ?

<sup>9</sup> *And unrespective boys ;——*] *Unresp:ctive* is inattentive, taking no notice, inconsiderate. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *—— close exploit——*] is secret act. JOHNSON.

*Stanl.* Know, my loving lord,  
The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled  
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

*K. Rich.* Come hither, Catesby : rumour it abroad,  
That Anne my wife is very grievous sick ;  
I will take order for her keeping close.  
Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,  
Whom I will marry strait 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 married to my brother's daughter,  
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass :—  
Murder her brothers, and then marry her !  
Uncertain way of gain ! But I am in  
So far in blood, <sup>2</sup> that sin will pluck on sin.

*Enter Tyrrel.*

Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.  
Is thy name Tyrrel ?

*Tyr.* James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

*K. Rich.* Art thou, indeed ?

*Tyr.* Prove me, my gracious lord.

*K. Rich.* Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of  
mine ?

*Tyr.* Please you ; but I had rather kill two enemies.

<sup>2</sup> ———— *But I am in  
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.*]

The same reflections occur in *Macbeth*,

——— *I am in blood  
Step'd in so far, that should I wade no more,  
Returning were as tedious, &c.*

Again,

*Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.* STERV.

*K. Rich.*

*K. Rich.* 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.

*K. Rich.* Thou sing'st sweet musick. Hark, come  
hither, Tyrrel—  
Go, by this token :—Rise, and lend thine ear—

[*Whispers.*  
There is no more but so :—Say, it is done,  
And I will love thee and prefer thee for it.

*Tyr.* I will dispatch it strait. [Exit.

*Re-enter Buckingham.*

*Buck.* My lord, I have consider'd in my mind  
That late demand that you did sound me in.

*K. Rich.* Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to  
Richmond.

*Buck.* I hear the news, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Stanley, he is your wife's son :—Well,  
look to it.

*Buck.* 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.

*K. Rich.* Stanley, look to your wife ; if she convey  
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

*Buck.* What says your highness to my just request ?

*K. Rich.* I do remember me,—Henry the sixth  
Did prophesy, that Richmond should be king,  
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

<sup>3</sup> A king ! perhaps—

<sup>3</sup> *A king ! perhaps—*] From hence to the words, *Thou troublest me, I am not in the vein*—have been left out ever since the first editions, but I like them well enough to replace them. POPE.

The allusions to the plays of *Henry VI.* are no weak proofs of the authenticity of these disputed pieces. JOHNSON.

*Buck.* My lord,——

*K. Rich.* How chance, the prophet could not at that time

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

*Buck.* My lord, your promise for the earldom,——

*K. Rich.* Richmond!—When I was last at Exeter,  
The mayor in courtesy shewed 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.

*Buck.* My lord,——

*K. Rich.* Ay, what's o'clock?

*Buck.* I am thus bold to put your grace in mind  
Of what you promis'd me.

*K. Rich.* But what's a clock?

*Buck.* Upon the stroke of ten.

*K. Rich.* Well, let it strike.

*Buck.* Why let it strike?

*K. Rich.* + Because, that, like a Jack, thou keep'st  
the stroke

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.

I am not in the giving vein to-day.

*Buck.* Why, then resolve me whether you will, or no.

+ *Because, that, like a Jack, &c.*] This passage, though I do not believe it corrupted, I do not understand. JOHNSON.

*Because, that, like a Jack, &c.*] An image, like those at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-street, and at the market-houses at several towns in this kingdom, was usually called a *Jack of the clock-house*. See Cowley's *Discourse on the Government of Oliver Cromwell*. Richard resembles Buckingham to one of those automatons, and bids him not suspend the stroke on the clock-bell, but strike, that the hour may be past, and himself be at liberty to pursue his meditations. HAWKINS.

So in *The Fleire*, a comedy, 1610.—“their tongues are, like a  
“*Jack o' the clock*, still in labour.”

Again, in *The Coxcomb*, by Beaumont and Fletcher,

“——Is this your *Jack o' the clock-house*?

“Will you *strike*, sir?” STEEVENS.

*K. Rich.*

*K. Rich.* Thou troublest me ; I am not in the vein.  
[*Exit.*]

*Buck.* 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.*]

S C E N E I I I.

*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 flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,  
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,  
Wept like two children, in their deaths' sad story.  
*O thus* (quoth Dighton) *lay the gentle babes ;—*  
*Thus, thus,* (quoth Forrest) *girdling one another*  
*Within their innocent alabaster 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, oh ! the devil—there the villain stopt ;*  
When Dighton thus told on,—*we smothered*  
*The most replenished sweet work of nature,*  
*That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd.—*  
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 King Richard.*

And here he comes :—All health, my sovereign lord !

*K. Rich.* Kind Tyrrel !—am I happy in thy news ?

*Tyr.* If to have done the thing you gave in charge  
Beget your happiness, be happy then,  
For it is done,

*K. Rich.* But did'st thou see them dead ?

*Tyr.* I did my lord.

*K. Rich.* And buried, gentle Tyrrel ?

*Tyr.* The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them,  
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

*K. Rich.* 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.

Farewell, till then.

*Tyr.* I humbly take my leave. [Exit.]

*K. Rich.* 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 Abraham's bosom,  
And Anne my wife hath bid this world good night.  
Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond aims  
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,  
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,  
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

*Enter Catesby.*

*Cates.* My lord, —

*K. Rich.* Good news or bad, that thou com'st in so  
bluntly ?

*Cates.* Bad news, my lord : Morton is fled to Rich-  
mond ;

And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,  
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth,

*K. Rich.* Ely with Richmond troubles me more near,  
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.  
Come, I have learn'd, that <sup>s</sup> fearful commenting  
Is leaden servitor to dull delay ;

<sup>s</sup> ————— fearful commenting  
Is leaden servitor ————— ]

Timorous thought and cautious disquisition are the dull attendants  
on delay. JOHNSON.

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 council is my shield ;  
 We must be brief, when traitors brave the field.

[Exit.

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Queen Margaret.*

*Q. Mar.* So, now prosperity begins to mellow,<sup>6</sup>  
 And drop into the rotten mouth of death.  
 Here in these confines silyly have I lurk'd  
 To watch the waining of mine enemies.  
 A<sup>7</sup> 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 Dutchess of York, and Queen.*

*Queen.* 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. Mar.* Hover about her ;<sup>8</sup> say, that right for right  
 Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

*Dutch.*

<sup>6</sup> ———— *begins to mellow, &c.*] The same thought occurs in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602,

“ ———— now is his fate grown mellow,

“ Instant to fall into the rotten jaws

“ Of chap-fall'n death.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *dire induction* — ] *Induction* is preface, introduction, first part. It is so used by Sackville in our author's time. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> ———— *say, that right for right.*] It's plain Shakespeare wrote,

*Dutch.* So many miseries have craz'd my voice,  
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.—  
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

*Q. Mar.* Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,  
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

*Queen.* 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. Mar.* When holy Henry dy'd, and my sweet son?

*Dutch.* 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!

*Queen.* Ah, that thou wouldst as soon afford a grave,  
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;

Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here!

Ah, who hath any cause to mourn but we?

[*Sitting down by her.*]

*Q. Mar.* If ancient sorrow be most reverent,  
Give mine the benefit of <sup>9</sup> signiory;

—————wrong for wrong;

but the players thought that a little rhyme was better than all  
reason. WARBURTON.

It is so unlikely that words so plain and so proper, as *wrong for  
wrong* would have been either ignorantly or officiously changed,  
that I believe *right for right* is the true though not the best reading.  
This is one of these conceits which our author may be suspected of  
loving better than propriety. *Right for right* is *justice answering  
to the claims of justice.* So in this play,

—————*That forehead*

*Where should be branded, if that right were right.*

<sup>9</sup> ———*signiory* ;] for *seniority.* JOHNSON.

JOHNSON.

And

And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.

[*Sitting down with 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 had'st an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him ;

Thou had'st a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

*Dutch.* I had a Richard too, and thou did'st kill him ;

I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

*Q. Mar.* Thou had'st a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.

Forth from 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, <sup>1</sup>

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 <sup>2</sup> pue-fellow with others' moan !

<sup>1</sup> *That reigns, &c.*] This and the preceding line have been omitted by all the modern editors, Rowe excepted. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *And makes her pue-fellow*——] *Pue fellow* seems to be companion. We have now a new phrase, nearly equivalent, by which we say of persons in the same difficulties, that they are in *the same box*. JOHNSON.

*Pue-fellow* is a word yet in use. HAWKINS.

I find the word in *Northward Hoe*, a comedy, by Decker and Webster, 1607.

“ He would make him *pue-fellow* with a lord's steward at least.”

Again, in a comedy, by Decker, called, *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*.

“ Lose not a minute, *pue-fellow*, &c.” STEEVENS.

*Dutch.*

*Dutch.* Oh, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes,  
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

*Q. Mar.* Bear with me ; I am hungry for 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 stabb'd my Edward ;  
And the beholders of this tragic play,  
<sup>3</sup> 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 unpitied end :  
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,  
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence :—  
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,  
That I may live to say, The dog is dead !

*Queen.* Oh ! thou didst prophesy the time would  
come,  
That I should wish for thee to help me curse  
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

*Q. Mar.* I call'd thee then vain flourish of my  
fortune ;  
I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen ;  
The presentation of but what I was,

\* *Young York he is but boot*——] *Boot* is that which is thrown  
in to mend a purchase. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *The adulterate Hastings*,—] I believe Shakespeare wrote,  
*The adulterer Hastings*,— WARBURTON.

*Adulterate* is right. We say *metals* are *adulterate*. To these  
Margaret alludes, who on trying the friendship of Hastings had  
found it false. *Adulterate*, however, sometimes means the same as  
*adulterer*. So the Ghost in *Hamlet*, speaking of the King, says,

“ —that incestuous, that *adulterate* beast.” STEEVENS.

† The flattering index of a direful pageant,  
 One heav'd on 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 one being su'd to, one that humbly sues ;  
 For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care :  
 For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me ;  
 For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one ;  
 For one commanding all, obey'd of none.  
 Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,  
 And left thee but a very prey to time ;  
 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 burden'd yoke ;  
 From which, even here I slip my wearied head,

† *The flatt'ring index of a direful pageant.*] Without doubt  
 Shakespeare wrote,

———*direful page.*

WARBURTON.

Surely there is no need of change. *Pageants* are dumb shews, and  
 the poet meant to allude to one of these, the index of which pro-  
 mised a happier conclusion. The pageants then displayed on pub-  
 lic occasions were generally preceded by a brief account of the  
 order in which the characters were to walk, which was distributed  
 among the spectators, that they might understand the meaning of  
 such allegorical stuff as was usually exhibited. The index of every  
 book was anciently placed before the beginning of it. STEEVENS.

And

And leave the burden of it all on thee.

Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance,  
These English woes shall make me smile in France.

*Queen.* O thou well-skill'd in curses ! stay a while,  
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

*Q. Mar.* 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.

*Queen.* My words are dull, O, quicken them with  
thine !

*Q. Mar.* Thy woes will make them sharp, and  
pierce like mine. [Exit Margaret.]

*Dutch.* Why should calamity be full of words ?

*Queen.* <sup>5</sup> Windy attorneys to their client woes,

<sup>6</sup> Airy succeders of intestate joys,  
Poor breathing orators of miseries !

Let them have scope : tho' what they do impart  
Help nothing else, yet they do ease the heart.

*Dutch.* 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.

<sup>5</sup> *Windy attorneys to their client-woes,*] In former editions this line  
was read thus :

*Windy attorneys to your client's woes.*

The emendation is fir Thomas Hanmer's. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Airy succeders of intestine joys,*] I cannot understand this reading.  
I have adopted another from the quarto in 1597,

*Airy succeders of intestate joys,*

i. e. words, tun'd to complaints, succeed joys that are dead ; and  
unbequeath'd to them, to whom they should properly descend,

THEOBALD.

*Enter*

*Enter King Richard, and his train, marching.*

*K. Rich.* Who intercepts me in my expedition ?

*Dutch.* O, she, that might have intercepted thee,  
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,  
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

*Queen.* 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 ?

*Dutch.* Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother  
Clarence ?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son ?

*Queen.* Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey ?

*Dutch.* Where is kind Hastings ?

*K. Rich.* A flourish, trumpets ! strike alarum, drums !  
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women  
Rail on the Lord's 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.

*Dutch.* Art thou my son ?

*K. Rich.* Ay ; I thank God, my father, and yourself.

*Dutch.* Then patiently hear my impatience.

*K. Rich.* Madam, I have <sup>7</sup> a touch of your condition,  
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

*Dutch.* O, let me speak.

*K. Rich.* Do, then ; but I'll not hear.

*Dutch.* I will be mild, and gentle in my words.

*K. Rich.* And brief, good mother ; for I am in haste.

*Dutch.* Art thou so hasty ? I have staid for thee,  
God knows, in anguish, pain, and agony.

<sup>7</sup> —a touch of your condition,] A *spice* or *particle* of your temper  
or disposition. JOHNSON.

*K. Rich.*

*K. Rich.* And came I not at last to comfort you?

*Dutch.* No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,  
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.

A grievous burden was thy birth to me :

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy ;

Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and furious ;

Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous ;

Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,

More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred :

What comfortable hour canst thou name,

<sup>8</sup> That ever grac'd me in thy company ?

*K. Rich.* Faith none but Humphry Houre,<sup>9</sup> that  
call'd your grace

To breakfast once, forth of my company.

If I be so disgracious in your sight,

Let me march on, and not offend your grace.

—Strike up the drum.

*Dutch.* I pry'thee, hear me speak.

*K. Rich.* You speak too bitterly.

*Dutch.* Hear me a word ;

For I shall never speak to thee again.

*K. Rich.* So.

*Dutch.* Either thou wilt die by God's just ordinance,  
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror ;

Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,

And never look upon thy face again.

Therefore, take with thee my most heavy curse ;

Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,

Than all the compleat armour that thou wear'st !

<sup>8</sup> *That ever grac'd me—*] To *grace* seems here to mean the same as to *bliss*, to make happy. So *gracious* is kind, and *graces* are favours. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *Humphry Houre,*—] This may probably be an allusion to some affair of gallantry of which the dutchess had been suspected. I cannot find the name in Holinshed. Surely the poet's fondness for a quibble has not induced him at once to personify and christen that *hour* of the day which summon'd his mother to breakfast? STEEVENS.



My prayers on the adverse party fight ;  
 And there the little souls of Edward's children  
 Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,  
 And promise them success and victory !  
 Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end ;  
<sup>1</sup> Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend.

[Exit.

*Queen.* Tho' far more cause, yet much less spirit  
 to curse

Abides in me ; I say Amen to her. [Going.

*K. Rich.* <sup>2</sup> Stay, madam, I must speak a word with  
 you.

*Queen.* I have no more sons of the royal blood  
 For thee to murder : for my daughters, Richard,  
 They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens,  
 And therefore level not to hit their lives.

*K. Rich.* You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,  
 Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

*Queen.* 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 unscarr'd from bleeding slaughter,  
 I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

*K. Rich.* Wrong not her birth, she is of royal  
 blood.

*Queen.* To save her life, I'll say, she is not so.

*K. Rich.* Her life is safest only in her birth.

*Queen.* And only in that safety dy'd her brothers.

*K. Rich.* Lo, at their births good stars were op-  
 posite.

*Queen.* No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

<sup>1</sup> *Shame serves thy life,*———] To *serve* is to accompany, ser-  
 vants being near the persons of their masters JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Stay, madam,*———] On this dialogue 'tis not necessary to  
 bestow much criticism : part of it is ridiculous, and the whole  
 improbable. JOHNSON.

*K. Rich.*

*K. Rich.* All unavoyded is the doom of destiny.

*Queen.* True; when avoyded grace makes destiny.  
My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,  
If grace had blest'd thee with a fairer life.

*K. Rich.* You speak, as if that I had slain my  
cousins.

*Queen.* Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd  
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.  
Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,  
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction.  
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt  
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart<sup>3</sup>  
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.  
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,  
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys  
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;  
And I in such a desperate bay of death,  
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,  
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

*K. Rich.* Madam, so thrive I in my enterprize,  
And dangerous success of bloody wars,  
As I intend more good to you and yours,  
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!

*Queen.* What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,  
To be discover'd, that can do me good?

*K. Rich.* The advancement of your children, gentle  
lady.

*Queen.* Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads.

<sup>3</sup> *Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart*] This conceit seems to have been a great favorite of Shakespeare's. We meet with it more than once. In *Henry IV.* 2d Part.

*Thou bid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,  
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,  
To stab, &c.*

Again in the *Merchant of Venice*,

*Not on thy foal, but on thy sul, harsh Jew,  
Thou mak'st thy knife keen.*—————

STEEVENS.

*K. Rich.*

*K. Rich.* No, to the dignity and height of fortune,  
 4 The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

*Queen.* Flatter my sorrows with report of it :  
 Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,  
 5 Canst thou demise to any child of mine ?

*K. Rich.* Even all I have ; ay, and myself and all,  
 Will I withal endow a child of thine ;  
 So in the Lethe of thy angry soul  
 Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,  
 Which, thou supposest, I have done to thee.

*Queen.* Be brief ; lest that the process of thy kindness  
 Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

*K. Rich.* Then know, that, from my soul, I love  
 thy daughter.

*Queen.* My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

*K. Rich.* What do you think ?

*Queen.* That thou dost love my daughter, from thy  
 soul :

So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers ;  
 And, from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

*K. Rich.* Be not so hasty to confound my meaning ;  
 I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,  
 And do intend to make her queen of England.

*Queen.* Say then, who dost thou mean shall be her  
 king ?

*K. Rich.* Even he, that makes her queen : Who  
 else should be ?

*Queen.* What, thou !

*K. Rich.* I, even I : what think you of it, madam ?

<sup>4</sup> *The high imperial type—*] *Type* is exhibition, shew, display.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Canst thou demise—*] The sense of the word *demise* is evident, but I do not remember it any where so used : perhaps it should be *devise*, which the lawyers use for to transfer, or make over. JOHNSON.

The common meaning of the verb to *demise* is to grant, from *demittere*, to devolve a right from one to another.

STEEVENS.

*Queen.* How canst thou woo her ?

*K. Rich.* That I would learn of you,  
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

*Queen.* And wilt thou learn of me ?

*K. Rich.* Madam, with all my heart.

*Queen.* 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,—<sup>6</sup> 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 brothers' bodies,  
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes therewith.  
If this inducement move her not to love,  
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds ;  
Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,  
Her uncle Rivers ; ay, and, for her sake,  
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

*K. Rich.* You mock me, madam ; this is not the  
way

To win your daughter.

*Queen.* There is no other way ;  
Unless thou could'st put on some other shape,  
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

*K. Rich.* Say, that I did all this for love of her ?

*Queen.* Nay then, indeed, she cannot chuse but hate  
thee,<sup>7</sup>

Having bought love with such a<sup>8</sup> bloody spoil.

*K. Rich.* Look, what is done, cannot be now  
amended :

<sup>6</sup> ——— as sometime Margaret] Here is another reference to the plays of Henry VI. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> Nay then, indeed, she cannot chuse but hate thee,] The sense seems to require that we should read,

————— but love thee,  
ironically. T. T.

<sup>8</sup> ——— bloody spoil.] Spoil is waste, havock. JOHNSON.

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,  
 Which after-hours give leisure to repent.  
 If I did take the kingdom from your sons,  
 To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.  
 If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,  
 To quicken your increase, I will beget  
 Mine issue of your blood, upon your daughter.  
 A grandam's name is little less in love,  
 Than is the doting title of a mother ;  
 They are as children, but one step below,  
 Even of your metal, of your very blood ;  
 Of all one pain, save for a night of groans  
 Endur'd of her, for whom you <sup>9</sup> 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 beautiful 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 ;  
<sup>1</sup> Advantaging their loan with interest  
 Of ten times double gain of happiness.

Go

<sup>9</sup> —*bid like sorrow.*] *Bid* is in the past tense from *bide*. JOHNS.

<sup>1</sup> *Advantaging their love with interest,*  
*Oftentimes double gain of happiness.]*

My easy emendation will convince every reader *love* and *love* are made

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 garlands will I come,  
 And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed ;  
 To whom I will retail my conquest won,  
 And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

*Queen.* 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 ?

*K. Rich.* Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

*Queen.* Which she shall purchase with still lasting  
 war.

*K. Rich.* Tell her, the king, that may command,  
 intreats.—

*Queen.* That at her hands, which the king's King  
 forbids.

*K. Rich.* Say, she shall be a high and mighty  
 queen.

*Queen.* To wail the title, as her mother doth.

*K. Rich.* Say, I will love her everlastingly.

made out of one another only by a letter turned upside down. *Oftentimes* is a stupid concretion of three words. My emendation gives this apt and easy sense. *The tears that you have lent to your afflictions, shall be turn'd into gems ; and requite you by way of interest, with happiness twenty times as great as your sorrows have been.*

THEOBALD.

Theobald found this concretion, as he calls it, rather loosely formed in the folio, where it stands thus,—*Often-times.* STEEVENS.

*Queen.*

*Queen.* But how long shall that title, ever, last? <sup>2</sup>

*K. Rich.* Sweetly in force, unto her fair life's end.

*Queen.* But how long, fairly, shall her sweet life last?

*K. Rich.* As long as heaven, and nature, lengthen it.

*Queen.* As long as hell and Richard like of it.

*K. Rich.* Say, I, her sov'reign, am her subject low. <sup>3</sup>

*Queen.* But she, your subject, loaths such sov'reignty.

*K. Rich.* Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

*Queen.* An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

*K. Rich.* Then, in plain terms tell her my loving tale.

*Queen.* Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a stile.

*K. Rich.* Your reasons are too shallow, and too quick.

*Queen.* O no, my reasons are too deep and dead ;  
Two deep and dead poor infants in their graves.

*K. Rich.* Harp not on that string, madam ; that is  
past. <sup>4</sup>

*Queen.* Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings  
break.

*K. Rich.* Now by my George, my garter, and my  
crown——

*Queen.* Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

*K. Rich.* I swear.

*Queen.* By nothing ; for this is no oath.

The George, profan'd, hath lost his holy honour ;

The garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue ;

The crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory.

If something thou wouldst swear to be believ'd,

<sup>2</sup> *But how long shall that title, ever, last?*] Young has borrow'd this thought in his *Universal Passion*,

*But say——my mistress and my friend,*

*Which day next week the eternity shall end?* STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——*am her subject low.*] Thus the folio. The quarto's read,

——*her subject love.* STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Harp not, &c.*] In the regulation of these short speeches I have followed the first and second quartos. STEEVENS.

Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

*K. Rich.* Now by the world,—

*Queen.* 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

*K. Rich.* My father's death,—

*Queen.* Thy life hath that dishonour'd.

*K. Rich.* Then by myself,—

*Queen.* Thyself is self-mis-us'd.

*K. Rich.* Why then, by heaven,—

*Queen.* Heaven's wrong is most of all.

If thou didst fear to break an oath with heaven,  
The unity the king my husband made  
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain.  
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath with him,<sup>5</sup>  
The imperial metal circling now thy head  
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child ;  
And both the princes had been breathing here ;  
<sup>6</sup> Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust,  
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.  
What can'st thou swear by now ?

*K. Rich.* By time to come.

*Queen.* 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 fathers 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 in their age.  
Swear not by time to come, for that thou hast  
Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'er-past.

<sup>5</sup> ———with him,] Thus all the old copies. The modern ones read,

—————with heaven.

I have restored the old reading, because *him* (the oblique case of *he*) was anciently used for *it*, in a *neutral sense*. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Which now two tender, &c.] Mr. Roderick observes, that the word *two* is without any force, and would read,

Which now too tender, &c,

STEEVENS.



*K. Rich.* As I intend to prosper and repent !  
 So thrive I in my dangerous attempt  
 Of hostile arms ! myself, myself confound !  
 Heaven, and fortune bar me happy hours !  
 Day, yield me not thy light, nor night thy rest !  
 Be opposite all planets of good luck  
 To my 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.

*Queen.* Shall I be tempted of the devil thus ?

*K. Rich.* Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good ?

*Queen.* Shall I forget myself, to be myself ?

*K. Rich.* Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong  
 yourself.

*Queen.* But thou didst kill my children.

*K. Rich.* But in you daughter's womb I bury them ;  
 Where, in that nest of spicery, they shall breed  
 Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

*Queen.* Shall I go win my daughter to thy will ?

*K. Rich.* And be a happy mother by the deed.

*Queen.* I go. Write to me very shortly.

*K. Rich.* Bear her my true love's kisses, and so farewell.

[*Kissing her. Exit Queen.*]

—Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman !  
 How now ? what news ?

*Enter Ratcliff, and Catesby.*

*Rat.* Most mighty soveraign, on the western coast  
Rideth a puissant navy ; to our shores  
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,  
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back :  
'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral ;  
And there they hull, expecting but the aid  
Of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore.

*K. Rich.* <sup>7</sup> Some light-foot friend post to the duke  
of Norfolk,

Ratcliff, thyself ;—or Catesby ; where is he ?

*Cates.* Here, my good lord.

*K. Rich.* Catesby, fly to the duke.

*Cates.* I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

*K. Rich.* Ratcliff, come hither : Post to Salisbury ;  
When thou com'st thither,—dull unmindful villain,

[*To Catesby.*

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke ?

*Cates.* First, mighty liege, tell me your highness'  
pleasure,

What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

*K. Rich.* O true, good Catesby :—Bid him levy  
strait

The greatest strength and power he can make,  
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

*Cates.* I go.

[*Exit.*

*Rat.* What, may it please you, shall I do at Salis-  
bury ?

*K. Rich.* Why, what wouldst thou do there, before  
I go ?

*Rat.* Your highness told me, I should post before.

*K. Rich.* My mind is chang'd.—

<sup>7</sup> *Some light-foot friend post to the duke*———] Richard's precipitation and confusion is in this scene very happily represented by inconsistent orders, and sudden variations of opinion, JOHNS.

*Enter*

*Enter Lord Stanley.*

Stanley, what news with you ?

*Stanl.* None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing ;

Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

*K. Rich.* Heyday a riddle ! neither good, nor bad !  
Why dost thou run so many miles about,  
When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way ?  
Once more, what news ?

*Stanl.* Richmond is on the seas.

*K. Rich.* There let him sink, and be the seas on him !  
White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there ?

*Stanl.* I know not, mighty sovereign, but by gues.

*K. Rich.* Well, as you gues ?

*Stanl.* Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and  
Morton,

He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

*K. Rich.* Is the chair empty ? is the sword unsway'd ?  
Is the king dead ? the empire unpossess'd ?  
What heir of York is there alive, but we ?  
And who is England's king, but great York's heir ?  
Then tell me, what makes he upon the sea ?

*Stanl.* Unless for that, my liege, I cannot gues.

*K. Rich.* 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.

*Stanl.* No, mighty liege ; therefore mistrust me not.

*K. Rich.* Where is thy power then to beat him back ?  
Where are thy tenants, and thy followers ?  
Are they not now upon the western shore,  
Safe conducting the rebels from their ships ?

*Stanl.* No, my good lord, my friends are in the  
north.

*K. Rich.* Cold friends to me : What do they in the  
north,  
When they should serve their sovereign in the west ?

*Stanl.*

*Stanl.* They have not been commanded, mighty king :

Please it your majesty to give me leave,  
I'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace,  
Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.

*K. Rich.* Ay, ay, thou wouldst fain be gone to join  
with Richmond,  
But I'll not trust you, sir.

*Stanl.* Most mighty sovereign,  
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful :  
I never was, nor never will be, false.

*K. Rich.* Well go, muster thy men ; but leave behind  
Thy son George Stanley : look, your heart be firm,  
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

*Stanl.* So deal with him, as I prove true to you !

[*Exit Stanley.*]

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,  
As I by friends am well advertised,  
Sir Edmund Courtney, and the haughty prelate,  
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,  
With many more confederates, are in arms.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*2 Mes.* In Kent, my liege, the Guilfords are in  
arms ;  
And every hour <sup>1</sup> more competitors  
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*3 Mess.* My lord, the army of the duke of Buckingham—

*K. Rich.* Out on ye, owls ! nothing but songs of  
death ? [He strikes him.]

<sup>1</sup> ——— *more competitors*] That is, more opponents. JOHNSON.

There,

There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

3 *Mef.* The news I have to tell your majesty,  
Is,—that, by sudden floods and fall of waters,  
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;  
And he himself wander'd away alone,  
No man knows whither.

*K. Rich.* Oh! I cry thee mercy:  
There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.  
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd  
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

3 *Mef.* Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

*Enter another Messenger.*

4 *Mef.* Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord marquis Dorset,  
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.  
But this good comfort bring I to your highness,  
The Bretagne navy is dispers'd, by 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 answered him, they came from Buckingham  
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,  
Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.

*K. Rich.* March on, march on, since we are up in  
arms;  
If not to fight with foreign enemies,  
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

*Enter Catesby.*

*Cates.* 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.

*K. Rich.* 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

## SCENE V.

*Lord Stanley's house.**Enter Lord Stanley, and Sir Christopher Urswick.*

*Stanl.* ° 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 holds off my present aid.

But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now ?

*Cbri.* At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west in Wales.

*Stanl.* What men of name resort to him ?

*Cbri.* Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned foldier ;  
Sir Gilbert Talbot, and sir William Stanley ;  
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, sir James Blunt,  
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew ;  
And many others of great name and worth :  
And towards London do they bend their course,  
If by the way they be not fought withal.

*Stanl.* Return unto thy lord ; commend me to him ;  
Tell him, the queen hath heartily consented  
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.  
These letters will resolve him of my mind.  
Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

° *Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me :*] The person, who is called sir Christopher here, and who has been stiled so in the *Dramatis Personæ* of all the impressions, I find by the chronicles to have been Christopher Urswick, a bachelor in divinity ; and chaplain to the countess of Richmond, who had intermarried with the lord Stanley. This priest, the history tells us, frequently went backwards and forwards, unsuspected, on messages betwixt the countess of Richmond, and her husband, and the young earl of Richmond, whilst he was preparing to make his descent on England. THEOBALD.

Dr. Johnson has observed, that *Sir* was anciently a title assumed by graduates. This the late Mr. Guthrie disputes ; and says, it was a title sold by the pope's legates, &c. that his holiness might be on the same footing with the king. STEEVENS.

A C T

## ACT V. SCENE I.

## SALISBURY.

*Enter the Sheriff, and Buckingham, with halberds, led to execution.*

## BUCKINGHAM.

WILL not king Richard let me speak with him?  
*Sher.* No, good my lord; therefore be patient.

*Buck.* Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers,  
 Grey,

Holy king Henry, and thy fair son Edward,  
 Vaughan, and all that have miscarried  
 By under-hand, corrupted, foul injustice;  
 If that your moody, discontented, souls  
 Do through the clouds behold this present hour,  
 Even for revenge mock my destruction!  
 This is All-Souls day, fellows, is it not?

*Sher.* It is, my lord.

*Buck.* Why, then All-Souls day is my body's  
 doomday.

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.

<sup>1</sup> *Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.*] This is nonsense, we should read,

—respect of my wrongs,

i. e. requital. WARBURTON.

Hanmer had rightly explained it, the time to which the punishment of his wrongs was respited.

*Wrongs* in this line means wrongs done, or injurious practices.

JOHNSON.

That

That high All-see, whom I dallied with,  
 Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,  
 And given in earnest, what I begg'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, sirs, convey me to the block of shame ;  
 Wrong hath but wrong, and <sup>2</sup> blame the due of blame.  
*[Exeunt Buckingham, Sheriff, and Officers.]*

## S C E N E II.

*Tamworth, on the borders of Leicestershire. A camp.*

*Enter Henry Earl of Richmond, Earl of Oxford, Sir  
 James Blunt, Sir Walter Herbert, and others, with  
 drum and colours.*

*Richm.* Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,  
 Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,  
 Thus far into the bowels of the land  
 Have we march'd on without impediment ;  
 And here receive we from our father Stanley  
 Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.  
 The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,  
 That spoil'd your summer-fields, and fruitful vines,  
 Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his  
 trough

<sup>2</sup> —*blame the due of blame.*] This scene should, in my opinion, be added to the foregoing act, so the fourth act will have a more full and striking conclusion, and the fifth act will comprise the business of the important day, which put an end to the competition of York and Lancaster. Some of the quarto editions are not divided into acts, and it is probable, that this and many other plays were left by the author in one unbroken continuity, and afterwards distributed by chance, or what seems to have been a guide very little better, by the judgment or caprice of the first editors.



In your <sup>3</sup> embowell'd bosoms ; this foul swine  
Lies now even in the centre 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, cheerly on, couragious 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.

*Herb.* I doubt not, but his friends will fly to us.

*Blunt.* He hath no friends, but who are friends for  
fear,

Which in his deareſt need will fly from him.

*Richm.* 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.*]

### S C E N E I I I.

#### B O S W O R T H F I E L D.

*Enter King Richard in arms, with the Duke of Norfolk,  
Earl of Surrey, and others.*

*K. Rich.* Here pitch our tents, even here in Boſ-  
worth field.—

My lord of Surrey, why look you ſo ſad ?

*Surr.* My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

*K. Rich.* My lord of Norfolk,—

*Nor.* Here moſt gracious liege.

*K. Rich.* Norfolk, we muſt have knocks: Ha!  
muſt we not ?

<sup>3</sup> —embowell'd bosoms—] Exenterated ; ripped up : allu-  
ding, perhaps, to the Promethean vulture ; or, more probably,  
to the ſentence pronounced in the Engliſh courts againſt traitors,  
by which they are condemned to be hanged, drawn, that is, *em-  
bowelled*, and quartered. JOHNSON.

*Nor.*

*Nor.* We must both give and take, my gracious lord.

*K. Rich.* Up with my tent; here will I lie 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.

*K. Rich.* 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 <sup>4</sup> sound direction:— Let's want no discipline, make no delay, For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter on the other side of the field, Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and Dorset.*

*Richm.* The weary sun hath made a golden set, And by the bright track of his fiery car, Gives signal of a goodly day to-morrow. —Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.— The earl of Pembroke keep his regiment; —Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him; And by the second hour in the morning Desire the earl to see me in my tent.

—Yet one thing more, good Blunt, before thou goest; Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, dost thou know?

*Blunt* 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.

*Richm.* If without peril it be possible, Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,

<sup>4</sup>—*sound direction:*] True judgment; tried military skill.

And give him from me this most needful note.

*Blunt.* Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it.  
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!

*Richm.*<sup>s</sup> Give me some ink and paper; in my tent  
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,  
Limit each leader to his several charge,  
And part in just proportion our small strength.  
My lord of Oxford,—you, sir William Brandon,  
And you, sir Walter Herbert, stay with me.  
Good night, good captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen,  
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business.  
—In to our tent, the air is raw and cold.

[*They withdraw into the tent.*]

*Enter to his tent King Richard, Ratcliff, Norfolk, and Catesby.*

*K. Rich.* What is't o'clock?

*Catesf.* It's supper time, my lord;  
It's nine o'clock.

*K. Rich.* I will not sup to-night.  
Give me some ink and paper.  
What, is my beaver easier than it was?—  
And all my armour laid into my tent?

*Catesf.* It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.

*K. Rich.* Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge,  
Use careful watch, chuse trusty centinels.

*Nor.* I go, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle  
Norfolk.

*Nor.* I warrant you, my lord. [Exit.]

<sup>s</sup> Give me some ink and paper;—] I have placed these lines here as they stand in the first editions: the rest place them three speeches before, after the words *Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard*; interrupting what there follows; *The earl of Pembroke, &c.* I think them more naturally introduced here, when he is retiring to his tent; and considering what he has to do that night.

POPE.

*K. Rich.* Ratcliff—

*Rat.* My lord ?

*K. Rich.* Send out a pursuivant at arms  
To Stanley's regiment ; bid him bring his power  
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall  
Into the blind cave of eternal night.—

Fill me a bowl of wine :—<sup>6</sup> Give me a watch :—

[*To Ratcliff.*

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—

<sup>7</sup> Look, that my staves be found, and not too heavy.  
Ratcliff—

*Rat.* My lord ?

*K. Rich.* Saw'st thou the melancholy lord Nor-  
thumberland ?

*Rat.* Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself,  
Much about cock-shut time,<sup>8</sup> from troop to troop,

<sup>6</sup> ———— [*Give me a watch :*] A *watch* has many significations, but I should believe that it means in this place not a sentinel, which would be regularly placed at the king's tent ; nor an instrument to measure time, which was not used in that age ; but a watch-light a candle to burn by him ; the light that afterwards burnt blue ; yet a few lines after, he says,

*Bid my guard watch.*

which leaves it doubtful whether *watch* is not here a sentinel.

JOHNSON.

I believe that particular kind of candle is here meant, which was anciently called a *watch*, because, being marked out into sections, each of which was a certain portion of time in burning, it supplied the place of what we now call a watch. I have seen these candles represented with great nicety in some of the pictures of Albert Durer. STEEVENS.

Lord Bacon mentions a species of light called an *all-night*, which is a wick set in the middle of a large cake of wax. JOHNS.

<sup>7</sup> *Look, that my staves be found,—*] *Staves* are the wood of the lances. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Much about cock-shut time,———*] Ben Jonson uses the same expression in one of his entertainments,

“ For you would not yesternight,

“ Kifs him in the *cock-shut* light.”

*Cock-shut* is the time at which fowls go to roost. STEEVENS.

Went

Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

*K. Rich.* I am satisfy'd. Give me a bowl of wine:  
I have not that alacrity of spirit,  
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.—  
—So, set it down.—Is ink and paper ready?

*Rat.* It is, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Bid my guard watch, and leave me.  
About the mid of night come to my tent,  
And help to arm me, Ratcliff.—Leave me now, I say!  
[*Exit Ratcliff.*]

*Richmond's tent opens, and discovers him, &c.*

*Enter Stanley.*

*Stanl.* Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

*Richm.* All comfort, that the dark night can afford,  
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!  
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

*Stanl.* I, <sup>9</sup> by attorney, blest thee from thy mother,  
Who prays continually for Richmond's good.  
So much for that.—The silent hours steal on,  
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.

In brief, for so the season bids us be,  
Prepare thy battle early in the morning;  
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement  
Of bloody strokes, and mortal staring war.  
' I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot)  
With best advantage will deceive the time,  
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:  
But on thy side I may not be too forward,  
Lest, being seen, thy tender brother George,  
Be executed in his father's fight.

<sup>9</sup> —by attorney——] By deputation. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> I, as I may,——

[With best advantage will deceive the time,]

I will take the best opportunity to elude the dangers of this conjuncture. JOHNSON.

Farewell. <sup>2</sup> 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!

*Richm.* Good lords, conduct him to his regiment:  
 I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap;  
 Lest leaden slumber seize me down to-morrow, <sup>3</sup>  
 When I should mount with wings of victory.

—Once more, good night, kind lords, and gentlemen.  
[*Exeunt Lords, &c.*

—O Thou! whose captain I account myself,  
 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 thy victory!  
 To thee I do commend my watchful soul,  
 Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;  
 Sleeping, and waking, oh, defend me still! [*Sleeps.*

<sup>2</sup> ———— *The leisure, and the fearful time  
 Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,*

We have still a phrase equivalent to this, however harsh it may seem, *I would do this, if leisure would permit*, where *leisure*, as in this passage, stands for *want of leisure*. So again,

————— *More than I have said  
 The leisure and enforcement of the time  
 Forbids to dwell upon.*—————

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ———— *peize me down to-morrow,*] Thus the old copies. The modern editions read—*poize*. To *peize*, i. e. to *weigh down*, from *peser*, French.

I meet with the word in the old play of *The Raigne of King Edward the third*, 1596,

“And *peize* their deeds with heavy weight of lead.”

STEEVENS.

SCENE

## SCENE V.

*Between the tents of Richard and Richmond:  
They sleeping.*

*Enter the Ghost<sup>3</sup> of Prince Edward, son to Henry the sixth.*

*Ghost.* Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!  
[To K. Rich.

Think, how thou stab'dst me in the prime of youth  
At Tewksbury; despair, therefore, and die.

—Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls  
[To Richm.

Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:  
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

*Enter the Ghost of Henry the sixth.*

*Ghost.* When I was mortal, my anointed body  
[To K. Rich.

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! [To Richm.

<sup>3</sup> *Enter the Ghost.*] This circumstance is likewise found in the old book first called the *Mirror for Magistrates*, which was afterwards published under the title of the *Falles of unfortunate Princes*. Of this book there were very many editions, and something was added at almost every re-impresion, so that I cannot for a certainty pronounce whether the *Legend of Richard* was earlier or later than this play of Shakespeare.

*As in my tent on slumbring bed I lie,  
Horrid aspects appear'd unto mine eye.  
I thought that all those murder'd ghosts, whom I  
By death had sent to their untimely grave,  
With baleful noise about my tent did crye,  
And of the heavens, with sad complaint, did crave  
That they on guilty wretch might vengeance have.*

His terror on waking is likewise very forcibly described.

STEEVENS.

Harry, <sup>4</sup> that prophesy'd thou shouldst be king,  
Doth comfort thee in thy sleep; live and flourish.

*Enter the Ghost of Clarence.*

*Ghost.* Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!

[*To K. Rich.*

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 offspring of the house of Lancaster,

[*To Richm.*

The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee;  
Good angels guard thy battle! live, and flourish!

*Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan.*

*Riv.* Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,

[*To K. Rich.*

Rivers, that dy'd at Pomfret! Despair and die!

*Grey.* Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!

[*To K. Rich.*

*Vaugh.* Think upon Vaughan; and, with guilty fear  
Let fall thy lance! Richard, despair and die!

[*To K. Rich.*

*All.* Awake! and think our wrongs in Richard's  
bosom

Will conquer him;—Awake, and win the day!

[*To Richm.*

*Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.*

*Ghost.* Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake;

[*To K. Rich.*

And in a bloody battle end thy days!

<sup>4</sup> Harry, that prophesy'd thou shouldst be king,] This prophecy, to which this allusion is made, was uttered in one of the parts of *Henry the sixth.* JOHNSON.

Think



Think on lord Hastings; and despair and die!  
 —Quiet, untroubled soul, awake, awake! [*To Richm.*  
*Arm,* fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake.

*Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.*

*Ghosts.* Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the  
 Tower.

<sup>s</sup> Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,  
[*To K. Rich.*

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;  
[*To Richm.*

Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!  
 Live, and beget a happy race of kings!—  
 Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

*Enter the Ghost of Anne, his wife.*

*Ghost.* Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy  
 wife,  
[*To K. Rich.*

That never slept a quiet hour with thee,  
 Now fills thy sleep with perturbations.  
 To-morrow in the battle think on me,  
 And fall thy edgeless sword: Despair and die!  
 —Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep,  
[*To Richm.*

Dream of success and happy victory;  
 Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

<sup>s</sup> *Let us be laid within thy bosom, Richard,*] This is a poor feeble  
 reading. I have restored from the elder quarto, published in 1597,  
 which Mr. Pope does not pretend to have seen,

*Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard.*

This corresponds with what is said in the line immediately follow-  
 ing,

*And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death.*

THEOBALD.

*Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.*

*Ghost.* The first was I that help'd thee to the crown;  
[*To K. Rich.*

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!  
—<sup>6</sup> I dy'd for hope, ere I could lend thee aid:

[*To Richm.*

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:  
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side,  
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[*The Ghosts vanish.*

[*K. Richard starts out of his dream.*

*K. Rich.* <sup>7</sup> Give me another horse,——bind up my  
wounds,——

Have

<sup>6</sup> *I dy'd for hope,*—] i. e. I died for wishing well to you. But Mr. Theobald, with great sagacity, conjectured *holpe* or *aid*; which gave the line this fine sense, *I died for giving thee aid before I could give thee aid.* WARBURTON.

Hanmer reads,

*I died forfook,*——

and supports his conjecture thus.

This, as appears from history, was the case of the duke of Buckingham: that being stopp'd with his army upon the banks of Severn by great deluges of rain, he was deserted by his soldiers, who being in great distress, half famished for want of victuals, and destitute of pay, disbanded themselves and fled. HANMER.

Hanmer's emendation is very plausible; but may not the meaning of the expression be, *I died for only having hoped to give you that assistance*, which I never had it in my power to afford you in reality. STEEVENS.

Perhaps we should read,

*I dy'd fore-done, &c.*

So in *Hamlet*, act v.

*Fore-do its own life.* T. T.

<sup>7</sup> *Give me another horse,*——] There is in this, as in many of

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 murd'rer here? no;—yes; I am:  
 Then fly,—what, from myself? Great reason: Why?  
 Lest I revenge. What? myself on myself?  
 I love myself. Wherefore? for any good,  
 That I myself have done unto myself?  
 O, no. Alas, I rather hate myself,  
 For hateful deeds committed by my self,  
 I am a villain: yet I lye, 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,  
 Murder, stern murder in the dir'st degree,  
 All several sins, all us'd in each degree,  
 Throng to the bar, all crying, *guilty! guilty!*

of our author's speeches of passion, something very trifling, and something very striking. Richard's debate, whether he should quarrel with himself, is too long continued, but the subsequent exaggeration of his crimes is truly tragical. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> O coward conscience,—] This is extremely fine. The speaker had entirely got the better of his *conscience*, and banished it from all his *waking* thoughts. But it takes advantage of his sleep, and frights him in his dreams. With greater elegance therefore he is made to call it *coward conscience*, which dares not encounter him while he is himself awake, and his faculties entire; but takes advantage of reason being off its guard, and the powers of the soul dissolved in sleep. But the players, amongst their other innumerable absurdities in the representation of this tragedy, make Richard say, instead of *O coward conscience*, *O tyrant conscience!* whereby not only a great beauty is lost, but a great blunder committed. For Richard had entirely got the better of his *conscience*; which could, on no account, therefore, be said to play the tyrant with him.

WARBURTON.

I shall

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.

<sup>9</sup> Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd  
 Came to my tent ; and every one did threat  
 To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard,

*Enter Ratcliff.*

*Rat.* My lord,——

*K. Rich.* Who's there ?

*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.

*K. Rich.* Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—

*Rat.* Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows,

*K. Rich.* By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night  
 Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,  
 Than can the substance of ten thousand foldiers  
 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 K. Richard and Ratcliff.*]

*Richmond wakes. Enter Oxford and others.*

*Lords.* Good morrow, Richmond,

*Richm.* 'Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,  
 That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

*Lords.* How have you slept, my lord ?

*Richm.* The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding  
 dreams,

<sup>9</sup> *Methought, the souls, &c.*] These lines stand with so little propriety at the end of this speech, that I cannot but suspect them to be misplaced. Where then shall they be inserted ? Perhaps after these words,

*Fool, do not flatter.*

JOHNSON.

That

That ever enter'd in a drowfy head,  
 Have I ſince your departure had, my lords.  
 Methought, their ſouls, whoſe bodies Richard murder'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?

*Lords.* Upon the ſtroke of four.

*Richm.* Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give direction. [*He advances to the troops.*]

More than I have ſaid, loving countrymen,  
 The leiſure and enforcement of the time  
 Forbids to dwell upon: Yet remember this,  
 God, and our good cauſe fight upon our ſide;  
 The prayers of holy ſaints, and wronged ſouls,  
 Like high-rear'd bulwarks, ſtand before our faces.  
 Richard except, thoſe, whom we fight againſt,  
 Had rather have us win, than 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<sup>1</sup> to come by what he hath,  
 And ſlaughter'd thoſe that were the means to help him.  
 A baſe foul ſtone, made precious<sup>2</sup> by the foil  
 Of England's chair, where he is falſely ſet;

<sup>1</sup> *One that made means*——] To *make means* was, in Shakeſpeare's time, always uſed in an unfavourable ſenſe, and ſignify'd  
 —to come at any thing by indirect practices. STEEVENS,

<sup>2</sup> ——by the foil  
 Of England's chair, ——]

It is plain that *foil* cannot here mean that of which the obſcurity recommends the brightneſs of the diamond. It muſt mean the leaf (*feuille*) or thin plate of metal in which the ſtone is ſet.

JOHNSON.

Nothing has been, or is ſtill more common, than to put a bright-coloured foil under a cloudy or low-prized ſtone. I have ſeen a brown chryſtal, ſet with a pink foil, which has made it appear very beautiful. STEEVENS.

One,

One, that hath ever been God's enemy :  
 Then, if you fight against God's enemy,  
 God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers.  
 If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,  
 You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain ;  
 If you do fight against your country's foes,  
 Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire.  
 If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,  
 Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors.  
 If you do free your children from the sword,  
 Your childrens' 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, <sup>3</sup> the ransom of my bold attempt  
 Shall be this cold corps on the earth's cold face :  
 But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt,  
 The least of you shall share his part thereof.  
 Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly, and cheerfully ;  
 \* God, and saint George ! Richmond, and victory !

[*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter King Richard, Ratcliff, &c.*

*K. Rich.* What said Northumberland, as touching  
 Richmond ?

<sup>3</sup> ——— *the ransom of my bold attempt,*] The *fine* paid by me in  
 atonement for my rashness shall be my dead corpse. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *God, and saint George !—*] *Saint George* was the common cry  
 of the English soldiers when they charged the enemy. The author  
 of the old *Arte of Warre*, cited above, printed in the latter end of  
 queen Elizabeth's reign, formally enjoins the use of this cry among  
 his military laws, page 84.

“ *Item, that all souldiers entring into battaile, assault, skir-*  
 “ *mish, or other faction of armes, shall have for their common*  
 “ *cry and word, Saint George, forward, or upon them, saint*  
 “ *George, whereby the souldiour is much comforted, and the*  
 “ *enemy dismaied by calling to minde the ancient valour of Eng-*  
 “ *land, which with that name has so often been victorious ; and*  
 “ *therefore he, who upon any sinister zeale shall maliciously omit so*  
 “ *fortunate a name, shall be severely punished for his obstinate*  
 “ *erroneous heart, and perverse mind.*” WARTON.

*Rat,*

*Rat.* That he was never trained up in arms.

*K. Rich.* He said the truth : and what said Surrey then ?

*Rat.* He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

*K. Rich.* He was i'the right, and so, indeed, it is.  
—Tell the clock there.—Give me a kalendar.—

[*Clock strikes.*]

Who saw the sun to-day ?

*Rat.* Not I, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Then he disdains to shine ; for, by the book,

He should have brav'd the east an hour ago.

A black day it will be to some body.—

Ratcliff,——

*Rat.* My lord ?

*K. Rich.* The sun will not be seen to-day ;

The sky doth frown and lowr 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.*

*Nor.* Arm, arm, my lord ; the foe vaunts in the field.

*K. Rich.* Come, bustle, bustle ;——caparison my horse ;

—Call up lord Stanley, bid him bring his power :—

I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,

And thus my battle shall be ordered.

My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,

Consisting equally of horse and foot ;

Our archers shall be placed in the midst :

John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,

Shall have the leading of the foot and horse.

They thus directed, we ourself will follow

In the main battle, whose puissance on either side

Shall

Shall be well winged with our chiefeft horfe.

<sup>5</sup> This, and St. George to boot!—What think’ft thou,  
Norfolk?

*Nor.* A good direction, warlike fovereign.

—This found I on my tent this morning.

[Giving a scrowl.]

*K. Rich.* *Jocky of Norfolk, be not fo bold,* [Reads.]  
*For Dickon thy mafter is bought and fold.*

A thing devised by the enemy.

—Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge.

Let not our babbling dreams affright our fouls; <sup>6</sup>

Conscience is but 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 inferr’d?

Remember, whom you are to cope withal;—

<sup>7</sup> A sort of vagabonds, of rascals, run-aways,

A scum of Bretagne’s, 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,

<sup>5</sup> *This, and St. George to boot!—*]

That is, this is the order of our battle, which promises success,  
and over and above this, is the protection of our patron saint.

JOHNSON.

*To boot* is (as I conceive) to help, and not *over and above*.

HAWKINS.

<sup>6</sup> *Let not our babbling dreams, &c.*] I suspect these six lines to be  
an interpolation; but if Shakespeare was really guilty of them in  
his first draught, he certainly intended to leave them out when  
he substituted the much more proper harangue that follows. T. T.

<sup>7</sup> *A sort of vagabonds,——*] *A sort*, that is, a company, a  
collection. JOHNSON.

So in the old book already quoted,

“And for his company, a *sort* there be

“Of rascal French and British runawaies, &c.” STEEV.

They



<sup>8</sup> They would distrain the one, distain the other.  
<sup>9</sup> And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,  
 Long kept in Bretagne at his mother's cost?  
 A milk-sop,<sup>1</sup> one that never in his life  
 Felt so much cold, as over shoes in snow?  
 Let's whip those stragglers o'er the seas again,

<sup>8</sup> *They would RESTRAIN the one, distain the other.*] *The one* means the lands; *the other*, their wives. It is plain then we should read,

*They would* DISTRAIN. —————

i. e. seize upon. WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> *And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,  
 Long kept in Britaine at our mother's cost?*]

This is spoken by Richard, of Henry earl of Richmond: but they were far from having any *common* mother, but England: and the earl of Richmond was not subsisted abroad at the nation's public charge. During the greatest part of his residence abroad, he was watched and restrained almost like a captive; and subsisted by supplies conveyed from the countess of Richmond, his mother. It seems probable, therefore, that we must read,

*Long kept in Bretagne at his mother's cost.* THEOBALD.

"Our *mother's cost*" Mr. Theobald perceives to be wrong: he reads therefore, and all the editors after him,

*Long kept in Bretagne at his mother's cost.*

But give me leave to transcribe a few more lines from Holingshed, and you will find at once, that Shakespeare had been there before me.

"Ye see further, how a companie of traitors, theeves, out-laws and runnagates be aiders and partakers of his feat and enterprife. — And to begin with the erle of Richmond captaine of this rebellion, he is a Welch milk-sop—brought up by *my mother's* meanes and mine, like a captive in a close cage in the court of Francis duke of Britaine." p. 759.

Holingshed copies this *verbatim* from his brother chronicler Hall, edit. 1548. fol. 54. but his printer hath given us by accident the word *moothor* instead of *brother*; as it is in the original, and ought to be in Shakespeare. FARMER.

<sup>1</sup> *A milk-sop, &c.*] So in the same old book,

"First with our foe-mens captaine to begin,  
 "A weake Welch milk-sop, one that I do know  
 "Was ne'er before, &c." STEEVENS.

Lash hence these over-weening 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 those bastard Bretagnes, whom our fathers  
 Have in their own land beaten, bobbed, and thump'd;  
 And, on record left them the heirs of shame.  
 Shall these enjoy our lands? lie 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,  
<sup>2</sup> 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.

*K. Rich.* Off with his son George's head.

*Nor.* My lord, the enemy hath past the marsh;  
 After the battle let George Stanley die.

*K. Rich.* A thousand hearts are great within my  
 bosom:

Advance our standards, <sup>3</sup> set upon our foes;  
 Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,

<sup>2</sup> *Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!*] That is, *fright the skies with the shivers of your lances.* JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Advance our standards, &c.*] So again, in the *Mirror for Magistrates*,

“ Advance then captaines, forward to the fight,  
 “ Draw forth your swords, each man address his sheeld,  
 “ Hence faint conceites, die thoughts of coward flight,  
 “ To heaven your hearts, to fight your valours yeeld:  
 “ Behold our foes do brave us in the field.  
 “ Upon them, friends; the cause is your's and mine;  
 “ Saint George and conquest on our helmes doth shine.”

STEEVENS.

Inspire

Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons !  
 Upon them ! Victory sits on our helms. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

*Another part of the field.*

*Alarm. Excursions. Enter Catesby.*

*Cates.* Rescue, my lord of Norfolk ! rescue ! rescue !

The king enacts more wonders than a man,  
 Daring an opposite to every danger ;<sup>4</sup>  
 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 !

*Alarm. Enter King Richard.*

*K. Rich.* A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !

*Cates.* Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horse.

*K. Rich.* Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,  
 And I will stand the hazard of the 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 !<sup>5</sup>

[Exeunt.

*Alarms. Enter King Richard and Richmond ; they fight,  
 Richard is slain.*

<sup>4</sup> *Daring an opposite to every danger ;*] Perhaps the poet wrote,  
*Daring and opposite to every danger.* T. T.

<sup>5</sup> *A horse ! a horse !*—] Some inquiry hath been made  
 for the first performers of the capital characters of Shakespeare.

We learn, that Burbage, the *alter Roscius* of Camden, was the  
 original Richard, from a passage in the poems of bishop Corbet ;  
 who introduces his host at Bosworth describing the battle,

“ But when he would have said king Richard died,  
 And call'd a horse, a horse, he Burbage cried.”

FARMER.

*Retreat and flourish. Enter Richmond, Stanley bearing the crown, with divers other Lords.*

*Richm.* God and your arms be prais'd, victorious friends ;

The day is ours ! the bloody dog is dead.

*Stanl.* Couragious Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee !

Lo, here these long-ufurped royalties,  
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch,  
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal :  
Wear it, enjoy it, <sup>6</sup> and make use of it.

*Richm.* Great God of heaven, say, Amen, to all !—  
But tell me first, is young George Stanley living ?

*Stanl.* He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town ;  
Whither, if it please you, we may withdraw us.

*Richm.* What men of name are slain on either side ?

*Stanl.* John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord Ferrers,  
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and sir William Brandon.

*Richm.* 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 ?

<sup>6</sup> ————*and make use of it.*] Some old books read,  
—————*make much of it :*

and therefore Mr. Theobald reads so too : but very foolishly :  
Without doubt Shakespeare himself thus corrected it to

—————*make use of it.*

Which signifies don't *abuse* it like the tyrant you have destroyed ;  
whereas the other reading,

—————*make much of it,*

signifies *be fond of it* ; a very ridiculous moral for the conclusion  
of the play. WARBURTON.

England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;  
 The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,  
 The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,  
 The son, compell'd, been butcher to the fire:  
 7 All this divided York and Lancaster,  
 Divided in their dire division.  
 O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,  
 The true succeeders of each royal house,  
 By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!  
 And let their heirs, (God, if thy will be so)  
 Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,  
 With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!  
 Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord!  
 That would reduce these bloody days again,  
 And make poor England weep in streams of blood!  
 Let them not live to taste this land's increase,  
 That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!  
 Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again;  
 That she may long live here, God say, Amen!

[*Exeunt.*']

*7 All this divided York and Lancaster,  
 Divided in their dire division.]*

I think the passage will be somewhat improved by a slight alteration.

*All that divided York and Lancaster,  
 Divided in their dire division,  
 O now let Richmond and Elizabeth,  
 The true succeeders of each royal house,  
 By God's fair ordinance conjoin together.*

Let them *unite all that* York and Lancaster divided. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> This is one of the most celebrated of our author's performances; yet I know not whether it has not happened to him as to others, to be praised most, when praise is not most deserved. That this play has scenes noble in themselves, and very well contrived to strike in the exhibition, cannot be denied. But some parts are trifling, others shocking, and some improbable. JOHNSON.

P. 3. *THE Life and Death of King Richard the Third.*] The oldest known edition of this tragedy is printed for Andrew Wise, 1597: but Harrington, in his *Apologie of Poetrie*, written 1590, and pre-

fixed to the translation of *Ariosto*, says, that a tragedy of *Richard the Third*, had been acted at Cambridge. His words are, “For tragedies, to omit other famous tragedies, that which was played at St. John’s in Cambridge, of *Richard the Third*, would move, I think, Phalaris the tyrant, and terrifie all tyrannous minded men, &c.” He most probably means Shakespeare’s; and if so, we may argue, that there is some more antient edition of this play than what I have mentioned: at least this shews how early Shakespeare’s play appeared; or if some other *Richard the Third* is here alluded to by Harrington, that a play on this subject preceded our author’s. WARTON.

It appears from the following passage in the preface to Nashe’s *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey’s Hunt is up*, 1596, that a Latin tragedy of *K. Rich. III.* had been acted at Trinity college, Cambridge: “——— or his fellow codhead, that in the Latine tragedie of *King Richard*, cried—*Ad urbs, ad urbs, ad urbs*, when his whole part was no more than—*Urbs, urbs, ad arma, ad arma.*” STEEVENS.

The play on this subject mentioned by sir John Harrington in his *Apologie for Poetrie*, 1591, and sometimes mistaken for Shakespeare’s, was a Latin one, written by Dr. Legge; and acted at St. John’s in our university, some years before 1588, the date of the copy in the Museum. This appears from a better MS. in our library at Emmanuel, with the names of the original performers.

FARMER.

I shall here subjoin two Dissertations, one by Dr. Warburton, and one by Mr. Upton, upon the *Vice*.

### ACT III. SCENE I. Page 63.

*THUS like the formal vice, Iniquity, &c.]* As this corrupt reading in the common books hath occasioned our saying something of the barbarities of theatrical representations amongst us before the time of Shakespeare, it may not be improper, for a better apprehension of this whole matter, to give the reader some general account of the rise and progress of the modern stage.

The first form in which the drama appeared in the west of Europe, after the destruction of learned Greece and Rome, and that a calm of dulness had finished upon letters what the rage of barbarism had begun, was that of the Mysteries. These were the fashionable and favourite diversions of all ranks of people both in France, Spain, and England. In which last place, as we learn by Stow, they were in use about the time of Richard the second and Henry the fourth. As to Italy, by what I can find, the first rudiments of their stage, with regard to the matter, were prophane subjects,

subjects, and, with regard to the *form*, a corruption of the ancient *mimes* and *attellanes*: by which means they got sooner into the right road than their neighbours; having had regular plays amongst them wrote as early as the fifteenth century.

As to these *mysteries*; they were, as their name speaks them, a representation of some scripture-story, *to the life*: as may be seen from the following passage in an old French history, intitled, *La Chronique de Metz composée par le curé de St. Euchaire*; which will give the reader no bad idea of the surprizing absurdity of these strange representations: “L’an 1437 le 3 Juillet (*says the honest*  
 “*Chronicler*) fut fait le Jeu de la Passion de N. S. en la plaine de  
 “Veximiel. Et fut Dieu un sire appellé Seigneur Nicolle Dom  
 “Neufchastel, lequel estoit Curé de St. Victour de Metz, lequel  
 “fut presque mort en la Croix, s’il ne fût été secourus; & con-  
 “vient qu’un autre Prêtre fut mis en la Croix pour parfaire le  
 “Personnage du Crucifiment pour ce jour; & le lendemain  
 “le dit Curé de St. Victour parfit la Resurrection, et fit très  
 “hautement son personage; & dura le dit Jeu——Et autre  
 “Prêtre qui s’appelloit Mre. Jean de Nicey, qui estoit Chapelain  
 “de Metrange, fut Judas: lequel fut presque mort en pendant,  
 “car le cuer li faillit, et fut bien hâtivement dependu & porté en  
 “Voye. Et estoit la bouche d’Enfer tres-bien faite; car elle ou-  
 “vroit & clooit, quand les Diables y vouloient entrer et isser; &  
 “avoit deux gros Culs d’Acier, &c.” Alluding to this kind of  
 representations archbishop Harsnet, in his *Delcaration of Popish*  
*Impositions*, p. 71. says, “The little children were never so afraid  
 “of Hell-mouth in the old plays, painted with great gang teeth,  
 “staring eyes, and foul bottle nose.” Carew, in his *Survey of*  
*Cornwall*, gives a fuller description of them in these words,  
 “The *Guary Miracle*, in English a *Miracle Play*, is a kind of inter-  
 “lude compiled in Cornish out of some scripture history. For  
 “representing it, they raise an earthen amphitheatre in some  
 “open field, having the diameter of an inclosed playne, some 40  
 “or 50 foot. The country people flock from all sides many  
 “miles off, to hear and see it. For they have therein devils and  
 “devices, to delight as well the eye as the ear. The players  
 “conne not their parts without book, but are prompted by one  
 “called the *ordinary*, who followeth at their back with the book  
 “in his hand, &c. &c.” There was always a droll or buffoon in  
 these *mysteries*, to make the people mirth with his sufferings or ab-  
 surdities: and they could think of no better a personage to sustain  
 this part than the *devil* himself. Even in the *mystery* of the *Passion*  
 mentioned above, it was contrived to make him ridiculous.  
 Which circumstance is hinted at by Shakespeare (who has fre-  
 quent allusions to these things) in the *Taming of the Shrew*, where  
 one of the players asks for a little *vinegar* (as a *property*) to make  
 their *devil* roar. For after the sponge with the gall and vinegar

had been employed in the representation, they used to clap it to the nose of the devil ; which making him roar, as if it had been *holy-water*, afforded infinite diversion to the people. So that *winegar* in the old farces, was always afterwards in use to torment their devil. We have divers old English proverbs, in which the devil is represented as acting or suffering ridiculously and absurdly, which all arose from the part he bore in these *mysteries*, as in that, for instance, of—*Great cry and little wool, as the devil said when he sheared his hogs*. For the sheep-shearing of Nabal being represented in the *mystery* of *David and Abigail*, and the devil always attending Nabal, was made to imitate it by *shearing a hog*. This kind of absurdity, as it is the properest to create laughter, was the subject of the *ridiculous* in the ancient *mimes*, as we learn from these words of St. Austin: *Ne faciamus ut mimi solent, et optemus à libe'o aquam, à lymphis vinum.\**

These *mysteries*, we see, were given in France at first, as well as in England *sub dio*, and only in the provinces. Afterwards we find them got into Paris, and a company established in the *Hôtel de Bourgogne* to represent them. But good letters and religion beginning to make their way in the latter end of the reign of Francis the first, the stupidity and prophaneness of the *mysteries* made the courtiers and clergy join their interest for their suppression. Accordingly, in the year 1541, the procureur-general, in the name of the king, presented a *request* against the company to the parliament. The three principal branches of his charge against them were, that the representation of the Old Testament stories inclined the people to Judaism; that the New Testament stories encouraged libertinism and infidelity; and that both of them lessened the charities to the poor: it seems that this prosecution succeeded: for, in 1548, the parliament of Paris confirmed the company in the possession of the *Hôtel de Bourgogne*, but interdicted the representation of the *mysteries*. But in Spain, we find by Cervantes, that they continued much longer; and held their own, even after good comedy came in amongst them: as appears from the excellent critique of the canon, in the fourth book, where he shows how the old extravagant *romances* might be made the foundation of a regular *epic* (which, he says, *tambien puede escrivirse en prosa como en verso;\**) as the *mystery-plays* might be improved into artful *comedy*. His words are *Pues que si venimos à las comedias divinas, que de milagros falsos fingen en ellas, que de cosas apocrifas, y mal entendidas, attr bueyendo a un santo los milagros de otro †*; which made them so fond of miracles that they introduced them into *las comedias humanas*, as he calls them. To return:

Upon this prohibition, the French poets turned themselves from *religious* to *moral* farces. And in this we soon followed them:

\* Civ. D. l. 4.

† B. 4. c. 20.

† Ib. 21.



the public taste not suffering any greater alteration at first, tho' the Italians at this time afforded many just compositions for better models. These farces they called *moralities*. Pierre Gringore, one of their old poets, printed one of these *moralities*, intitled *La Moralité de l'Homme Obsiné*. The persons of the drama are *l'Homme Obsiné* — *Punition Divine* — *Simonie* — *Hypocrisie* — and *Demerites Communes*. The *Homme Obsiné* is the atheist, and comes in blaspheming, and determined to persist in his impieties. Then *Punition Divine* appears, sitting on a throne in the air, and menacing the atheist with punishment. After this scene, *Simonie*, *Hypocrisie*, and *Demerites Communes* appear and play their parts. In conclusion, *Punition Divine* returns, preaches to them, upbraids them with their crimes, and, in short, draws them all to repentance, all but the *Homme Obsiné*, who persists in his impiety, and is destroyed for an example. To this sad serious subject they added, tho' in a separate representation, a merry kind of farce called *Sottie*, in which there was an *Paysan* [the *Clown*] under the name of *Sot Commun* [or *Fool*.] But we, who borrowed all these delicacies from the French, blended the *Moralité* and *Sottie* together: So that the *Paysan* or *Sot Commun*, the *Clown* or *Fool*, got a place in our serious *moralities*: Whose business we may understand in the frequent allusions our Shakespeare makes to them: as in that fine speech in the beginning of the third act of *Measure for Measure*, where we have this obscure passage,

————merely thou art Death's Fool,  
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,  
And yet runn'st to w'rd him still.

For, in these *moralities*, the Fool of the piece, in order to shew the inevitable approaches of *Death*, (another of the *Dramatis Personæ*) is made to employ all his stratagems to avoid him; which, as the matter is ordered, bring the *Fool*, at every turn, into the very jaws of his enemy: So that a representation of these scenes would afford a great deal of good mirth and morals mixed together. The very same thing is again alluded to in these lines of *Love's Laboar lost*.

So Portent-like I would o'er-rule his state,  
That he should be my Fool, and I his Fate.

Act. iv. sc. 2.

But the French, as we say, keeping these two sorts of farces distinct, they became, in time, the parents of *tragedy* and *comedy*; while we, by jumbling them together, begot in an evil hour, that mongrel species, unknown to nature and antiquity, called *tragi-comedy*. WARBURTON.

TO this, when Mr. Upton's Dissertation is subjoined, there will, perhaps, be no need of any other account of the *Vice*.

LIKE *the old Vice*.] The allusion here is to *the Vice*, a droll character in our old plays, accoutred with a long coat, a cap with a pair of ass's ears, and a dagger of lath. Shakespeare alludes to his buffoon appearance in *Twelfth Night*, act iv.

*In a trice, like to the old Vice ;  
Who with a dagger of lath, in his rage and his wrath,  
Cries, ab, ha ! to the Devil.*

In the second part of *K. Henry IV.* act iii. Falstaff compares Shallow to *Vice's* dagger of lath. In *Hamlet*, act iii. Hamlet calls his uncle,

*A vice of kings :*

i. e. a ridiculous representation of majesty. These passages the editors have very rightly expounded. I will now mention some others, which seem to have escaped their notice, the allusions being not quite so obvious.

*The Iniquity* was often the *Vice* in our old moralities ; and is introduced in B. Jonson's play called *The Devil's an Ass* : and likewise mentioned in his Epigr. cxv.

*Being no vitious person, but the Vice  
About the town.  
As old Iniquity, and in the fit  
Of miming, gets th' opinion of a wit.*

But a passage cited from his play will make the following observations more plain. Act i. Pug asks the Devil " to lend him a "*Vice*.

" *Satan*. What *Vice* ?  
" What kind would thou have it of ?  
" *Pug*. Why, any *Fraud*,  
" Or *Covetousness*, or lady *Vanity*,  
" Or old *Iniquity* : I'll call him hither."

Thus the passage should be ordered.

" *Pug*. Why any : *Fraud*,  
" Or *Covetousness*, or lady *Vanity*,  
" Of old *Iniquity*.  
" *Satan*. I'll call him hither.

" *Enter Iniquity the Vice*.

" *Ini*. What is he calls upon me, and would seem to lack  
" a *Vice* ?  
" Ere his words be half spoken, I am with him in a trice."

And in his *Staple of News*, act ii.

" *Mirth*. How like you *the Vice* i' th' play ?  
" *Expectation*. Which is he ?

" *Mirth*.

“ *Mirth.* Three or four, *old Covetousness*, the fordid  
 “ *Peniboy*, the *Money-bawd*, who is a flesh-bawd too, they  
 “ say.

“ *Tattle.* But here is never a *Fiend* to carry him away.  
 “ Besides, he has never a wooden dagger! I’d not give a  
 “ rush for a *Vice*, that has not a wooden dagger to snap at  
 “ every body he meets.

“ *Mirth.* That was the old way, gossip, when *Iniquity*  
 “ came in, like hokos pokos, in a jugler’s jerkin, &c.”

He alludes to the *Vice* in the *Alchymist*, act i. sc. 3.

“ *Sub.* And, on your stall, a puppet, with a *Vice.*”

Some places of Shakespeare will from hence appear more easy : as in the first part of *Henry IV.* act ii. where Hal. humourously characterizing Falstaff, calls him, *That reverend Vice, that grey Iniquity, that father Ruffian, that Vanity in years*, in allusion to this buffoon character. In *K. Richard III.* act iii.

*Thus like the formal Vice, Iniquity,  
 I moralize two meanings in one word.*

*Iniquity* is the formal *Vice*. Some correct the passage,

*Thus, like the formal wise antiquity  
 I moralize two meanings in one word.*

Which correction is out of all rule of criticism. In *Hamlet*, act i. there is an allusion, still more distant, to *the Vice*; which will not be obvious at first, and therefore is to be introduced with a short explanation. This buffoon character was used to make fun with the Devil; and he had several trite expressions, as, *I’ll be with you in a trice: Ah, ha, boy, are you there, &c.* And this was great entertainment to the audience, to see their old enemy so belabour’d in effigy. In *K. Henry V.* act iv. a boy characterizing Pistol, says, *Bardolph and Nim had ten times more valour, than this roaring Devil i’ the old play; every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger.* Now Hamlet, having been instructed by his father’s ghost, is resolved to break the subject of the discourse to none but Horatio; and to all others his intention is to appear as a sort of madman; when therefore the oath of secrecy is given to the centinels, and the Ghost unseen calls out *swear*; Hamlet speaks to it as *the Vice* does to the Devil. *Ah, ha, boy, sayst thou so? Art thou there, Truepenny?* Hamlet had a mind that the centinels should imagine this was a shape that the devil had put on; and in act iii. he is somewhat of this opinion himself,

*The spirit that I have seen  
 May be the devil.*

The manner of speech therefore to the Devil was what all the audience were well acquainted with; and it takes off in some measure from the horror of the scene. Perhaps too the poet was willing

ling to inculcate, that good humour is the best weapon to deal with the devil. *Truepenny*, either by way of irony, or literally from the Greek, *τρυπανον*, *veterator*. Which word the Scholiast on Aristophanes' *Clouds*, ver. 447. explains, *τρύμη, ὁ περιτετριμμένος ἐν τοῖς πείρασιν, ὃν ἡμεῖς ΤΡΥΠΑΝΟΝ καλοῦμεν*. Several have tried to find a derivation of *the Vice*: if I should not hit on the right, I should only err with others. *The Vice* is either a quality personalized as ΒΙΗ and ΚΑΡΤΟΣ in Hesiod and Æschylus. *Sin* and *Death* in Milton; and indeed *Vice* itself is a person. B. xi. 517.

*And took his image whom they serv'd, a brutish Vice.*

*his image*, i. e. a brutish *Vice's* image: the *Vice*, Gluttony; not without some allusion to the *Vice* of the plays; but rather, I think, 'tis an abbreviation of *vice-devil*, as *vice-roy*, *vice-doges*, &c. and therefore properly called *the Vice*. He makes very free with his master, like most other *vice-roys*, or prime ministers. So that he is the Devil's *Vice*, and prime minister; and 'tis this that makes him so sawcy. UPTON.

Mr. Upton's learning only supplies him with absurdities. His derivation of *vice* is too ridiculous to be answered.

I have nothing to add to the observations of these learned critics, but that some traces of this antiquated exhibition are still retained in the rustic puppet-plays, in which I have seen the *Devil* very lustily belaboured by *Punch*, whom I hold to be the legitimate successor of the old *Vice*. JOHNSON.

T H E

L I F E

O F

H E N R Y V I I I .

## Persons Represented.

*KING Henry the Eighth.*

*Cardinal Wolsey.*

*Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.*

*Duke of Norfolk.*

*Duke of Buckingham.*

*Duke of Suffolk.*

*Earl of Surrey.*

*Lord Chamberlain.*

*Cardinal Campeius, the Pope's Legate.*

*Capucius, Ambassador from the Emperor Charles the Fifth.*

*Sir Thomas Audley, Lord Keeper.*

*Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester.*

*Bishop of Lincoln.*

*Lord Abergavenny.*

*Lord Sands.*

*Sir Henry Guildford.*

*Sir Thomas Lovell.*

*Sir Anthony Denny.*

*Sir Nicholas Vaux.*

*Sir William Sands.<sup>1</sup>*

*Cromwell, Servant to Wolsey.*

*Griffith, Gentleman-Usher to Queen Catherine.*

*Three Gentlemen.*

*Doctor Butts, Physician to the King.*

*Garter, King at Arms.*

*Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.*

*Brandon.*

*Serjeant at Arms.*

*Door-Keeper of the Council Chamber.*

*Porter, and his Man.*

*Queen Catherine.*

*Anne Bullen.*

*An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.*

*Patience, Woman to Queen Catherine.*

*Several Lords and Ladies in the dumb shows. Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her. Scribes, Officers.*

*Guards, and other Attendants.*

The SCENE lies mostly in London and Westminster; once, at Kimbolton.

<sup>1</sup> Sir William Sands was created lord Sands about this time, but is here introduced among the persons of the drama as a distinct character. Sir William has not a single speech assigned to him; and to make the blunder the greater, is brought on after lord Sands has already made his appearance. STEEVENS.

There is no enumeration of the persons in the old edition. JOHNS.

# P R O L O G U E.

**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 shall 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 ; <sup>2</sup> or to see a fellow  
 In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,  
 Will be deceiv'd : for, gentle bearers, know,  
 To rank our chosen truth with <sup>3</sup> such a show

<sup>2</sup> ———— or to see a fellow  
 In a long motley coat, ———— ]

Alluding to the *fools* and *buffoons*, introduced for the generality in the plays a little before our author's time : and of whom he has left us a small taste in his own. THEOBALD.

<sup>3</sup> ———— such a show  
 As fool and fight is, ———— ]

This is not the only passage in which Shakespeare has discovered his conviction of the impropriety of battles represented on the stage. He knew that five or six men with swords, gave a very unsatisfactory idea of an army, and therefore, without much care to excuse his former practice, he allows that a theatrical fight would destroy all opinion of truth, and leave him never an understanding friend, *Magnis ingeniis et multa nihilominus habituris simplex convenit erroris confessio*. Yet I know not whether the coronation shewn in this play may not be liable to all that can be objected against a battle.

JOHNSON.

As fool and fight is, besides forfeiting  
 Our own brains, and <sup>4</sup> the opinion that we bring  
 To make that only true we now intend,  
 Will leave us ne'er an understanding friend.  
 Therefore, for goodness' sake, as you are known  
 The first and happiest hearers of the town,  
 Be sad, as we would make ye. <sup>5</sup> Think ye see  
 The very persons of our noble story,  
 As they were living; think, you see them great,  
 And follow'd with the gen'ral 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.

<sup>4</sup> ——— th' opinion that we bring  
 To make that only true we now intend,]

These lines I do not understand, and suspect them of corruption.  
 I believe we may better read thus:

——— th' opinion, that we bring  
 Or make; that only truth we now intend. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ——— Think ye see  
 The very persons of our noble story,]

Why the rhyme should have been interrupted here, when it was so easily to be supplied, I cannot conceive. It can only be accounted for from the negligence of the press, or the transcribers; and therefore I have made no scruple to replace it thus;

——— Think before ye. THEOBALD.

This is specious, but the laxity of the versification in this prologue, and in the following epilogue, makes it not necessary.  
 JOHNSON.

The author of the *Revisal* would read,

——— of our history. STEEVENS.



T H E  
L I F E  
O F  
King H E N R Y V I I I.

---

A C T I. S C E N E I.

*An Antechamber in the Palace.*

*Enter the Duke of Norfolk, at one door; at the other,  
the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Abergavenny.*

B U C K I N G H A M.

**G**OOD morrow, and well met. How have you  
done,  
Since last we saw in France?

*Nor.* I thank your grace;  
Healthful, and ever since, a<sup>6</sup> fresh admirer  
Of what I saw there.

*Buck.* An untimely ague  
Staid me a prisoner in my chamber, when  
Those suns 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;

<sup>6</sup> ——— *a fresh admirer*] An admirer untired; an admirer still  
feeling the impression as if it were hourly renewed. JOHNSON.

Which

Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have  
weigh'd

Such a compounded one ?

*Buck.* All the whole time,  
I was my chamber's prisoner.

*Nor.* Then you lost

The view of earthly glory : Men might say,  
7 Till this time pomp was single ; but now marry'd  
To one above itself. 8 Each following day  
Became the next day's master, till the last  
Made former wonders, it's. To-day, the French,  
9 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 cherubims, all gilt : the madams too,  
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear  
The pride upon them ; that their very labour

7 *Till this time pomp was single ; but now marry'd  
To one above itself.*—————]

The thought is odd and whimsical ; and obscure enough to need an explanation—Till this time (says the speaker) Pomp led a single life, as not finding a husband able to support her according to her dignity ; but she has now got one in Henry VIII. who could support her even above her condition of finery. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has here discovered more beauty than the author intended, who only meant to say in a noisy periphrase, that *pomp was increased on this occasion to more than twice as much as it had ever been before.* Pomp is no more married to the English than to the French king, for to neither is any preference given by the speaker. Pomp is only married to pomp, but the new pomp is greater than the old. JOHNSON.

8 ———*Each following day  
Became the next day's master, &c.*]

*Dies diem docet.* Every day learned something from the preceding, till the concluding day collected all the splendor of all the former shews. JOHNSON.

9 *All clinquant,*—] All glittering, all shining. Clarendon uses this word in his description of the Spanish *Juego de Toros.* JOHNSON.

Was

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; <sup>1</sup> him in eye,  
 Still him in praise: and, being present both,  
 'Twas said, they saw but one; and no discernor  
<sup>2</sup> Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these funs,  
 (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 <sup>3</sup> Bevis was believ'd.

*Buck.* Oh, you go far.

*Nor.* As I belong to worship, and affect  
 In honour, honesty, <sup>4</sup> the tract of every thing  
 Would by a good discourser lose some life,  
 Which action's self was tongue to. <sup>5</sup> All was royal;  
 To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,

<sup>1</sup> ——— him in eye,

Still him in praise: ——— ]

So Dryden,

——— Two chiefs

So match'd as each seem'd worthiest when alone.

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> Durst wag his tongue in censure ——— ] Censure for determination, of which had the noblest appearance. WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> That Bevis was believ'd. ] The old romantic legend of Bevis of Southampton. This Bevis (or Bevois) a Saxon, was for his prowess created by William the Conqueror earl of Southampton: of whom Camden in his Britannia. THEOBALD.

<sup>4</sup> ——— the tract of every thing, &c. ] The course of these triumphs and pleasures, however well related, must lose in the description part of that spirit and energy which were expressed in the real action. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ——— All was royal, &c. ] This speech was given in all the editions to Buckingham; but improperly. For he wanted information, having kept his chamber during the solemnity. I have therefore given it to Norfolk. WARBURTON.

Order gave each thing view; <sup>5</sup> the office did  
Distinctly his full function.

*Buck.* Who did guide,  
I mean, who set the body and the limbs  
Of this great sport together, as you guefs?

*Nor.* One, certes, that promises no <sup>6</sup> element  
In such a business.

*Buck.* I pray you, who, my lord?

*Nor.* All this was order'd by the good discretion  
Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

*Buck.* The devil speed him! no man's pye is freed  
From his ambitious finger. What had he  
'To do in these <sup>7</sup> fierce vanities! I wonder,  
<sup>8</sup> That such a keech can with his very bulk  
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,  
And keep it from the earth.

*Nor.* Surely, sir,  
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

<sup>5</sup> —————the office did  
Distinctly his full function.]

The commission for regulating this festivity was well executed, and gave exactly to every particular person and action the proper place. JOHNSON

<sup>6</sup> —————element] No initiation, no previous practices. *Elements* are the first principles of things, or rudiments of knowledge. The word is here applied; not without a *catachresis*, to a person. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> —————fierce vanities! ———] *Fierce* is here, I think, used like the French *fier* for *proud*, unless we suppose an allusion to the mimical ferocity of the combatants in the tilt. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> That such a keech ———] *Ketch*, from the Italian *caicchio*, signifying a tub, barrel, or hogshhead, *Skinner*. POPE.

The word in the folio is *keech*, which not being understood, is changed into *ketch*.

A *keech* is a solid lump or mass. A cake of wax or tallow formed in a mould is called yet in some places a *keech*. JOHNSON.

To eminent assistants ; but, spider-like,  
 9 Out of his self-drawing web ;— he gives us note,  
 The force of his own merit makes his way ;  
 1 A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys  
 A place next to the king.

*Aber.* I cannot tell

What heaven hath given him, let some graver eye  
 Pierce into that ; but I can see his pride  
 Peep through each part of him : Whence has he that ?  
 If not from hell, the devil is a niggard,  
 Or has given all before, and he begins  
 A new hell in himself.

*Buck.* Why the devil,

Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,  
 Without the privity o' the king, to appoint  
 Who should attend on him ? He makes up 2 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 3 council out,  
 4 Must fetch in him he papers.

*Aber.*

9 *Out of his self-drawing web ;*———— ] Thus it stands in the first edition. The later editors, by injudicious correction, have printed,

*Out of his self-drawn web.* JOHNSON.

1 *A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys  
 A place next to the king.* ]

It is evident a word or two in the sentence is misplaced, and that we should read,

———— *A gift that heaven gives ; which buys for him  
 A place next to the king.* WARBURTON.

It is full as likely that Shakespeare wrote,

———— *gives to him,* ———

which will save any greater alteration. JOHNSON.

2 ——— *the file* ] That is, *the list*. JOHNSON.

3 ——— *council out,* ] Council not then sitting. JOHNSON.

4 *Must fetch in him he papers.* ] He *papers*, a verb ; his own  
 M 2 letter,

*Aber.* I do know  
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have  
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never  
They shall abound as formerly.

*Buck.* O, many  
Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em  
For this great journey. <sup>5</sup> What did this vanity  
But minister communication of  
A most poor issue?

*Nor.* Grievingly I think,  
The peace between the French and us not values  
The cost that did conclude it.

*Buck.* <sup>6</sup> Every man,  
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was  
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke  
Into a general prophecy, That this tempest,  
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded  
The sudden breach on't.

*Nor.* Which is budded out;  
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd  
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

*Aber.* Is it therefore  
<sup>7</sup> The ambassador is silenc'd?

*Nor.*

letter, by his own single authority, and without the concurrence of the council, must fetch in him whom he papers down.—I don't understand it, unless this be the meaning. POPE.

<sup>5</sup> — — *What did this vanity*  
*But* — — — ]

What effect has this pompous shew but the production of a wretched conclusion. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Every man,*  
*After the hideous storm that follow'd, &c.]*

His author, Hall, says, *Monday, 18th day of June, there blew such storms of wind and weather, that marvel was to hear; for which hideous tempest some said it was a very prognostication of trouble and hatred to come between princes.* In Henry VIII. p. 80. WARB.

<sup>7</sup> *The ambassador is silenc'd?] Silenc'd for recall'd.* This being proper to be said of an *orator*; and an ambassador or public minister

*Nor.* Marry, is't.

*Aber.*<sup>s</sup> A proper title of a peace; and purchas'd  
At a superfluous rate!

*Buck.* Why, all this business  
Our reverend cardinal carried.

*Nor.* Like it your grace,  
The state takes notice of the private difference  
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,  
(And take it from a heart, that wishes towards you  
Honour and plenteous safety) that you read  
The cardinal's malice and his potency  
Together: to consider further, that  
What his high hatred would effect, wants not  
A minister in his power. You know his nature,  
That he's revengeful; and, I know, his sword  
Hath a sharp edge, it's long, and, it may be said,  
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,  
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,  
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where<sup>9</sup> comes that rock,  
That I advise your shunning.

*Enter Cardinal Wolfey, the purse borne before him, certain  
of the guard, and two Secretaries with papers. The  
Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham,  
and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.*

*Wol.* The duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha?  
Where's his examination?

*Secr.* Here so please you.

minister being called an orator, he applies *silenc'd* to ambassa-  
dor. WARBURTON.

I understand it rather of the French ambassador residing in  
England, who, by being refused an audience, may be said to be  
*silenc'd*. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *A proper title of a peace;* — ] A fine name of a peace. Iro-  
nically. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *— comes that rock,* ] To make the rock come is not very  
just. JOHNSON.

*Wol.* Is he in person ready ?

*Secr.* Ay, an't please your grace.

*Wol.* Well, we shall then know more ; and Buck-  
ingham

Shall lessen this big look.

[*Exeunt Cardinal and his train.*]

*Buck.* This 'butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I  
Have not the power to muzzle him ; therefore, best  
Not wake him in his slumber. <sup>2</sup> A beggar's book  
Out-worth's a noble's blood.

*Nor.* What, are you chaf'd ?

Ask God for temperance ; that's the appliance only,  
Which your disease requires.

*Buck.* I read in his looks

Matter against me ; and his eye revil'd  
Me, as his abject object : at this instant

<sup>3</sup> 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 <sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> ——— *butcher's cur* ——— ] Wolfey is said to have been the son of  
a butcher. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *A beggar's book*  
*Out-worth's a noble's blood.* ]

That is, the literary qualifications of a bookish beggar are more  
prized than the high descent of hereditary greatness. This is a  
contemptuous exclamation very naturally put into the mouth of  
one of the antient, unletter'd, martial nobility. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *He bores me with some trick.* ——— ] He stabs or wounds me by  
some artifice or fiction. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *Anger is like*  
*A full hot horse ;* ——— ]

So Massinger, in the *Unnatural Combat*,

*Let passion work, and, like a hot-rein'd horse,*  
<sup>5</sup> *I will quickly tire itself.* STEEVENS.



A full hot horse, who being allow'd his way,  
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England  
Can advise me, like you : Be to yourself  
As you would to your friend.

*Buck.* I'll to the king ;  
And <sup>s</sup> 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 singe yourself. We may out run  
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,  
And lose by over-running. Know you not,  
The fire, that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,  
Seeming to augment it, wastes it ? Be advis'd :  
I say again, there is no English soul  
More stronger to direct you than yourself ;  
If with the sap of reason you would quench,  
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

*Buck.* Sir,  
I am thankful to you, and I'll go along  
By your prescription : but this top-proud fellow,  
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but  
From <sup>6</sup> sincere motions ; by intelligence  
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when  
We see each grain of gravel) I do know  
To be corrupt and treasonous.

*Nor.* Say not, treasonous.

*Buck.* To the king I'll say't, and make my vouch  
as strong  
As shore of rock.—Attend. This holy fox,

<sup>s</sup> ————*from a mouth of honour*—] I will crush this baseborn fellow, by the due influence of my rank, or say that all distinction of persons is at an end. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> ————*sincere motions* ;—] Honest indignation ; warmth of integrity. Perhaps *name* not, should be *blame* not.

*Whom from the flow of gall I blame not,*

JOHNSON.

Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous,  
 As he is subtle ; and as prone to mischief,  
 As able to perform't : <sup>7</sup> his mind and place  
 Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally)  
 Only to shew his pomp, as well in France  
 As here at home, <sup>8</sup> 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.

*Buck.* 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 court-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 a 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 privily  
 Deals with our cardinal ; and, as I trow,  
 Which I do well, for I am sure, the emperor  
 Paid ere he promis'd ; whereby his suit was granted,

<sup>7</sup> ————— *his mind and place*  
*Infecting one another, ————— ]*

This is very satirical. His mind he represents as highly corrupt ;  
 and yet he supposes the contagion of the *place* of first minister as  
 adding an infection to it. WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> ————— *suggests the king our master.* ] *Suggests*, for excites.

WARBURTON.

Ere

Ere it was ask'd. But when the way was made,  
 And pay'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, you were  
 Something mistaken in't.

*Buck.* No, not a syllable:  
 I do pronounce him in that very shape  
 He shall appear in proof.

*Enter Brandon; a Serjeant at arms before him, and two  
 or three of the guard.*

*Bran.* Your office, serjeant; execute it.

*Serj.* 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.

*Buck.* Lo you, my lord,  
 The net has fallen upon me; I shall perish  
 Under device and practice.

*Bran.* 'I am sorry  
 To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on  
 The business present. 'Tis his highness' pleasure  
 You shall to the Tower.

*Buck.* It will help me nothing  
 To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,

*'I am sorry  
 To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on  
 The business present. — ]*

I am sorry that I am obliged to be present and an eye-witness of  
 your loss of liberty. JOHNSON.

Which

Which makes my whitest part black. The will of  
heaven

Be done in this and all things ! I obey.

O my lord Aberga'ny, fare ye well.

*Bran.* Nay, he must bear you company. The  
king [To *Aberg.*

Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you know  
How he determines further.

*Aber.* As the duke said,  
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure  
By me obey'd.

*Bran.* Here is a warrant from  
The king, to attach lord Montacute, and the bodies  
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,  
And Gilbert Peck his chancellor.

*Buck.* So, so ;  
These are the limbs o' the plot. No more, I hope ?

*Bran.* A monk o' the Chartreux.

*Buck.* O, <sup>2</sup> Nicholas Hopkins.

*Bran.* He.

*Buck.* My surveyor is false ; the o'er-great cardinal  
Hath shew'd him gold : <sup>3</sup> my life is spann'd already.

<sup>1</sup> *Ore Gilbert Peck his counsellor.*] So the old copies have it, but I, from the authorities of Hall and Holingshead, chang'd it to *chancellor*. And our poet himself, in the beginning of the second act, vouches for this correction.

*At which ; appear'd against him his surveyor,  
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor.* THEOBALD,

<sup>2</sup> *Michael Hopkins.*] So all the old copies had it ; and so Mr. Rowe and Mr. Pope from them. But here again, by the help of the chronicles, I have given the true reading. THEOBALD.

<sup>3</sup> — *my life is spann'd already.*] To *span* is to *gripe*, or *inclose in the hand* ; to *span* is also to *measure* by the palm and fingers. The meaning, therefore, may either be, that *bold is taken of my life, my life is in the gripe of my enemies* ; or, that *my time is measured, the length of my life is now det rmined.* JOHNSON.

I am the shadow of poor Buckingham, <sup>4</sup>  
 Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,  
 By dark'ning my clear sun.—My lord, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

*Changes to the Council-Chamber.*

*Cornet.* Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder; the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Lovel; the Cardinal places himself under the King's feet on his right side.

King. My life itself, <sup>5</sup> and the best heart of it,  
 Thanks

<sup>4</sup> *I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,  
 Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,  
 By dark'ning my clear sun.—]*

These lines have passed all the editors. Does the reader understand them? By me they are inexplicable, and must be left, I fear, to some happier sagacity. If the usage of our author's time could allow *figure* to be taken, as now, for *dignity* or *importance*, we might read,

*Whose figure even this instant cloud puts out.*

But I cannot please myself with any conjecture.

Another explanation may be given, somewhat harsh, but the best that occurs to me.

*I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,  
 Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,*

whose port and dignity is assumed by this cardinal, that overclouds and oppresses me, and who gains my place

*By dark'ning my clear sun.* JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> —and the best heart of it.] The expression is monstrous. The heart is supposed the seat of life: but, as if he had many lives, and to each of them a heart, he says, *his best heart*. A way of speaking that would have become a cat rather than a king.

WARBURTON.

This expression is not more monstrous than many others. Heart is not here taken for the great organ of circulation and life, but, in a common and popular sense, for the most valuable or precious part. Our author, in *Hamlet*, mentions the *heart of heart*. Exhausted

Thanks you for this great care. 'I stood i' the level  
 Of a full-charg'd confederacy, and give thanks  
 To you that choak'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.

*A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen. Enter the Queen, ushered by the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk: she kneels. The King riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.*

*Queen.* Nay, we must longer kneel ; I am a suitor,  
*King.* Arise, and take your 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.

*Queen.* Thank your majesty.  
 — That you would love yourself ; and in that love  
 Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor  
 The dignity of your office, is the point  
 Of my petition.

*King.* Lady mine, proceed.

*Queen.* I am sollicit, not by a few,  
 And those of true condition, that your subjects  
 Are in great grievance. There have been commissions  
 Sent down among 'em, which have flaw'd the heart  
 Of all their loyalties : wherein although, [*To Wolsey.*  
 My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches

hausted and effete ground is said by the farmer to be *out of heart*.  
 The hard and inner part of the oak is called *heart of oak*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *stood i' the level*  
*Of a full-charg'd confederacy, ——— ]*

To stand in the *level* of a gun is to stand in a *line with its mouth*,  
 so as to be hit by the shot. JOHNSON.

Most

Most bitterly on you, as putter on  
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,  
(Whose honour heaven shield from foil!) even he  
escapes not

Language unmannerly ; yea such, which breaks  
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears  
In loud rebellion.

*Nor.* Not almost appears,  
It doth appear : for, upon these taxations,  
The clothiers all, not able to maintain  
<sup>7</sup> The many to them 'longing, have put off  
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,  
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger  
<sup>8</sup> And lack of other means, in desperate manner  
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,  
<sup>9</sup> And Danger serves among them.

<sup>7</sup> *The many to them 'longing,*—] *The many* is the *meiny*, the train, the people. Dryden is, perhaps, the last that used this word.

*The kings before their many rode.* JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *And lack of other means,*—] *Means* does not signify methods of livelihood, for that was said immediately before;

*Unfit for other life,*—

but it signifies, *necessaries—compelled*, says the speaker, *for want of bread and other necessities*. But the poet using for the thing, [*want of bread*] the effect of it, [*hunger*] the passage is become doubly obscure ; first, by using a term in a licentious sense, and then by putting it to a vicious construction. The not apprehending that this is one of the distinguishing peculiarities in Shakespeare's style, has been the occasion of so much ridiculous correction of him.

WARBURTON.

I have inserted this note rather because it seems to have been the writer's favourite, than because it is of much value. It explains what no reader has found difficult, and, I think, explains it wrong.

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *And Danger serves among them* ] Could one easily believe, that a writer, who had, but immediately before, sunk so low in his expression, should here rise again to a height so truly sublime ? where, by the noblest stretch of fancy, Danger is personalized as serving in the rebel army, and shaking the established government.

WARBURTON.

*King.*

*King.* 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 aught  
Pertains to the state; <sup>1</sup> and front but in that file  
Where others tell steps with me.

*Queen.* No, my lord,  
You know no more than others; but you frame  
Things, that are known alike, which are not whole-  
some

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.

*King.* Still, exaction!  
The nature of it? In what kind, let's know  
Is this exaction?

*Queen.* I am much too venturous  
In tempting of your patience, but am bolden'd  
Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects' 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; their curses now,

<sup>1</sup> ———front but in that file] I am but *primus inter pares*. I am  
but first in the row of counsellors. JOHNSON.



Live where their prayers did, and it's come to pass,  
That tractable obedience is a slave  
To each incensed will. I would, your highness  
Would give it quick consideration, for

<sup>2</sup> There is no primer business.

*King.* By my life,  
This is against our pleasure.

*Wol.* And for me,  
I have no further gone in this, than by  
A single voice; and that not past me, but  
By learned approbation of the judges. 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

<sup>3</sup> To cope malicious censurers; which ever,  
As ravenous fishes do a vessel follow  
That is new trimm'd, but benefit no further  
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,

<sup>1</sup> *There is no primer business.*] In the old edition,

*There is no primer baseness.*

The queen is here complaining of the suffering of the commons; which, she suspects, arose from the abuse of power in some great men. But she is very reserved in speaking her thoughts concerning the quality of it. We may be assured then, that she did not, in conclusion, call it the highest *baseness*; but rather made use of a word that could not offend the cardinal, and yet would incline the king to give it a speedy hearing. I read therefore.

*There is no primer business.*

i. e. no matter of state that more earnestly presses a dispatch.

WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> *To cope*—] To engage with; to encounter. The word is still used in some counties. JOHNSON.

By

<sup>4</sup> By sick interpreters, (or weak ones<sup>5</sup>) is  
Not ours, or not allow'd; <sup>6</sup> what worst, as oft,  
Hitting a grosser quality, is cry'd up  
For our best act. If we shall stand still,  
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,  
We should take root here where we sit, or sit  
State-statues only.

*King.* Things done well,  
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;  
Things done without example, in their issue  
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent  
Of this commission? I believe, not any.  
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,  
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each!  
A trembling contribution! why, we take  
<sup>7</sup> From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber;  
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,  
The air will drink the sap. To every county,  
Where this is question'd, send our letters, with  
Free pardon to each man that hath deny'd  
The force of this commission. Pray, look to't:  
I put it to your care.

<sup>4</sup> *By sick, &c.]* The old edition reads,

*By sick interpreters, (once weak ones) is  
Not ours,——*

I do not know that the old reading ought to be restored, but it  
may be noted. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *—or weak ones—]* The old copy reads,

*———once weak ones———*

*Once* is not unfrequently used for *sometimes* among the old writ-  
ters. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *——what worst, as oft  
Hitting a grosser quality,——]*

The worst actions of great men are commended by the vulgar, as  
more accommodated to the grossness of their notions. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber;]* *Lop* is a  
substantive, and signifies the *branches*. WARBURTON.

*Wol.* A word with you. [To the Secretary.

Let there be letters writ to every shire,  
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd  
commons

Hardly conceive of me ; let it be nois'd,  
That, through our intercession, this revokement  
And pardon comes : I shall anon advise you  
Further in the proceeding. [Exit Secretary.

*Enter Surveyor.*

*Queen.* I am sorry, that the duke of Buckingham  
Is run in your displeasure.

*King.* 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 <sup>1</sup> out of himself. Yet see  
When these so <sup>2</sup> noble benefits shall prove  
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,  
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly  
Than ever they were fair. <sup>3</sup> This man, so compleat,  
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,  
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find  
His hour of speech, a minute ; he, my lady,

Hath

<sup>1</sup> ———out of himself.———] Beyond the treasures of his own  
mind. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ———noble benefits———  
Not well dispos'd,———]

Great gifts of nature and education, not joined with good disposi-  
tions. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ———This man, so compleat,  
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,  
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find  
His hour of speech, a minute ; he, my lady, &c.]

This sentence is broken and confused, though, with the allow-  
ances always to be made to our authour, it may be understood.  
Yet it may be proper to examine the old edition, which gives it  
thus :

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.

*King.* Speak freely.

*Surv.* First, it was usual with him, every day  
It would infect his speech, that if the king  
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so  
To make the scepter his. These very words  
I have 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

\* This dangerous conception in this point.  
Not friended by his wish, to your high person,  
His will is most malignant; and it stretches

—————*and when we,*

*Almost with ravish'd list'ning*—————

I know not whether we may not read,

—————*this man*

*Who was enroll'd with wonder, and whom we*

*Almost were ravish'd listening, could not find*

*His hour of speech a minute.*

*To listen a man, for, to hearken to him, is commonly used by our  
author. So by Milton,*

*I listen'd them a while.*

I do not rate my conjecture at much; but as the common reading is without authority, something may be tried. Perhaps the passage is best as it was originally published. JOHNSON.

\* *This dangerous conception in this point.*] Note this particular part of this dangerous design. JOHNSON.

Beyond

Beyond you to your friends.

*Queen.* My learn'd lord cardinal,  
Deliver all with charity.

*King.* Speak on.

How grounded he his title to the crown,  
Upon our fail? To this point hast thou heard him  
At any time speak aught?

*Surv.* He was brought to this,

<sup>5</sup> By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

*King.* What was that Hopkins?

*Surv.* Sir, a Chartreux friar,

His confessor; who fed him every minute  
With words of sovereignty.

*King.* How know'st thou this?

*Surv.* Not long before your highness sped to France,  
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish  
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 Court, my chaplain, a choice hour

<sup>5</sup> *By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.*] In former editions,

*By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Henton.*

We heard before, from Brandon, of one Nicholas Hopkins; and now his name is changed into Henton; so that Brandon and the surveyor seem to be in two stories. There is, however, but one and the same person meant, Hopkins; as I have restored it in the text, for perspicuity's sake: yet will it not be any difficulty to account for the other name, when we come to consider, that he was a monk of the convent, call'd Henton, near Bristol. So both Hall and Holingshead acquaint us. And he might, according to the custom of these times, be called Nicholas of Henton, from the place; as Hopkins, from his family. THEOBALD.

To hear from him a matter of some moment :  
 Whom after <sup>6</sup> 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,  
 Thus plausingly ensu'd ;—Neither the king nor his  
 heirs

(Tell you the duke) shall prosper : bid him strive  
 For the love of the commonalty ; the duke  
 Shall govern England.—

*Queen.* 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 I beseech you.

*King.* Let him on :  
 —Go forward.

*Surv.* On my soul, I'll speak but truth.  
 I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions  
 The monk might be deceiv'd ; and that 'twas dang'rous  
 for him  
 To ruminate on this so far until  
 It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,  
 It was much like to do : He answered, *Tush,*  
*It can do me no damage :* Adding further,  
 That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,

<sup>6</sup> —————under the commission's seal  
 He solemnly had sworn,—————]

So all the editions down from the very beginning. But what  
*commission's seal*? That is a question, I dare say, none of our  
 diligent editors ever asked themselves. The text must be restored,  
 as I have corrected it ; and honest Holingshead, from whom our  
 author took the substance of this passage, may be called in as a  
 testimony,—“ The *duke* in talk told the *monk*, that he had done  
 “ very well to bind his chaplain, John de la Court, under the  
 “ seal of confession, to keep secret such matter.” *Vid.* Life of Hen.  
 VIII. p. 863. THEOBALD.

The

The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads  
Should have gone off.

*King.* Ha! what so rank? <sup>7</sup> ah, ha!——  
There's mischief in this man:—Canst thou say further?

*Surv.* I can, my liege.

*King.* Proceed.

*Surv.* Being at Greenwich,  
After you highness had reprov'd the duke  
About Sir William Blomer,——

*King.* I remember  
Of such a time. <sup>8</sup> Being my sworn servant,  
The duke retain'd him his. But on; what hence?

*Surv.* If, quoth he, 'I for this had been committed,  
'As to the Tower, 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's presence; which, if granted,  
'As he made semblance of his duty, would  
'Have put his knife into him.'

*King.* A giant traitor!

*Wol.* Now, madam, may his highness live in  
freedom;

And this man out of prison?

*Queen.* God mend all!

*King.* There's something more would out of thee;  
what say'st?

*Surv.* 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,

<sup>7</sup> —so rank?—] Rank weeds, are weeds that are grown up to great height and strength. *What*, says the king, *was he advanced to this pitch?* JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> ——Being my sworn servant, &c.] Sir William Blomer (Holinshed calls him *Bulmer*) was reprimanded by the king in the star-chamber, for that, being his sworn servant, he had left the king's service for the duke of Buckingham's. *Edwards's MSS.*

He did discharge a horrible oath, whose tenour  
Was,—Were he evil-us'd, he would out-go  
His father, by as much as a performance  
Does an irrefolute purpose.

*King.* 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 it of us. By day and night,  
He's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E III.

*An Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Sands.*

*Cham.* <sup>s</sup> Is it possible, the spells of France should  
juggle  
Men into such strange mysteries ?

*Sands.*

<sup>s</sup> *Is it possible, the spells of France should juggle  
Men into such strange mysteries ?*

These *mysteries* were the fantastic court-fashions. He says they were occasioned by the *spells* of France. Now it was the opinion of the common people, that conjurers, jugglers, &c. with *spells* and *charms* could force men to commit idle fantastic actions ; and change even their shapes to something ridiculous and grotesque. To this superstition the poet alludes, who, therefore, we must think, wrote the second line thus,

*Men into such strange mockeries :*

A word well expressive of the whimsical fashions here complained of. Sir Thomas More, speaking of this very matter, at the same time, says,

*Ut more simix labore fingere  
Et amulari Gallicas ineptias.*

But the Oxford editor, without regard to the metaphor, but in order to improve on the emendation, reads *mimick'ries* ; not considering neither that whatsoever any thing is changed or *juggled* into by *spells*, must have a *passive* signification, as *mockeries*, [i. e. visible figures] not an *active*, as *mimick'ries*. WARBURTON.

I do



*Sands.* New customs,  
Though they be never so ridiculous,  
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

*Cham.* As far as I see, all the good, our English  
Have got by the last voyage, is but merely  
° A fit or two o'the face; but they are shrewd ones;  
For, when they hold 'em, you would swear directly  
Their very noses had been counsellors  
To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep state so.

*Sands.* They've all new legs, and lame ones; one  
would take it,  
That never saw them pace before, the spavin  
¹ And stringhalt reign'd among 'em.

*Cham.* Death! my lord,  
Their cloaths are after such a pagan cut too,  
That, sure, they have worn out christendom. How  
now?

What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

*Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.*

*Lov.* Faith, my lord,  
I hear of none, but the new proclamation  
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

*Cham.* What is't for?

I do not deny this note to be plausible, but am in doubt whether it be right. I believe the explanation of the word *mysterics* will spare us the trouble of trying experiments of emendation. *Mysterics* were allegorical shews, which the *mummers* of those times exhibited in odd and fantastic habits. *Mysterics* are used, by an easy figure, for those that exhibited *mysterics*; and the sense is only, that the travelled Englishmen were metamorphos'd, by foreign fashions, into such an uncouth appearance, that they looked like *mummers* in a mystery. JOHNSON.

° *A fit or two o' the face; ———*] A fit of the face seems to be what we now term a *grimace*, an artificial cast of the countenance. JOHNSON.

¹ *And stringhalt reign'd among 'em.*] The *stringhalt* is a disease incident to horses, which gives them a convulsive motion in their paces. STEEVENS.

*Lov.* The reformation of our travell'd gallants,  
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

*Cham.* I am glad 'tis there; now I would pray our  
monfieurs

To think an English courtier may be wise,  
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.

*Sands.* 'Tis time to give them physick, their diseases  
Are grown so catching.

*Cham.* What a loss our ladies  
Will have of these trim vanities?

*Lov.* Ay, marry,  
There will be woe indeed, lords: the fly whoresons  
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies:  
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.

*Sands.* The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad, they'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.

*Cham.* Well said, lord Sands;  
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet?

*Sands.* No, my lord;

Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

*Cham.* Sir Thomas,

Whither were you a-going?

*Lov.* To the cardinal's;

Your lordship is a guest too.

*Cham.* O, 'tis true:

This night he makes a supper, and a great one,

To many lords and ladies; there will be

The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

*Lov.* That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,

A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;

His dew falls ev'ry where.

*Cham.* No doubt he's noble;

He had a black mouth, that said other of him.

*Sands.* He may, my lord, he has wherewithal; in him,

Springing would shew a worse sin than ill doctrine:

Men of his way should be most liberal,

They are set here for examples.

*Cham.* True, they are so;

But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;

Your lordship shall along.—Come, good Sir Thomas,

We shall be late else; which I would not be,

For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,

This night to be comptrollers.

*Sands.* I am your lordship's. [*Exeunt.*

#### S C E N E I V .

*Changes to York-Place.*

*Hautboys.* *A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. Then enter Anne Bullen, and divers other ladies and gentlewomen, as guests, at one door; at another door, enter Sir Henry Guilford.*

*Guil.* Ladies, a general welcome from his grace  
Salutes you all: this night he dedicates

To

To fair content, and you : none here, he hopes,  
 In all this <sup>2</sup> noble bevy, has brought with her  
 One care abroad ; he would have all as merry  
<sup>3</sup> As first-good company, good wine, good welcome,  
 Can make good people.—O my lord, you are tardy ;

*Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, and Lovell.*

The very thought of this fair company  
 Clap'd wings to me.

*Cham* You are young, Sir Harry Guilford.

*Sands.* Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal  
 But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these  
 Should find a running banquet, ere they rested,  
 I think, would better please 'em. By my life,  
 They are a sweet society of fair ones.

*Lov.* O, that your lordship were but now confessor  
 To one or two of these !

*Sands.* I would, I were ;  
 They should find easy penance.

*Lov.* 'Faith, how easy ?

*Sands.* As easy, as a down-bed would afford it.

*Cham.* Sweet ladies, will it please you fit ? 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, make cold weather :—

<sup>2</sup> ————*noble bevy,*—] Milton has copied this word :

*A bevy of fair dames.* JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *As, first, good company, good wine, &c.]* As this passage has  
 been all along pointed, sir Harry Guilford is made to include all  
 these under the *first* article ; and then gives us the drop as to what  
 should follow. The poet, I am persuaded, wrote ;

*As first-good company, good wine, good welcome, &c.*

i. e. he would have you as merry as these three things can  
 make you, the best company in the land, of the best rank,  
 good wine, &c. THEOBALD.

Sir T. Hanmer has mended it more elegantly, but with greater  
 violence :

*As first, good company, then good wine, &c.* JOHNSON.

My lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;  
Pray, sit between these ladies.

*Sands.* By my faith,  
And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet la-  
dies—— [Sits.]

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me,  
I had it from my father.

*Anne.* Was he mad, Sir?

*Sands.* O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:  
But he would bite none; just as I do now,  
He'd kifs you twenty with a breath. [Kisses her.]

*Cham.* Well said, my lord.—  
So, now you are fairly feated.—Gentlemen,  
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies  
Pass away frowning.

*Sands.* For my little cure,  
Let me alone.

*Hautboys.* Enter Cardinal *Wolsey*, and takes his state.

*Wol.* You are welcome, my fair guests: That  
noble lady,  
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,  
Is not my friend. This, to confirm my welcome;  
And to you all good health. [Drinks.]

*Sands.* Your grace is noble:—  
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,  
And save me so much talking.

*Wol.* My lord Sands,  
I am beholden to you: Cheer your neighbours.—  
—Ladies, you are not merry.—Gentlemen,  
Whose fault is this?

*Sands.* The red wine first must rise  
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have 'em  
Talk us to silence.

*Anne.* You are a merry gamester,  
My lord Sands.

*Sands.* Yes, if I make my play.

Here's

Here's to your ladyship, and pledge it, madam,  
For 'tis to such a thing,——

*Anne.* You cannot shew me.

*Sands.* I told your grace, they would talk anon.

[*Drum and trumpets, chambers discharged.* <sup>4</sup>

*Wol.* What's that?

*Cham.* Look out there, some of you.

*Wol.* What warlike voice?

And to what end is this? Nay, ladies, fear not;  
By all the laws of war you are privileg'd.

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Cham.* How now? What is't?

*Serv.* 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.—

[*All arise, and tables removed.*

—You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend  
it.

A good digestion to you all: and, once more,  
I shower a welcome on you. Welcome all.

<sup>4</sup> *chambers discharged.*] *Chambers* are very small guns, used only on occasions of rejoicing. They are so contrived as to carry great charges, and thereby to make a noise more than proportioned to their size. Some of them are still fired in the Park, and at the places opposite to the parliament-house, when the king goes thither. Camden enumerates them among other guns, as follows,—  
'cannons, demi-cannons, *chambers*, arquebuse, musquet.'

*Hautboys.* 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?

*Cham.* Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd

To tell your grace;—that having heard by fame  
Of this so noble and so fair assembly,  
This night to meet here, they could do no less,  
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,  
But leave their flocks; and under your fair conduct  
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat  
An hour of revels with them.

*Wol.* Say, lord chamberlain,

They have done my poor house grace; for which I  
pay 'em

A thousand thanks, and pray 'em, take their pleasures.  
[*Chuse ladies, King and Anne Bullen.*]

*King.* The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,  
'Till now I never knew thee. [Musick. Dance.]

*Wol.* My lord,——

*Cham.* Your grace?

*Wol.* [To *Cham.* aside.] 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.

*Cham.* I will, my lord,

[*Cham.* goes to the company and returns.]

*Wol.* What say they?

*Cham.* 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.

<sup>s</sup> ———take it.] That is, take the chief place. JOHNSON.

By all your good leaves, gentlemen;—Here I'll make  
My royal choice.

*King.* <sup>6</sup> You have found him, cardinal.  
You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord.  
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,  
I should judge now <sup>7</sup> unhappily.

*Wol.* I am glad,  
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

*King.* My lord chamberlain,  
Pr'ythee, come hither. What fair lady's that?

*Cham.* An't please your grace, sir Thomas Bullen's  
daughter,

The viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

*King.* By heaven, she's a dainty one.—Sweet heart,  
I were unmannerly to take you out, [*To Anne Bullen.*  
And not to kifs you.—A health, gentlemen—  
Let it go round.

*Wol.* Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready  
I' the privy chamber.

*Lov.* Yes, my lord.

*Wol.* Your grace,  
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

*King.* I fear, too much.

*Wol.* There's fresher air, my lord.  
In the next chamber.

*King.* Lead in your ladies every one.—Sweet  
partner,

I must not yet forsake you.—Let's be merry;—  
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths  
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure  
To lead them once again: and then let's dream  
Who's best in favour.—Let the musick knock it.

[*Exeunt with trumpets.*]

<sup>6</sup> *You have found him, cardinal.*] Holinshed says the cardinal mis-  
took, and pitched upon sir Edward Neville; upon which the king  
laughed, and pulled off both his own mask and sir Edward's. *Ed-  
wards's MSS.* STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *unhappily.*] That is, *unluckily, mischievously.* JOHNSON.



## ACT II. SCENE I.

## A STREET.

*Enter two Gentlemen at several doors.*

I GENTLEMAN.

W HITHER away so fast?

*2 Gen.* O, God save you!  
Even to the hall, to hear what shall become  
Of the great duke of Buckingham.

*1 Gen.* I'll save you  
That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony  
Of bringing back the prisoner.

*2 Gen.* Were you there?

*1 Gen.* Yes, indeed, was I.

*2 Gen.* Pray, speak, what has happen'd?

*1 Gen.* You may guess quickly, what.

*2 Gen.* Is he found guilty?

*1 Gen.* Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon it.

*2 Gen.* I am sorry for't.

*1 Gen.* So are a number more.

*2 Gen.* But, pray, how pass'd it?

*1 Gen.* 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 Court,  
Confessor to him, with that devil-monk  
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

*2 Gen.* That was he,

That fed him with his prophecies.

1 *Gen.* The same.

All these accus'd him strongly, which he fain  
Would have flung from him; but, indeed, he could  
not;

And so his peers, upon this evidence  
Have found him guilty of high-treason. Much  
He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all  
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

2 *Gen.* After all this, how did he bear himself?

1 *Gen.* When he was brought again to the bar, to  
hear

His knell rung out, his judgment,—he was stirr'd  
With such an agony; he sweat extremely;<sup>8</sup>  
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 *Gen.* I do not think, he fears death.

1 *Gen.* Sure, he does not,

He never was so womanish; the cause  
He may a little grieve at.

2 *Gen.* Certainly,

The cardinal is the end of this.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis likely,

By all conjectures. First, Kildare's attainder  
Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,  
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,  
Lest he should help his father.

2 *Gen.* That trick of state  
Was a deep, envious one.

1 *Gen.* At his return,

No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,  
And, generally; whoever the king favours,

<sup>8</sup> ————— *he sweat extremely;*] This circumstance is taken from Holinshed.—“After he was found guilty, the duke was brought to the bar, fore chafing, and *sweat marvellously.*” STEEVENS.

The cardinal instantly will find employment,  
And far enough from court too.

2 *Gen.* 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 Buck-  
ingham;

The mirror of all courtesy :—

1 *Gen.* Stay there, sir,

And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

*Enter Buckingham from his arraignment, (Tipstaves before him, the axe with the edge toward him. Halberds on on each side) accompanied with Sir Thomas Lovell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir William's Sands, and common People, &c.*

2 *Gen.* Let's stand close and behold him.

*Buck.* All good people,

You that thus far have come to pity me,  
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.  
I have this day 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 sought it, I could wish more christians :  
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em :  
Yet let 'em look, they glory not in mischief,  
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men ;  
For then, my guiltless blood must cry 'gainst '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. 'Ye few, that lov'd me,

2 *Sir William.*] The old copy reads, *Sir Walter.* STEEVENS.

1 ————*Ye few, that lov'd me, &c.*] These lines are remarkably tender and pathetic. JOHNSON.

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.

*Buck.* Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,  
As I would be forgiven : I forgive all.  
There cannot be those numberless offences  
'Gainst me, that I can't take peace with : <sup>2</sup> no black  
envy  
Shall make my grave.—Commend me to his grace ;  
And,

<sup>2</sup> —————no black envy  
Shall make my grave.—————]

The sense of this is, that envy should not procure or advance his death. But this is not what he would say ; he believed the cardinal's envy did procure his death. He is speaking not of another's envy but his own. And his thought is, that he would not be remembered for an implacable unforgiving temper. We should read therefore,

—————no black envy  
Shall mark my grave.—————

alluding to the old custom of marking good or ill, by a *white* or *black* stone. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has with good judgment observed the error, but has not, I think, very happily corrected it. I do not see how the envy of those that are buried can *mark* the grave. In reading the lines I cannot but suspect that two words, as it may naturally happen, have changed places.

*There cannot be those numberless offences  
'Gainst me, I can't take peace with : no black envy  
Shall make my grave.——*

I would read thus :

*There cannot be those numberless offences  
'Gainst me, I can't make peace with, no black envy  
Shall take my grave.—————*

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.

*Vaux.* Prepare there,  
 The duke is coming. See, the barge be ready ;  
 And fit it with such furniture as suits  
 The greatness of his person.

*Buck.* Nay, sir Nicholas,  
 Let it alone ; my state now but will mock me.  
 When I came hither, I was lord high constable,  
 And duke of Buckingham ; now, poor Edward  
 Bohun :<sup>3</sup>  
 Yet I am richer than my base accusers,

To take, in this place, is to blast, to strike with malignant influence.  
 So in *Lear*,

—Strike her young limbs,  
 Ye taking airs, with lameness.

So in *Hamlet*,

—No spirit dares walk abroad,  
 No planet takes.— JOHNSON.

I believe Shakespeare, by this expression, meant no more than  
 to make the duke say, *No action expressive of malice shall conclude  
 my life.* *Envy* by our author is used for *malice* in other places,  
 and, perhaps, in this. STEEVENS.

Perhaps we should read,

—rake my grave.— T. T.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *poor Edward Bohun :*] The duke of Buckingham's name  
 was Stafford. Shakespeare was led into the mistake by Holinshed.  
 STEEVENS.

That never knew what truth meant: <sup>4</sup> 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 to me 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 you 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 you; 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.*]

<sup>4</sup> ——— *I now seal it, &c.*] I now seal my truth, my loyalty,  
 with blood, which blood shall one day make them groan.

1 *Gen.* O, this is full of pity! Sir, it calls,  
I fear, too many curses on their heads,  
That were the authors.

2 *Gen.* 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 *Gen.* Good angels keep it from us!  
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, Sir?

2 *Gen.* This secret is so weighty, 'twill require  
5 A strong faith to conceal it.

1 *Gen.* Let me have it;  
I do not talk much.

2 *Gen.* I am confident;  
You shall, Sir. Did you not of late days hear  
A buzzing, of a separation  
Between the king and Catherine?

1 *Gen.* Yes, but it held not:  
For when the king once heard it, out of anger  
He sent command to the lord mayor strait  
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues,  
That durst disperse it.

2 *Gen.* 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 *Gen.* 'Tis the cardinal;  
And meerly to revenge him on the emperor,  
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,  
The archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

5 *Strong faith*—] is great fidelity. JOHNSON.

2 *Gen.* I think, you've 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 *Gen.* 'Tis woeful.

We are too open here to argue this;

Let's think in private more.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*An Antichamber in the Palace.*

*Enter Lord Chamberlain reading a letter.*

*MY lord, the horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the North. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission and main power took 'em from me; with this reason; his master would be serv'd before a subject, if not before the king, which stopp'd our mouths, Sir.*

I fear, he will, indeed. Well, let him have them;  
He will have all, I think.

*Enter the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk.*

*Nor.* Well met, my lord chamberlain.

*Cham.* Good day to both your graces.

*Suf.* How is the king employ'd?

*Cham.* I left him private,  
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

*Nor.* What's the cause?

*Cham.* It seems, the marriage with his 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



That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,  
Turns what he lists. This king will know him one  
day.

*Suf.* Pray God, he do! he'll never know himself else.

*Nor.* How holily he works in all his business!  
And with what zeal! For now he has crack'd the league  
'Tween us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,  
He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters  
Doubts, dangers, 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?

*Cham.* 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.

*Nor.* We had need pray,  
And heartily, for our deliverance;  
Or this imperious man will work us all  
From princes into pages: all men's honours  
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd  
Into what pitch he please.

*Suf.*

<sup>6</sup> *From princes into pages:—*] This may allude to the retinue of the cardinal, who had several of the nobility among his menial servants. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Into what pitch he please.*] Here is a strange dissonance in the  
O 4 meta-

*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?

*Cham.* Excuse me;

The king hath sent me other-where: besides  
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him.

Health to your lordships. [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

*Nor.* Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.

*A Door opens, and discovers the King sitting and reading  
pensively.\**

*Suf.* How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.

*King.* Who's there! ha?

*Nor.* Pray God, he be not angry.

*King.* Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust  
yourselves

Into my private meditations?

Whom am I? ha?

*Nor.* A gracious king, that pardons all offences,

metaphor, which is taken from unbak'd dough. I read,

*Into what pinch he please.*

i. e. into what shape he please WARBURTON.

I do not think this emendation necessary, let the allusion be to  
what it will. The mass must be fashioned into *pitch* or height, as  
well as into particular form. The meaning is, that the cardinal  
can, as he pleases, make high or low. JOHNSON.

\* *A door opens, &c.]* The stage direction in the old copy is a sin-  
gular one. *Exit Lord Chamberlain, and the King awakes the cur-  
tain, and sits reading pensively.* STEEVENS.

Malice

Malice ne'er meant. Our breach of duty, this way,  
Is business of estate; in which, we come  
To know your royal pleasure.

*King.* You are too bold:  
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business;  
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha?

*Enter Wolfey, and Campeius with a Commission.*

Who's there? my good lord cardinal?—O my  
Wolfey,

The quiet of my wounded conscience!  
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome,  
[*To Campeius.*

Most learned reverend Sir, into our kingdom;  
Use us, and it:—My good lord, <sup>o</sup> have great care  
I be not found a talker. [*To Wolfey.*

*Wol.* Sir, you cannot.  
I would your grace would give us but an hour  
Of private conference.

*King.* We are busy; go. [*To Norf. 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 cannot continue.

*Nor.* If it do,  
I'll venture one heave at him.

*Suf.* I another. [*Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.*

*Wol.* Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom  
Above all princes, in committing freely  
Your scruple to the voice of christendom:

<sup>o</sup> — have great care  
I be not found a talker.]

I take the meaning to be, *Let care be taken that my promise be performed, that my professions of welcome be not found empty talk.*

JOHNSON.

† — so sick though,—] That is, *so sick as he is proud.*

JOHNSON.

Who

Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?  
 The Spaniard, ty'd by blood and favour to her,  
 Must now confess, if he have any goodnes,  
 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.

*King.* 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' loves,

You are so noble. To your highness' hand  
 I tender my commission; by whose virtue,  
 (The court of Rome commanding) you, my lord  
 Cardinal of York, are join'd with me, their servant,  
 In the impartial judging of this business.

*King.* Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted

Forthwith for what you come:—Where's Gardiner?

*Wol.* I know, your majesty has always 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.

*King.* 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.

*Cardinal goes out, and re-enters with Gardiner.*

*Wol.* Give me your hand: much joy and favour to you;

You

You are the king's now.

*Gard.* But to be commanded  
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

[*Aside.*

*King.* Come hither, Gardiner. [*Walks and whispers.*

*Cam.* My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace  
In this man's place before him?

*Wol.* Yes, he was.

*Cam.* Was he not held a learned man?

*Wol.* Yes surely.

*Cam.* Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread 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,  
<sup>2</sup>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.

*King.* Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[*Exit Gardiner.*

The most convenient place that I can think of,  
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars;  
There ye shall meet about this weighty business:—  
My Wolfey, see it furnish'd.—O my lord,  
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave  
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience! conscience!  
O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>2</sup> Kept him a foreign man still:—] Kept him out of the king's presence, employed in foreign embassies. JOHNSON.

## S C E N E I I I.

*An Antichamber of the Queen's Apartments.*

*Enter Anne Bullen, and an old Lady.*

*Anne.* Not for that neither:—here's the pang that pinches:

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) oh, now after  
So many courses of the sun, enthron'd,  
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—the which  
To leave is a thousand-fold more bitter, than  
'Tis sweet at first to acquire; after this process,  
<sup>3</sup> To give her the avaunt! it is a pity  
Would move a monster.

*Old L.* Hearts of most hard temper  
Melt and lament for her.

*Anne.* Oh, God's will! much better  
She ne'er had known pomp: though it be temporal,  
<sup>4</sup> Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce  
It from the bearer, it is a sufferance, panging  
As foul and body's fevering.

<sup>3</sup> *To give her the avaunt!*——] To send her away contemptuously; to pronounce against her a sentence of ejection.

JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Yet, if that quarrel, Fortune,*——] He calls Fortune a *quarrel* or arrow, from her striking so deep and suddenly. *Quarrel* was a large arrow so called. Thus Fairfax,

——*Twang'd the string, out flew the quarrel long.*

WARBURTON.

Such is Dr. Warburton's interpretation. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads,

*That quarreller Fortune.*

I think the poet may be easily supposed to use *quarrel* for *quarreller*, as *murder* for *murderer*, the act for the agent. JOHNSON.

*Old L.*

*Old L.* Alas ! poor lady !  
She's <sup>5</sup> stranger now again.

*Anne.* 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 glistering grief,  
And wear a golden sorrow.

*Old L.* Our content  
Is <sup>6</sup> our best having,

*Anne.* By my troth, and maidenhead,  
I would not be a queen.

*Old L.* Beshrew me, I would,  
And venture maidenhead for't ; and so would you,  
For all this spice of your 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 <sup>7</sup> cheveril conscience would receive,  
If you might please to stretch it.

*Anne.* Nay, good troth,—

*Old L.* Yes, troth and troth,—You would not be  
a queen ?

*Anne.* No, not for all the riches under heaven.

*Old L.* 'Tis strange ; a three-pence bow'd would  
hire me,

Old as I am, to queen it. But I pray you,

<sup>5</sup> ——— *stranger now again.*] Again an alien ; not only no longer queen, but no longer an Englishwoman. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *our best having.*] That is, our best *possession*. So in *Macbeth*,

————— *Promises*

*Of noble having and of royal hope.*

In Spanish, *hazienda*. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *cheveril*—] is kid-skin, soft leather. JOHNSON.

What think you of a dutchefs? have you limbs  
To bear that load of title?

*Anne.* No, in truth.

*Old L.* Then you are weakly made: <sup>8</sup> Pluck off a  
little;

I would not be a young count in your way,  
For more than blushing comes to. If your back  
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak  
Ever to get a boy.

*Anne.* How do you talk!

I swear again, I would not be a queen  
For all the world.

*Old L.* In faith, for little England  
<sup>9</sup> 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 Lord Chamberlain.*

*Cham.* Good morrow, ladies, What were't worth  
to know  
The secret of your conference?

\* ————*Pluck off a little;*] What must she pluck off? I  
think we may better read,

—————*Pluck up a little.*

*Pluck up!* is an idiomatical expression for *take courage*. JOHNS.

The old lady first questions Anne Bullen about being a *queen*,  
which she declares her aversion to; she then proposes the title of  
a *dutchefs*, and asks her if she thinks herself equal to the task of  
sustaining it; but as she still declines the offer of greatness,

*Pluck off a little,*

says she, i. e. let us descend still lower, and more upon a level  
with your own quality, and then adds,

*I would not be a young count in your way,*

which is still an inferior degree of honour to any yet spoken of.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *You'd venture an emballing: ————*] You would venture to be  
distinguished by the *ball*, the ensign of royalty. JOHNSON.

*Anne.*



*Anne.* My good lord,  
Not your demand; it values not your asking:  
Our mistrefs' forrows we were pitying.

*Cham.* It was a gentle business, and becoming  
The action of good women: there is hope,  
All will be well.

*Anne.* Now I pray God, amen!

*Cham.* You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly  
    blessings  
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,  
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's  
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty  
Commends his good opinion to you, and  
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing  
Than marchioness of Pembroke; to which title  
A thousand pounds a year, annual support,  
Out of his grace he adds.

*Anne.* I do not know  
What kind of my obedience I should tender;  
<sup>1</sup> 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.

*Cham.* Lady,

<sup>1</sup> *More than my all, is nothing*: ———] No figure can free this  
expression from nonsense. In spite of the exactness of measure,  
we should read,

*More than my all, which is nothing.*

i. e. which all is nothing. WARBURTON.

It is not nonsense, but only a hyperbole. Not only my *all is  
nothing*, but if my all were more than it is, it were still nothing.

JOHNSON.

I shall

<sup>2</sup> I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit,  
The king hath of you.—I have perus'd her well ;  
Beauty and honour are in her so mingled, [ *Aside.*  
That they have caught the king : And who knows  
yet,

But from this lady may proceed a <sup>3</sup> gem,  
To lighten all this isle?—I'll to the king,  
And say, I spoke with you. [ *Exit Lord Chamberlain.*  
*Anne.* My honour'd lord.

*Old L.* Why, this it is ; see, see !  
I have been begging sixteen years in court,  
(Am yet a courtier beggarly) nor could  
Come pat betwixt *too early* and *too late*,  
For any suit of pounds : and you, (oh fate !)  
A very fresh fish here, (fy, fy upon  
This compell'd fortune,) have your mouth fill'd up,  
Before you open it.

*Anne.* This is strange to me.

*Old L.* How tastes it ? is it bitter ? <sup>4</sup> forty pence, no.

<sup>2</sup> *I shall not fail, &c.*] I shall not omit to strengthen by my commendation, the opinion which the king has formed. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ————— a gem

To lighten all this isle ? ————— ]

Perhaps alluding to the *carbuncle*, a gem supposed to have intrinsic light, and to shine in the dark ; any other gem may reflect light, but cannot give it. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> ————— is it bitter ? forty pence, no.] Mr. Roderick, in his appendix to Edwards's book, proposes to read,

————— for two pence.

The old reading may, however, stand. *Forty pence* was in those days the proverbial expression of a small wager. Money was then reckoned by *pounds*, *marks*, and *nobles*. *Forty pence* is half a noble, or the sixth part of a pound. *Forty pence*, or three and four pence, still remains in many offices the legal and established fee.

So in *All's well that ends well*, act ii. the clown says, *As fit as ten groats for the band of an attorney.*

Again in *The Wild-Goose Chase* of Beaumont and Fletcher,

“ ——— Now could I spend my *forty pence*

“ With all my heart.” STEEVENS.

There

There was a lady once ('tis an old story)  
That would not be a queen, that would she not,  
For all the mud in Ægypt. Have you heard it?

*Anne.* Come, you are pleasant.

*Old L.* With your theme, I could  
O'er mount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke!  
A thousand pounds a year! for pure respect;  
No other obligation? By my life,  
That promises more thousands: Honour's train  
Is longer than his fore-skirt. By this time,  
I know, your back will bear a dutchess:—Say,  
Are you not stronger than you were?

*Anne.* Good lady,  
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,  
And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being,  
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me,  
To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful  
In our long absence: pray, do not deliver  
What here you have heard, to her.

*Old L.* What do you think me?— [Exeunt.]

## S C E N E IV.

*A Hall in Black-Fryars.*

*Trumpets, 5 sennet, and cornets. Enter two Vergers,  
with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes in  
the*

*5 sennet,]* I know not the meaning of this word, which is in all the editions, except that Hanmer, not understanding it, has left it out. JOHNSON.

Dr. Burney, to whom the world will soon be under great obligations on the subject of musick, undertook to trace the etymology, and discover the certain meaning of this word, but without success. The following conjecture of his should not, however, be withheld from the public.

*Senné* or *sennie* de l'Allemand *sên* qui signifie assemblee. Dict. de vieux *Langage*.

*Senne* assemblee a son de cloche. *Menage*.

*the habits of doctors; after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and St. Asaph; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and the cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman-usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Serjeant at arms, bearing a mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver<sup>6</sup> pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him, as judges. The Queen takes place, some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.*

*Wol.* Whilst our commission from Rome is read,  
Let silence be commanded.

*King.* 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't so;—proceed.

*Scribe.* Say, Henry king of England, come into  
the court.

*Crier.* Henry king of England, &c.

*King.* Here.

*Scribe.* Say, Catherine queen of England,

Perhaps, therefore, says he, *sennet* may mean a flourish for the purpose of assembling chiefs, or apprizing the people of their approach. I have likewise been informed, (as is elsewhere noted) that *seneste* is the name of an antiquated French tune. STEEVENS.  
<sup>6</sup> pillars;] Pillars were some of the ensigns of dignity carried before cardinals. Sir Thomas More, when he was speaker to the commons, advised them to admit Wolsey into the house with his maces and his pillars. *More's Life of Sir T. More.* JOHNSON.

1  
Come

Come into the court.

*Crier.* Catherine, queen of England, &c.

[*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*]

*Queen.* Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice;<sup>7</sup>  
 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? <sup>8</sup> nay, gave not notice  
 He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind,  
 That I have been your wife, in this obedience,

<sup>7</sup> *Sir, I desire you do me right and justice, &c.*] This speech of the queen's and the king's reply are taken from the old chronicles.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ———*nay, gave not notice*] In former editions,

———*nay, gave notice,*

Which, though the authour's common liberties of speech might justify, yet I cannot but think that *not* was dropped before *notice*, having the same letters, and have therefore followed sir Thomas Hanmer's correction. JOHNSON.

Upward of twenty years, and have been blest  
 With many children by you: If in the course  
 And process of this time, you can report,  
 And prove it too, against mine honour aught,  
 My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,  
 Against you 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 assembled  
 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 unsettled in the king.

*Cam.* His grace  
 Hath spoken well and justly: Therefore, madam,  
 It's fit this royal session do proceed;  
 And that, without delay, their arguments  
 Be now produc'd, and heard.

*Queen.* Lord cardinal,—

To

To you I speak.

*Wol.* Your pleasure, madam?

*Queen.* 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,——

*Queen.* 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.

\* —— and make my challenge,

You shall not be my judge:

*Challenge* is here a *verbum juris*, a law term. The criminal, when he refuses a juryman, says, *I challenge him*. I think there is a slight error which destroys the connection, and would read,

*Induc'd by potent circumstances, that*

*You are mine enemy, I make my challenge.*

—You shall not be my judge. JOHNSON.

Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,  
 That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:  
 The king is present: If it be known to him  
 That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,  
 And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as much  
 As you have done my truth. If he know  
 That I am free of your report, he knows,  
 I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him  
 It lies, to cure me; and the cure is, to  
 Remove these thoughts from you. The which before  
 His highness shall speak in, I do beseech  
 You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking;  
 And to say so no more.

*Queen.* My lord, my lord,  
 I am a simple woman, much too weak  
 To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and humble-  
 mouth'd;

<sup>1</sup> You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,  
 With meekness and humility: but your heart  
 Is cramm'd with arrogance, spleen, and pride.  
 You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,  
 Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted,<sup>2</sup>  
 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,

<sup>1</sup> You sign your place and calling, — — ] Sign, for answer.  
 WARBURTON.

I think, to *sign*, must here be to *show*, to *denote*. By your outward meekness and humility, you *show* that you are of an holy order, but, &c. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — — you are mounte<sup>1</sup>,  
 Where powers are your retainers; and your words,  
 Domesticks to you, serve your will, — ]

You have now got *power* at your beck, following in your retinue; and *words* therefore are degraded to the servile state of performing any office which you shall give them. In humbler and more common terms; *Having now got power, you do not regard your word.* JOHNSON.

You



You tender more your person's honour, than  
Your high profession spiritual:—That again  
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,  
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,  
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness;  
And to be judg'd by him.

*[She curt'sies to the King, and offers to depart.]*

*Cam.* The queen is obstinate,  
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and  
Disdainful to be try'd by it; 'tis not well.  
She's going away.

*King.* Call her again.

*Crier.* Catherine, queen of England, come into the  
court.

*Usher.* Madam, you are call'd back.

*Queen.* 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 Attendants.]*

*King.* Go thy ways, Kate:

That man i'the world who shall report he has  
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,  
For speaking false in that. Thou art, alone,  
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,  
Thy meekness faint-like, wife like government,  
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts  
Sovereign and pious else, <sup>3</sup> could speak thee out)  
The queen of earthly queens:—She is noble born;  
And, like her true nobility, she has  
Carried herself towards me.

<sup>3</sup> ————*could speak thee out*] If thy several qualities had tongues  
to speak thy praise. JOHNSON.

*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 robb'd and bound,  
 There must I be unloos'd; <sup>4</sup> although not there  
 At once, and fully satisfy'd) if I  
 Did broach this business to your highness; or  
 Laid any scruple in your way, which might  
 Induce you to the question on't? or ever  
 Have to you, but with thanks to God for such  
 A royal lady, spake one the least word, that might  
 Be to the prejudice of her present state,  
 Or touch of her good person?

*King.* My lord cardinal,  
 I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,  
 I free you from't. You are not to be taught,  
 That you have many enemies, that know not  
 Why they are so; but, like the 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 justified? you ever  
 Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never  
 Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hindred, oft

<sup>4</sup> ———— *although not there*  
 At once, and fully satisfied: ———— ]

What he is aims at is this; where I am robbed and bound, there must I be unloosed, though the injurers be not there to make me satisfaction; as much as to say, I owe so much to my own innocence, as to clear up my character, tho' I do not expect my wrongers will do me justice. It seems then that Shakespeare wrote,

At on'd, and fully satisfied. ———— WARBURTON.

I do not see what is gained by this alteration. The sense, which is encumbered with words in either reading, is no more than this, I must be *loosed*, though when so *loosed*, I shall not be *satisfied* fully and *at once*; that is, I shall not be *immediately* satisfied.

JOHNSON.

The

The passages made toward it.—<sup>5</sup>On my honour,  
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,  
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't—  
I will be bold with time, and your attention.—  
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came:—give  
heed to't:—

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,  
<sup>6</sup>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: I'the progress of this business,  
Ere a determinate resolution, he  
(I mean the bishop) did require a respite;  
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise,  
Whether our daughter were legitimate,  
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,  
Sometime our brother's wife. <sup>7</sup>This respite shook  
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,

<sup>5</sup> ———— *On my honour,  
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,]*

The king, having first addressed to Wolsey, breaks off; and declares upon his honour to the whole court, that he speaks the cardinal's sentiments upon the point in question; and clears him from any attempt, or wish, to stir that business. THEOBALD.

<sup>6</sup> *Scruple, and prick, ———]* Prick of conscience was the term in confession. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ———— *This respite shook  
The bosom of my conscience, ———]*

Tho' this reading be sense, yet, I verily believe, the poet wrote,

*The bottom of my conscience, ———*

Shakespeare, in all his historical plays, was a most diligent observer of Holingshead's Chronicle. Now Holinshead, in the speech which he has given to king Henry upon this subject, makes him deliver himself thus: "Which words, once conceived within the  
"secret bottom of my conscience, ingendred such a scrupulous doubt,  
"that my conscience was incontinently accombred, vexed, and  
"disquisted." *Vid.* Life of Henry VIII. p. 907. THEOBALD.

Yea,

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 prest in with this caution. First, methought,  
 I stood not in the smile of heaven, which 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-issure  
 Or died where they were made, or shortly after  
 This world had air'd them. Hence I took a thought,  
 This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,  
 Well worthy the best heir o'the world, should not  
 Be gladdened in't by me. Then follows, that  
 I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in  
 By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me  
 Many a groaning throe. Thus <sup>8</sup> hulling in  
 The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer  
 Towards this remedy, whereupon we are  
 Now present here together; that's to say,  
 I mean 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.

*King.* I have spoke long; be pleas'd yourself to say  
 How far you satisfy'd me.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *hulling in*  
*The wild sea*—————]

That is, floating without guidance; tofs'd here and there.

JOHNSON.

The expression belongs to navigation. A ship is said to *hull*, when she is dismasted, and only her *hull*, or *bulk*, is left at the direction and mercy of the waves. STEEVENS.

*Lin.*

*Lin.* 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 intreat your highness to this course,  
Which you are running here.

*King.* ° I then mov'd you,  
My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave  
To make this present summons.—Unsollicited  
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 drive this forward.  
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life  
And kingly dignity, we are contented  
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,  
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 to further day:  
Mean while must be an earnest motion  
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal

° *I then mov'd you.*] I have rescued the text from Holinshed.—  
“ I moved it in confession to you, my lord of Lincoln, then ghostly  
“ father. And forasmuch as then you yourself were in some  
“ doubt, you moved me to ask the counsel of all these my lords.  
“ Whereupon I *moved* you, my lord of Canterbury, first to have  
“ your *licence*, in as much as you were metropolitan, to put this  
“ matter in question; and *so I did of all you*, my lords.” Holin-  
shed's Life of Henry VIII. p. 908. THEOBALD.

° *That's paragon'd i' th' world.*] Hanmer reads, I think, better,

—*The primeſt creature*  
*That's paragon o' th' world.*

JOHNSON.

She

She intends to his holiness.

[*They rise to depart.* <sup>2</sup> *The King speaks to Cranmer.*

*King.* 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.*

## A C T I I I . S C E N E I .

*The Queen's Apartments.*

*The Queen and her Women, as at work.*

Q U E E N .

**T**AKE thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with  
troubles;  
Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst: leave working.

<sup>2</sup> *The king speaks to Cranmer.*] This marginal direction is not found in the old folio, and was wrongly added by some subsequent editor. Cranmer was now absent from court on an embassy, as appears from the last scene of this act, where Cromwell informs Wolfey, that he is return'd and install'd archbishop of Canterbury.

*My learn'd and well beloved servant, Cranmer,  
Pr'ythee, return! ——*

is no more than an apostrophe to the absent bishop of that name.

Dr. RIDLEY.

S O N G .

## S O N G .

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.  
 Every thing that heard him play,  
 Even 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 die.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Queen.* How now ?

*Gent.* An't please your grace, the two great cardinals

Wait in the presence.

*Queen.* Would they speak with me ?

*Gent.* They will'd me say so, madam.

*Queen.* Pray their graces

To come near. What can be their business

With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour ?

*[Exit Messenger.]*

I do not like their coming, now I think on't.

<sup>3</sup>They should be good men ; their affairs are righteous,  
 But, all hoods make not monks.

<sup>3</sup> *They should be good men, their affairs are righteous,] Affairs for professions ; and then the sense is clear and pertinent. The proposition is they are priests. The illation, therefore they are good men ; for being understood : but if affairs be interpreted in its common signification, the sentence is absurd. WARBURTON.*

The sentence has no great difficulty : *Affairs* means not their present errand, but the *business of their calling.* JOHNSON.

*Enter*

*Enter the Cardinals Wolsey and Campeius.*

*Wol.* Peace to your highness !

*Queen.* Your graces find me here part of a housewife ;

I would be all, against the worst may happen.

What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords ?

*Wol.* May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw  
Into your private chamber, we shall give you  
The full cause of our coming.

*Queen.* 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 wife in,

Out with it boldly. Truth loves open dealing.

*Wol.* *Tanta est ergà te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,—*

*Queen.* 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.

♣ ♠ *Envy and base opinion set against 'em ;*] I would be glad that my conduct were in some publick trial confronted with mine enemies, that envy and corrupt judgment might try their utmost power against me. JOHNSON.

♠ ————*and that way I am wife in,*] That is, if you come to examine *the title* by which I am the king's wife ; or, if you come to know how I have behaved as a wife. The meaning, whatever it be, is so coarsely and unskilfully expressed, that the latter editors have liked nonsense better, and contrarily to the antient and only copy, have published,

*And that way I am wife in.*

JOHNSON.



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 mistrefs' 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.—

*Queen.* To betray me.

[*Aside.*

My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,  
Ye speak like honest men; (pray God, ye prove so!)  
But how 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 council, for my cause.  
 Alas ! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

*Wol.* Madam, you wrong the king's love with those fears ;

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

*Queen.* 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 my own country, lords.

*Cam.* I would, your grace  
 Would leave your griefs, and take my council.

*Queen.* How, sir ?

*Cam.* Put your main cause into the king's protection ;

He's loving and most gracious. 'Twill be much  
 Both for your honour better, and your cause ;  
 For if the trial of the law o'ertake you,  
 You'll part away disgrac'd.

*Wol.* He tells you rightly.

*Queen.* Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin.  
 Is this your christian counsel ? Out upon you !

<sup>6</sup> *Though he be grown so desperate to be honest*] Do you think that any Englishman dare advise me ; or, if any man should venture to advise with honesty, that he could live ? JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *weigh out my afflictions,*] This phrase is obscure. To weigh out, is, in modern language, to deliver by weight ; but this sense cannot be here admitted. To weigh is likewise to deliberate upon, to consider with due attention. This may, perhaps, be meant. Or the phrase, to weigh out, may signify to counterbalance, to counteract with equal force. JOHNSON.

Heaven is above all yet ; there sits a judge,  
That no king can corrupt.

*Cam.* Your rage mistakes us:

*Queen.* <sup>s</sup> The more shame for you ; holy men I  
thought you,

Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues ;  
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear you :  
Mend 'em for shame, my lords. Is this your com-  
fort ?

The cordial that you bring a wretched lady ?  
A woman lost among you, laugh'd at, scorn'd ?  
I will not wish you half my miseries,  
I have more charity. But say, I warn'd ye ;  
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once  
The burden of my sorrows fall upon you.

*Wol.* Madam, this is a mere distraction ;  
You turn the good we offer into envy.

*Queen.* Ye turn me into nothing. Woe upon you  
And all such false professors ! Would ye have me,  
(If you have any justice, any pity,  
If you be any thing but churchmens' 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.

*Queen.* 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 ?

<sup>s</sup> *The more shame for you ;* ———] If I mistake you, it is by your fault, not mine ; for I thought you good. The distress of Catherine might have kept her from the quibble to which she is irresistibly tempted by the word *cardinal*. JOHNSON.

Have I, with all my full affections  
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd  
him?

Been, out of fondness, <sup>9</sup>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.

*Queen.* 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.

*Queen.* '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 shall become of me now, wretched lady?  
I am the most unhappy woman living.—  
—Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?

[*To her women.*

Ship-wreck'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;

<sup>9</sup> ————*superstitious to him?*] That is, served him with superstitious attention; done more than was required. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *'Ye have angels' faces,—*] She may perhaps allude to the old jingle of *Angli* and *Angeli*. JOHNSON.

We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.  
 For goodnes' 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 kifs 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 ser-  
 vants,

*Cam.* Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your  
 virtues

With these weak womens' 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.

*Queen.* Do what you 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.*]

## S C E N E I I .

*Antechamber to the King's Apartments.*

*Enter Duke of Norfolk, Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

*Nor.* If you will now unite in your complaints,  
And <sup>2</sup> 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, <sup>3</sup> or at least  
Strangely neglected? when did he regard  
The stamp of nobleness in any person  
Out of himself?

*Cham.*

<sup>2</sup> *And force them——*] Force is enforce, urge. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *——— or at least  
Strangely neglected?———*]

The plain sense requires us to read,

*Stood not neglected?——*      WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's alteration makes a more correct sentence, but in our authour's licentious English, the passage, as it stands, means the same as, *which of the peers has not gone by him contemned or neglected?* JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *——— when he did regard  
The stamp of nobleness in any person  
Out of himself?]*

The expression is bad, and the thought false. For it supposes Wolfey to be *noble*, which was not so: we should read and point,

*——— when did he regard*

*The*

*Cham.* My lords, you speak your pleasures.  
 What he deserves of you and me, I know ;  
 What we can do to him, (though now the time  
 Give 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 settled,  
 Not to come off, in his displeasure.

*Sur.* Sir,  
 I should be glad to hear such news as this  
 Once every hour.

*Nor.* Believe it, this is true.  
 In the divorce, his <sup>s</sup> 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 miscarried,  
 And came to the eye o' the king : wherein was read,  
 How that the cardinal did intreat his holiness  
 To stay the judgment o' the divorce ; For if  
 It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive*  
*My king is 'tangled in affection to*

*The stamp of nobleness in any person ;  
 Out of't himself ?*

i. e. when did he regard *nobleness* of blood in another ; having none of his own to value himself upon ? WARBURTON.

I do not think this correction proper. The meaning of the present reading is easy. *When did he*, however careful to carry his own dignity to the utmost height, *regard any dignity of another ?*

JOHNSON.

<sup>s</sup> ——— *contrary proceedings*] Private practices opposite to his public procedure. JOHNSON.

*A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen.*

*Sur.* Has the king this ?

*Suf.* Believe it.

*Sur.* Will this work ?

*Cham.* The king in this perceives him, how he coasts,  
 ° And hedges, his own way. But in this point  
 All his tricks founder, and he brings his physick  
 After his patients death ; the king already  
 Hath married the fair lady.

*Sur.* 'Would he had !

*Suf.* May you be happy in your wish, my lord ;  
 For, I profess, you have it.

*Sur.* Now all my joy

? Trace the conjunction !

*Suf.* My Amen to't !

*Nor.* All mens' !

*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,

° *And hedges, his own way.*————] It is not said, that the king perceives how he *obstructs* his own way ; but how *obliquely* he pursues it : we should read therefore,

————edges *his own way.*——— WARBURTON.

To *hedge*, is to creep along by the hedge : not to take the direct and open path, but to steal covertly through circumvolutions,

JOHNSON.

? *Trace the conjunction !*] To *trace*, is to *follow*. JOHNSON.

Will



Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius  
Is stolen away to Rome; has ta'en no leave;  
Hath left the cause o' the king unhandled; and  
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,  
To second all his plot. I do assure you,  
The king cry'd, *Ha!* at this.

*Cham.* Now, God incense him;  
And let him cry, ha, louder!

*Nor.* But, my lord,  
When returns Cranmer?

*Suf.* He is return'd in his opinions; which  
Have satisfi'd the king for his divorce,  
Together with all famous colleges  
Almost in Christendom:<sup>8</sup> 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

<sup>8</sup> *He is return'd in his opinions; which  
Have satisfy'd the king for his divorce,  
Together with all famous colleges,  
Almost in Christendom:—————]*

Thus the old copy. The meaning is this: Cranmer, says Suffolk, is returned in his opinions, i. e. with the same sentiments, which he entertained before he went abroad, which (sentiments) have satisfied the king, together with all the famous colleges to which he referred in his expedition. I should have thought these lines too plain to need an explanation, had they been ever yet presented to the reader; but, on the contrary, Mr. Rowe altered them as follows, and all succeeding editors have silently adopted his unnecessary change.

*He is return'd with his opinions, which  
Have satisfy'd the king for his divorce,  
Gather'd from all the famous colleges  
Almost in Christendom.—————*

STEEVENS.

For it, an archbishop.

*Nor.* So I hear.

*Suf.* 'Tis so.

The cardinal——

*Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.*

*Nor.* Observe, observe; he's moody.

*Wol.* The packet, Cromwell,

Gave it you the king?

*Crom.* To his own hand, in his bed-chamber.

*Wol.* Look'd he o' the inside o' the paper?

*Crom.* Presently

He did unseal them: and the first he view'd,

He did it with a serious mind; a heed

Was in his countenance. You he bade

Attend him here this morning.

*Wol.* Is he ready

To come abroad?

*Crom.* I think, by this he is.

*Wol.* Leave me a while.—

[*Exit Cromwell.*]

It shall be to the dutchess of Alençon,

The French king's sister: he shall marry her.

Anne Bullen! no; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:—

There's more in't than fair visage.—Bullen!——

No, we'll no Bullens!—Speedily, I wish

To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pembroke?—

*Nor.* He's discontented.

*Suf.* May be, he hears the king

Does whet his anger to him.

*Sur.* Sharp enough,

Lord, for thy justice!

*Wol.* [*Aside.*] The late queen's gentlewoman; a knight's daughter,

To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!—

This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;

Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous,

And well-deserving? yet I know her for  
 A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to  
 Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of  
 Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up  
 An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one,  
 Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,  
 And is his oracle.

*Nor.* He is vex'd at something.

*Sur.* I would 'twere something that would fret the  
 string,

The master cord of his heart!

*Enter King, reading a schedule; and Lovell.*

*Suf.* The king, the king.

*King.*

*Enter the King, reading a schedule;]* That the cardinal gave the king an inventory of his own private wealth, by mistake, and thereby ruined himself, is a known variation from the truth of history. Shakespeare, however, has not injudiciously represented the fall of that great man, as owing to an incident which he had once improved to the destruction of another. See Holinshed, vol. ii. p. 796 and 797.

“ Thomas Ruthall, bishop of Durham, was, after the death of  
 “ king Henry VII. one of the privy council to Henry VIII. to  
 “ whom the king gave in charge to write a book of the whole  
 “ estate of the kingdom, &c. Afterwards, the king commanded  
 “ cardinal Wolsey to go to this bishop, and to bring the book away  
 “ with him.—This bishop having written two books (the one to  
 “ answer the king's command, and the other intreating of his  
 “ own private affairs) did bind them both after one sort in vellum,  
 “ &c. Now, when the cardinal came to demand the book due to  
 “ the king, the bishop unadvisedly commanded his servant to  
 “ bring him the book bound in white vellum, lying in his study,  
 “ in such a place. The servant accordingly brought forth one of  
 “ the books so bound, being the book intreating of the state of  
 “ the bishop, &c. The cardinal having the book, went from the  
 “ bishop, and after (in his study by himself) understanding the  
 “ contents thereof, he greatly rejoiced, having now occasion  
 “ (which he long sought for) offered unto him, to bring the bishop  
 “ into the king's disgrace.

“ Wherefore he went forthwith to the king, delivered the book  
 “ into his hands, and briefly informed him of the contents there-  
 “ of; putting further into the king's head, that if at any time he

“ were

*King.* 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,<sup>1</sup>  
Strikes his breast hard; and then anon, he casts  
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures  
We have seen him set himself.

*King.* It may well be;  
There is a mutiny in his 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 is heaven's will:  
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,  
To bless your eye withal.

*King.* If we did think,

“ were destitute of a mass of money, he should not need to seek fur-  
“ ther therefore than to the coffers of the bishop. Of all which when  
“ the bishop had intelligence, &c. he was stricken with such grief  
“ of the same, that he shortly, through extreme sorrow, ended his  
“ life at London, in the year of Christ 1523. After which, the  
“ cardinal, who had long before gaped after his bishoprick, in  
“ singular hope to attain thereunto, had now his wish in effect,  
“ &c.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> ———— *then, stops again,*] Sallust describing the disturbed  
state of Catiline's mind, takes notice of the same circumstance.  
“ ———citus modo, modo tardus incessus.” STEEVENS.

His

His contemplations were above the earth,  
 And fix'd on spiritual objects, he should still  
 Dwell in his musings ; but, I am afraid,  
 His thinkings are below the moon, nor worth  
 His serious considering.

[*He takes his seat, whispers Lovell, who goes to Wolfsey.*

*Wol.* Heaven forgive me !——

Ever God bless your highness !———

*King.* 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.

*King.* You have said well.

*Wol.* And ever may your highness yoke together,  
 As I will lend you cause, my doing well  
 With my well saying !

*King.* 'Tis well said again ;

And '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 ?

[*Aside.*  
*Sur.*

*Sur.* The Lord increase this business! [Aside.]

*King.* Have I not made you  
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,  
If what I now pronounce, you have found true:  
And, if you may confess it, say withal,  
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?

*Wol.* My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,  
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could  
My studied purposes requite; which went  
<sup>2</sup> Beyond all man's endeavours. My endeavours  
Have ever come too short of my desires,  
<sup>3</sup> Yet, fil'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 un-deserver, I  
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;  
My prayers to heaven for you; my loyalty,  
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,  
'Till death, that winter, kill it.

*King.* Fairly answer'd;  
A loyal and obedient subject is  
Therein illustrated: the honour of it  
Does pay the act of it, as <sup>4</sup> i' the contrary

<sup>2</sup> *Beyond all man's endeavours* ————] *Endeavours* for deserts. But the Oxford editor not knowing the sense in which the word is here used, alters it to *ambition*. WARBURTON.

To put *ambition* in the place of *endeavours* is certainly wrong; and to explain *endeavours* by *deserts* is not right. The sense, and that not very difficult, is, my *purposes* went beyond all human *endeavour*. I purpos'd for your honour more than it falls within the compass of man's nature to attempt. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Yet fil'd with my abilities*: ———] My endeavours, though less than my desires, have *fil'd*; that is, have gone an equal pace with my abilities. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> ———o' the contrary  
The foulness is the punishment.]

So Hammer. The rest read,

—————i' the contrary.

JOHNSON.

The

The foulness is the punishment. I presume,  
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,  
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more  
On you, than any; so your hand and heart,  
Your brain, and every function of your power,  
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,  
As 'twere in love's particular, be more  
To me, your friend, than any.

*Wol.* I 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.

*King.* 'Tis nobly spoken:—  
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,  
For you have seen him open't.—Read o'er this;  
[Giving him papers.]  
And, after, this: and then to breakfast, with  
What appetite you have.

[Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey; the  
Nobles throng after him, whispering and smiling.]

*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;—

<sup>5</sup> —notwithstanding that your bond of duty,] Besides the general bond of duty, by which you are obliged to be a loyal and obedient subject, you owe a particular devotion of yourself to me, as your particular benefactor. JOHNSON.

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 fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,  
 Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil  
 Made me put this main secret in the packet  
 I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?  
 No new device to beat this from his brains?  
 I know, 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know  
 A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune  
 Will bring me off again. What's this—*To the Pope?*  
 The letter, as I live, with all the business  
 I writ to 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  
 commands you  
 To render up the great seal presently  
 Into our hands; and to confine yourself  
 To Escher-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 mighty.

*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

<sup>6</sup> *Till I find more than will or words to do it,  
 (I mean your malice) know,——  
 I dare—deny it.]*

They bid him render up his seal. He answers, *where's your commis-  
 sion?*



(I mean, your malice) know, officious lords,  
 I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel  
 Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—Envy.  
 How eagerly ye follow my disgrace,  
 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;  
 Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,  
 During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,  
 Ty'd it by letters patent. 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 liest;

*tion?* They say, *we bear the king's will from his mouth.* He replies, *till I find, &c.* i. e. all the *will* or *words* I yet discover proceed from your malice; and till I find more than that, I shall not comply with your demand. One would think this plain enough; yet the Oxford editor, in the rage of emendation, alters the line thus,

*Whilst I find more than his will or words to do it,  
 I mean your malice, &c.*

which bears this noble sense, worthy a wise lord chancellor: Whilst I find your malice joined to the king's will and pleasure, I shall not obey that will and pleasure. WARBURTON.

Wolsey had said,

—*words cannot carry  
 Authority so mighty.*

To which they reply,

*Who dare cross 'em? &c.*

Wolsey, answering them, continues his own speech, *Till I find more than will or words (I mean more than your malicious will and words) to do it*; that is, *to carry authority so mighty*; I will deny to return what the king has given me. JOHNSON.

Within

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better  
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

*Sur.* Thy ambition,  
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land  
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law.  
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,  
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together,)  
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague on 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'st him;  
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,  
Absolv'd him with an ax.

*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 I, in 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'st  
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,  
<sup>7</sup> 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,

<sup>7</sup> *Worse than the sacring bell*,—] The little bell, which is rung  
 to give notice of the *Host* approaching when it is carried in proces-  
 sion, as also in other offices of the Romish church, is called the  
*sacring*, or *consecration* bell; from the French word, *sacrer*.

THEOBALD.

So in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1614,

“Love is perhaps the *sacring* bell,

“That rings all in to heaven or hell.” STEVENS.

It is to see a nobleman want manners.

*Sur.* I'd rather want those, than my head. Have at you.

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 mere ambition, you have made  
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 mere undoing  
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;  
Which, since they are of you, and odious,  
I will not taint my mouth with.

*Cham.* O, my lord,  
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:  
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,  
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see 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

Fall in the compass of a *Præmunire*,—  
 That therefore such a writ be su'd against you,  
 To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,  
<sup>8</sup> Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be  
 Out of the king's protection:—This is my charge.

*Nor.* And so we'll leave you to your meditations  
 How to live better. For your stubborn answer,  
 About the giving back the great seal to us,  
 The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank  
 you.

So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*]

*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 hope, 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,—<sup>9</sup> nips his root,

And

<sup>8</sup> *Chattels, and whatsoever,*————] In former editions,

*Castles, and whatsoever,*————

I have ventured to substitute *chattels* here, as the author's genuine word, because the judgment in a writ of *Præmunire* is, that the defendant shall be out of the king's protection; and his lands and tenements, goods and CHATTELS forfeited to the king; and that his body shall remain in prison at the king's pleasure. This very description of the *Præmunire* is set out by Holinhead in his *Life of K. Henry VIII.* p. 909. THEOBALD.

<sup>9</sup> ——— nips his root,] As spring frosts are not injurious to the roots of fruit-trees, I should imagine the poet wrote *shoot*, i. e. that tender *shoot* on which are the young leaves and blossoms. The comparison, as well as expression of *nips*, is juster too in this reading. He has the same thought in *Love's Labour lost*.

*Byron is like an envious sneaping frost  
 That bites the first-born infants of the spring.*

So Milton in *Sampson Agonistes*,

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. Oh, how wretched  
 Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours !  
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
 That sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin,<sup>1</sup>  
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;  
 And, when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
 Never to hope again.—

*Enter Cromwell, amazedly.*

Why, how now, Cromwell ?

*Crom.* I have no power to speak, sir.

*Wol.* What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes ? can thy spirit wonder,  
 A great man should decline ? Nay, an you weep,  
 I am fallen indeed.

*Crom.* How does your grace ?

*Wol.* Why, well ;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.  
 I know myself now ; and I feel within me  
 A peace above all earthly dignities,

*Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring,  
 Nip'd with the lagging rear of winter's frost,*

which seems to be taken from the place in question. WARE.

Here is a long note. But at last we may as well continue the ancient reading. Vernal frosts indeed do not kill the *root*, but then to *nip* the *shoots* does not kill the tree or make it fall. The metaphor will not in either reading correspond exactly with nature.

JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> ————*and our ruin,*] The old copy reads,

—————*their ruin.* STEEVENS.

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, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,  
Too heavy for man that hopes for heaven.

*Crom.* I am glad your grace has made that right  
use of it.

*Wol.* I hope, I have. I am able now, methinks,  
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel)  
To endure more miseries, and greater far,  
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.  
What news abroad?

*Crom.* The heaviest, and the worst,  
Is your displeasure with the king.

*Wol.* God bless him!

*Crom.* The next is, that sir Thomas More is chosen  
Lord chancellor in your place.

*Wol.* That's somewhat sudden:—  
But he's a learned man. May he continue  
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice  
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,  
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,  
May have <sup>2</sup> a tomb of orphans' tears wept on them!  
What more?

*Crom.* That Cranmer is return'd with welcome;  
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

*Wol.* That's news, indeed.

*Crom.* Last, that the lady Anne,  
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,  
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,  
Going to chapel; and the voice is now  
Only about her coronation.

<sup>2</sup> — a tomb of orphans' tears wept on them!] The chancellor  
is the general guardian of orphans. A tomb of tears is very harsh.  
JOHNSON.

*Wol.* There was the weight that pull'd me down :  
 O Cromwell,  
 The king has gone beyond me ; all my glories  
 In that one woman I have lost for ever.  
 No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,  
 Or gild again the noble troops that waited  
 Upon my similes. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell ;  
 I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now  
 To be thy lord and master. Seek the king ;  
 That sun, I pray, may never set ! I have told him  
 What, and how true thou art : he will advance thee :  
 Some little memory of me will stir him,  
 I know his noble nature, not to let  
 Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,  
 Neglect him not ; make use now, and provide  
 For thine own future safety.

*Crom.* O my lord,  
 Must I then leave you ? must I needs forego  
 So good, so noble, and so true a master ?  
 Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,  
 With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—  
 The king shall have my service ; but my prayers  
 For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

*Wol.* Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear  
 In all my miseries ; but thou hast forc'd me,  
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.  
 Let's dry our eyes : And thus far hear me, Cromwell ;  
 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, Wolfey,—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 mis'd it.  
 Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me.  
 Cromwell, I charge me, 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; <sup>3</sup> cherish those hearts, that hate thee;  
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.  
 Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,  
 Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O  
 Cromwell,  
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;  
 And,—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

<sup>3</sup> ——— *cherish those hearts that hate thee* :] Though this be good divinity; and an admirable precept for our conduct in private life; it was never calculated or designed for the magistrate or public minister. Nor could this be the direction of a man experienced in affairs to his pupil. It would make a good christian but a very ill and very unjust statesman. And we have nothing so infamous in tradition, as the supposed advice given to one of our kings, *to cherish his enemies, and be in no pain for his friends*. I am of opinion the poet wrote,

————— *cherish those hearts that wait thee*;

i. e. thy dependants. For the contrary practice had contributed to Wolfey's ruin. He was not careful enough in making dependants by his bounty, while intent in amassing wealth to himself. The following line seems to confirm this correction,

*Corruption wins not more than honesty.*

i. e. You will never find men won over to your temporary occasions by bribery so useful to you as friends made by a just and generous munificence. WARBURTON.

I am unwilling wantonly to contradict so ingenious a remark, but that the reader may not be misled, and believe the emendation proposed to be absolutely necessary, he should remember that this is not a time for Wolfey to speak only as a *statesman*, but as a *christian*: Shakespeare would have debased the character, just when he was employing his strongest efforts to raise it, had he drawn it otherwise. Nothing makes the hour of disgrace more irksome, than the reflection, that we have been deaf to offers of reconciliation, and continued those our enemies, whom we might have converted into friends. STEEVENS.

I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,  
 \* Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal  
 I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age  
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

*Crom.* Good sir, have patience.

*Wol.* So I have. Farewel

The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV, SCENE I.

*A Street in Westminster.*

*Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.*

I GENTLEMAN.

**Y**OU'RE well met <sup>s</sup> once again.

*2 Gen.* So are you.

*1 Gen.* You come to take your stand here, and behold

The lady Anne pass from her coronation?

*2 Gen.* 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,  
 The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

*1 Gen.* 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd for-  
 row;

This, general joy.

*2 Gen.* 'Tis well: the citizens,  
 I am sure, have shewn at full their loyal minds;  
 As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward

\* *Had I but serv'd my God, &c.*] This sentence was really uttered by Wolfey. JOHNSON.

<sup>s</sup> ———— *once again.*] Alluding to their former meeting in the second act. JOHNSON.

In celebration of <sup>6</sup> this day with shews,  
Pageants, and fights of honour.

1 *Gen.* Never greater,  
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

2 *Gen.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,  
That paper in your hand?

1 *Gen.* 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,  
To be earl marshal: you may read the rest.

2 *Gen.* I thank you, sir; had I not known those  
customs,  
I should have been beholden to your paper.  
But, I beseech you, what's become of Catherine,  
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

1 *Gen.* That I can tell you too. The archbishop  
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other  
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,  
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles  
From Amptill, where the princess lay; to which  
She oft was 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 Kimbolton,  
Where she remains now sick.

2 *Gen.* Alas, good lady!——  
The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is com-  
ing. [Hautboys.

<sup>6</sup> —— *this day* —— ] Hammer reads,

—— *these days*, ——

but Shakespeare meant *such a day as this*, a coronation day. And such is the English idiom, which our authour commonly prefers to grammatical nicety. JOHNSON.

THE

## THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

1. *A lively flourish of trumpets.*
  2. *Then two Judges.*
  3. *Lord Chancellor with the purse and mace before him.*
  4. *Choristers singing.* [Musick.]
  5. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.*
  6. *Marquis of 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, crown'd with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
  7. *Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of state, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high steward. With him the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
  8. *A canopy born by four of the Cinque ports, under it the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her, the bishops of London and Winchester.*
  9. *The old Dutchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
  10. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*
- They pass over the stage in order and state, and then Excunt, with a great flourish of trumpets.*

2 Gen. A royal train, believe me.—These I know.—  
Who's that, who bears the scepter?

1 Gen. Marquis Dorset :

And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2 Gen. A bold brave gentleman. That should be  
The duke of Suffolk.

1 Gen. 'Tis the same : high steward.

2 Gen. And that my lord of Norfolk.

1 Gen. Yes.

2 *Gen.* Heaven blefs thee! [*Looking on the queen.*  
Thou haft the sweeteft face I ever look'd on. —  
Sir, as I have a foul, 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 *Gen.* They, that bear  
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons  
Of the Cinque-ports,

2 *Gen.* Thoſe men are happy; ſo are all, are near  
her.

I take it, ſhe that carries up the train,  
Is that old noble lady, dutcheſs of Norfolk.

1 *Gen.* It is; and all the reſt are counteſſes.

2 *Gen.* Their coronets ſay ſo. Theſe are ſtars, in-  
deed;

And, ſometimes, falling ones.

1 *Gen.* No more of that. [*Exit Proceſſion.*

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

God ſave you, ſir! Where have you been broiling?

3 *Gen.* Among the croud i' the Abbey; where a  
finger

Could not be wedg'd in more: I am ſtified,  
With the mere rankneſs of their joy.

2 *Gen.* You ſaw the ceremony?

3 *Gen.* That I did.

1 *Gen.* How was it?

3 *Gen.* Well worth the ſeeing.

2 *Gen.* Good ſir, ſpeak it to us.

3 *Gen.* 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 awhile, ſome half an hour, or ſo,  
In a rich chair of ſtate; oppoſing freely  
The beauty of her perſon to the people:

(Believe

(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, <sup>7</sup> like rams  
In the old time of war, would ſhake the preſs,  
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living  
Could ſay, *This is my wife there* ; all were woven  
So ſtrangely in one piece.

2 *Gen.* But, pray, what follow'd ?

3 *Gen.* At length her grace roſe, and with modeſt  
paces

Came to the altar, where ſhe kneel'd ; and, ſaint-like,  
Caſt her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.  
Then roſe again, and bow'd her to the people :  
When by the archbiſhop of Canterbury,  
She had all the royal makings of a queen ;  
As holy oil, Edward Confefſor's crown,  
The rod, and bird and peace, and all ſuch emblems  
Laid 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 *Gen.* 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 *Gen.* I know it ;

But 'tis ſo lately alter'd, that the old name  
Is freſh about me.

7 — *like rams*] That is, like battering rams. JOHNSON.

2 *Gen.* What two reverend bishops  
Were those that went on each side of the queen?

3 *Gen.* Stokesly and Gardiner; the one, of Winchester,  
(Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary)  
The other, London.

2 *Gen.* He of Winchester  
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop,  
The virtuous Cranmer.

3 *Gen.* All the land knows that :  
However, yet there's no great breach ; when't comes,  
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 *Gen.* Who may that be, I pray you ?

3 *Gen.* Thomas Cromwell ;  
A man in much esteem with the king, and, truly,  
A worthy friend. The king has made him  
Master o' the jewel-house,  
And one, already, of the privy-council.

2 *Gen.* He will deserve more.

3 *Gen.* Yes, without all doubt.  
Come, gentlemen, you 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.

*Both.* You may command us, sir. [ *Exeunt.* ]

## SCENE II.

*Changes to Kimbolton.*

*Enter Catherine Dowager, sick, led between Griffith her  
gentleman-usber, and Patience her woman.*

*Grif.* How does your grace ?

*Catb.* O Griffith, sick to death :

My

<sup>8</sup> SCENE II.] This scene is above any other part of Shakespeare's tragedies, and perhaps above any scene of any other poet, tender

My legs like loaded branches, bow to the earth,  
 Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair ;—  
 So,—Now, methinks, I feel a little ease. [*Sitting down.*  
 Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,  
 That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,  
 Was dead ?

*Grif.* Yes, madam ; but, I think, your grace,  
 Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

*Cath.* Pry'thee, good Griffith, tell me how he dy'd :  
 If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,<sup>9</sup>  
 For my example.

*Grif.* Well, the voice goes, madam.  
 For after the stout earl Northumberland  
 Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,  
 (As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,  
 He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,  
 He could not fit his mule.

*Cath.* Alas, poor man !

*Grif.* At last, with easy roads,<sup>1</sup> he came to Lei-  
 cester ;

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

tender and pathetic, without gods, or furies, or poisons, or precipices, without the help of romantick circumstances, without improbable fallies of poetical lamentation, and without any throes of tumultuous misery. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *be stepp'd before me, happily,  
 For my example.*]

*Happily* seems to mean on this occasion—*peradventure*. I have been more than once of this opinion, when I have met with the same word mis-spelt in other passages. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *with easy roads, —*] i. e. by short stages. STEEVENS.

Pursu'd



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.

*Cath.* So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!  
 Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,  
 And yet with charity;—He was a man  
 Of an unbounded stomach,<sup>2</sup> ever ranking  
 Himself with princes; <sup>3</sup> one, that by suggestion  
 Ty'd all the kingdom. Simony was fair play;

His

<sup>2</sup> *Of an unbounded stomach,———*] i. e. of unbounded *pride*, or *haughtiness*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *———one that by suggestion*  
*Ty'd all the kingdom.———*]

i. e. by giving the king pernicious counsel, he *ty'd* or enslaved the kingdom. He uses the word here with great propriety, and seeming knowledge of the Latin tongue. For the late Roman writers, and their glossers, agree to give this sense to it: *Suggestio est cum magistratus quilibet principi salubre consilium suggerit*. So that nothing could be severer than this reflection, that that wholesome counsel, which it is the minister's duty to give his prince, was so empoisoned by him, as to produce slavery to his country. Yet all this fine sense vanishes instantaneously before the touch of the Oxford editor, by his happy thought of changing *ty'd* into *tytb'd*.

WARBURTON.

The word *suggestion*, says the critick, is here used with great propriety, and *seeming* knowledge of the Latin tongue: and he proceeds to settle the sense of it from *the late Roman writers and their glossers*. But Shakespeare's knowledge was from Holingshed, whom he follows *verbatim*:

“This cardinal was of a great stomach, for he compted himself equal with princes, and by craftie *suggestion* got into his hands innumerable treasure: he forced little on simonie, and was not pitifull, and stood affectionate in his own opinion: in open presence he would lie and seie untruth, and was double both in speech and meaning: he would promise much and perform little: he was vicious of his bodie, and gaue the clergie euil example.” Edit. 1587. p. 922.

Perhaps after this quotation, you may not think, that sir Thomas Hanmer,

His own opinion was his law. I' the presence  
 He would say untruths; and be ever double  
 Both in his words and meaning. He was never,  
 But where he meant to ruin, pitiful.

His promises were, as he then was, mighty;  
 But his performance, as he now is, nothing.  
 Of his own body he was ill, and gave  
 The clergy ill example.

*Grif.* Noble madam,  
 Mens' evil manners live in brasse; their virtues  
 We write in water. <sup>4</sup> May it please your highness  
 To hear me speak his good now?

Hanmer, who reads *Tyrb'd*—instead of *Ty'd all the kingdom*, deserves quite so much of Dr. Warburton's severity.—Indisputably the passage, like every other in the speech, is intended to express the meaning of the parallel one in the chronicle: it cannot therefore be credited, that any man, when the *original* was produced, should still chuse to defend a *cant* acceptation, and inform us, perhaps, *seriously*, that in *gaming* language, from I know not what practice, to *tye* is to *equal*! A sense of the word, as far as I have yet found, *unknown* to our old writers; and, if *known*, would not surely have been used in *this* place by our author.

But let us turn from conjecture to Shakespeare's authorities. Hall, from whom the above description is copied by Holingshed, is very explicit in the demands of the *cardinal*: who having insolently told the *lord mayor* and *aldermen*, "For sothe I thinke, that *halfe* your substaunce were too litle," assures them by way of comfort at the end of his harangue, that *upon an average* the *tythe* should be sufficient; "Sers, speake not to breake that thyng that is concluded, for *some* shall not paie, the *tenth* parte, and *some* more."—And again; "Thei saied, the cardinall by visitacions, making of abbottes, probates of testaments, graunting of faculties, licences, and other pollyngs in his courtes legantines, had made his *treasure* *egall* with the kynges." Edit. 1548. p 138, and 143. FARMER.

<sup>4</sup> ———— *their virtues*  
*We write in water.*—————]

Beaumont and Fletcher have the same thought in their *Philaster*,

"————— All your better deeds  
 " Shall be in water writ, but this in marble."

STEEVENS.

*Cath.*

*Cath.* Yes, good Griffith;  
I were malicious else.

*Grif.* 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 four, to them that lov'd him not,  
But, to those men, that sought 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 he 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.

*Cath.* 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.

\* ——— he *did it*.] The old copy reads,  
————— that *did it*. STEVENS.

*Sad and solemn musick.*

*Grif.* She is asleep. Good wench, let's sit down quiet,  
For fear we wake her:—Softly, gentle Patience.

*The vision.* Enter solemnly tripping one after another,<sup>5</sup> 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 first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which, the other four make reverend courtesies; 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 vanish, carrying the garland with them. *The musick continues.*

*Cath.* Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

*Grif.* Madam, we are here.

*Cath.* It is not you I call for:  
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

*Grif.* None, madam.

*Cath.* 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

<sup>5</sup> solemnly tripping one after another,] This whimsical stage-direction is exactly copied from the folio. STEEVENS.

I am not worthy yet to wear : I shall  
Assuredly.

*Grif.* I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams  
Possess your fancy.

*Cath.* 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 her eyes.

*Grif.* She is going, wench. Pray, pray.

*Pat.* Heaven comfort her!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* An't like your grace,—

*Cath.* You are a sawcy fellow;  
Deserve we no more reverence?

*Grif.* You are to blame,  
Knowing, she will not lose her wonted greatness,  
To use so rude behaviour. Go to, kneel.

*Mes.* [*Kneeling.*] I humbly do intreat your highness's  
pardon;

My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying  
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

*Cath.* Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this  
fellow

Let me ne'er see again. [Exit *Griff.* and *Mes.*]

*Re-enter Griffith, with Lord 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.

*Cath.* O my lord,  
The times, and titles, are now 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 intreats you take good comfort.

*Cath.* 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.

*Cath.* 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.

*Cath.* Sir, I must humbly pray you to deliver  
 This to my lord the king.

*Cap.* Most willing, madam.

*Cath.* 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

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 paid '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 !

*Cath.* I thank you, honest lord. Remember me  
 In all humility unto his highness :  
 Say, his long trouble now is passing  
 Out of this world. Tell him in death I blest 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, inter me.  
 I can no more.——— [*Exeunt, leading Catherine.*]

## A C T V. S C E N E I.

*Before the Palace.*

*Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovell.*

G A R D I N E R.

**I**T's one clock, boy, is't not?

*Boy.* It hath struck.

*Gard.* These should be hours for necessities,  
 6 Not for delights; times, to repair our nature  
 With comforting repose, and not for us  
 To waste these times.—Good hour of night, Sir  
 Thomas!

Whither so late?

*Lov.* Came you from the king, my lord?

*Gard.* I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at Primero<sup>7</sup>  
 With the duke of Suffolk,

*Lov.* I must to him too,  
 Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

*Gard.* Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's the  
 matter?

It seems you are in haste: an if there be  
 No great offence belongs to't, give your friend  
 8 Some touch of your late business. Affairs, that walk,  
 (As they say, spirits do) at midnight, have

<sup>6</sup> *Not for delights;—*] Gardiner himself is not much delighted. The delight at which he hints seems to be the king's diversion, which keeps him in attendance. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *—*at Primero] *Primer* and *primavista*, two games at cards, H. I. *Primera Primavista*. La *Primiere*, G. *Prime*, f. *Prime veue*. *Primum*, et *primum visum*, that is, first, and first seen; because he that can shew such an order of cards first, wins the game. *Minsieu's Guide into Tongues*, col. 575. DR. GRAY.

<sup>8</sup> *Some touch of your late business.*—] Some hint of the business that keeps you awake so late. JOHNSON.



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.

*Gard.* The fruit she goes with  
I pray for heartily; that it may find  
Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir Thomas,  
I wish it grubb'd up now.

*Lov.* Methinks, I could  
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says,  
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does  
Deserve our better wishes.

*Gard.* But, Sir, fir———  
Hear me, Sir Thomas:——You are a gentleman  
° Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;  
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—  
°Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,  
°Till Cranmer, Cromwell, 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 Cromwell,—  
Beside that of the jewel-house, he's 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 archbishop  
Is the king's hand, and tongue; and who dare speak  
One syllable against him?

*Gard.* Yes, Sir Thomas,

° —mine own way;——] Mine own opinion in religion.

JOHNSON.

° Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,] We should  
read *tread*, i. e. road. WARBURTON.

Trade is the *practised method*, the general course. JOHNSON.

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<sup>2</sup>  
 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 mov'd,  
 Have<sup>3</sup> broken with the king; who hath so far  
 Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace  
 And princely care; foreseeing those fell mischiefs  
 Our reasons laid before him) he hath commanded,  
 To-morrow morning to the council-board  
 He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,  
 And we must root him out. From your affairs  
 I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas.

[*Exeunt Gardiner and Page.*]

*Lov.* Many good nights, my lord; I rest your  
 servant.

*As Lovell is going out, enter the King and the Duke of  
 Suffolk.*

*King.* Charles, I will play no more to-night;  
 My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

*Suf.* Sir, I did never win of you before.

*King.* But little, Charles;  
 Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.—  
 Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

*Lov.* I could not personally deliver to her  
 What you commanded me, but by her woman

<sup>2</sup> ———— *I have*  
 Incens'd the lords o'the council that he is, &c.  
 A most arch heretick, ———— ]

The passage, according to Shakespeare's licentious grammar, may  
 mean—I have incens'd the lords of the council, *for* that he is,  
 i. e. because. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ———— *broken with the king; ————* ] They have broken silence;  
 told their minds to the king. JOHNSON.

I sent

I sent your message; who return'd her thanks  
In the greatest humbleness, and begg'd your highness  
Most heartily to pray for her.

*King.* What say'st thou? ha!  
To pray for her! what is she crying out?

*Lov.* So said her woman; and that her sufferance  
made

Almost each pang a death.

*King.* Alas, good lady!

*Suf.* God safely quit her of her burden, and  
With gentle travel, to the gladding of  
Your highness with an heir!

*King.* '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.

*King.* Charles, good night. [Exit Suffolk.]

*Enter Sir Anthony Denny.*

Well, sir, what follows?

*Denny.* Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,  
As you commanded me.

*King.* Ha! Canterbury?—

*Denny.* Ay, my good lord.

*King.* 'Tis true—Where is he, Denny?

*Denny.* He attends your highness' pleasure.

*King.* Bring him to us. [Exit Denny.]

*Lov.* This is about that, which the bishop spake;  
I am happily come hither. [Aside.]

*Re-enter Denny with Cranmer.*

*King.* Avoid the gallery. [Lovell seemeth to stay.]  
Ha!

Ha!—I have said.—Be gone.

What!—

[*Exeunt Lovell and Denny.*]

*Cran.* I am fearful.—Wherefore frowns he thus?  
'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

*King.* How now, my lord? You do desire to know,  
Wherefore I sent for you.

*Cran.* [*Kneeling.*] It is my duty  
To attend your highness' pleasure.

*King.* Pray you, arise,  
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.  
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;  
I have news to tell you. Come, come, give me your  
hand.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,  
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.  
I have, and most unwillingly, of late  
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,  
Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,  
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall  
This morning come before us; where, I know,  
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,  
But that, till further trial, in those charges  
Which will require your answer, you must take  
Your patience to you, and be well contented  
To make your house our Tower. <sup>4</sup> You a brother of  
us,

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness  
Would come against you.

*Cran.* [*Kneeling.*] I humbly thank your highness;  
And am right glad to catch this good occasion  
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff  
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,  
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues

<sup>4</sup> ————— [*You a brother of us,*] You being one of the council, it is necessary to imprison you, that the witnesses against you may not be deterr'd. JOHNSON.

Than

Than I myself, poor man.<sup>5</sup>

*King.* 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. [*Cranmer rises*] 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.

*Cran.* Most dread liege,  
<sup>6</sup> 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  
Which can be said against me.

*King.* Know you not  
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole  
world?

Your foes are many, and not small; their practices  
Must bear the some 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, while here he liv'd  
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to,

<sup>5</sup> *Than I myself, poor man.*] *Poor man* probably belongs to the king's reply. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *The good I stand on*—] Though *good* may be taken for *advantage* or *superiority*, or any thing which may help or support, yet it would, I think, be more natural to say,

*The ground I stand on* ——— JOHNSON.

You take a precipice for no leap of danger,  
And woo your own destruction.

*Cran.* God and your majesty  
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into  
The trap is laid for me!

*King.* Be of good cheer;  
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.  
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see  
You do appear before them: if they shall chance,  
In charging you with matters, to commit you,  
The best persuasions to the contrary  
Fail not to use; and with what vehemency  
The occasion shall instruct you. If intreaties  
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 strangled  
His language in his tears. [*Exit Cranmer.*

*Enter an old Lady.*

*Gen.* [*Within.*] Come back; what mean you?

*Lady.* 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!

*King.* Now, by thy looks  
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?  
Say, ay; and of a boy.

*Lady.* Ay, ay, my liege;  
And of a lovely boy: The God of heaven  
Both now and ever<sup>7</sup> blefs her!—'tis a girl,

<sup>7</sup> ——— blefs her! —] It is doubtful whether *her* is referred to the queen or the girl. JOHNSON.

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.

*King.* Lovell,<sup>s</sup>——

*Enter Lovell.*

*Lov.* Sir.

*King.* Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen.  
[*Exit King.*

*Lady.* 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 him? I'll

Have more, or else unsay't. Now, while 'tis hot,

I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt Lady and Lovell.*

## S C E N E II.

*Before the Council-Chamber.*

*Enter Cranmer.*

*Cran.* I hope, I am not too late; and yet the gen-  
tleman,

That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me  
To make great haste. All fast? what means this?—  
ho!

Who waits there?—

*Enter Door-Keeper.*

Sure, you know me?

*D. Keep.* Yes, my lord;

But yet I cannot help you.

*Cran.* Why?

<sup>s</sup> *Lovell,*——] Lovell has been just sent out of the presence, and no notice is given of his return, I have placed it here at the instant when the king calls for him. STEEVENS.

*D. Keep.*

*D. Keep.* Your grace must wait, till you be call'd for.

*Enter Doctor Butts.*

*Cran.* So.—

*Butts.* This is a piece of malice. I am glad, I came this way so happily. The king shall understand it presently. [*Exit Butts.*]

*Cran.* [*Aside.*] 'Tis Butts, The king's physician:—As he past along, How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me! Pray heaven he found not my disgrace! For certain; This is of purpose laid 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 fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

*Enter the King and Butts, at a window above.*

*Butts.* I'll shew your grace the strangest sight,—

*King.* What's that, Butts?

*Butts.* I think, your highness saw this many a day.

*King.* Body o' me, where is it?

*Butts.* There, my lord:

The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury,  
Who holds his state at door 'mongst pursuivants,  
Pages, and foot-boys.

*King.* Ha! 'tis he, indeed:

Is this the honour they do one another?

'Tis well, there's one above 'em yet. I had thought,  
They had parted so much honesty among 'em,  
(At least, good manners) as not thus to suffer  
A man of his place, and so near our favour,  
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures;

And



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. —

## S C E N E III.

*The Council-Chamber.*

*Enter 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 Archbishop of Canterbury. Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey, Lord Chamberlain, and Gardiner, seat themselves in order on each side. Cromwell at the lower end, as secretary.*

*Chan.* Speak to the business, Mr. Secretary.

Why are we met in council ?

*Crom.* Please your honours,

The cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

*Gard.* Has he had knowledge of it ?

*Crom.* Yes.

*Nor.* Who waits there ?

*D. Keep.* Without, my noble lords ?

*Gard.* Yes.

*D. Keep.* My lord archbishop ;

And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

*Chan.* Let him come in.

*Chan.* *Speak to the business,—*] This lord chancellor, though a character, has hitherto had no place in the *Dramatis Personæ*. In the last scene of the fourth act, we heard that sir Thomas More was appointed lord chancellor : but it is not he, whom the poet here introduces. Wolsey, by command, delivered up the seals on the 18th of November, 1529 ; on the 25th of the same month, they were delivered to sir Thomas More, who surrendered them on the 16th of May, 1532. Now the conclusion of this scene taking notice of queen Elizabeth's birth, (which brings it down to the year 1534) sir Thomas Audley must necessarily be our poet's chancellor ; who succeeded sir Thomas More, and held the seals many years. THEOBALD.

*D. Keep.*

D. *Keep.* Your grace may enter now.

[*Cranmer approaches the council-table.*

*Chan.* My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry  
To sit here at this present, and behold  
That chair stand empty : but <sup>1</sup> we are all 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.

*Gard.* Which reformation must be sudden too,  
My noble lords : for those, that tame wild horses,

<sup>1</sup> ———we are all men

*In our own natures frail, and capable  
Of frailty, ———]*

If all men were actually frail, they were more than capable of frailty ; to understand this therefore, as only said of the natural weakness of humanity, it is absurdly expressed ; but this was not our authour's sense : By *in our own natures frail*, he alludes to the doctrine of original sin : so that the sentiment is this, We are sinners by imputation, and liable to become actually so.

WARBURTON.

This sentence, I think, needed no commentary. The meaning, and the plain meaning, is, *we are men frail by nature, and therefore liable to acts of frailty*, to deviations from the right. I wish every commentator, before he suffers his confidence to kindle, would repeat,

———we are all men

*In our own natures frail, and capable*

*Of frailty ; few are angels.* JOHNSON.

There are no such words as those which either commentator has been equally ambitious to explain. The first and only ancient copy reads,

———and capable

*Of our flesh, few are angels :—*

If this passage means any thing, it may mean, *few are perfect, while they remain in their mortal capacity.* STEEVENS.

Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle ;  
 But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em,  
 Till they obey the manage. If we suffer,  
 (Out of our easiness, and childish pity  
 To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,  
 Farewell all physick : and what follows then ?  
 Commotions, uproars, with a general taint  
 Of the whole state : as of late days our neighbours  
 The upper Germany, can dearly witness,  
 Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

*Cran.* My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress  
 Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,  
 And with no little study, that my teaching,  
 And the strong course of my authority,  
 Might go one way, and safely ; and the end  
 Was ever, to do well : nor is there living  
 (I speak it with a single heart, my lords)  
 A man that more detests, more stirs against,  
 Both in his private conscience, and his place,  
 Defacers of the 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.

*Gard.* My lord, because we have business of more  
 moment,  
 We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,  
 And our consent, for better trial of you,  
 From hence you be committed to the Tower ;  
 Where, being but a private man again,  
 You shall know, many dare accuse you boldly,

More than, I fear, you are provided for.

*Cran.* Ay, 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.

*Gard.* My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,  
That's the plain truth ; <sup>2</sup> your painted gloss discovers,  
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

*Crom.* My lord of Winchester, you are a little,  
By your good favour, too sharp ; men so noble,  
However faulty, yet should find respect  
For what they have been : 'tis a cruelty  
To load a falling man.

*Gard.* Good Mr. Secretary,  
I cry your honour mercy ; you may, worst  
Of all this table, say so.

*Crom.* Why, my lord ?

*Gard.* Do not I know you for a favourer  
Of this new sect ? Ye are not found.

*Crom.* Not found ?

*Gard.* Not found, I say.

*Crom.* 'Would you were half so honest !  
Mens' prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

*Gard.* I shall remember this bold language.

<sup>2</sup>—*your painted gloss, &c.*] Those that understand you, under this painted gloss, this fair outside, discover your empty talk and your false reasoning. JOHNSON.

*Crom.* Do :

Remember your bold life too.

*Cham.* This is too much ;  
Forbear, for shame, my lords.

*Gard.* I have done.

*Crom.* And I.

*Cham.* 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.

*Cran.* Is there no other way of mercy,  
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords ?

*Gard.* What other  
Would you expect ? You are strangely troublesome ;  
—Let some o' the guard be ready there.

*Enter the Guard.*

*Cran.* For me ?

Must I go like a traitor then ?

*Gard.* Receive him,  
And see him safe i' the Tower.

*Cran.* Stay, my good 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.

*Cham.* 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 rolling,  
'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 ?

T 2

*Cham.*

*Cham.* 'Tis now too certain :  
How much more is his life in value with him ?  
'Would I were fairly out on't.

*Crom.* 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.*

*Gard.* Dread sovereign, how much are we bound  
to heaven

In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince ;  
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.

*King.* 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, whatsoe'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

[*To Cranmer.*

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.

*Sur.* May't please you grace———

*King.* No, sir, it does not please me.  
I had thought, I had men of some understanding  
And wisdom, of my council ; but I find none.  
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,

This

This good man, (few of you deserve that title)  
 This honest man, wait like a lowfy 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 means;  
 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.

*King.* Well, well, my lords, respect him;  
 Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.  
 I will say thus much for him, if a prince  
 May be beholden 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 Can-  
 terbury,

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.

*Cran.* The greatest monarch now alive may glory  
 In such an honour: How may I deserve it,  
 That am a poor and humble subject to you?

*King.* Come, come, my lord, <sup>3</sup> you'd spare your  
 spoons. You shall have

Two

<sup>3</sup> —you'd spare your spoons.] It appears by this and another passage in the next scene, that the gossips gave spoons. JOHNSON.  
 It was the custom, long before the time of Shakespeare, for the sponsors at christenings, to offer gilt spoons as a present

Two noble partners with you; the old dutcheſs of  
Norfolk,

And lady marqueſs Dorſet: Will theſe pleaſe you?  
—Once more, my lord of Wincheſter, I charge you  
Embrace, and love this man.

*Gard.* With a true heart  
And brother's love I do it.

*Cran.* And let heaven  
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

[*Embracing.*

*King.* 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  
But one 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.*

ſent to the child. Theſe ſpoons were called *apoftle ſpoons*, becauſe the figures of the apoſtles were carved on the tops of the handles. Such as were at once opulent and generous, gave the whole twelve; thoſe who were either more moderately rich or liberal, eſcaped at the expence of the four evangeliſts; or even ſometimes contented themſelves with preſenting one ſpoon only, which exhibited the figure of any ſaint, in honour of whom the child received its name.

Ben Jonſon, in his *Bartholomew Fair*, mentions ſpoons of this kind; —“and all this for the hope of a couple of *apoftle ſpoons*,  
“and a cup to eat caudle in.”

So in Middleton's comedy of *A chafte Maid in Cheatside*, 1620,

“What has he given her?—what is it, goſſip?”

“A faire high ſtanding cup, and two great

“*’Poſtle ſpoons*, one of them gilt.

“Sure that was Judas with the red beard.”

STEEVENS.

SCENE



## SCENE III.

*The Palace-Yard.**Noise and tumult within: Enter Porter and his Man.*

*Port.* You'll leave your noise anon ye rascals: Do you take the court for <sup>4</sup> Paris-Garden? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

*Within.* Good master Porter, I belong to the larder.

*Port.* Belong to the gallows and be hang'd, you rogue. Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones; <sup>5</sup> these are but switches to 'em. I'll scratch your heads: you must be seeing christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

*Man.* Pray, sir, be patient; 'tis as much impossible, (Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons) To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep On May-day morning; which will never be. We may as well push against Paul's, as stir 'em.

*Port.* How got they in, and be hang'd?

*Man.* Alas, I know not: How gets the tide in? As much as one found cudgel of four foot, (You see the poor remainder) could distribute, I made no spare, sir.

*Port.* You did nothing, sir.

*Man.* I am not Sampson, nor <sup>6</sup> sir Guy, nor Colebrand, to mow 'em down before me: but if I spar'd any that had a head to hit, either young or old, he or

<sup>4</sup> *Paris-Garden* ?] The bear-garden of that time. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *these are but switches to 'em.*] To what, or whom? We should point it thus, *these are but switches.*—To 'em. i. e. *have at you*, as we now say. He says this as he turns upon the mob. WARB.

The present pointing seems to be right. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *sir Guy, nor Colebrand,*] Of Guy of Warwick every one has heard. Colebrand was the Danish giant, whom Guy subdued at Winchester. Their combat is very elaborately described by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*. JOHNSON.

she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to see a chine again; and that I would not for a cow, God save her.

*Within.* Do you hear, master Porter?

*Port.* I shall be with you presently, good master Puppy.—Keep the door close, firrah.

*Man.* What would you have me do?

*Port.* What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this <sup>7</sup> Morefields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me! what a fry of fornication is at the door? on my christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, god father, and all together.

*Man.* The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he <sup>8</sup> should be a brasier by his face; for o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance; that fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me; he stands there like a mortar-piece to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that rail'd upon me 'till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the <sup>9</sup> meteor once, and hit that woman, who cry'd out, clubs! when I might see from far some forty truncheoneers draw to her succour; which were <sup>1</sup> the hope of the strand, where she was quarter'd.

<sup>7</sup> *Morefields to muster in?*] The train-bands of the city were exercised in Morefields. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *he should be a brasier by his face;*] A *brasier* signifies a man that manufactures brass, and a mass of metal occasionally heated to convey warmth. Both these senses are here understood.

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *the meteor*] The fire-drake, the brasier. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *the hope of the strand,*] Hanmer reads, *the forlorn hope.*

JOHNSON.

They

They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff with 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.

*Port.* These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience but <sup>2</sup> the Tribulation of Tower-Hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the <sup>3</sup> running banquet of two beadles, that is to come.

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain.*

*Cham.* Mercy o' me! what a multitude are here! They grow still too; from all parts they are coming, As if we kept a fair! Where are these porters, These lazy knaves?—Ye have 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,

<sup>2</sup> *the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse.*] I suspect the *Tribulation* to have been a puritanical meeting-house. *The limbs of Limehouse*, I do not understand. JOHNSON.

Limehouse was before the time of Shakespeare, and has continued to be ever since, the residence of those who furnish stores, as sails, &c. for shipping. A great number of foreigners having been constantly employed in these manufactures (many of which were introduced from other countries) they assembled themselves under their several pastors, and a number of places of different worship were built in consequence of their respective associations. As they clashed in principles, they had frequent quarrels, and the place has ever since been famous for the variety of its sects, and the turbulence of its inhabitants. It is not improbable that Shakespeare wrote—*the limbs of Limehouse*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *running banquet of two beadles,*] A publick whipping.

JOHNSON.

When

When they pass back from the christening?

*Port.* Please your honour,  
We are but men; and what so many may do,  
Not being torn in pieces, we have done.  
An army cannot rule 'em.

*Cham.* As I live,  
If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all  
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads  
Clap round fines for neglect. You are lazy knaves;  
And <sup>4</sup> here ye lie baiting of bumbards, when  
Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound;  
They are come already from the christening.  
Go break among the press, and find a way out  
To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find  
A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two months.

*Port.* Make way there for the princess.

*Man.* You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll  
make your head ake.

*Port.* You i'the camblet, get up o'the rail; I'll  
peck you o'er the pales else. [Exit.

#### S C E N E IV.

*Changes to the Palace.*

*Enter Trumpets sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk, with his Marshal's staff, Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemen bearing great standing bowls for the christening gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Dutchess of Norfolk, god mother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady: then follows the Marchioness of Dorset, the other god-mother, and ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.*

*Gart.* Heaven from thy endless goodness, send

<sup>4</sup> — here ye lie baiting of bumbards,] A bumbard is an ale-barrel; to bait bumbards is to tipple, to lie at the spigot. JOHNSON.

prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princeſs of England, Elizabeth!

*Flouriſh. Enter King and Train.*

*Cran.* [*Kneeling.*] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,  
My noble partners, and myſelf, thus pray;  
All comfort, joy, in this moſt gracious lady,  
That heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,  
May hourly fall upon ye!

*King.* Thank you, good lord archbiſhop;  
What is her name?

*Cran.* Elizabeth.

*King.* Stand up, lord.— [*The King kiſſes the child.*  
With this kiſs take my bleſſing. God protect thee!  
Into whoſe hand I give thy life.

*Cran.* Amen.

*King.* My noble goſſips, ye have been too prodigal,  
I thank you heartily; ſo ſhall this lady,  
When ſhe has ſo much Engliſh.

*Cran.* Let me ſpeak, ſir,  
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter,  
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.  
This royal infant, (heaven ſtill move about her!)  
Though in her cradle, yet now promiſes  
Upon this land a thouſand thouſand bleſſings,  
Which time ſhall bring to ripeneſs. She ſhall be,  
(But few now living can behold that goodneſs)  
A pattern to all princes living with her,  
And all that ſhall ſucceed. 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 doubled on her. Truth ſhall nurſe her:  
Holy and heavenly thoughts ſtill counſel her:

She

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 claim by those their greatness, not by blood.

[<sup>s</sup> 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 dark-  
ness)

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;  
Where-ever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,

<sup>s</sup> *Nor shall this peace sleep with her:—*] These lines, to the interruption by the king, seem to have been inserted at some revival of the play, after the accession of king James. If the passage, included in crotchets, be left out, the speech of Cranmer proceeds in a regular tenour of prediction and continuity of sentiments; but by the interposition of the new lines, he first celebrates Elizabeth's successor, and then wishes he did not know that she was to die; first rejoices at the consequence, and then laments the cause. Our authour was at once politick and idle; he resolved to flatter James, but neglected to reduce the whole speech to propriety, or perhaps intended that the lines inserted should be spoken in the action, and omitted in the publication, if any publication ever was in his thoughts. Mr. Theobald has made the same observation. JOHNSON.

His

His honour, and the greatness of his name  
 Shall be, and make new nations. He shall flourish,  
 And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches  
 To all the plains about him:—our childrens' children  
 Shall see this, and bless heaven.

*King.* Thou speakest wonders.]

*Cran.* She shall be, to the happiness of England,  
 An aged princess; many days shall see her,  
 And yet no day without a deed to crown it.  
 'Would I had known no more! but she must die,  
 She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin,  
 A most unspotted lily she shall pass  
 To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

*King.* O lord archbishop,  
 Thou hast made me now a man; never, before  
 This happy child, did I get any thing.  
 This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,  
 That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire  
 To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—  
 I thank ye all.—To you, my good lord mayor,  
 ' And your good brethren, I am much beholden;  
 I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,  
 And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords;  
 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 holy day.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>6</sup> *And you good brethren,———*] But the *aldermen* were never  
 called brethren to the king. The top of the nobility are but cou-  
 sins and counsellors. Dr. Thirlby, therefore, rightly advised;

*And your good brethren———*

i. e. the lord mayor's brethren; which is properly their style.

THEOBALD.

THE

THE play of *Henry the Eighth* is one of those, which still keeps possession of the stage, by the splendour of its pageantry. The coronation, about forty years ago drew the people together in multitudes for a great part of the winter. Yet pomp is not the only merit of this play. The meek sorrows and virtuous distress of Catherine have furnished some scenes, which may be justly numbered among the greatest efforts of tragedy. But the genius of Shakespeare comes in and goes out with Catherine. Every other part may be easily conceived and easily written. JOHNSON.



## E P I L O G U E.

*'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,  
 They'll say it's naught: Others, to bear 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 bear  
 For this play at this time, is only in  
 The merciful construction of good women;  
 For such a one we shew'd<sup>1</sup> '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.*

<sup>1</sup> In the character of Catharine.

Though it is very difficult to decide whether short pieces be genuine or spurious, yet I cannot restrain myself from expressing my suspicion that neither the prologue nor epilogue to this play is the work of Shakespeare; *non vultus, non color*. It appears to me very likely that they were supplied by the friendship or officiousness of Jonson, whose manner they will be perhaps found exactly to resemble. There is yet another supposition possible: the prologue and epilogue may have been written after Shakespeare's departure from the stage, upon some accidental revival of the play, and there will then be reason for imagining that the writer, whoever he was, intended no great kindness to him, this play being recommended by a subtle and covert censure of his other works. There is in Shakespeare so much of *fool and fight*,

—————*the fellow*

*In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,*

appears so often in his drama, that I think it not very likely that he would have animadverted so severely on himself. All this, however, must be received as very dubious, since we know not the exact date of this or the other plays, and cannot tell how our author might have changed his practice or opinions. JOHNSON.

In

In support of Dr. Johnson's opinion, I cannot refrain from quoting the following lines from old Ben's prologue to his *Every Man in his Humour*.

*To make a child now swaddled, to proceed  
Man, and then shoot up, in one beard and weed  
Past threescore years : or with three rusty swords,  
And help of some few foot and half-foot words,  
Fight over York and Lancaster's long wars,  
And in the tiring-house, &c.*                    STEEVENS.

THE historical dramas are now concluded, of which the two parts of *Henry the Fourth*, and *Henry the Fifth*, are among the happiest of our author's compositions; and *King John*, *Richard the Third*, and *Henry the Eighth*, deservedly stand in the second class. Those whose curiosity would refer the historical scenes to their original, may consult Hollinshed, and sometimes Hall: from Hollinshed Shakespeare has often inserted whole speeches with no more alteration than was necessary to the numbers of his verse. To transcribe them into the margin was unnecessary, because the original is easily examined, and they are seldom less perspicuous in the poet than in the historian.

To play histories, or to exhibit a succession of events by action and dialogue, was a common entertainment among our rude ancestors upon great festivities. The parish clerks once performed at Clerkenwell a play which lasted three days, containing, *The History of the World*. JOHNSON.

C. M A R C I U S

C O R I O L A N U S.

Vol. VII.

U

Persons

## Persons Represented.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, *a noble Roman.*

Titus Lartius, }  
Cominius, } *Generals against the Volscians.*

Menenius Agrippa, *Friend to Coriolanus.*

Sicinius Velutus, }  
Junius Brutus, } *Tribunes of the People.*

Tullus Aufidius, *General of the Volscians.*

*Lieutenant to Aufidius.*

*Young Marcius, Son to Coriolanus.*

*Conspirators with Aufidius.*

Volumnia, *Mother to Coriolanus.*

Virgilia, *Wife to Coriolanus.*

Valeria, *Friend to Virgilia.*

*Roman and Volscian Senators, Ædiles, Liētors, Soldiers, Common People, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.*

*The SCENE is partly in Rome; and partly in the Territories of the Volscians and Antiates.*

The whole history is exactly followed, and many of the principal speeches exactly copied from the Life of Coriolanus in Plutarch.

POPE.

Of this play there is no edition before that of the players, in folio, in 1623. JOHNSON.

CORIO-

# C O R I O L A N U S.

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## A C T I. S C E N E I.

*A Street in Rome.*

*Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.*

I CITIZEN.

**B**EFORE we proceed any further, hear me speak.  
*All.* Speak, speak.

*1 Cit.* You are resolv'd rather to die, than to famish?

*All.* Resolv'd, resolv'd.

*1 Cit.* First, you know, Caius Marcius is the chief enemy to the people.

*All.* We know't, we know't.

*1 Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

*All.* No more talking on't; let it be done. Away, away.

*2 Cit.* One word, good citizens.

*1 Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patri-  
cians, good. What authority surfeits on, would re-  
lieve us. If they would yield us but the superfluity,  
while it were wholesome, we might guess, they re-  
lieved

lieved us humanely ; <sup>1</sup> 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. <sup>2</sup> Let us revenge this with our pikes, <sup>3</sup> ere we become rakes : for the Gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

*2 Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius ?

*All.* Against him first. He's a very dog to the commonalty.

*2 Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country ?

*1 Cit.* Very well ; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

*All.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

<sup>1</sup> *but they think, we are too dear :*] They think that the charge of maintaining us is more than we are worth. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes :*] It was Shakespeare's design to make this fellow quibble all the way. But time, who has done greater things, has here stifled a miserable joke ; which was then the same as if it had been now wrote, *Let us now revenge this with forks, ere we become rakes :* for *pikes* then signified the same as *forks* do now. So Jewel in his own translation of his *Apology*, turns *Christianos ad furcas condemnare*, to—*To condemn Christians to the pikes*. But the Oxford editor, without knowing any thing of this, has with great sagacity found out the joke, and reads on his own authority, *pitch-forks*. WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> *ere we become rakes :*] It is plain that, in our authour's time, we had the proverb, *as lean as a rake*. Of this proverb the original is obscure. *Rake* now signifies a *dissolute man*, a man worn out with disease and debauchery. But the signification is, I think, much more modern than the proverb. *Rækel*, in Islandick, is said to mean a *cur-dog*, and this was probably the first use among us of the word *rake* ; *as lean as a rake* is, therefore, as lean as a dog too worthless to be fed. JOHNSON.

It may be so : and yet I believe the proverb, *as lean as a rake*, owes its origin simply to the thin taper form of the instrument made use of by hay-makers. *As thin as a whipping-post*, is another proverb of the same kind. STEEVENS.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end. Though soft-conscienced men can be content to say, it was for his country; he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say, he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations: he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are those? the other side o' the city is risen: Why stay we prating here? To the Capitol——

*All.* Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft;——who comes here?

*Enter Menenius Agrippa.*

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always lov'd the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough; 'would, all the rest were so!

*Men.* What work's, my countrymen, in hand? where go you

With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak I pray you.

2 *Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll shew 'em 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?

2 *Cit.* We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

*Men.* I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your sufferings 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.

2 *Cit.* Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er  
 car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-  
 houses cramm'd with grain; make edicts for usury,  
 to support usurers: repeal daily any wholesome act  
 established against the rich; and provide more pier-  
 cing 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 <sup>4</sup> I will venture  
 To scale't a little more.

2 *Cit.*

<sup>4</sup> ————— *I will venture  
 To scale't a little more.]*

Thus all the editions, as Mr. Theobald confesses, who alters it to  
*scale't.* And for a good reason, *because he can find no sense* (he  
 says) *in the common reading.* For as good a reason, I, who can,  
 have restored the old one to its place. *To scale't* signifying to  
 weigh, examine and apply it. The author uses it again, in the  
 same sense, in this very play,

Scaling *his present bearing with his past.*  
 And so Fletcher in *The Maid of the Mill,*  
*What scale my invention before hand? you shall pardon me for that.*  
 WARBURTON.

Neither



2 *Cit.* Well,

I'll hear it, fir——yet you must not think  
To fob off our <sup>s</sup> disgraces with a tale.

But, an't please you, deliver.

*Mén.* 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; <sup>o</sup> where the other instru-  
ments

Neither of Dr. Warburton's examples afford a sense congruous to the present occasion. In the passage quoted, to *scale* may be to weigh and compare, but where do we find that *scale* is to apply? If we *scale* the two criticks, I think Theobald has the advantage,

JOHNSON.

To *scale* is to *disperse*. The word is used in the North. If emendation was at all necessary, Theobald's is as good a one as could be proposed. The sense of the old reading is, Though some of you have heard the story, I will spread it yet wider, and impart it to the rest.

A measure of wine spilt is called—"a *scal'd* pottle of wine" in Decker's comedy of *The honest Whore*, 1635. So in *The Historie of Clyomon, Knight of the Golden Shield*, &c. a play published in 1599.

"The hugie heapes of cares that lodged in my minde

"Are *skaled* from their nestling place, and pleasures passage  
"find."

So Holinshed, vol. ii. p. 499, speaking of the retreat of the Welshmen during the absence of Richard II. says, "—they would no longer abide, but *skaled*, and departed away." So again, p. 530.—"whereupon their troops *skaled*, and fled their waies." In the Glossary to Gawin Douglas's Translation of Virgil the following account of the word is given. *Skail, skale, to scatter, to spread*, perhaps from the Fr. *escheweler*, Ital. *scapigliare*, crines passos, seu sparfos habere. All from the Latin *capillus*. Thus *escheweler, schewel, skail*; but of a more general signification. STEEVENS.

<sup>s</sup> —— *disgraces with a tale.*] *Disgraces* are hardships, injuries.

JOHNSON.

<sup>o</sup> —— *where the other instruments*] *Where* for *whereas*.

JOHNSON.

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,——

*2 Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

*Men.* Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,  
<sup>7</sup> 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,  
That envied his receipt; <sup>8</sup> even so most fitly,  
As you malign our senators, for that  
They are not such as you,——

*2 Cit.* Your belly's answer:———What!  
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,  
<sup>9</sup> The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,  
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?

*2 Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,  
Who is the sink o' the body——

*Men.* Well,———what then?

*2 Cit.* 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.

*2 Cit.* You are long about it.

*Men.* Note me this, good friend;  
Your most grave belly was deliberate,

<sup>7</sup> Which ne'er came from the lungs,—— ] With a smile not indicating pleasure, but contempt. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> ———even so most fitly,] i. e. exactly. WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> The counsellor heart, —— ] The heart was anciently esteem'd the seat of prudence. *Homo cordatus* is a prudent man. JOHNSON.

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.  
 The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,  
 From me receive that natural competency,  
 Whereby they live. And tho' that all at once,  
 You, my good friends, (this says the belly) mark  
 me——

*2 Cit.* Ay, Sir; 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?

*2 Cit.* 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!—

*2 Cit.* I the great toe? Why, the great toe?

*Men.* For that, being one o'the lowest, basest,  
 poorest,  
 Of this most wise rebellion, thou goest foremost:  
 'Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to ruin,  
 Lead'st

<sup>1</sup> *Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to run  
 Lead'st first, to win some 'vantage.—]*

I think, we may better read, by an easy change,

*Thou*

Lead't first, to win some 'vantage.—  
 But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs;  
 Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,  
<sup>3</sup> The one side must have bale.

*Enter Caius Marcius Coriolanus.*

Hail, noble Marcius!

*Cor.* Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,

That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,  
 Make yourselves scabs?

<sup>2</sup> *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

*Cor.* He, that will give good words to thee, will flatter

Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, ye curs,  
<sup>4</sup> That like not peace, nor war? The one affrights you,  
 The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,  
 Where

*Thou rascal that art worst, in blood, to ruin  
 Lead'st first, to win, &c.*

Thou that art the meanest by birth, art the foremost to lead thy fellows *to ruin*, in hope of some advantage. The meaning, however, is perhaps only this, Thou that art a hound, or running dog of the lowest breed, lead't the pack, when any thing is to be gotten. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *The one side must have bale.*] *Bale* is an old Saxon word, for misery or calamity.

“For light she hated as the deadly *bale*.”

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *That like not peace, nor war? The one affrights you,  
 The other makes you proud.*—————]

That they did not like war is evident from the reason assigned, of its *frighting* them; but why they should not like peace (and the reason of that too is assigned) will be very hard to conceive. Peace, he says, made them *proud*, by bringing with it an increase of wealth and power, for those are what make a people proud; but then those are what they *like* but too well, and so must needs *like peace* the parent of them. This being contrary to what the text says, we may be assured it is corrupt, and that Shakespeare wrote,

*That likes not peace, nor war?*—————

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. <sup>s</sup> Your virtue is,  
 To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,  
 And curse that justice, did it. Who deserves greatness,  
 Deserves your hate : and your affections are  
 A sick man's appetite, who desires most that  
 Which would increase his evil. He, that depends  
 Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,  
 And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye!——  
 trust ye?

With every minute you do change a mind ;  
 And call him noble, that was now your hate,  
 Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,  
 That in the several places of the city  
 You cry against the noble senate, who,  
 Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else

i. e. whom neither peace nor war fits or agrees with, as making them either proud or cowardly. By this reading, *peace* and *war*, from being the accusatives to *likes*, become the nominatives. But the editors not understanding this construction, and seeing *likes* a verb singular, to *curs* a noun plural, which they supposed the nominative to it, would, in order to shew their skill in grammar, alter it to *like* ; but *likes* for *pleases* was common with the writers of this time. So Fletcher's *Maid's Tragedy*,

*What look likes you best?*                      WARBURTON.

That *to like* is *to please*, every one knows, but in that sense it is as hard to say why peace should not *like* the people, as, in the other sense, why the people should not *like* peace. The truth is, that Coriolanus does not use the two sentences consequentially, but first reproaches them with unsteadiness, then with their other occasional vices. JOHNSON.

<sup>s</sup> ———— *Your virtue is*  
*To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,*  
*And curse that justice, did it.———]*

i. e. Your virtue is to speak well of him whom his own offences have subjected to justice ; and to rail at those laws by which he whom you praise was punished. STEEVENS.

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.

*Cor.* Hang 'em! They say?—

They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know  
What's done i' the Capitol: who's like to rise,  
Who thrives, and who declines: side factions, and  
give out

Conjectural marriages; making parties strong;  
And feebling such, as stand not in their liking,  
Below their cobled 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?

*Cor.* They are 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 send  
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 <sup>7</sup> the heart of generosity,

<sup>6</sup> ————— I'd make a quarry  
With thousands—————]

Why a quarry? I suppose, not because he would pile them square,  
but because he would give them for carrion to the birds of prey.

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ————— the heart of generosity.] To give the final blow to the  
nobles. Generosity is high birth. JOHNSON.

And

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?

*Cor.* 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.

*Cor.* Go, get you home, you fragments!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Where's Caius Marcius?

*Cor.* Here. What's the matter?

*Mes.* The news is, sir, the Volscians are in arms.

*Cor.* I'm glad on't, then we shall have means to  
vent

Our musty superfluity. See, our best elders——

*Enter Sicinius Velutus, Junius Brutus, Cominius, Titus  
Lartius, with other Senators.*

1 *Sen.* Marcius, <sup>s</sup>'tis true, that you have lately  
told us.

The Volscians are in arms.

*Cor.* They have a leader,  
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.  
I sin in envying his nobility:

<sup>s</sup>'Tis true, that you have lately told us.  
[*The Volscians are in arms.*]

Coriolanus had been but just told himself that *the Volscians were in arms.* The meaning is, *The intelligence which you gave us some little time ago of the designs of the Volscians is now verified; they are in arms.* JOHNSON.

And

And were I any thing but what I am,  
I would wish me only he.

*Com.* You have fought together?

*Cor.* 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.

*1 Sen.* Then, worthy Marcius,  
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

*Com.* It is your former promise.

*Cor.* 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 Marcius,  
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,  
Ere stay behind this business.

*Men.* O true bred!

*1 Sen.* 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 Sen.* Hence! To your homes. Be gone.

[*To the Citizens.*]

*Cor.* Nay, let them follow:  
The Volscians have much corn; take these rats thi-  
ther,

To gnaw their garners. Worshipful mutineers,  
Your valour puts well forth: pray follow.——

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>s</sup> *Your valour puts well forth:——*] That is, You have in  
this mutiny shewn fair blossoms of valour JOHNSON.

*Citizens*



*Citizens steal away. Manent Sicinius and Brutus.*

*Sic.* Was ever man so proud, as is this Marcius ?

*Bru.* He has no equal.

*Sic.* When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

*Bru.* Mark'd you his lip and eyes ?

*Sic.* Nay, but his taunts.

*Bru.* Being mov'd, he will not spare to <sup>9</sup> gird the gods——

*Sic.* Be-mock the modest moon.

*Bru.* ' The present wars devour him ! He is grown  
Too proud, to be so valiant.

*Sic.* Such a nature,

Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow  
Which he treads on at noon : but I do wonder,  
His insolence can brook to be commanded  
Under Cominius.

*Bru.* Fame, at the which he aims,  
In whom already he is well grac'd, cannot

<sup>9</sup> ———— to gird ———— ] To sneer, to gibe. So Falstaff uses the noun, when he says, *every man has a gird at me.* JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *The present wars devour him ; he is grown  
Too proud to be so valiant.* ]

Mr. Theobald says, *This is obscurely expressed, but that, the poet's meaning must certainly be, that Marcius is so conscious of, and so elate upon the notion of his own valour, that he is eaten up with pride, &c.* According to this critick then, we must conclude, that when Shakespeare had a mind to say, *A man was eaten up with pride,* he was so great a blunderer in expression, as to say, *He was eaten up with war.* But our poet wrote at another rate, and the blunder is his critick's. *The present wars devour him,* is an imprecation, and should be so pointed. As much as to say, *May he fall in those wars !* The reason of the curse is subjoined, for (says the speaker) having so much pride with so much valour, his life, with increase of honours, is dangerous to the republick. But the Oxford editor alters it to,

*Too proud of being so valiant.*

And by that means takes away the reason the speaker gives for his cursing. WARBURTON.

Better

Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by  
 A place below the first: for what miscarries  
 Shall be the general's fault, though he perform  
 To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure  
 Will then cry out of Marcius; *Ob, if he  
 Had borne the business!*

*Sic.* Besides, if things go well,  
 Opinion that so sticks on Marcius, shall  
<sup>2</sup> Of his demerits rob Cominius.

*Bru.* Come.

Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,  
 Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults  
 To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,  
 In aught he merit not.

*Sic.* Let's hence, and hear  
 How the dispatch is made; and in what fashion,  
<sup>3</sup> More than his singularity he goes  
 Upon this present action.

*Bru.* Let's along.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*The Senate-House in Corioli.*

*Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Senators.*

<sup>1</sup> *Sen.* So, your opinion is, Aufidius,  
 That they of Rome are entred in our counsels,  
 And know how we proceed.

*Auf.* Is it not yours?

<sup>2</sup> *Of his demerits rob Cominius.] Merits and Demerits had an-  
 ciently the same meaning.*

So in *Othello*,

“ ———— and my *demerits*

“ May speak, &c.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *More than his singularity, &c.] We will learn what he is to do,  
 besides going himself; what are his powers, and what is his ap-  
 pointment.* JOHNSON.

What-

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.

*They have prest a power, but it is not known* [Reading.  
*Whether for east or west. The dearth is great,  
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,  
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,  
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you)  
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,  
Those three lead on this preparation  
Whitker 'tis bent. Most likely, 'tis for you.  
Consider of it.*

1 *Sen.* Our army's in the field.  
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready  
To answer us.

*Auf.* Nor did you think it folly,  
To keep your great pretences veil'd, 'till when  
They needs must shew themselves; which in the  
hatching,  
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery  
We shall be shortned in our aim, which was  
To take in many towns, ere, almost, Rome  
Should know we were a foot.

2 *Sen.* Noble Aufidius,  
Take your commission, hie you to your bands;  
Let us alone to guard Corioli:  
If they set down before us, <sup>4</sup> for the remove  
Bring up your army: but, I think, you'll find,  
They

<sup>4</sup> ————— for the remove  
Bring up your army: ————— ]

The first part of this sentence is without meaning. The general had told the senators that the Romans had *prest a power*, which was on foot. To which the words in question are the answer of a senator. And, to make them pertinent, we should read them thus,

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!

*Auf.* And keep your honours safe!

1 *Sen.* Farewel.

2 *Sen.* Farewel.

*All.* Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*

### S C E N E III.

*Caius Marcius's House in Rome.*

*Enter Volumnia and Virgilia: They sit down on two low stools, and sew.*

*Vol.* I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort. If my son were my husband, I would freelier rejoice in 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-bodied, and the only son of my

————'fore they remove  
*Bring up your army:————*

i. e. Before that power, already on foot, be in motion, bring up your army; then he corrects himself, and says, but I believe you will find your intelligence groundless, the Romans are not yet prepared for us. WARBURTON.

I do not see the nonsense or impropriety of the old reading. Says the senator to Aufidius, *Go to your troops, we will garrison Corioli.* If the Romans besiege us, bring up your army to remove them. If any change should be made, I would read,

————for their remove. JOHNSON.

womb;

womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of king's entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I, considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if 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 <sup>s</sup> brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

*Vir.* But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

*Vol.* Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely:—Had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

*Enter a Gentlewoman.*

*Gent.* Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

*Vir.* Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

*Vol.* Indeed thou shalt not.

Methinks, I hither hear your husband's drum;  
See him pluck down Aufidius by the hair;  
As children from a bear, the Volsci shunning him.  
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—  
*Come on you cowards; you were got in fear,  
Though ye were born in Rome:* His bloody brow  
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes  
Like to a harvest man, that's talk'd to mow  
Or all, or lose his hire.

<sup>s</sup> brows bound with oak.] The crown given by the Romans to him that saved the life of a citizen, which was accounted more honourable than any other. JOHNSON.

*Vir.* His bloody brow! Oh, Jupiter, no blood!—

*Vol.* Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,  
 6 Than gilt his trophy. The breast of Hecuba,  
 When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier  
 Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood  
 At Grecian swords contending.—Tell Valeria,  
 We are fit to bid her welcome. [Exit Gent.

*Vir.* Heaven's bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

*Vol.* He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,  
 And tread upon his neck.

*Enter Valeria with an Usher, and a Gentlewoman.*

*Val.* My ladies both, good day to you.

*Vol.* Sweet madam,—

*Vir.* I am glad to see your ladyship.

*Val.* How do you both? You are manifest house-keepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith. How does your little son?

*Vir.* I thank your ladyship: Well, good madam.

*Vol.* He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum,  
 Than look upon his schoolmaster.

*Val.* O' my word, the father's son. I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd on him o' Wednesday half an hour together:—He has 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; and caught it again: or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and did tear it. Oh, I warrant, how he mammock'd it!<sup>7</sup>

*Vol.*

<sup>6</sup> *Than gilt his trophy.*—] *Gilt* means a display of gold, a word now obsolete. So in *Hen. V.*

“Our gayness and our *gilt* are all besmirch'd.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *mammock'd it.*] To *mammock* is to pull in pieces, to tear. So in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607.

“That

*Vol.* One of his father's moods.

*Val.* Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

*Vir.* A crack, madam.<sup>8</sup>

*Val.* Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle hufwife 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'll not over the threshold, 'till my lord return from the wars.

*Val.* Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably. Come, you must go visit the good lady that 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's 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.

“That he were chop'd in *mammocks*, I could eat him.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *A crack, madam.*] The following passage in the *Cynthia's Revels* of Ben Jonson, may best explain this term.

“——Since we are turn'd *cracks*, let's study to be like *cracks*,  
“act freely, carelessly, and capriciously.”

Shakespeare seems to have meant the son of Coriolanus for such a character. STEEVENS.

*Vir.* Indeed, madam?

*Val.* In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volscians have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power. Your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on my 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.

*Before Corioli.*

*Enter Marcius, Titus Lartius, with Captains and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.*

*Cor.* Yonder comes news:—A wager, they have met.

*Lart.* My horse to yours, no.

*Cor.* 'Tis done.

*Lart.* Agreed.

*Cor.* Say, has our general met the enemy?

*Mes.* They lye in view; but have not spoke as yet.

*Lart.* So, the good horse is mine.

*Cor.* I'll buy him of you.

*Lart.* No, I'll not sell, nor give him. Lend him you, I will,



For half an hundred years.—Summon the town.

*Cor.* How far off lye these armies ?

*Mef.* Within a mile and half.

*Cor.* Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.

Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work ;  
That we with smoaking swords may march from hence,  
To help our fielded friends !—Come, blow thy blast.

*They sound a parley. Enter Senators with others on the walls.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls ?

*Sen.* No, <sup>9</sup> nor a man that fears you less than he,  
That's lesser than a little. Hark our drums

[*Drum afar off.*

Are bringing forth our youth. We'll break our walls,  
Rather than they should pound us up : our gates,  
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes ;  
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off ;

[*Alarum, far off.*

There is Aufidius. List, what work he makes  
Among your cloven army.

*Cor.* Oh, they are at it !——

*Lart.* Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho !

*Enter the Volscians.*

*Cor.* 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,

<sup>9</sup> ——nor a man that fears you less than he,  
That's lesser than a little.——]

The sense requires it to be read,

——nor a man that fears you more than he,

Or more probably,

——nor a man but fears you less than he,  
That's lesser than a little.—— JOHNSON.

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 Volscian,  
And he shall feel mine edge.

[*Alarum; the Romans beat back to their trenches.*]

S C E N E V.

*Re-enter Marcius.*

*Cor.* All the contagion of the south light on you,  
You shames of Rome you! Herds of boils and  
plagues

Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhorr'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 agued fear! Mend, and charge home,  
Or, by the fires of Heaven, I'll leave the foe,  
And make my wars on you. Look to't; come on;  
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,  
As they us to our trenches followed.

*Another Alarum, and Marcius follows them to the gates.*

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.

[*He enters the gates.*]

1 *Sol.* Fool hardiness; not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

3 *Sol.* See, they have shut him in. [*He is shut in.*]

[*Alarum continues.*]

*All.* To the pot, I warrant him.

*Enter Titus Lartius.*

*Lart.* What is become of Marcius?

*All.*

*All.* Slain, fir, doubtless.

*I Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,  
With them he enters: who, upon the sudden,  
Clapt to their gates: He is himself alone,  
To answer all the city.

*Lart.* Oh, noble fellow!

<sup>1</sup> Who, sensible, out-dares his senseless sword,  
And, when it bows, stands up! Thou art left, Mar-  
cius:——

A carbuncle intire, as big as thou art,  
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier  
Even to <sup>2</sup> Cato's wish: not fierce and terrible  
Only in stroaks; 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.

*Enter Marcius bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.*

*I Sol.* Look, fir——

*Lart.* O, 'tis Marcius:

<sup>1</sup> *Who, sensible, out-dares——*] The old editions read,  
*Who sensibly out-dares——*

Thirlby reads,

*Who, sensible, out-does his senseless sword.*

He is followed by the later editors, but I have taken only half his correction. JOHNSON.

The thought seems to have been taken from Sidney's *Arcadia*,  
p. 293.

“——their flesh abode the wounds constantly, as tho' it were  
“less sensible of smart than the senseless armour, which by piece-  
“meal fell away from them, by the blows it received.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——Cato's *wish*:——] In the old editions it was,

——Calvus' *wish*:——

Plutarch, in the Life of Coriolanus, relates this as the opinion of  
Cato the Elder, that a great soldier should carry terrour in his  
looks and tone of voice; and the poet, hereby following the histo-  
rian, is fallen into a great chronological impropriety. THEOB.

Let's

Let's fetch him off, or <sup>3</sup> make remain alike,  
 [They fight, and all enter the city.]

## SCENE VI.

*Within the Town.*

*Enter certain Romans with spoils.*

<sup>1</sup> Rom. This will I carry to Rome.

<sup>2</sup> Rom. And I this.

<sup>3</sup> Rom. A murrain on't! I took this for silver.

[Alarum continues still afar off.]

*Enter Marcius and Titus Lartius, with a trumpet.*

Cor. See here these movers, that do <sup>4</sup> 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;  
 Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste  
 To help Cominius.

<sup>3</sup> —make remain—] Is an old manner of speaking, which means no more than *remain*. HANMER.

<sup>4</sup> —prize their honours] In the first edition it is,

—prize their hours.

I know not who corrected it. A modern editor, who had made such an improvement, would have spent half a page in ostentation of his sagacity. JOHNSON.

Yet the old reading is perhaps right, and may bear this sense. Coriolanus blames the Roman plunderers only for wasting *their time* in packing up trifles of such small value. STEEVENS.

*Lart.*

*Lart.* Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;  
Thy exercise hath been too violent  
For a second course of fight.

*Cor.* Sir, praise me not:  
My work hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well.  
The blood, I drop, is rather physical  
Than dangerous to me.

To Aufidius thus I will appear, and fight.

*Lart.* Now the fair goddess, Fortune,  
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms  
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,  
Prosperity be thy page!

*Cor.* Thy friend no less,  
Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.

*Lart.* Thou worthiest Marcius!  
—Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place,  
Call thither all the officers o' th' town,  
Where they shall know our mind. Away. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VII.

*The Roman Camp.*

*Enter Cominius retreating, with Soldiers.*

*Com.* Breathe you, my friends:—Well fought.  
We are come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,  
Nor cowardly in retire. Believe me, sirs,  
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,  
By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard  
The charges of our friends:—<sup>s</sup> Ye Roman Gods,

<sup>s</sup> *The Roman Gods, &c.*  
*That both our powers——*  
*May give you thankful sacrifice!——]*

This is an address and invocation to them, therefore we should read,

——*Ye Roman Gods.*      WARBURTON.

Lead

Lead their successes, as we wish our own ;  
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encour-  
trung,

*Enter a Messenger.*

May give you a thankful sacrifice ! Thy news ?

*Mes.* The citizens of Corioli have issued,  
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle.  
I saw our party to the trenches driven,  
And then I came away.

*Com.* Tho' thou speak'st truth,  
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 the news so late ?

*Mes.* Spies of the Volscians  
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel  
Three or four miles about ; else had I, sir,  
Half an hour since brought my report.

*Enter Marcius.*

*Com.* Who's yonder,  
That does appear as he were dead ? O Gods !  
He has the stamp of Marcius ; and I have  
Before time seen him thus.

*Cor.* Come I too late ?

*Com.* The shepherd knows not thunder from a  
tabor,  
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue  
From every meaner man's.

*Cor.* Come I too late ?

*Com.* Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,  
But mantled in your own.

*Cor.*

*Cor.* Oh ! let me clip ye  
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 ?

*Cor.* As with a man busied about decrees :  
Condemning some to death, and some to exile ;  
° Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening 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.

*Cor.* 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 ?

*Cor.* Will the time serve to tell ? I do not think—  
Where is the enemy ? Are you lords o' th' field ?  
If not, why cease you till you are so ?

*Com.* Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought,  
And did retire to win our purpose.

*Cor.* How lies their battle ? Know you on what side  
They have plac'd their men of trust ?

*Com.* As I guess, Marcius,  
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates  
Of their best trust : o'er them Aufidius,  
Their very heart of hope.

*Cor.* I do beseech you,  
By all the battles wherein we have fought,

° Ransoming him, or pitying, — ] i. e. remitting his ransom.

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 :

<sup>7</sup> And that you not delay the present, but  
Filling the air with <sup>s</sup> swords advanc'd, and darts,  
We prove this very hour.

*Com.* Though I could wish,  
You were conducted to a gentle bath,  
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never  
Deny your asking; take your choice of those,  
That best can aid your action.

*Cor.* Those are they,  
That most are willing. If any such be here,  
(As it were sin to doubt) that love this painting  
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear  
Lesser his person than an ill report;  
If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,  
And that his country's dearer than himself;  
Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,  
Wave thus, to express his disposition,

[*Waving his hand.*]

And follow Marcius,

[*They all shout, and wave their swords, take him  
up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*]

Oh! Me alone! Make you a sword of me!  
If these shews be not outward, which of you  
But is four Volscians? None of you, but is  
Able to bear against the great Aufidius  
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,  
Tho' thanks to all, must I select from all:  
The rest shall bear the business in some other fight,

<sup>7</sup> *And that you not delay the present, ——— ] Delay, for let slip.*  
WARBURTON.

<sup>s</sup> *———swords advanc'd, —— ] That is, swords lifted high.*  
JOHNSON.



As cause will be obey'd. <sup>9</sup> 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.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

*The Gates of Corioli.*

*Titus Lartius, having set a guard upon Corioli, going with a drum and trumpet toward Cominius and Caius Marcius ; enter with a Lieutenant, other Soldiers, and a scout.*

*Lart.* 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.

*Lieu.* Fear not our care, sir.

<sup>9</sup> ——— Please you to march,  
And four shall quickly draw out my command,  
Which men are best inclin'd.]

I cannot but suspect this passage of corruption. Why should they march, that four might select those that were best inclin'd ? How would their inclinations be known ? Who were the four that should select them ? Perhaps, we may read,

————— Please you to march,  
And fear shall quickly draw out of my command,  
Which men are least inclin'd.

It is easy to conceive that, by a little negligence, fear might be changed to four, and least to best. Let us march, and that fear which incites desertion will free my army from cowards.

JOHNSON.

The author of the *Revisal* thinks the poet wrote,

“ And so I shall quickly draw out,” &c.

STEEVENS.

*Lart.*

*Lart.* Hence, and shut your gates upon us.  
 Our guider, come! To the Roman camp conduct us.  
 [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IX.

*The Field of Battle.*

*Alarum. Enter Marcius and Aufidius.*

*Cor.* I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee

Worse than a promise-breaker.

*Auf.* We hate alike:

Not Africk owns a serpent I abhor  
 More than thy fame, and envy. Fix thy foot.

*Cor.* Let the first budger die the other's slave,  
 And the Gods doom him after!

*Auf.* If I fly, Marcius,  
 Halloo me like a hare.

*Cor.* 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 seest me mask'd; for thy revenge,  
 Wrench up thy power to the highest.

*Auf.* Wert thou the Hector,  
 That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,  
 Thou should'st not scape me here.

[*Here they fight, and certain Volscians come to the aid of Aufidius. Marcius fights till they be driven in breathless.*]

<sup>1</sup> Wert thou the Hector,  
 That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,]

The Romans boasted themselves descended from the Trojans, how then was Hector the *whip of their progeny*? It must mean the whip with which the Trojans scourged the Greeks, which cannot be but by a very unusual construction, or the authour must have forgotten the original of the Romans; unless *whip* has some meaning which includes *advantage* or *superiority*, as we say, *he has the whip-hand*, for *he has the advantage*. JOHNSON.

Of-

Officious, and not valiant!—<sup>2</sup> you have sham'd me  
In your condemned seconds. [Exeunt fighting.]

## S C E N E IX.

*The Roman Camp.*

*Flourish. Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Enter at one door, Cominius with the Romans; at another door, Marcius, with his arm in a scarf, &c.*

*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<sup>1</sup> the end, admire; where ladies shall be frighted,  
<sup>3</sup> And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull tri-  
bunes,  
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 Lartius, with his power, from the pursuit.*

*Lart.* O general,  
<sup>4</sup> Here is the steed, we the caparisons!  
Had'st thou beheld——

<sup>2</sup> —— you have sham'd me  
In your condemned seconds.]

For condemned, we may read contemned. You have, to my shame,  
sent me help which I despise. JOHNSON.

Why may we not as well be contented with the old reading, and  
explain it, *You have, to my shame, sent me help, which I must con-  
demn as intrusive, instead of applauding it as necessary.* STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> And, gladly quak'd, ——] i. e. thrown into grateful trepidation. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Here is the steed, we the caparisons!] This is an odd encomium.  
The meaning is, *this man performed the action, and we only filled up  
the show.* JOHNSON.

*Cor.* Pray now, no more : My mother,  
 Who has <sup>s</sup> 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 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.

*Cor.* I have some wounds upon me, and they smart  
 To hear themselves remembred.

*Com.* <sup>o</sup> 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 the field atchiev'd, and city,  
 We render you the tenth ; to be ta'en forth,  
 Before the common distribution, at  
 Your only choice.

*Cor.* I thank you, general ;  
 But cannot make my heart consent to take  
 A bribe, to pay my sword. I do refuse it,  
 And stand upon my common part with those  
 That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish. They all cry, Marcus ! Marcus !  
 cast up their caps and lances : Cominius and Lar-  
 tius stand bare.*]

<sup>s</sup> ——— a charter to extol—] A privilege to praise her own son.

<sup>o</sup> Should they not,] That is, not be remembered. JOHNSON.

Cor. May these same instruments, which you profane,  
Never sound more ! 7 When drums and trumpets shall  
I' the

7 ————*When drums and trumpets shall &c.]* In the old copy,

—————*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 silk,  
Let him be made an overture for the wars :—*

All here is miserably corrupt and disjointed. We should read the whole thus,

—————*when drums and trumpets shall,  
I' th' field prove flatterers, let camps, as cities,  
Be made of false-fac'd soothing ! When steel grows  
Soft as the parasite's silk, let hymns be made  
An overture for the wars !—————*

The thought is this, If one thing changes its usual nature to a thing most opposite, there is no reason but that all the rest which depend on it should do so too. [If drums and trumpets prove flatterers, let the *camp* bear the false face of the city.] And if another changes its usual nature, that its opposite should do so too. [When steel softens to the condition of the parasite's silk, the peaceful *hymns* of devotion should be employed to excite to the charge.] Now, in the first instance, the thought, in the common reading was entirely lost by putting in *courts* for *camps* : and the latter miserably involved in nonsense by blundering *hymns* into *him*. WARBURTON.

The first part of the passage has been altered, in my opinion, unnecessarily by Dr. Warburton ; and the latter not so happily, I think, as he often conjectures. However, both his alterations have had the good luck to be admitted into Dr. Johnson's text of Shakespear. In the latter part, which only I mean to consider, instead of, *him*, (an evident corruption) he substitutes *hymns* ; which perhaps may palliate, but certainly has not cured, the wounds of the sentence. I would propose an alteration of two words.

“ ————When steel grows  
“ Soft as the parasite's silk, let THIS [i. e. silk] be made  
“ A COVERTURE for the wars !”

The sense will then be apt and complete. *When steel grows soft as silk, let armour be made of silk instead of steel.*

Observations & Conjectures, &c. printed at Oxford, 1766.

I' the field prove flatterers, let camps, as cities,  
 Be made of false-fac'd soothing! When steel grows  
 Soft as parasite's silk, 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  
 In 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,  
 Caius Marcius Coriolanus.  
 Bear the addition nobly ever.

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound and drums.*]

*Omnes.* Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

*Cor.* I will go wash:  
 And when my face is fair, you shall perceive  
 Whether I blush, or no. Howbeit, I thank you:—  
 I mean to stride your steed; and, at all times,  
 \* To undercrest your good addition,

It should be remembered, that the personal pronoun *him*, is not unfrequently used by Shakespeare, and other writers of that age, instead of *it*, the neuter. STEEVENS.

<sup>s</sup> *To undercrest your good addition,*] A phrase from heraldry, signifying, that he would endeavour to support his good opinion of him. WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> 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

<sup>1</sup> The best, with whom we may articulate, <sup>2</sup>  
For their own good, and ours.

*Lart.* I shall, my lord.

*Cor.* 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 it :—'Tis yours.—What is't ?

*Cor.* I sometime lay, here in Corioli,  
At a 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 begg'd !

Were he the butcher of my son, he should  
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus,

*Lart.* Marcius, his name ?

*Cor.* By Jupiter, forgot.—

I am weary ; yea, my memory is tir'd,  
Have we no wine here ?

*Com.* Go we to our tent :

The blood upon your visage dries ; 'tis time  
It should be look'd to : Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>9</sup> *To th' fairness of my power.*] *Fairness*, for *utmost*. WARB.

I know not how *fairness* can mean *utmost*. When two engage on equal terms, we say it is *fair* ; *fairness* may therefore be *equality* ; in proportion equal to my power. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *The best*——] The chief men of Corioli. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ——with whom we may articulate,] i. e. enter into articles.

This word, I believe, is peculiar to Shakespeare, who uses it in *Hen. IV.*

“ Indeed these things you have articulated.”

i. e. set down *article by article*. STEEVENS.

## SCENE XI.

*The Camp of the Volsci.**A flourish, Cornets. Enter Tullus Aufidius bloody, with two or three Soldiers.**Auf.* The town is ta'en!*Sol.* 'Twill be delivered back on good condition.*Auf.* Condition!—

I would, I were a Roman; for I cannot,

<sup>3</sup> Being a Volsee, be that I am. Condition!

What good condition can a treaty find

I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,  
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 is 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, <sup>1</sup> I'll potch at him some way;

Or wrath, or craft may get him.

*Sol.* He's the devil.*Auf.* Bolder, tho' not so subtle. My valour's poison'd,With only suffering stain by him, <sup>2</sup> for him

<sup>3</sup> *Being a Volscian, &c.*] It may be just observed, that Shakespear calls the *Volsci*, *Volsces*, which the modern editors have changed to the modern termination. I mention it here, because here the change has spoiled the measure.

*Being a Volsee, be that I am. Condition!* JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *I'll potch at him some way;*] The *Revisal* reads *peach*; but *potch*, to which the objection is made as no English word, is used in the midland counties for a rough, violent push. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *for him*

*Shall sue out of itself: ———]*

To mischief him, my valour should deviate from its own native generosity. JOHNSON.



Shall flie out of itself: <sup>3</sup> not sleep nor sanctuary,  
 Being naked, sick; nor fane, nor Capitol,  
 The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,  
 Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up  
 Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst  
 My hate to Marcius. Where I find him, were it  
<sup>4</sup> 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.

<sup>3</sup> ————— *not sleep nor sanctuary, &c.*  
 Embarkments *all of fury, &c.*]

The dramatick art of speech is great. For after Aufidius had so generously received Coriolanus in exile, nothing but the memory of this speech, which lets one so well into Aufidius's nature, could make his after-perfidy and baseness at all probable. But the second line of this impious rant is corrupt. For thõ', indeed, he might call the *assaulting* Marcius at any of those sacred seasons and places an *embarkment* of fury; yet he could not call the *seasons and places themselves*, so. We may believe therefore that Shakespeare wrote,

Embarrments *all of fury, &c.*

i. e. obstacles. Though those seasons and places are all obstacles to my fury, yet, &c. The Oxford editor has, in his usual way, refined upon this emendation, in order to make it his own; and so reads, *Embarkment*, not considering how ill this metaphor agrees with what is said just after of their *LIFTING up their ROTTEN privilege*, which evidently refers to a wooden *bar*, not to an earthen *bank*. These two generals are drawn equally covetous of glory: But the Volscian not scrupulous about the means. And his immediate repentance, after the assassinate, well agrees with such a character. WARBURTON.

The contested word, in the old copy, is spelt *embarquements*, and, as Cotgrave says, meant not only an *embarkation*, but an *embargoing*. *The rotten privilege and customs*, mentioned, seems to favour this explanation, and therefore the old reading may well enough stand. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *At home*, upon my brother's guard,—] In my own house, with my brother posted to protect him. JOHNSON.

*Sol.* Will not you go?

*Auf.* I am attended at the cypress grove :  
I pray you,  
( 'Tis south the city mills ) bring me word thither  
How the world goes ; that to the pace of it  
I may spur on my journey.

*Sol.* I shall, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

## A C T II. S C E N E I.

R O M E.

*Enter Menenius, with Sicinius and Brutus.*

M E N E N I U S.

**T**H E Augurer tells me, we shall have news to night.

*Bru.* Good, or bad?

*Men.* Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

*Sic.* Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

*Men.* <sup>s</sup> Pray you, who does the wolf love?

*Sic.* The lamb.

*Men.* Ay, to devour him ; as the hungry Plebeians would the noble Marcius.

*Bru.* He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

*Men.* He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You are two old men ; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

<sup>s</sup> *Pray you, &c.*] When the tribune, in reply to Menenius's remark, on the people's hate of Coriolanus, had observed that even *beasts know their friends*, Menenius asks, *whom does the wolf love?* implying that there are beasts which love nobody, and that among those beasts are the people. JOHNSON.

*Both.*

*Both.* Well, fir;—

*Men.* In what enormity is Marcius 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 boasting.

*Men.* This is strange now. Do you two know how you are censur'd here in the city; I mean of us o' the right hand file? Do you?

*Bru.* Why,—how are we censur'd?

*Men.* Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry?

*Both.* 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 Marcius 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—oh, that you could turn your eyes <sup>o</sup> towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! Oh, that you could!

*Bru.* 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

<sup>o</sup> towards the napes of your necks,] With allusion to the fable, which says, that every man has a bag hanging before him, in which he puts his neighbour's faults, and another behind him, in which he stows his own. JOHNSON.

one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't: said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint; hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: <sup>7</sup> 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 weals-men as you are, (I cannot call you Lyncurgusses) if the drink you give me, touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I can't say, your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the *afs* in compound with the major part of your syllables: and tho' I must be content to bear with those, that say, you are reverend grave men; yet they lye 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 <sup>8</sup> *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: <sup>9</sup> 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 cholic, you make faces like mummers; <sup>1</sup> set up the bloody flag against all patience, and,  
in

<sup>7</sup> *one that converses more, &c.*] Rather a late lye down than an early riser. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *biffon conspectuities,*] *Biffon*, blind, in the old copies, is *bee some*, restored by Mr. Theobald. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *you wear out a good, &c.*] It appears from this whole speech that Shakespeare mistook the office of *praefectus urbis* for the tribune's office. WARBURTON.

<sup>1</sup> *set up the bloody flag against all patience,*] That is, declare war against

in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more intangled 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 gyber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

*Men.* Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be intomb'd in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius 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 <sup>2</sup> herdsmen of beastly Plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

*Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria.*

How now my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

*Vol.* Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches. For the love of Juno, let's go.

*Men.* Ha! Marcius coming home?

*Vol.* Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

*Men.* <sup>3</sup> Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee—  
Hoo!

against patience. There is not wit enough in this satire to recompense its grossness. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> herdsmen of Plebeians.] As kings are called *πρόμαχοι λαών*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee——] Tho' Menenius

is

Hoo! Marcius coming home!

*Botb.* 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 empiric, and to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

*Vir.* Oh, no, no, no.

*Vol.* Oh, 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.* Hath he disciplin'd Aufidius soundly?

*Vol.* Titus Lartius writes they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

*Men.* And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that. If he had staid by him, I would not have been

is made a prater and a boon companion, yet it was not the design of the poet to have him prophane, and *bid Jupiter take his cap*. Shakespeare's thought is very different from what his editors dreamed of. He wrote,

*Take my cup, Jupiter.*————

i. e. I will go offer a *libation* to thee, for this good news: which was the custom of that time. There is a pleasantry, indeed, in his way of expressing it, very agreeable to his convivial character. But the editors, not knowing the use of this *cup*, altered it to *cap*.

WARBURTON.

Shakespeare so often mentions throwing up caps in this play, that Menenius may be well enough supposed to throw up his cap in thanks to Jupiter. JOHNSON.

so *fidius'd* for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate <sup>4</sup> 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.* Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

*Vir.* The Gods grant them true!

*Vol.* True? pow, wow.—

*Men.* True? I'll be sworn, they are true. Where is he wounded?—God save your good worships! [*To the Tribunes.*] Marcius 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. <sup>5</sup> He receiv'd in the repulse of 'Tarquin sever hurts i' the body.

*Men.* One i' the neck, and one too i' the thigh; there's nine, that I know.

*Vol.* He had, before the last expedition, twenty five wounds upon him.

*Men.* Now 'tis twenty seven; every gash was an enemy's grave. Hark, the trumpets.

[*A shout and flourish.*]

<sup>4</sup> *possess'd of this?* *Possess'd*, in our authour's language, is fully informed. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *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.] Seven,—one,—and two, and these make but nine? Surely, we may safely assist Menenius in his arithmetick. This is a stupid blunder; but wherever we can account by a probable reason for the cause of it, that directs the emendation. Here it was easy for a negligent transcriber to omit the second *one*, as a needless repetition of the first, and to make a numeral word of *two*. WARB.

The old man, agreeable to his character, is minutely particular: *Seven wounds? let me see; one in the neck, two in the thigh—Nay I am sure there are more; there are nine that I know of.* UPTON.

*Vol.* These are the ushers of Marcius; before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears: Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie; <sup>6</sup> Which being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

*Trumpets sound. Enter Cominius the general, and Titus Lartius; between them Coriolanus crown'd with an oaken garland, with Captains and soldiers, and a herald.*

*Her.* Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight Within Corioli' gates; where he hath won, With fame, a name to Caius Marcius, these In honour follows Coriolanus.— Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus!

[*Sound. Flourish.*]

*All.* Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

*Cor.* No more of this. It does offend my heart. Pray, now, no more.

*Com.* Look, sir, your mother,——

*Cor.* Oh!

You have, I know, petition'd all the Gods For my prosperity.

[*Kneels.*]

*Vol.* Nay, my good soldier, up. My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and By deed-atchieving honour newly nam'd; What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee? But oh, thy wife——

*Cor.* <sup>7</sup> My gracious silence, hail!

· Would'tt

<sup>6</sup> Which being advanc'd, declines,——] Volumnia, in her boasting strain, says, that her son to kill his enemy, has nothing to do but to lift his hand up and let it fall JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> My gracious silence, hail!] The epithet to *silence* shews it not to proceed from reserve or fullness, but to be the effect of a virtuous mind possessing itself in peace. The expression is extremely sublime; and the sense of it conveys the finest praise that can be given to a good woman. WARBURTON.

By my gracious silence, I believe, the poet meant, *thou whose silent*



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, pardon.  
[*To Valeria.*

*Vol.* I know not where to turn:—O welcome home;  
And welcome, general! And you are welcome all.

*Men.* A hundred thousand welcomes. I could weep,  
And I could laugh; I am light and heavy.—Wel-  
come!

A curse begin at 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.

*silent tears are more eloquent and grateful to me, than the clamorous  
applause of the rest!* So Crashaw,

*Sententious show'rs! O! let them fall!  
Their cadence is rhetorical.*

So in the *Martial Maid* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

*A lady's tears are silent orators,  
Or should be so at least, to move beyond  
The hony-tongued rhetorician.*

Again, in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*:

“ Ah beauty, syren, fair, enchanting good!  
“ Sweet, silent rhetorick of persuading eyes?  
“ Dumb eloquence, whose power doth move the blood,  
“ More than the words, or wisdom of the wife.”

STELVENS.

*Her.*

*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;  
<sup>2</sup> 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. Cornets.*  
[*Exeunt in state, as before.*

*Brutus, and Sicinius, come forward.*

*Bru.* All tongues speak of him, and the bleared  
sights  
Are spectacled to see him. Your prattling nurse  
<sup>9</sup> Into a rapture lets her baby cry,  
While she chats him; the kitchen malkin pins  
Her richest lockram <sup>1</sup> 'bout her reechy neck,  
Clam-

<sup>8</sup> *But, with them, change of honours.*] So all the editions read. But Mr. Theobald has ventured (as he expresses it) to substitute, charge. For *change*, he thinks, is a very poor expression, and communicates but a very poor idea. He had better have told the plain truth, and confessed that it communicated none at all to him: However it has a very good one in itself; and signifies variety of honours; as *change of rayment*, among the writers of that time, signified variety of rayment. WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> *Into a rapture*———] *Rapture*, a common term at that time used for a fit, simply. So, *to be rap'd*, signified, *to be in a fit*.

WARBURTON.

<sup>1</sup> *Her richest lockram, &c.*] *Lockram* was some kind of linen.  
Greene,

Clambring the walls to eye him. Stalls, bulks, windows,

Are smother'd up; leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd  
With variable complexions; all agreeing  
In earnestness to see him: <sup>2</sup> feld-shown Flamens  
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff  
To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames  
<sup>3</sup> Commit the war of white and damask, in  
Their nicely gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil

Greene, in his *Vision*, describing the dress of a man, says,

“ His ruffe was of fine *lockeram*, stitched very faire with Coven-try blue.”

So in the *Spanish Curate* of Beaumont and Fletcher, Diego says,

“ I give per annum two hundred ells of *lockram*,  
“ That there be no strait dealings in their linnens.”

Again, in Glapthorne's *Wit in a Constable*, 1639,

“ Thou thought'st, because I did wear *lockram* shirts,  
“ I had no wit.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *feld-shown flamens*] i. e. priests who seldom exhibit themselves to public view. The word is used in *Humour out of Breath*, a comedy, by John Day, 1607:

“ O *feld-seen* metamorphosis.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Commit the war of white and damask, in  
Their nicely gawded cheeks, ——— ]

This commixture of white and red could not, by any figure of speech be called a war, because it is the agreement and union of the colours that make the beauty. We should read,

— the ware of white and damask —

i. e. the commodity, the merchandize. WARBURTON.

Has the commentator never heard of roses contending with lilies for the empire of a lady's cheek? The opposition of colours, though not the commixture, may be called a war. JOHNSON.

So in Shakespeare's *Tarquin and Lucrece*,

“ The silent war of lilies and of roses,  
“ Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field.”

Again, in the *Taming of the Shrew*,

“ Such war of white and red, &c.” STEEVENS.

Of Phœbus' burning kisses : such a pother,  
 1 As if that whatsoever God, who leads him,  
 Were slyly crept into his human powers,  
 And gave him graceful posture.

*Sic.* On the sudden,  
 I warrant him Consul.

*Bru.* Then our office may,  
 During his power, go sleep.

*Sic.* He cannot temperately transport his honours,  
 2 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  
 3 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. Oh, he would miss it, rather  
 Than carry it, but by the suit o' the gentry, to him,  
 And the desire o' the nobles.

<sup>1</sup> *As if that whatsoever God,——]* That is, *as if that God who leads him, whatsoever God he be.* JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *From where he should begin, and end,——]* Perhaps it should be read,

*From where he should begin t'an end.——* JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *As he is proud to do't.]* I should rather think the author wrote *prone* : because the common reading is scarce sense or English.

WARBURTON.

*Proud to do,* is the same as, *proud of doing,* very plain sense, and very common English. JOHNSON.

*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 sore 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 the fire  
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze  
Shall darken him for ever.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Bru.* What's the matter?

*Mes.* You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought,  
That Marcius shall be Consul: I have seen  
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind  
To hear him speak. Matrons flung gloves,  
Ladies and maids their 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 <sup>4</sup> carry with us ears and eyes for the time,  
But hearts for the event.

*Sic.* Have with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*The Capitol.*

*Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.*

1 *Off.* Come come, they are almost here. How many stand for consulships?

2 *Off.* Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er lov'd them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love, or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and out of his noble carelessness lets them plainly see't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love or no, <sup>5</sup> he wav'd indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, no 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.

<sup>4</sup> ———— *carry with us ears and eyes, &c.*] That is, let us observe what passes, but keep our hearts fixed on our design of crushing Coriolanus. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *he wav'd*] That is, *he would wave indifferently.* JOHNSON.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country: and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those, who have been <sup>6</sup> 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 otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him; he is a worthy man: Make way, they are coming.

*Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the people, Lictors before them; Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius the Consul: Sicinius and Brutus, as tribunes, take their places by themselves.*

*Men.* Having determin'd of the Volscians, and To send for Titus Lartius, it remains, As the main point of this our after-meeting, To gratify his noble service, that Hath thus stood for his country. Therefore, please you Most reverend and grave elders, to desire The present Consul, and last general In our well-found successes, to report A little of that worthy work perform'd By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom We meet here, both to thank, and to remember With honours like himself.

1 *Sen.* Speak, good Cominius: Leave nothing out for length; and make us think,

<sup>6</sup> *supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted,*] The sense, I think, requires that we should read, *unbonnetted*. Who have risen only by *pulling off their hats* to the people. *Bonnetted* may relate to *people*, but not without harshness. JOHNSON.

*Bonnetter*, Fr. is to pull off one's cap, therefore there is no occasion to read *unbonnetted*. See Cotgrave. STEEVENS.

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,  
 7 Your loving motion toward the common body,  
 To yield what passes here.

*Sic.* We are convented  
 Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts  
 Inclunable to honour and advance  
 8 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 hitherto priz'd them at.

*Men.* 9 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 bed-fellow.—

7 *Your loving motion toward the common body,*] Your kind interposition with the common people. JOHNSON.

8 *The theme of our assembly.*] Here is a fault in the expression: And had it affected our author's knowledge of nature, I should have adjudged it to his transcribers or editors; but as it affects only his knowledge in history, I suppose it to be his own. He should have said *your assembly*. For till the *Lex Atinia*, (the author of which is supposed by Sigonius, [*De vitere Italiae Jure*] to have been contemporary with Quintus Metellus Macedonicus) the tribunes had not the privilege of entering the senate, but had seats placed for them near the door on the outside of the house.

WARBURTON.

Had Shakespeare been as learned as his commentator, he could not have conducted this scene otherwise than as it stands at present. The presence of Brutus, and Sicinius was necessary, and how was our author to have exhibited the outside and inside of the senate house at one and the same instant? STEEVENS.

9 *That's off, that's off;*] That is, that is nothing to the purpose.

JOHNSON.

Wor-



Worthy Cominius speak.

*[Coriolanus rises, and offers to go away.]*

Nay, keep your place.

*I Sen.* Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear  
What you have nobly done.

*Cor.* Your honours' pardon:  
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,  
Than hear say, how I got them.

*Bru.* Sir, I hope,  
My words dis-bench'd you not?

*Cor.* No, sir: yet oft,  
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.  
You sooth 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 of the people,  
Your multiplying spawn<sup>1</sup> how can he flatter,  
(That's thousand to one good one) when you see,  
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,  
Than one of his ears to hear't?—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 counter-pois'd. At sixteen years,  
<sup>2</sup> When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought

<sup>1</sup> ————*how can he flatter,*] The reasoning of Menenius is this: How can he be expected to practise flattery to others, who abhors it so much, that he cannot hear it even when offered to himself. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *When Tarquin made a head for Rome,*———] When Tarquin, who had been expelled, raised a power to recover Rome.

Beyond the mark of others: our then Dictator,  
 Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,  
 When with his Amazonian chin<sup>3</sup> he drove  
 The bristled lips before him: he bestrid  
 An o'er-press'd Roman, and i' the Consul's view  
 Slew three opposers; Tarquin's self he met,  
 And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,  
 When he might act the woman in the scene,<sup>4</sup>  
 He prov'd the 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 stem.<sup>5</sup> His sword, death's stamp,  
 Where it did mark, it took from face to foot.  
 He was a a thing of blood, whose<sup>6</sup> every motion  
 Was tim'd with dying cries. Alone he enter'd

<sup>3</sup> ————his Amazonian chin———] i. e. his chin on which there was no beard. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> When he might act the woman in the scene.] It has been more than once mentioned, that the parts of women were, in Shakespeare's time, represented by the most smooth-faced young men to be found among the players. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> And fell below his stern.———] We should read, according to the old copy,

———his stem.———

The stem is the end of the ship which leads. From stem to stern is an expression used by Dryden in his translation of Virgil.

“Orontes' bark———

“From stem to stern by waves was over-borne.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ————every motion

Was tim'd with dying cries.———]

The cries of the slaughter'd regularly followed his motions, as music and a dancier accompany each other. JOHNSON.

The

7 The mortal gate o'the city, which he painted  
 With shunless destiny; aidless came off,  
 And with a sudden re-enforcement struck  
 Corioli, like a planet. Now all's his:  
 For by and by, the din of war 'gan pierce  
 His ready sense: then straight his doubled spirit  
 Requicken'd what in flesh was fatigatè,  
 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 breath with panting.

*Men.* Worthy man!

*1 Sen.* <sup>8</sup> 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  
<sup>9</sup> Than misery itself would give; rewards  
 His deeds with doing them; <sup>1</sup> and is content  
 To spend his time, to end it.

*Men.* He's right noble:

Let

<sup>7</sup> *The mortal gate*———] The gate that was made the scene  
 of death. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *He cannot but with measure fit the honours,*] That is, no honour  
 will be too great for him; he will shew a mind equal to any ele-  
 vation. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Than misery itself would give;*———] *Misery* for avarice; be-  
 cause a *Miser* signifies an Avaricious. WARBURTON.

<sup>1</sup> *Com.* ——— *and is content*  
*To spend his time to end it.*

*Men.* *He's right noble.*]

The last words of Cominius's speech are altogether unintelligible,  
 Shakespeare, I suppose, wrote the passage thus,

——— *and is content*  
*To spend his time*———

*Men.* *To end it, he's right noble.*

Cominius, in his last words, was entering upon a new topic in  
 praise

Let him be called for.

*Sen.* Call Coriolanus.

*Off.* 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.* <sup>2</sup> It then remains,  
That you do speak to the people.

praise of Coriolanus ; when his warm friend Menenius, impatient to come to the subject of the honours designed him, interrupts Cominius, and takes him short with,—*to end it*, i. e. to end this long discourse in one word, *he's right noble. Let him be called for.* This is exactly in character, and restores the passage to sense.

WARBURTON.

I know not whether my conceit will be approved, but I cannot forbear to think that our authour wrote thus.

—————*he rewards*

*His deeds with doing them, and is content*

*To spend his time, to spend it.*

To do great acts, for the sake of doing them ; to spend his life, for the sake of spending it. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *It then remains,*

*That you do speak to the people.]*

Coriolanus was banished U. C. 262. But till the time of Manlius Torquatus, U. C. 393, the senate chose *both* the consuls : And then the people, assisted by the seditious temper of the tribunes, got the choice of one. But if he makes Rome a democracy, which at this time was a perfect aristocracy ; he sets the balance even in his *Timon*, and turns Athens, which was a perfect democracy, into an aristocracy. But it would be unjust to attribute this entirely to his ignorance ; it sometimes proceeded from the too powerful blaze of his imagination, which when once lighted up, made all acquired knowledge fade and disappear before it. For sometimes again we find him, when occasion serves, not only writing up to the truth of history, but fitting his sentiments to the nicest manners of his peculiar subject, as well to the *dignity* of his characters, or the *dictates* of nature in general. WARBURTON.

*Cor.*

*Cor.* I 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.

*Bru.* Mark you that ?

*Cor.* To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus ;—  
Shew them the unaking scars, which I would 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 cornet. Then Exeunt.*]

*Manent Sicinius and Brutus.*

*Bru.* 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.

*Bru.* Come, we'll inform them  
Of our proceedings here. On the market place,  
I know, they do attend us.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

## S C E N E III.

## T H E F O R U M.

*Enter seven or eight Citizens.*

**1 Cit.** <sup>1</sup> Once ; if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

**2 Cit.** We may, sir, if we will.

**3 Cit.** <sup>2</sup> 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 tells us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which, we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

**1 Cit.** And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once, when we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the <sup>3</sup> many-headed multitude.

**3 Cit.** We have been call'd so of many; not that

<sup>1</sup> *Once*;] *Once* here means the same as when we say, *once for all*.  
WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> *We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do:*] I am persuaded this was intended as a ridicule on the Augustine manner of defining *free-will* at that time in the schools. WARBURTON.

A ridicule may be intended, but the sense is clear enough. *Power* first signifies *natural power* or *force*, and then *moral power* or *right*. Davies has used the same word with great variety of meaning.

*Use all thy powers that heavenly power to praise,  
That gave thee power to do.*————— JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *many-headed multitude.*] Hammer reads, *many-headed monster*, but without necessity. To be *many-headed* includes *monstrousness*.

JOHNSON.

our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn,<sup>4</sup> some bald; but that our wits are so diversly colour'd: and truly, I think, <sup>5</sup> 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 would be at once to all points o' the compass.

*2 Cit.* Think you so? which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

*3 Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedg'd up in a block-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

*2 Cit.* Why that way?

*3 Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, <sup>6</sup> the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

*2 Cit.* You are never without your tricks:—You may, you may——

*3 Cit.* Are you all 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.

*Enter Coriolanus with Menenius.*

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark

<sup>4</sup> *some auburn,*] The folio reads, *some Abram.* I should unwillingly suppose this to be the true reading; but we have already heard of *Cain* and *Abram*-coloured beards. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *if all our wits were to issue out of one scull, &c.*] Meaning, though our having but one interest was most apparent, yet our wishes and projects would be infinitely discordant. This meaning the Oxford editor has totally discharged, by changing the text thus, —— *issue out of our sculls.* WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> *the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.*] A fly satirical insinuation how small a capacity of wit is necessary for that purpose. But every day's experience of the sex's prudent disposal of themselves, may be sufficient to inform us how unjust it is. WARBURTON.

his

his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by 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.

*Men.* Oh, sir, you are not right: Have you not known the worthiest men have done'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 noise of our own drums.

*Men.* Oh 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 'em.

*Men.* You'll mar all:

I'll leave you. Pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you,  
In wholesome manner. [Exit.]

*Citizens approach.*

*Cor.* Bid them wash their faces,  
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace.  
You know the cause, sirs, of my standing here.

*1 Cit.* We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you  
to't.

*Cor.* Mine own desert.

*2 Cit.* Your own desert?

*Cor.* Ay, not mine own desire.

*1 Cit.* How! not your own desire?

*Cor.*



*Cor.* No, fir. 'Twas never my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging.

*1 Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

*Cor.* Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

*1 Cit.* The price is, 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?

*Both Cit.* You shall have it, worthy fir.

*Cor.* A match, fir. There's in all two worthy voices begg'd.

I have your alms; adieu.

*1 Cit.* But this is something odd.

*2 Cit.* An'twere to give again—But 'tis no matter.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Two other Citizens.*

*Cor.* Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices, that I may be consul. I have here the customary gown.

*1 Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

*Cor.* Your ænigma?

*1 Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies; you have been a rod to her friends. You have not, indeed, loved the common people.

*Cor.* You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, 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

that is, fir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers: Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

*2 Cit.* We hope to find you our friend, and therefore give you our voices heartily.

*1 Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

*Cor.* <sup>7</sup> I will not seal your knowledge with shewing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

*Both.* 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.

<sup>8</sup> Why in this woolvish tongue should I stand here  
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,  
Their needless vouchers? Custom calls me to't:—

What

<sup>7</sup> *I will not seal your knowledge*] I will not strengthen or complete your knowledge. The seal is that which gives authenticity to a writing. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Why———should I stand here,  
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,  
Their needless voucher?———]*

Why stand I here in this ragged apparel to beg of Hob and Dick, and such others as *make their appearance* here, their *unnecessary votes*. I rather think we should read,

*Their needless vouchers.*

But *voucher* may serve, as it may perhaps signify either the act or the agent. JOHNSON.

The old copy reads,

*Their needless vouchers.* STEEVENS.

———*this woolvish gown*] Signifies this *rough hirsute gown*.

JOHNSON.

I own I was surprized, on consulting the old copy, to find the passage printed thus,

“Why in this woolvish tongue.”

Mr.

What custom wills in all things, should we do't,  
 The dust on antique time would lie unswept,  
 And mountainous error be too highly heap'd,  
 For truth to o'er-peer.—Rather than fool it so,  
 Let the high office and the honour go  
 To one that would do thus.—I am half through ;  
 The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

*Three Citizens more.*

Here come more voices.

Your voices :—for your voices I have fought ;  
 Watch'd for your voices ; for your voices, bear  
 Of wounds two dozen odd ; battles 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 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without  
 any honest man's voice.

2 *Cit.* 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.

[*Exeunt.*

*Cor.* Worthy voices !

Mr. Rowe first substituted *gown*, which has been followed (perhaps  
 without necessity) by all the editors.

The white robe worn by a candidate was made, I think, of  
 white lamb skins, how comes it then to be called *woolvisk*, unless  
 in allusion to the fable of the *wolf in sheep's clothing* ? Perhaps  
 the poet meant only, *Why do I stand with a tongue deceitful as that  
 of the wolf, and seem to flatter those whom I could wish to treat with  
 my usual ferocity* ? We may perhaps more distinctly read,

———*with* this woolvisk tongue,

unless tongue be used for tone or accent. *Ton ue* might, indeed,  
 be only a typographical mistake, and the word designed be *toge*,  
 which is used in *Othello*. Shakespeare, however, does not appear  
 to have known what the *tega brisuta* was, because he has just before  
 called it the *naphes* gown of humility. STEEVENS.

*Enter Menenius with Brutus and Sicinius.*

*Men.* You have stood your limitation, and the tribunes

Endue you with the people's voice : Remains,  
That in the official marks invested, you  
Anon do meet the senate.

*Cor.* Is this done ?

*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 change these garments ?

*Sic.* You may, sir.

*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 Coriol. and Men.*]

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 ?

*Enter Plebeians.*

*Sic.* How now, my masters ? have you chose this  
man ?

*1 Cit.* He has our voices, sir.

*Bru.* We pray the Gods, he may deserve your loves.

*2 Cit.* Amen, sir. To my poor unworthy notice,  
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

*3 Cit.* Certainly, he flouted us down-right.

*1 Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock  
us.

*2 Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,  
He

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 'em.

*3 Cit.* He said, he had wounds, which he could  
shew in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,

*I would be consul*, says he: <sup>9</sup> *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 nothing further with you.* Was not this mockery?

*Sic.* Why, either, were you <sup>1</sup> ignorant to see't?

Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness

To yield your voices?

*Bru.* Could you not have told him,

As you were lesson'd: When he had no power,

But was a petty servant to the state,

He was your enemy; ever spake against

Your liberties, and the charters that you bear

I' the body of the weal: and, now arriving

At 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

<sup>9</sup> ——— *aged custom.*] This was a strange inattention. The Romans at this time had but lately changed the regal for the consular government: for Coriolanus was banished the eighteenth year after the expulsion of the kings. WARBURTON.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *ignorant to see't?*] The Oxford editor alters *ignorant* to *impotent*, not knowing that *ignorant* at that time signified *impotent*. WARBURTON.

That *ignorant* at any time has, otherwise than consequentially, the same meaning with *impotent*, I do not know. It has no such meaning in this place. *Were you ignorant to see it*, is, did you want knowledge to discern it. JOHNSON.

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 furlly nature;  
 Which easily endures not article  
 Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,  
 You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,  
 And pass'd him unelected.

*Bru.* Did you perceive,  
 He did solicit you in <sup>2</sup> 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 su'd-for tongues? <sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

<sup>2</sup> *Cit.* And will deny him:

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

<sup>1</sup> *Cit.* I, twice five hundred, and their friends to  
 piece 'em.

*Bru.* Get you hence instantly; and tell those friends,  
 They have chose a consul that will from them take

<sup>2</sup> ——— [*free contempt*,] That is, with contempt open and unrestrained. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> [*Your su'd-for tongues?*] Your tongues that have been hitherto solicited. STEEVENS.

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. <sup>4</sup> Enforce his pride,  
And his old hate unto you : besides, forget not,  
With what contempt he wore the humble weed ;  
How in his suit he scorn'd you : but your loves,  
Thinking upon his services, took from you  
The apprehension of his present portance  
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion  
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

*Bru.* Lay  
A fault on us, your tribunes ; that we labour'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 continued : and what stock he springs of,  
The noble house o' the Marcians ; from whence came  
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,  
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king :  
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,  
That our best water brought by conduits hither ;

<sup>5</sup> *And Censorinus, darling of the people,*

and

<sup>4</sup> — *Enforce his pride,*] Object his pride, and enforce the objection. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *And Censorinus, darling of the people,*] This verse I have supplied : a line having been certainly left out in this place, as will

And nobly nam'd so, twice being censor,  
 6 Was his great ancestor.

*Sic.* One thus descended,  
 That hath beside well in his person wrought,  
 To be set in high place, we did commend  
 To your remembrances : but you have found,  
 7 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 Plebeians.]

*Bru.* Let them go on ;

appear to any one who consults the beginning of Plutarch's life of Coriolanus, from whence this passage is directly translated.

POPE.

<sup>6</sup> *And Censorinus*—————

*Was his great ancestor.]*

Now the first censor was created U. C. 314, and Coriolanus was banished U. C. 262. The truth is this, the passage, as Mr. Pope observes above, was taken from Plutarch's life of Coriolanus ; who, speaking of the house of Coriolanus, takes notice both of his *ancestors* and of his *post-erity*, which our author's haste not giving him leave to observe, has here confounded one with the other. Another instance of his inadvertency, from the same cause, we have in the first part of *Henry IV.* where an account is given of the prisoners took on the plains of Holmedon.

*Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldest son  
 To beaten Douglas*—————

But the earl of Fife was not son to Douglas, but to Robert duke of Albany, governor of Scotland. He took his account from *Hollingshed*, whose words are, *And of prisoners amongst others were these, Mordack earl of Fife, sen to the governor Arkimbald, earl Douglas, &c.* And he imagined that the governor and earl Douglas were one and the same person. WAREBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> *Scaling his present bearing with his past,]* That is, weighing his past and present behaviour. JOHNSON.

This



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 <sup>s</sup> 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.]

## ACT III. SCENE I.

## A STREET.

*Cornets.* Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, Titus  
 Lartius, and other Senators.

## CORIOLANUS.

TULLUS Aufidius then had made new head?

*Lart.* He had, my lord ; and that it was,  
 which caus'd

Our swifter composition.

*Cor.* So then the Volscians 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 ?

<sup>s</sup> ———— *observe and answer*  
*The vantage of his anger.]*

Mark, catch, and improve the opportunity, which his hasty anger  
 will afford us. JOHNSON.

A a 4

*Lart.*

*Lart.* On safe-guard he came to me; and did curse  
Against the Voiscians, for they had so vilely  
Yielded the town. He is retir'd to Antium.

*Cor.* Spoke he of me?

*Lart.* He did, my lord.

*Cor.* How? What?

*Lart.* How often he had met you, sword to sword:  
That of all things upon the earth he hated  
Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes  
To hopeless restitution, so he might  
Be call'd your vanquisher.

*Cor.* At Antium lives he?

*Lart.* At Antium.

*Cor.* I wish, I had a cause to seek him there?  
To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home.

[*To Lartius.*

*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 <sup>a</sup>prank them in authority  
Against all noble sufferance.

*Sic.* Pass no further.

*Cor.* Hah! 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 com-  
mons?

*Bru.* Cominius, no.

*Cor.* Have I had childrens' voices?

*Sen.* Tribunes give way: He shall to the market  
place.

*Bru.* The people are incens'd against him.

<sup>a</sup> ———prank them in authority] Plume, deck, dignify them-  
selves. JOHNSON.

*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, <sup>1</sup> 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 nobleness.

*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.* <sup>2</sup> Not unlike,  
Each way, to better yours.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *why rule you not their teeth?*] The metaphor is  
from men's setting a bull-dog or mastiff upon any one.

WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *Not unlike,  
Each way, to better yours.*]

i. e. likely to provide better for the security of the commonwealth  
than you (whose *business* it is) will do. To which the reply is per-  
tinent,

*Why then should I be consul?*

Yet the restless humour of reformation in the Oxford editor dis-  
turbs the text to,

——— *better you.*

WARBURTON.

*Cor.*

*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 shew 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 yoke with him for Tribune.

*Men.* Let's be calm.

*Com.* The people are abus'd; set on.—<sup>3</sup> This pal-  
tring  
Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus  
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid <sup>4</sup> falsly  
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.

*Sen.* Not in this heat, sir, now.

*Cor.* Now as I live, I will.—My nobler friends  
I crave their pardons:—  
But for the mutable rank-scented many,  
<sup>5</sup> Let them regard me, as I do not flatter, and  
Therein behold themselves: I say again,  
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our Senate

<sup>3</sup> —— *This paltring*  
*Becomes not Rome; ————— ]*

That is, this trick of dissimulation, this shuffling,

*Let these be no more believ'd*  
*That palter with us in a double sense. Macbeth.*  
JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *laid falsly] Falsly for treacherously. JOHNSON.*

<sup>5</sup> *Let them regard me, as I do not flatter, and*  
*Therein behold themselves; ————— ]*

Let them look in the mirror which I hold up to them, a mirror  
which does not flatter, and see themselves. JOHNSON.

The

<sup>5</sup> The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,  
Which we ourselves have plow'd for, sow'd and scat-  
ter'd

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;  
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that  
Which we have given to beggars.

*Men.* Well, no more.

*Sen.* No more words, we beseech you.

*Cor.* How!—no more?

As for my country I have shed my blood,  
Not fearing outward force; so shall my lungs  
Coin words 'till their decay, against those measles,  
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet seek  
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 <sup>6</sup> minnows? mark you  
His absolute *shall*?

<sup>5</sup> *The cockle of rebellion,——*] *Cockle* is a weed which grows up with the corn. The thought is taken from sir Tho. North's translation of Plutarch, where it is given as follows. "Moreover, he said, that they nourished against themselves the naughty seed and cockle of insolency and sedition, which had been sowed and scattered abroad among the people, &c." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *——minnows?——*] i. e. Small fry. WARBURTON.

A *minnow* is one of the smallest river fish, called in some countries a *pink*. JOHNSON.

*Com.* 'Twas from the canon.

*Cor.* *Shall!*

O Gods!—But most unwise Patricians, why,  
 You grave,<sup>7</sup> but reckless Senators, have you thus  
 Given Hydra here to chuse an officer,  
 That with his peremptory *shall*, being but  
<sup>8</sup> 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 he have power,  
<sup>9</sup> Then vail your ignorance: if none, awake  
 Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,  
 Be not as common fools; if you are not,

<sup>6</sup> *'Twas from the canon.*] Was contrary to the established rule; it was a form of speech to which he has no right. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *O Gods!—but most unwise Patricians, why  
 You grave, &c.*]

Thus the old copy. Succeeding editors had altered it,

*O good, but most unwise, &c.*

When the only authentic copy affords sense, why should we depart from it? STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *The horn and noise*——] Alluding to his having called him *Triton* before. WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> *Then vail your ignorance;——*] *Ignorance* for impotence; because it makes impotent. The Oxford editor not understanding this, transposes the whole sentence according to what in his fancy is accuracy. WARBURTON.

Hanmer's transposition deserves notice.

———*If they have power,  
 Let them have cushions by you; if none, awake  
 Your dang'rous lenity; if you are learned,  
 Be not as common fools; if you are not,  
 Then vail your ignorance. You are Plebeians, &c.*

I neither think the transposition of one editor right, nor the interpretation of the other. The sense is plain enough without supposing *ignorance* to have any remote or consequential sense. *If this man has power, let the ignorance that gave it him vail or bow down before him.* JOHNSON.

Let

Let them have cushions by you. <sup>1</sup> You are Plebeians,  
 If they be Senators: and they are no less,  
 When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste  
 Most palates theirs. They chuse their magistrate;  
 And such a one as he, who puts his *shell*,  
 His popular *shell*, against a graver bench  
 Then ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,  
 It makes the Consuls base: <sup>2</sup> and my soul akes  
 To know when two authorities are up,  
 Neither supreme, how soon confusion  
 May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take  
 The one by the other.

*Com.* Well,—On to the market-place.

*Cor.* Who ever 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.

<sup>1</sup> *You are Plebeians,  
 If they be Senators; and they are no less,  
 When, both your voices blended, the great'st taste  
 Most palates theirs.———]*

These lines may, I think, be made more intelligible by a very slight correction.

———*they no less [than senators]  
 When, both your voices blended, the great'st taste  
 Must palate theirs.*

When the *taste* of the great, the patricians, must *palate*, must *please*  
 [or must *try*] that of the plebeians. JOHNSON.

The plain meaning is, that *senators and plebeians are equal, when  
 the highest taste is best pleased with that which pleases the lowest.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ———*and my soul akes]* The mischief and absurdity of  
 what is called *Imperium in imperio*, is here finely expressed.

WARBURTON.

*Bru.* Why shall the people give  
One, that speaks thus, their voice?

*Cor.* I'll give my reasons,  
More worthy 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,  
<sup>3</sup> They would not thread the gates: this kind of service  
Did not deserve corn *gratis*: Being i' the war,  
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they shew'd  
Most valour, spoke not for them. The accusation,  
Which they have often made against the Senate,  
All cause unborn, <sup>4</sup> could never be the native  
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?  
How shall this bosom multiplied digest  
The Senate's courtesy? Let deeds exprefs,  
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 feats, 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.* <sup>5</sup> No, take more:

What

<sup>3</sup> *They would not thread the gates;—*] That is, *pass* them.  
We yet say, to *thread* an alley. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *—could never be the native*] *Native* for natural birth.

WARBURTON.

*Native* is here not natural birth, but *natural parent, or cause of birth*. But I would read *motive*, which, without any distortion of its meaning, suits the speaker's purpose. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *No, take more*:

*What may be sworn by, both di-vine and human  
Seal what I end withal!—*]

The false pointing hath made this unintelligible. It should be read and pointed thus,

*No,*



What may be sworn by, both divine and human  
 Seal what I end withal!—This double worship,  
 Where one part does disdain with cause, the other  
 Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom,  
 Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no  
 Of general ignorance, it must omit  
 Real necessities, and give way the while  
 To unstable slightness: <sup>6</sup> purpose so barr'd, it follows,  
 Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore beseech you,  
 You that will be less fearful than discreet;  
<sup>7</sup> 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

*No, take more;*

*What may be sworn by. Both divine and human  
 Seal what I end withal!—*

i. e. No, I will still proceed, and the truth of what I shall say may be sworn to. And may both divine and human powers, [i. e. the Gods of Rome and senate] confirm and support my conclusion.

WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> ——— purpose so barr'd, it follows,  
 Nothing is done to purpose, ——— ]

This is so like Polonius's eloquence, and so much unlike the rest of Coriolanus's language, that I am apt to think it spurious.

WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> That love the fundamental part of the state  
 More than you doubt the change of't; ——— ]

i. e. Who are so wedded to accustomed forms in the administration, that in your care for the preservation of those, you overlook the danger the constitution incurs by strictly adhering to them. This the speaker, in vindication of his conduct, artfully represents to be his case; yet this pertinent observation, the Oxford editor, with one happy dash of his pen, in amending *doubt* to *do*, entirely abolishes. WARBURTON.

To *doubt* is to *fear*. The meaning is, You whose zeal predominates over your terrors; you who do not so much fear the danger of violent measures, as wish the good to which they are necessary, the preservation of the original constitution of our government. JOHNSON.

To jump a body <sup>1</sup> with a dangerous physick  
 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  
<sup>2</sup> Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state  
 Of that integrity <sup>3</sup> which should become it;  
 Not having power to do the good it would,  
 For the ill which doth controul it.

*Bru.* He has said enough.

*Sic.* He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer  
 As traitors do.

*Cor.* Thou wretch! Despight o'erwhelm thee!—  
 What should the people do with these bald 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, <sup>4</sup> it must be meet,  
 And throw their power i' the dust.

*Bru.* Manifest treason.

<sup>1</sup> *To jump a body*—] Thus the old copy. Modern editors read,  
*To vamp*——

*To jump* anciently signified to *jolt*, to give a rude concussion to any  
 thing. *To jump a body* may therefore mean, to put it into a violent  
 agitation or commotion. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Mangles true judgment*,—] *Judgment* for government.

WARBURTON.

*Judgment* is *judgment* in its common sense, or the faculty by  
 which right is distinguished from wrong. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> —— *which should become it*;] *Become*, for adorn.

WARBURTON.

*Integrity* is in this place *fundness*, uniformity, consistency, in  
 the same sense as Dr. Warburton often uses it, when he mentions  
 the *integrity* of a metaphor. To *become*, is to *suit*, to *bestit*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> —— *it must be meet*,] Hanmer reads,

—— *it must be law*.

And Dr. Warburton follows him, surely without necessity.

JOHNSON.

*Sic.*

*Sic.* This a Consul? no.

*Bru.* The Ædiles, ho! Let him be apprehended:

[*Exit Brutus.*

*Sic.* Go, call the people: in whose name myself  
Attach thee as a traiterous innovator,  
A foe to the publick weal. Obey, I charge thee,  
And follow to thine answer. [*Laying hold on Coriol.*

*Cor.* Hence, old goat!

*All.* We'll surety him.

*Com.* Aged sir, hands off.

*Cor.* Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shiake thy bones  
Out of thy garments.

*Sic.* Help me, citizens.

*Re-enter Brutus with a Rabble of Plebeians, with the  
Ædiles.*

*Men.* On both sides, more respect.

*Sic.* Here's he, that would  
Take from you all your power.

*Bru.* Seize him, Ædiles.

*All.* Down with him, down with him!

*2 Sen.* Weapons; weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about Coriolanus.*

Tribunes, Patricians, citizens!—what ho!—

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

*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.

*All.* Let's hear our Tribune:—Peace. Speak;  
speak, speak.

*Sic.* You are at point to lose your liberties:  
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,

\* *To the people.*—*Coriolanus, patience :*] I would read;  
*Speak to the people. Coriolanus, patience :—*  
*Speak, good Sicinius. T. T.*

Whom late you nam'd for Consul.

*Men.* Fie, fie, fie!

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

*Sen.* To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

*Sic.* What is the city, but the people?

*All.* True,

The people are the city.

*Bru.* By the consent of all, we were establish'd  
The people's magistrates.

*All.* 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, Marcius is worthy  
Of present death.

*Sic.* Therefore lay hold on him;  
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence  
Into destruction cast him.

*Bru.* Ædiles, seize him.

*All. Ple.* Yield, Marcius, yield.

*Men.* Hear me one word.

Beseech you, Tribunes, hear me but a word.—

*Ædiles.* Peace, peace.

*Men.* Be that you seem, truly your country's friends,  
And temperately proceed to what you would  
Thus violently redress.

*Bru.* Sir, those cold ways,  
That seem like prudent helps, are <sup>s</sup> very poisonous,  
Where the disease is violent:—Lay hands on him,

<sup>s</sup> ————very poisonous,] I read,  
————are very poisons. JOHNSON.

And bear him to the rock. [*Coriolanus draws his sword.*]

*Cor.* No; I'll dye here,

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, Marcius! help

You that be young and noble; help him young and  
old!

*All.* Down with him, down with him. [*Exeunt.*]

[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the  
people are beat in.*]

*Men.* Go, get you to your house. Be gone, away;  
All will be naught else.

*2 Sen.* Get you gone.

*6 Cor.* Stand fast,

We have as many friends as enemies.

*Men.* Shall it be put to that?

*1 Sen.* The Gods forbid!

I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house;  
Leave us to cure this cause.

*Men.* For 'tis a fore upon us,

You cannot tent yourself. Begone, 'beseech you.

*Com.* Come, sir, 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.)—Begone,  
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue:

*7 One time will owe another.*

*Cor.*

*6 Com.* *Stand fast, &c* ] This speech certainly should be given  
to Coriolanus; for all his friends persuade him to retire. So Com-  
minius presently after;

*Come, sir, along with us.*

WARBURTON.

The beginning of this speech only should be given to Coriola-  
nus. The latter part—*Begone, &c.* to Menenius. T. T.

*7 One time will owe another.* ] I know not whether to *owe* in this

*Cor.* On fair ground  
I could beat forty of them.

*Men.* I could myself  
Take up a brace of the best; yea, the two Tribunes.

*Com.* But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetick;  
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands  
Against a falling fabrick.—Will you hence,  
Before the tag return<sup>s</sup>, whose rage doth rend  
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear  
What they are us'd to bear?

*Men.* Pray you, be gone:  
I'll try, whether my old wit be in request  
With those that have but little; this must be patch'd  
With cloth of any colour.

*Com.* Nay come, away.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Cominius.*]

*1 Sen.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

*Men.* His nature is too noble for the world:  
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,  
Or Jove for 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. [*A noise within.*]  
Here's goodly work!

*2 Sen.* I would, they were a-bed.

*Men.* I would, they were in Tiber!—What, the  
vengeance,  
Could he not speak 'em fair?

place means to *possess by right*, or to *be indebted*. Either sense may be admitted. *One time*, in which the people are seditious, will *give us power in some other time*: or, *this time* of the people's predominance will *run them in debt*: that is, will lay them open to the law, and expose them hereafter to more servile subjection.

JOHNSON.

<sup>s</sup> *Before the tag return,*——] The lowest and most despicable of the populace are still denominated by those a little above them, *Tag, rag, and bobtail.* JOHNSON.

*Enter*

*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 publick power,  
Which he so sets at nought.

*1 Cit.* He shall well know,  
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,  
And we their hands.

*All.* He shall, be sure on't.

*Men.* Sir, sir,——

*Sic.* Peace.

*Men.* ' Do not cry *havock*, where you should but  
hunt

With modest warrant.

*Sic.* Sir, how comes it, that you  
Have help to make this rescue?

*Men.* Hear me speak :—  
As I do know the consul's worthiness,  
So can I name his faults :—

*Sic.* Consul !—What consul ?

*Men.* The consul Coriolanus.

*Bru.* He consul !

*All.* 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 other harm,  
Than so much loss of time.

<sup>9</sup> Do not cry *havock*,——] i. e. Do not give the signal for unlimited slaughter, &c. STEEVENS.

*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 enroll'd  
 In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam  
 Should now eat up her own !

*Sic.* He's a disease that must be cut away.

*Men.* Oh, 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 doth opt 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.* <sup>2</sup> This is clean kam.

*Bru.* Meerly awry. When he did love his country,  
 It honour'd him.

<sup>3</sup> *Sic.* The service of the foot,  
 Being once gangren'd, it is not then respected  
 For what before it was.

*Bru.* We'll hear no more :—

<sup>2</sup> *This is clean kam* ] i. e. Awry. So Cotgrave interprets *Tout va à contrepoil. All goes clean kam.* Hence a *kambrel* for a crooked stick, or the bend in a horse's hinder leg. WARBURTON.

The Welch word for *crooked* is *kam*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Sic.* ——— ] In former copies,

*Men.* *The service of the foot, &c.*

Nothing can be more evident, than that this could never be said by Coriolanus's apologist, and that it was said by one of the tribunes ; I have therefore given it to Sicinius. WARBURTON.



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 tyger-footed rage, when it shall find  
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,  
Tye leaden pounds to its heels. Proceed by process;  
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,  
And sack great Rome with Romans.

*Bru.* If 'twere so.—

*Sic.* What do ye talk?

Have we not had a taste of his obedience,  
Our Ædiles smote? ourselves resisted? Come—

*Men.* Consider this: He hath been bred i' the wars  
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill-school'd  
In bouted 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.

*I Sen.* Noble tribunes,

It is the humane way: the other course  
Will prove too bloody, and the end of it  
Unknown to the beginning.

*Sic.* Noble Menenius,

Be you then as the people's officer:  
—Masters, lay down your weapons.

*Bru.* Go not home.

*Sic.* Meet on the market-place: We'll attend you  
there,

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed  
In our first way.

*Men.* I'll bring him to you.

Let me desire your company. [*To the Senators.*] He  
must come,

Or what is worst will follow.

*I Sen.* Pray, let's to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

B b 4

SCENE

## SCENE II.

*Changes to Coriolanus's House.*

*Enter Coriolanus, with Nobles.*

*Cor.* Let them pull all about mine ears ; present  
me

Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels ;  
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,  
That the precipitation might down stretch  
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still  
Be thus to them.

*Enter Volumnia.*

*Nobl.* You do the nobler.

*Cor.* <sup>4</sup> 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 <sup>5</sup> my ordinance stood up  
To speak of peace or war. [*To Vol.*] I talk of you,  
Why did you wish me milder ? Wou'd you have me  
False to my nature ? Rather say, I play  
The man I am.

*Vol.* Oh, fir, fir, fir,

I would have had you put your power well on,  
Before you had worn it out.

*Cor.* 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, <sup>6</sup> if

You

<sup>4</sup> *I muse, —*] That is, *I wonder, I am at a loss.* JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *— my ordinance —*] My rank. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *The thwartings of your dispositions, —*] The folio reads,

*The things of yo r dispositions, —*

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, with the Senators.*

*Men.* Come, come, you've been too rough, some-  
thing too rough ;  
You must return, and mend it.

*Sen.* There's no remedy ;  
Unless, by not so doing, our good city  
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

*Vol.* Pray, be counsell'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 times 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 for the Gods ;  
Must I then do't to them ?

*Vol.* You are too absolute ;  
Tho' therein you can never be too noble,

Mr. Rowe made the alteration, which I have followed, as my predecessors had done, though without pointing out the passage to the reader. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *Before he should thus stoop to the heart—*] This nonsense should be reformed thus,

*Before he should thus stoop to the herd,*

i. e. the people. WARBURTON.

But

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 o' them by the other loses,  
That they combine not there?

*Cor.* Tush, tush!—

*Men.* A good demand.

*Vol.* If it be honour, in your wars, to seem  
The same you are not, (which for your best ends  
You adopt your policy) how is it less, or worse,  
That it should hold companionship in peace  
With honour, as in war; since that to both  
It stands in like request?

*Cor.* <sup>8</sup> 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 <sup>9</sup> bastards,  
and syllables

Of no allowance, 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, required,

<sup>8</sup> *Why force you*———] *Why urge you.* JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *bastards, and syllables*  
*Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.*]

I read,

*Of no alliance,*———

therefore *bastards*. Yet *allowance* may well enough stand, as  
meaning *legal right, established rank, or settled authority.*

JOHNSON.

I should

I should do so in honour. <sup>1</sup> I am in this  
 Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles ;  
 And you will rather shew <sup>2</sup> our general lowts  
 How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em,  
 For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard  
 Of what <sup>3</sup> that want might ruin !

*Men.* Noble lady !

—Come, go with us, speak fair. You may salve so,  
<sup>4</sup> Not what is dangerous present, but the loss  
 Of what is past.

*Vol.* I pr'ythee now, my son,  
 Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand ;  
 And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with them)  
 Thy knee buffing the stones ; (for in such business  
 Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant  
 More learned than the ears) <sup>5</sup> waving thy head,  
 With often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,

Now

<sup>1</sup> ————— *I am in this*  
*Your wife, your son : the senators, the nobles.—*  
*And you, &c.]*

The pointing of the printed copies makes stark nonsense of this passage. Volumnia is persuading Coriolanus that he ought to flatter the people, as the general fortune was at stake ; and says, that in this advice, she speaks as his wife, as his son ; as the senate, and body of the patricians ; who were in some measure link'd to his conduct. WARBURTON.

I rather think the meaning is, *I am in their condition, I am at stake, together with your wife, your son.* JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ————— *our general lowts,]* Our common clowns. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ————— *that want—]* The want of their loves. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Not what—]* In this place *no:* seems to signify *not only.*  
JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ————— *waving thy head,*  
*Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart.]*

But do any of the ancient or modern masters of elocution prescribe the *waving the head*, when they treat of action ? Or how does the waving the head correct the stoutness of the heart, or evidence humility ? Or, lastly, where is the sense or grammar of these words, *Which often thus, &c.* ? These questions are sufficient to shew that the lines are corrupt. I would read therefore,

—waving

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, why, all their hearts were yours :  
 For they have pardons, being aſk'd, as free,  
 As words to little purpoſe.

*Vol.* Pr'ythee now,  
 Go and be rul'd : altho', I know, thou had'ſt rather  
 Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf  
 Than flatter him in a bower.

*Enter Cominius.*

Here is Cominius.

—————*waving thy hand,*  
*Which ſoften thus, correcting thy ſtout heart.*

This is a very proper precept of action ſuiting the occaſion : Wave thy hand, ſays ſhe, and ſoften the action of it thus,—then ſtrike upon thy breaſt, and by that action ſhew the people thou haſt corrected thy ſtout heart. All here is fine and proper.

WARBURTON.

The correction is ingenious, yet I think it not right. *Had* or *band* is indifferent. The *band* is *waved* to gain attention ; the *b. ad* is *shaking* in token of ſorrow. The word *wave* ſuits better to the hand, but in conſidering the authour's language, too much ſtreſs muſt not be laid on propriety againſt the copies. I would read thus,

—————*waving thy head,*  
*With often, thus, correcting thy ſteut heart.*

That is, *shaking thy head*, and *striking* thy breaſt. The alteration is ſlight, and the geſture recommended not improper. JOHNSON.

Shakeſpeare uſes the ſame expreſſion in *Hamlet*,

*And thrice his head waving thus, up and down.*

STEEVENS.

\* —*humble as the ripeſt mulberry,*] This fruit, when thoroughly ripe, drops from the tree. STEEVENS.

*Com.*

*Com.* I have been i' the market-place: and, sir, 'tis  
fit

You have 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:—

—Pr'ythee now, say you will, and go about it.

*Cor.* Must I go shew them <sup>6</sup> my unbarb'd sponce?  
Must I

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 <sup>7</sup> single plot to lose,  
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,  
And throw it against the wind. To the market-place!  
You have put me now to such a part, which never  
I shall discharge to the life.

*Com.* Come, come, we'll prompt you.

*Vol.* Ay, pr'ythee now, sweet son; as thou hast said,  
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,  
To have my praise for this, perform a part  
Thou hast not done before.

*Cor.* Well, I must do't:—

Away, my disposition, and possess me  
Some harlot's spirit! my throat of war be turn'd,  
<sup>8</sup> Which quired with my drum, into a pipe  
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin's voice  
That babies lulls asleep! the smiles of knaves

<sup>6</sup> ————*my unbarb'd sponce?*——] The suppliants of the people used to present themselves to them in sordid and neglected dresses. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ————*single plot*——] i. e. piece, portion; applied to a piece of earth, and here elegantly transferred to the body, carcass. WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> *Which quired with my drum,*——] Which played in concert with my drum. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> Tent in my cheeks; and school-boys' tears take up  
The glasses of my sight! a beggar's tongue  
Make motion through my lips, and my arm'd knees,  
Which bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his  
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't;  
Lest I surcease <sup>2</sup> 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; <sup>3</sup> 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 Volunnia.*

*Com.* Away, the tribunes do attend you. Arm  
yourself

<sup>1</sup> *Tent in my cheeks; ————*] *To tent is to take up residence.*

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *————— to honour mine own truth,*]

πάντων δὲ μάλιστα ἀισχύνει σαῦτον. Pythagoras. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *————— let*

*Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear  
Thy dangerous stoutness; ————*]

This is obscure. Perhaps, she means, *Go, do thy worst; let me  
rather feel the utmost extremity that thy pride can bring upon us, than  
live thus in fear of thy dangerous obstinacy.* JOHNSON.

To



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.*]

## S C E N E III.

## T H E F O R U M.

*Enter Sicinius and Brutus.*

*Bru.* In this point charge him home, that he affects  
Tyrannic 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. What, will he come ?

*Enter an Ædile.*

*Æd.* He's coming.

*Bru.* How accompanied ?

*Æd.* 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.

*Æd.* I have ; 'tis ready.

*Sic.* Have you collected them by tribes ?

*Æd.* I have.

*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* ;

In-

Insisting on the old prerogative  
And power 'i' the truth o' the cause.

*Æd.* I shall inform them.

*Bru.* 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.

*Æd.* Very well.

*Sic.* Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,  
When we shall hap to give't them.

*Bru.* Go about it.—

[*Exit Ædile.*]

Put him to choler straight: He hath been us'd  
Ever to conquer, <sup>4</sup> and to have his word  
Of contradiction, Being once chaf't, he cannot  
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks  
What's in his heart; and that is there, <sup>5</sup> which looks  
With us to break his neck.

*Enter*

<sup>3</sup> ————*i' the truth o' the cause.*] This is not very easily understood. We might read,

—————*o'er the truth o' the cause.*

JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> —————*and to have his word  
Of contradiction.*—————]

The sense here falls miserably. *He hath been us'd*; says the speaker, *ever to conquer*—And what then?—*and to contradict*. We should read and point it thus,

—————*and to have his word,  
Off contradiction.*—————

i. e. to have his opinion carry it without contradiction. Here the sense rises elegantly. *He us'd ever to conquer*; nay, *to conquer without opposition*. WAREBURTON.

*To have his word of contradiction* is no more than, *he is us'd to contradict*; and *to have his word*, that is, *not to be oppos'd*. We still fay of an obstinate disputant, *he will have the last word*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> —————*which looks  
With us to break his neck.*]

A familiar phrase of that time, signifying *works with us*. But the Oxford editor, understanding the sense better than the expression, gives

*Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with others.*

*Sic.* Well, here he comes.

*Men.* Calmly, I do beseech you.

*Cor.* Ay, as an hostler, 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 with worthy men! <sup>s</sup> plant love amongst us!  
Throng our large temples with the shews of peace,  
And not our streets with war!

*Sen.* Amen, amen!

*Men.* A noble wish.

*Re-enter the Ædile with the Plebeians.*

*Sic.* Draw near, ye people.

*Æd.* Lift to your tribunes. Audience; peace, I  
say.

*Cor.* First, hear me speak.

*Both Tri.* Well, say.—Peace, ho.

*Cor.* Shall I be charg'd no farther 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

gives us here Shakespeare's meaning in his own words.

WARBURTON.

To *look* is to *wait* or *expect*. The sense I believe is, *What he  
has in his heart is waiting there to help us to break his neck.*

JOHNSON:

<sup>s</sup> — — *plant love amongst you  
Through our large temples with the shews of peace,  
And not our streets with war!*]

We should read,

Throng our large temples——

The other is rank nonsense. WARBURTON.

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 foldier : do not take  
His rougher accents for malicious sounds ;  
But, as I say, such as become a foldier,  
Rather than<sup>s</sup> envy you.—

*Com.* Well, well, no more.

*Cor.* 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<sup>s</sup> season'd office, and to wind  
Yourself unto 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 thine hands clutch'd as many millions, in  
Thy lying tongue both numbers ; I would say,

\* *Rather than envy you.*] *Envy* is here taken at large for *malig-  
nity* or ill intention. JOHNSON.

° —*season'd office,*—] All *office established* and *settled* by time,  
and made familiar to the people by long use. JOHNSON.

Thou

Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free,  
As I do pray the Gods.

*Sic.* Mark you this, people?

*All.* To the rock with him.

*Sic.* Peace.

We need not lay 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 extremest 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 farther.

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,  
Vagabond exile, fleeing. Pent to linger,  
But with a grain a-day, I would not buy  
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;  
Nor check my courage for what they can give,  
To have't with saying, Good morrow.

*Sic.* For that he has,  
(As much as in him lyes) from time to time  
Envy'd against the people, seeking means  
To pluck away their power; <sup>1</sup> has now at last  
Given hostile strokes, and that <sup>2</sup> not in the presence

<sup>1</sup> — as now at last,] Read rather,

— has now at last. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — not in the presence] Not stands again for not only.

JOHNSON.

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's gates. I' the people's name,  
I say, it shall be so.

*All.* 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,  
<sup>3</sup> My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,  
And treasure of my loins : then if I would  
Speak that—

*Sic.* We know your drift : Speak what ?

*Bru.* There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd  
As enemy to the people and his country :  
It shall be so.

*All.* 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 unburied men,  
That do corrupt my air ; I banish you :  
And here remain with your uncertainty !  
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts !  
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,

<sup>3</sup> *My dear wife's estimate,——*] I love my country beyond the  
rate at which I value my dear wife. JOHNSON.

Fan you into despair! \*Have the power still  
 To banish your defenders; till, at length,  
 Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,  
 Making but reservation of yourselves,  
 Still your own foes) deliver you, as most  
 Abated captives, to some nation  
 That won you without blows! Despising,  
 For you, the city, thus I turn my back.  
 There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, and others. The  
 people shout, and throw up their caps.*

*Æd.* The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

*All.* Our enemy is banish'd; he is gone! Hoo!  
 hoo!

*Sic.* Go see him out at gates, and follow him  
 As he hath follow'd you; with all despight,  
 Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard  
 Attend us through the city.

*All.* Come, come; let us see him out at gates;  
 come.

The Gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come,

[*Exeunt.*

\* ——— *Have the power still  
 To banish your defenders; till, at length,  
 Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels, &c.)*

*Still retain the power of banishing your defenders, till your undiscerning  
 folly, which can foresee no consequences, leave none in the city but  
 yourselves, who are always labouring your own destruction.*

It is remarkable, that, among the political maxims of the speculative Harrington, there is one which he might have borrowed from this speech. *The people, says he, cannot see, but they can feel.* It is not much to the honour of the people, that they have the same character of stupidity from their enemy and their friend. Such was the power of our authour's mind, that he looked through life in all its relations private and civil. JOHNSON.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Before the Gates of Rome.*

*Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius,  
with the young Nobility of Rome.*

CORIOLANUS.

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 struck home, being gentle wounded, craves  
A noble cunning. You were us'd to load me  
With precepts, that would make invincible  
The heart that conn'd them.

*Vir.* O heavens! O heavens!

*Cor.* Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,——

———*Fortune's blows,  
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves  
A noble cunning.——]*

This is the ancient and authentick reading. The modern editors have, for *gentle wounded*, silently substituted *gently warded*, and Dr. Warburton has explained *gently* by *nobly*. It is good to be sure of our authour's words before we go about to explain their meaning.

The sense is, When Fortune strikes her hardest blows, to be wounded, and yet continue calm, requires a generous policy. He calls this calmness *cunning*, because it is the effect of reflection and philosophy. Perhaps the first emotions of nature are nearly uniform, and one man differs from another in the power of endurance, as he is better regulated by precept and instruction.

*They bore as heroes, but they felt as men.* JOHNSON.



*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.—Farewel, my wife! my mother! I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius, Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's, And venomous to thine eyes. My sometime general, I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld Heart-hard'ning spectacles:—Tell these sad women, <sup>2</sup>'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes, As 'tis to laugh at 'em.—My mother, you wot well, My hazards still have been your solace: and Believe't not lightly, (tho' 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 <sup>3</sup>cautelous baits and practice.

*Vol.* <sup>4</sup> My first son,

Where will you 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

<sup>2</sup> 'Tis fond——] i. e. 'tis foolish. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——cautelous baits and practice.] By artful and false tricks, and treason. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> My first son,] *Firſt*, i. e. nobleſt, moſt eminent of men.

WARBURTON.

The author of the *Reviſal* would read,

*My fierce ſon.* STEEVENS.

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 aught  
 But what is like me formerly.

*Men.* That's worthily

As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.—  
 If I could shake off but one seven years  
 From these old arms and legs, by the good Gods,  
 I'd with thee every foot.

*Cor.* Give me thy hand:—Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Sicinius and Brutus, with the 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:

<sup>5</sup> *My friends of noble touch:—*] i. e. of true metal un-  
 alloy'd. Metaphor taken from trying gold on the touchstone.

Say, their great enemy is gone, and they  
Stand in their ancient strength.

*Bru.* Dismiss them home. [Exit *Ædile*.]

*Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.*

Here comes his mother.

*Sic.* Let's not meet her.

*Bru.* Why?

*Sic.* They say, she's mad.

*Bru.* They have ta'en note of us. Keep on your  
way.

*Vol.* Oh, you are well met.

The hoarded plague o' the Gods requite your love!

*Men.* Peace, peace; be not so loud.

*Vol.* If that I could for weeping, you should hear;—  
Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone?

[To *Brutus*.]

*Vir.* [To *Sicin*.] You shall stay too: I would, I had  
the power

To say so to my husband.

<sup>6</sup> *Sic.* Are you mankind?

*Vol.* Ay, fool; Is that a shame? Note but this fool.  
Was

<sup>6</sup> *Sic.* Are you mankind?

*Vol.* Ay, fool; Is that a shame? Note but this, fool.  
Was not a man my father? ————— ]

The word *mankind* is used maliciously by the first speaker, and taken perversely by the second. A *mankind* woman is a woman with the roughness of a man, and, in an aggravated sense, a woman ferocious, violent, and eager to shed blood. In this sense *Sicinius* asks *Volumnia*, if she be *mankind*. She takes *mankind* for a *human creature*, and accordingly cries out,

————— Note but this, fool.

Was not a man my father?

JOHNSON.

So *Jonson*, in the *Silent Woman*,

“ O *mankind* generation.”

*Shakespeare* himself, in the *Winter's Tale*,

“ ————— a *mankind* witch.”

*Fairfax*, in his translation of *Tasso*,

“ See,

Was not a man my father? <sup>7</sup> Hadst thou foxship  
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,  
Than thou hast spoken words?

*Sic.* Oh 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?

*Virg.* What then? he'd make an end of thy posterity.

*Vol.* Bastards, and all.—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

*Men.* Come, come, peace.

*Sic.* I would, he had continued to his country  
As he began; and not 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)

“ See, see, this *mankind* strumpet; see, she cry'd,

“ This shameless whore.”

So Ben Jonson,

“ Pallas, nor thee I call on, *mankind* maid.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Hadst thou foxship*] Hadst thou, fool as thou art, mean cunning enough to banish Coriolanus? JOHNSON.

Whom

Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

*Bru.* Well, well, we'll leave you.

*Sic.* Why stay you to be baited

With one that wants her wits?

*Vol.* Take my prayers with you.—

I would, the Gods had nothing else to do,

[*Exeunt Tribunes.*]

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.*]

### S C E N E III.

#### A N T I U M.

*Enter a Roman and a Volscian.*

*Rom.* I know you well, fir, and you know me.  
Your name, I think, is Adrian.

*Vol.* It is so, fir. Truly, I have forgot you.

*Rom.* I am a Roman; but my services are as you  
are, against 'em. Know you me yet?

*Vol.* Nicanor? No.

*Rom.* The same, fir.

*Vol.* You had more beard when I last saw you;  
but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue.

What's

<sup>7</sup> *but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue.*] This is strange  
nonsense. We should read,

What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there. You have well saved me a day's journey.

*Rom.* There have been in Rome strange insurrections: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

*Vol.* Hath been! it is ended then? Our state thinks not so; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

*Rom.* The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you; and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

*Vol.* Coriolanus banish'd?

*Rom.* Banish'd, sir.

*Vol.* You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

*Rom.* The day serves well for them now. I have

————— *is well appeal'd,*

i. e. brought into remembrance. WARBURTON.

I should read,

————— *is well appear'd,*

That is, *strengthened, attested*, a word used by our authour.

*My title is appear'd.* Macbeth.

To *repeal* may be *to bring to remembrance*, but *appeal* has another meaning. JOHNSON.

I would read,

*Your favour is well approv'd by your tongue.*

i. e. your tongue strengthens the evidence of your face.

So *Hamlet*, *sc. 1.*

“ That if again this apparition come,

“ He may *approve* our eyes, and speak to it.”

STEEVENS.

heard

heard it said, The fittest time to corrupt a man's wife, is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullius Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer Coriolanus being now in no request of his country.

*Vol.* He cannot chuse. 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, <sup>s</sup> 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.*

#### S C E N E IV.

*Before Aufidius's House.*

*Enter Coriolanus in mean apparel, disguis'd and muffled.*

*Cor.* A goodly city is this Antium:—City,  
'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir  
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars  
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not;  
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

<sup>s</sup> *already in the entertainment,*] That is, tho' not actually encamped, yet already in pay. To entertain an army is to take them into pay. JOHNSON.

*Enter*

*Enter a Citizen.*

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, fir.

*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, fir. Farewel. [*Exit Citizen.*]

<sup>2</sup> Oh, 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 dissension 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 inter-join their issues. <sup>1</sup> So, with me:—  
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon  
This enemy's town:—I'll enter: if he slay me,

He

<sup>2</sup> *Oh, world, thy slippery turns! &c.*] This fine picture of common friendships, is an artful introduction to the sudden league, which the poet makes him enter into with Aufidius: and no less artful an apology for his commencing enemy to Rome.

WARBURTON.

<sup>1</sup> ——— So with me: ———

*My country have I and my lovers left;*

*This enemy's town I'll enter; if he slay me, &c.*

He who reads this would think that he was reading the lines of Shakespeare: except that Coriolanus, being already in the town, says, he *will enter it*. Yet the old edition exhibits it thus:

—— So,



He does fair justice; if he give me way,  
I'll do his country service.

[Exit.

S C E N E V.

*Changes to a Hall before Aufidius's House.*

*Musick plays. Enter a Serving-man.*

1 *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine! What service is here!  
I think, our fellows are asleep. [Exit.

*Enter another Serving-man.*

2 *Ser.* 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.

*Re-enter the first Serving-man.*

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence

————— *So with me.*

*My birth-place have I, and my loves upon  
This enemy town; I'll enter if he slay me, &c.*

The intermediate line seems to be lost, in which, conformably to his former observation, he says, that *he has lost his birth-place, and his loves upon a petty dispute, and is trying his chance in this enemy town*, he then cries, turning to the house of Aufidius, *I'll enter if he slay me.*

I have preserved the common reading, because it is, though faulty, yet intelligible, and the original passage, for want of copies, cannot be restored. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the alteration of a single letter may recover sufficient sense. I read,

*My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon  
This enemy town: I'll enter: if he slay me,  
He does, &c.*

This alteration, on account of its slightness, may be admitted in preference to the former one made by Mr. ROWE. STEEVENS.

are

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. [Aside.]

*Re-enter second Servant.*

2 *Serv.* Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!———

2 *Serv.* Away?——Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.

2 *Serv.* Are you so brave? I'll have you talk'd with anon.

*Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.*

3 *Serv.* What fellow's this?

1 *Serv.* 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 *Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand, I will not hurt your hearth.

3 *Serv.* What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 *Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True; so I am.

3 *Serv.* 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. [Pushes him away from him.]

3 *Serv.* What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master, what a strange guest he has here.

2 *Serv.* And I shall. [Exit Second Serving-man.]

3 *Serv.*

3 Ser. Where dwell'st thou ?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 Ser. Under the canopy ?

Cor. Ay.

3 Ser. Where's that ?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

3 Ser. I' the city of kites and crows ? What an  
 asf it is ! then thou dwell'st with daws too ?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3 Ser. How, sir ! do you meddle with my master ?

Cor. Ay, 'tis an honest service, than to meddle  
 with thy mistress.

Thou prat'st, and prat'st ; serve with thy trencher,  
 hence ! [ Beats him away. ]

*Enter Aufidius with a Serving-man.*

Auf. Where is this fellow ?

2 Ser. Here, sir. I'd have beaten him like a dog,  
 but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence comest thou ? what wouldest thou ?  
 Thy name ?

Why speak'st not ? Speak, man : What's thy name ?

Cor. If, Tullus,<sup>2</sup>

Not

<sup>2</sup> *If, Tullus, &c.*] These speeches are taken from the following  
 in fir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, which I have sub-  
 joined.

“ If thou knowest me not yet, Tullus, and seeing me, dost  
 not perhappes beleewe me to be the man I am in dede, I must of  
 necessitie bewraye my selfe to be that I am. I am Caius Martius,  
 who hath done to thy self particularly, and to all the Volsces ge-  
 nerally, great hurte and mischief, which I cannot denie for my  
 surname of Coriolanus that I beare. For I neuer had other bene-  
 fit nor recompence, of all the true and paynefull seruice I haue  
 done, and the extreme daungers I haue bene in, but this only sur-  
 name : a good memorie and witnes, of the malice and displeasure  
 thou shouldest beare me. In dede the name only remaineth with  
 me : for the rest, the enuie and crueltie of the people of Rome  
 haue taken from me, by the sufferance of the darstardly nobilitie

Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me dost not take  
me

To be the man I am, necessity  
Commands me name myself.

*Auf.* What is thy name?

*Cor.* A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,  
And harsh in sound to thine.

*Auf.* Say, what is thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face  
Bears a command in't. Though thy tackle's torn,  
Thou shew'st a noble vessel. What's thy name?

*Cor.* Prepare thy brow to frown. Know'st thou  
me yet?

*Auf.* I know thee not:—Thy name?

*Cor.* My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done  
To thee particularly, and to all the Volscians,  
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may  
My surname Coriolanus. The painful service,  
The extrem dangers, and the drops of blood  
Shed for my thankless country, are requited

and magistrates, who have forsaken me, & let me be banished by the people. This extremitie hath now driuen me to come as a poore suter, to take thy chimney harthe, not of any hope I haue to saue my life thereby. For if I had feared death, I would not haue come hither to haue put my life in hazard: but prickt forward with spite and desire I haue to be reuenged of them that thus haue banished me, whom now I beginne to be auenged on, putting my persone betweene thy enemies. Wherefore, if thou hast any harte to be wrecked of the iniuries thy enemies haue done thee, speede thee now, and let my miserie serue thy turne, and so vse it, as my seruice maye be a benefit to the Volsces: promising thee, that I will fight with better good will for all you, than euer I dyd, when I was against you, knowing that they fight more valiantly, who knowe the force of their enemy, then such as haue neuer proued it. And if it be so that thou dare not, and that thou art wearye to proue fortune any more: then am I also weary to liue any lenger. And it were no wisdome in thee, to saue the life of him, who hath bene heretofore thy mortall enemy, and whose seruice now can nothing helpe nor pleasure thee." STEEVENS.

But

But with that surname ; <sup>3</sup> a good memory,  
 And witness of the malice and displeasure  
 Which thou shouldst bear me ; only that name re-  
 mains :

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 mere spite  
 To be full quit of those my banishers,  
 Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast  
<sup>4</sup> A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge  
 Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those <sup>5</sup> 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,

<sup>3</sup> ——— a good memory,] The Oxford editor, not knowing  
 that *memory* was used at that time for *memorial*, alters it to *memorial*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> A heart of wreak in thee, ——— ] A heart of resentment.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ——— maims  
 Of shame ——— ]

That is, disgraceful diminutions of territory. JOHNSON.

Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,  
And cannot live, but to thy shame, unless  
It be to do thee service.

*Auf.* Oh, Marcius, Marcius,  
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 him more than thee  
All noble Marcius.—Let me twine  
Mine arms about that body, where-against  
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,  
And scar'd the moon with splinters. Here I clip  
The anvil of my sword; and do contest  
As 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 married; never man  
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,  
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,  
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw  
Beside 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 Marcius,  
Had we no other quarrel to Rome, but that  
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'erbear. 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 thy own revenges, take  
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 in.  
Let me commend thee first to those, that shall  
Say *yea* to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!  
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;  
Yet, Marcius, that was much.—Your hand; most  
welcome! [*Exeunt.*

*1 Ser.* Here's a strange alteration!

*2 Ser.* By my hand, I had thought to have stricken  
him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me, his  
clothes made a false report of him.

*1 Ser.* What an arm he has! He turn'd me about  
with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a  
top.

*2 Ser.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was  
something in him. He had, sir, a kind of face, me-  
thought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

*1 Ser.* He had so; looking as it were,—'would I  
were hang'd, but I thought there was more in him  
then I could think.

*2 Ser.* So did I, I'll be sworn. He is simply the  
rarest man i' the world.

*1 Ser.* I think, he is: but a greater soldier than he,  
you wot one.

*2 Ser.* Who, my master?

*1 Ser.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Ser.* Worth six of him.

1 *Ser.* Nay, not so neither: but I take him to be the greater foldier.

2 *Ser.* Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1 *Ser.* Ay, and for an assault too.

*Enter a third Servant.*

3 *Ser.* Oh, slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals.

*Both.* What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *Ser.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemn'd man.

*Both.* Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Ser.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general, Caius Marcius.

1 *Ser.* Why do you say, thwack our general?

3 *Ser.* I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Ser.* Come, we are fellows and friends. He was ever too hard for him: I have heard him say so himself.

1 *Ser.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the troth on't. Before Corioli, he scotcht him and notcht him like a carbonado.

2 *Ser.* And, had he been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.

1 *Ser.* But, more of thy news;——

3 *Ser.* 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; <sup>5</sup> sanctifies himself with's

<sup>5</sup> *sanctifies himself with's hands,*] Alluding, improperly, to the act of *crossing* upon any strange event. JOHNSON.



hands, 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 intreaty and grant of the whole table. <sup>6</sup> He will go, he says, and fowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears: He will mow down all before him, and leave <sup>7</sup> his passage poll'd.

*2 Ser.* And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

*3 Ser.* Do't! he will do't: For, look you, fir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, fir, (as it were) durst not, (look you, fir) shew themselves, (as we term it) his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

*1 Ser.* Directitude! What's that?

*3 Ser.* But when they shall see, fir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burroughs, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

*1 Ser.* But when goes this forward?

*3 Ser.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon. 'Tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

*2 Ser.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing; but to rust iron, encrease tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

<sup>6</sup> *He will—fowle the porter of Rome gates by th' ears.]* That is, I suppose, drag him down by the ears into the dirt. *Souiller, Fr.*

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's supposition, though not his derivation, is just. Skinner says the word is derived from *fow*, i. e. *to take hold of any one by the ears, as a dog seizes these animals.* So Heywood, in a comedy called *Love's Mistress*, 1636.

“Venus will *fowle me by the ears* for this.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *his passage poll'd.]* That is, *bared, cleared.* JOHNSON.

1 *Ser.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's sprightly, waking, audible, and <sup>8</sup> full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mull'd, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children than war's a destroyer of men.

2 *Ser.* 'Tis so: and as war in some sort may be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Ser.* 'Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Ser.* Reason; <sup>9</sup> because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope, to see Romans as cheap as Volscians.

They are rising, they are rising.

*Both.* In, in, in, in.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E VI.

*A publick Place in Rome.*

*Enter Sicinius and Brutus.*

*Sic.* We hear not of him, neither need we fear him:  
<sup>1</sup> His remedies are tame i' the present peace,

And

<sup>2</sup> *full of vent.*] Full of rumour, full of materials for *discourse*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *because they then less need one another.*] Shakespear, when he chooses to give us some weighty observation upon human nature, not much to the credit of it, generally (as the intelligent reader may observe) puts it into the mouth of some low buffoon character.

WARBURTON.

<sup>1</sup> *His remedies are tame i' the present peace,*] The old reading is,

*His remedies are tame, the present peace.*

I do not understand either line, but fancy it should be read thus,

————— *neither need we fear him;*

*His remedies are ta'en, the present peace,*

*And quietness o' the people,* —————

The meaning, somewhat harshly expressed, according to our author's

And quietness o' the people, which before  
Were in wild hurry. Here he makes his friends  
Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had,  
Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold  
Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see  
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going  
About their functions friendly.

*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!

*Men.* Hail to you both!

*Sic.* Your Coriolanus is not much miss'd,  
But with his friends: the Common-wealth doth stand;  
And so would do, were he more angry at it.

*Men.* All's well; and might have been much bet-  
ter, 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.*

*All.* The Gods preserve you both!

*Sic.* Good-e'en, neighbours.

*Bru.* Good-e'en to you all; good-e'en to you all.

thour's custom, is this: *We need not fear him, the proper remedies  
against him are taken, by restoring peace and quietness.* JOHNSON.

I rather take the meaning of Sicinius to be this.

*His remedies are tame,*

i. e. *ineffectual* in times of peace like these. When the people  
were in commotion, his friends might have strove to remedy his  
disgrace by tampering with them; but now, neither wanting to  
employ his bravery, nor remembering his former actions, they  
are unfit subjects for the factious to work upon. STEEVENS.

1 *Cit.*

1 *Cit.* Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,

Are bound to pray for you both.

*Sic.* Live and thrive!

*Bru.* Farewel, kind neighbours: we wish'd Coriolanus

Had lov'd you, as we did.

*All.* Now the Gods keep you!

*Both Tri.* Farewel, farewell. [*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 <sup>2</sup> affecting one sole throne, Without assistance.

*Men.* 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.*

*Ædile.* Worthy Tribunes, There is a slave, whom we have put in prison, Reports, the Volscians with two several powers Are entered in the Roman territories; And with the deepest malice of the war Destroy what lies before 'em.

*Men.* 'Tis Aufidius, Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment, Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;

<sup>2</sup> ——— affecting one sole throne,  
Without assistance.]

That is, without *assessors*; without any other suffrage. JOHNSON.  
Which

Which were in-shell'd when Marcius stood for Rome,  
And durst not once peep out.

*Sic.* Come, what talk you of Marcius!

*Bru.* Go see this rumourer whipt.—It cannot be,  
The Volscians 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 <sup>3</sup> reason with the fellow  
Before you punish him, where he heard this;  
Lest you should 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.*

*Mess.* The nobles in great earnestness are going  
All to the senate-house: some news is come,  
That turns their countenances.

*Sic.* 'Tis this slave;—

Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—His raising!  
Nothing but his report!

*Mess.* Yes, worthy sir,  
The slave's report is seconded; and more,  
More fearful is delivered.

*Sic.* What more fearful?

*Mess.* It is spoke freely out of many mouths,  
How probable I do not know, that Marcius,  
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome;  
And vows revenge as spacious, as between  
The young'st and oldest thing.

*Sic.* This is most likely!——

<sup>3</sup> ————*reason with the fellow*] That is, have some talk with him. In this sense Shakespeare often uses the word. JOHNSON.

*Bru.*

*Bru.* Rais'd only, that the weaker fort may wish  
Good Marcius home agan.

*Sic.* The very trick on't.

*Men.* This is unlikely:  
He and Aufidius<sup>4</sup> can no more atone,  
Than violentest contrariety.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* You are sent for to the Senate:  
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,  
Associated with Aufidius, rages  
Upon our territories; and have already  
O'er-borne their way, consum'd with fire, and took  
What lay before them.

*Enter Cominius.*

*Com.* Oh, 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<sup>5</sup> burned in their cement; and  
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd  
Into an augre's bore.

*Men.* Pray now, the news?—

<sup>4</sup> ————can no more atone,] This is a very elegant expression, and taken from unison strings giving the same *tone* or sound.

WARBURTON.

To *atone*, in the æstive sense, is to *reconcile*, and is so used by our authour. To *atone* here, is, in the neutral sense, to *come to reconciliation*. To *atone* is to *unite*. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ————burned in their cement, ————] *Cement*, for cincture or inclosure; because *both* have the idea of holding together.

WARBURTON.

*Cement* has here its common signification. JOHNSON.

You

You have made fair work, I fear me.—Pray, your news?

If Marcius should be joined with the Volscians,—

*Com.* If? He is their God; he leads them like a thing

Made by some other deity than Nature,  
That shapes man better: and they follow him,  
Against us brats, with no less confidence,  
Than boys pursuing summer butter-flies,  
Or butchers killing flies.

*Men.* You've made good work,  
You and your apron-men; you that stood so much  
Upon the voice of occupation, and  
<sup>5</sup> 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;<sup>6</sup> and, who resist,  
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,  
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?  
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

*Men.* We are all undone, unless  
The noble man have mercy.

<sup>5</sup> *The breath of garlick-eaters!*] To smell of garlick was once such a brand of vulgarity, that garlick was a food forbidden to an ancient order of Spanish knights, mentioned by Guevara.

JOHNSON.

To smell of *leeks* was no less a brand of vulgarity among the Roman people in the time of Juvenal. Sat. iii.

——— *quis tecum fetile porrum*

*Sutor, et elixi vervecis labra comedit?* STEEVENS.

\* *As Hercules, &c.*] An allusion to the apples of the Hesperides.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Do smilingly revolt;*———] *Smilingly* is the word in the old copy, for which *seemingly* has been printed in late editions.

STEEVENS.

*Com.*

*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  
Shou'd say, *Be good to Rome,* <sup>7</sup> they charge 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 coward nobles, gave way to your clusters,  
Who did hoot him out o' the city.

*Com.* But I fear,

<sup>8</sup> 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

<sup>7</sup> ———*they charge him, &c.*] Their *charge* or injunction would shew them insensible of his wrongs, and make them *shew like enemies*. I read *shew*, not *shewed*, *like enemies*. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *They'll roar him in again.*———] As they *booted* at his departure, they will *roar* at his return; as he went out with scoffs, he will come back with lamentations. JOHNSON.

Your



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 should burn us all into one coal,  
 We have deserv'd it.

*Omnes.* Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part,  
 When I said, *banish him*; I said, 'twas pity.

2 *Cit.* And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did  
 very many of us. That we did, we did for the best;  
 and tho' we willingly consented to his banishment, yet  
 it was against our will.

*Com.* You are goodly things. You, voices!—

*Men.* You have made you good work,  
 Your and your cry! Shall us to the Capitol?

*Com.* Oh, ay, what else? [*Exeunt.*

*Sic.* Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd.  
 These are a side, that would be glad to have  
 This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,  
 And shew no sign of fear.

1 *Cit.* 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 *Cit.* 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 Tribunes.*

S C E N E

## SCENE VII.

*A Camp; at a small distance from Rome.*

*Enter Aufidius, with his Lieutenant.*

*Auf.* Do they still fly to the Roman?

*Lieu.* I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat, Their talk at table, and their thanks at end; And you are darken'd in this action, 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 changling; and I must excuse What cannot be amended.

*Lieu.* Yet I wish, fir, (I mean, for your particular) you had not Join'd in commission with him: but either borne The action of yourself, or else to him Had left it solely.

*Auf.* I understand thee well; and be thou sure, When he shall come to his account, he knows not, What I can urge against him. Although it seems, And so he thinks, and is no less apparent To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly, And shews good husbandry for the Volscian 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, When e'er we come to our account.

*Lieu.* Sir, I beseech you, think you, he'll carry Rome?

*Auf.* All places yield to him ere he sits down,  
And

And the nobility of Rome are his :  
 The senators, and patricians, love him too :  
 The tribunes are no soldiers ; and their people  
 Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty  
 To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome  
 ' As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it  
 By sovereignty of nature. First, he was  
 A noble servant to them ; but he could not  
 Carry his honours even : ' whether pride,  
 Which out of daily fortune ever taints  
 The happy man ; whether defect of judgment,  
 To fail in the disposing of those chances,  
 Which he was lord of ; or whether nature,  
 Not to be other than one thing, not moving  
 From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace  
 Even with the same austerity and garb,  
 As he controll'd the war : but one of these,  
 (As he hath spices of them all, not all,

' *As is the osprey* ——— ] *Osprey*, a kind of eagle, *osfraga*.

POPE.

We find in Michael Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song xxv. a full account of the *osprey*, which shews the justness and beauty of the simile.

“ The *osprey*, oft here seen, tho' seldom here it breeds,  
 “ Which over them the *fish* no sooner do espy,  
 “ But, betwixt him and them by an antipathy,  
 “ Turning their bellies up, as tho' their death they saw,  
 “ They at his pleasure lie, to stuff his gluttonous maw.”

LANGTON.

' ——— whether pride

Which out of daily fortune ever taints

The happy man ; whether ——— ]

Aufidius assigns three probable reasons of the miscarriage of Coriolanus ; pride, which easily follows an uninterrupted train of success ; unskilfulness to regulate the consequences of his own victories ; a stubborn uniformity of nature, which could not make the proper transition from the *casque* or *helmet* to the *cushion* or *chair of civil authority* ; but acted with the same despotism in peace as in war. JOHNSON.

For I dare so far free him) made him fear'd,  
 So hated, and so banish'd. But <sup>2</sup> he has a merit,  
 To choak it in the utterance. So our virtues  
 Lie in the interpretation of the time:  
<sup>3</sup> 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;  
<sup>4</sup> Right's by right fouler, strengths by strengths do fail.  
 Come,

<sup>2</sup> ————— He has a merit  
 To choak it in the utterance. ————— ]

He has a merit, for no other purpose than to destroy it by boasting it. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> And power, unto itself most commendable,  
 Hath not a tomb so evident, as a chair  
 To extol what it hath done.]

This is a common thought, but miserably ill expressed. The sense is, The virtue which delights to commend itself, will find the surest *tomb* in that *chair* wherein it holds forth its own commendations.

————— unto itself most commendable.

i. e. which hath a very high opinion of itself. WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> Right's by right fouler, ————— ] This has no manner of sense. We should read,

Right's by right fouled, —————

Or, as it is commonly written in English, *foiled*, from the French, *fouler*, to tread or trample under foot. WARBURTON.

I believe *rights*, like *strengths*, is a plural noun. I read,

Rights by rights founder, strengths by strengths do fail.

That is, by the exertion of one right another right is lamed.

JOHNSON.

Right's by right fouler, —————

i. e. What is already right, and is received as such, becomes less clear when it is supported by supererogatory proofs. Such appears to me to be the meaning of this passage, which may sometimes be applied with too much justice to many commentaries on Shakespeare.

*Fouled* is certainly an English word, and is used in Sidney's *Arcadia*, edit. 1633, page 441.

“ Thy all-beholding eye *fouled* with the sight.”

There

Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,  
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*A public Place in Rome.*

*Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, with others.*

MENENIUS.

NO, I'll not go. You hear, what he hath said,  
Which was sometime his general, who lov'd  
him

In a most dear particular. He call'd 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 i' the fire  
Of burning Rome.

*Men.* Why, so : You have made good work :

There is likewise the following proverb—*York doth foul Sutton—*  
*i. e. exceeds it on comparision, and makes it appear mean and poor.*

STEEVENS.

A pair of tribunes, <sup>1</sup> that have rack'd for Rome,  
To make coals cheap. A noble memory!

*Com.* I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon  
When least it was expected: He reply'd,

<sup>2</sup> 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 noisom 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

<sup>1</sup> ——— *that have rack'd for Rome,*] We should read, *reck'd*,  
i. e. been careful, provident for. In this insinuation of their only  
minding trifles, he satirizes them for their injustice to Coriolanus;  
which was like to end in the ruin of their country. The Ox-  
ford editor, seeing nothing of this, reads,

———— *have sack'd fair Rome.*      WARBURTON.

*Rack'd for Rome* is surely the right reading. To *rack* means to  
*barrafs by exactions*, and in this sense the poet uses it in other  
places.

“The commons hast thou *rack'd*; the clergy's bags  
“Are lank and lean with thy extortions.”

I believe it here means in general, You that have been such good  
stewards for the Roman people, as to get their houses burned over  
their heads, to save them the expence of coals.      STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *It was a bare petition*——] *Bare*, for mean, beggarly.

WARBURTON.

I believe rather, a petition unsupported, unaided by names that  
might give it influence.      JOHNSON.

A *bare petition*, I believe, means only a *mere petition*. Corio-  
lanus weighs the consequence of verbal supplication against that  
of actual punishment.      STEEVENS.

Above

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.* Pray you, go to him.

*Men.* What should I do ?

*Bru.* Only make trial what your love can do  
For Rome, towards Marcius.

*Men.* Well, and say, that Marcius  
Return'd me, as Cominius is return'd,  
Unheard ; what then ?—  
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot  
With his unkindness. Say't be so ?

*Sic.* Yet your good will  
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure  
As you intended well.

*Men.* I'll undertake it :

I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,  
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.  
<sup>3</sup> 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 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,  
And then I'll set upon him.

<sup>3</sup> *He was not taken well ; he had not din'd, &c.*] This observation is not only from nature, and finely expressed, but admirably befits the mouth of one, who in the beginning of the play had told us, that he loved convivial doings. WARBURTON.

*Brū.* 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.]

*Com.* He'll never hear him.

*Sic.* Not?

*Com.* <sup>4</sup> I tell you, he does sit in gold; his eye  
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury  
The goaler 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,  
<sup>5</sup> Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:  
<sup>6</sup> So that all hope is vain;

Unless

<sup>4</sup> *I tell you, he does sit in gold;—*] He is enthroned in all the  
pomp and pride of imperial splendour.

*Χρυσόθρονος* Ἡγεῖν— Hom. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:*] This is apparently wrong. Sir T. Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton after him, read,

*Bound with an oath not to yield to new conditions.*

They might have read more smoothly,

—————*to yield no new conditions.*

But the whole speech is in confusion, and I suspect something left out. I should read,

—————*What he would do,*

*He sent in writing after; what he would not,*

*Bound with an oath. To yield to his conditions.*

Here is, I think, a chasm. The speaker's purpose seems to be this: *To yield to his conditions* is ruin, and better cannot be obtained, *so that all hope is vain.* JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *So that all hope is vain;*

*Unless his noble mother and his wife,*

*Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him*

*For mercy to his country—*]

*Unless his mother and wife—*do what? The sentence is imperfect. We should read,

Force



Unless his noble mother and his wife,  
 Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him  
 For mercy to his country—Therefore let's hence,  
 And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*The Volscian Camp.*

*Enter Menenius to the Watch or Guard.*

*1 Watch.* Stay. Whence are you?

*2 Watch.* 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 Watch.* Whence?

*Men.* From Rome.

*1 Watch.* You may not pass, you must return:  
 our general

Will no more hear from thence.

*2 Watch.* You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire,  
 before

*Force mercy to his country.*——

and then all is right. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's emendation is surely harsh, and may be rendered unnecessary by printing the passage thus.

———*mean to solicit him*

*For mercy to his country* —— *Therefore, &c.*

This liberty is the more justifiable, because, as soon as the remaining hope crosses his imagination, he might be made to suppress what he was going to add, through haste to try the success of a last expedient.

It has been proposed to me to read,

*So that all hope is vain,*

*Unless in his noble mother and his wife, &c.*

*In his*, abbreviated *in's*, might have been easily mistaken by such inaccurate printers. STEEVENS.

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 <sup>7</sup> lots to blanks,

My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius

<sup>1</sup> *Watch* Be it so; go back: the virtue of your  
name

Is not here passable.

*Men.* I tell thee, fellow,

Thy general is my lover: I have been

The book of his good acts, whence men have read  
His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified;

<sup>8</sup> For I have ever verify'd my friends,

Of

<sup>7</sup> ————lots to blanks,] A lot here is a prize. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> For I have ever verified my friends,  
———with all the size that verity, &c.]

Shakespeare's mighty talent in painting the manners is especially remarkable in this place. Menenius here, and Polonius in *Hamlet*, have much of the same natural character. The difference is only accidental. The one was a senator in a free state; and the other a courtier and minister to a king; which two circumstances afforded matter for that inimitable ridicule thrown over the character of Polonius. For the rest, there is an equal complaisance for those they follow; the same disposition to be a creature; the same love of prate; the same affectation of wisdom, and forwardness to be in business. But we must never believe Shakespeare could make either of them say, *I have verified my friends with all the size of verity*; nay, what is more extraordinary, *verified them beyond verity*. Without doubt he wrote,

*For I have ever narrified my friends,*

i. e. made their encomium. This too agrees with the foregoing metaphors of *book, read*, and constitutes an uniformity amongst them. From whence the Oxford editor took occasion to read *magnified*: which makes the absurdity much worse than he found it: for, to *magnify* signifies to exceed the truth; so that this critic makes him say, he *magnified* his friend *within* the size of verity: i. e. he exceeded truth, even while he kept within it.

WARBURTON.

If the commentator had given any example of the word *narrify*, the correction would have been not only received, but applauded.

Now;

(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,<sup>9</sup>  
 I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise  
 Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing: Therefore, fellow,  
 I must have leave to pass.

*1 Watch.* 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 vir-  
 tuous to lie, as to live chastly. Therefore, go back.

*Men.* Pr'ythee, fellow, remember, my name is  
 Menenius; always factionary of the party of your  
 general.

*2 Watch.* 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 aim'd, can't thou tell? for I would  
 not speak with him till after dinner.

*1 Watch.* You are a Roman, are you?

*Men.* I am as thy general is.

*1 Watch.* Then you should hate Rome, as he does.  
 Can you, when you have push'd out of your gates

Now, since the new word stands without authority, we must try  
 what sense the old one will afford. To *verify* is to *establish by*  
*testimony*. One may say with propriety, *he brought false witnesses*  
*to verify his title*. Shakespeare considered the word with his usual  
 laxity, as importing rather *testimony* than *truth*, and only meant  
 to say, *I bore witness to my friends with all the size that verity*  
*would suffer*.

I must remark, that to *magnify* signifies to *exalt* or *enlarge*, but  
 not necessarily to *enlarge* beyond the truth. JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards would read *varnished*; but Dr. Johnson's expla-  
 nation of the old word renders all change unnecessary.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— upon a subtle ground,] *Subtle* means *smooth, level*. So  
 Jonson, in one of his masques:

“Tityus's breast is counted the *subtlest* bowling ground in  
 all Tartarus.” STEEVENS.

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, <sup>1</sup> the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the

<sup>1</sup> *the virginal palms of your daughters,*] By *virginal palms* may be indeed understood the holding up the hands in supplication. Therefore I have altered nothing. But as this sense is cold, and gives us even a ridiculous idea; and as the *passions* of the several intercessors seem intended to be here represented, I suspect Shakespeare might write *pasmes* or *pames*, i. e. swooning fits, from the French *pasmer* or *pâmer*. I have frequently used the liberty to give sense to an unmeaning passage by the introduction of a French word of the same sound, which I suppose to be of Shakespeare's own coining. And I am certainly to be justified in so doing, by the great number of such sort of words to be found in the common text. But for a further justification of this liberty, take the following instance; where all must agree, that the common reading is corrupt by the editors inserting an English word they understood, instead of one coined by Shakespeare out of the French, which they understood not. It is in his *Tarquin and Lucrece*, where he is speaking of the office and empire of Time, and the effects it produces in the world,

*Time's glory is——*  
*To fill with worm holes stately monuments,*  
*To seed oblivion with decay of things;*  
*To blot old books and alter their contents;*  
*To pluck the quills from ancient ravens wings;*  
*To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs.*

The two last words, if they make any sense, it is such as is directly contrary to the sentiment here advanced; which is concerning the *decays*, not the *repairs* of time. The poet certainly wrote,

*To dry the old oak's sap, and tarish springs.*

i. e. to dry up springs, from the French *tarir* or *tarissement*, *exarefacere*, *exsiccatio*: these words being peculiarly applied to springs or rivers. WARBURTON.

I have inserted this note, because it contains an apology for many others. It is not denied that many French words were mingled in the time of Elizabeth with our language, which have since been ejected, and that any which are known to have been then in use may be properly recalled when they will help the sense. But when a word is to be admitted, the first question should be, by whom was it ever received? in what book can it be shewn? If it cannot be proved to have been in use, the reasons which can justify

the palsied 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 condemned; our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

*Men.* Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

*2 Watch.* Come, my captain knows you not.

*Men.* I mean thy general.

*1 Watch.* My general cares not for you. *2 Back,* I say, go; lest I let forth your half pint of blood;—back, that's the utmost of your having:—Back.

*Men.*

fy its reception must be stronger than any critick will often have to bring. Even in this certain emendation, the new word is very liable to contest. I should read,

—————and perish *springs*.

The verb *perish* is commonly neutral, but in conversation is often used actively, and why not in the works of a writer negligent beyond all others of grammatical niceties? JOHNSON.

After all, I believe the former reading of the passage in *Tarquin and Lucrece* to be the right one. There is no way more effectual of destroying an old tree, than by suffering the *springs* (for so the young shoots and suckers are called in many parts of England) to rob it of the sap that should feed its age. The word is used in this sense by Fairfax, Drayton, and Donne, as well as by the old writers on husbandry, Fitzherbert, Tusser, Markham, and Shakespeare himself in the *Comedy of Errors*:

“—————Shall, Antipholis,

“ Even in the spring of love, thy love-*springs* rot?

Time is poetically described as not only destroying in his own person, but as nourishing one thing for the destruction of another. Dr. Warburton is surely unfortunate in the assortment of French words exhibited on the present occasion, since the *first* never was admitted as a *noun* into the French language, nor can the latter possibly be claimed by any language at all. The attempt to introduce *posmes* instead of *palms* ridicules itself. STEEVENS.

\* a decay'd dotant] Thus the old copy. Modern editors read—dotard. STEEVENS.

*2 Back, I say, go; lest I let forth your half pint of blood. Back, that's the utmost of your having, back.]* As these words are read and pointed,

*Men.* Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

*Enter Coriolanus, with 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 gardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus : <sup>3</sup> 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 ! Oh my son, my son ! thou art preparing fire for us ; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly mov'd to come to thee : but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of our gates with sighs ; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good Gods asswage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here ; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee——

*Cor.* Away !

*Men.* How ! away ?

*Cor.* Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs

pointed, the sentence [*that's the utmost of your having*] signifies, you are like to get no further. Whereas the author evidently intended it to refer to *the half pint of blood* he speaks of, and to mean, that that was all he had in his veins. The thought is humorous ; and to dissembarras it from the corrupt expression, we should read and point it thus, *Lest I let forth your half pint of blood : that's the utmost of your having. Back, back.* WARBURTON.

I believe the meaning never was mistaken, and therefore do not change the reading. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> guess but my entertainment with him ;] I read, *Guess by my entertainment with him, if thou standest not i' the state of hanging.*

JOHNSON.

Are

Are servanted to others : <sup>4</sup> Though I owe  
 My revenge properly, remission lyes  
 In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar,  
 Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather  
 Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone.  
 Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than  
 Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,  
 Take this along ; I writ it for thy sake,

[Gives him a letter.

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.

*Manent the Guard and Menenius.*

*1 Watch.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius.

*2 Watch.* 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power.  
 You know the way home again.

*1 Watch.* Do you hear, how we are <sup>5</sup> shent for keep-  
 ing your greatness back ?

*2 Watch.* What cause do you think, I have to swoon ?

*Men.* I neither care for the world, nor your general.  
 For such things as you, I can scarce think there's  
 any, you are so slight. He, that hath a will to die by  
 himself, fears it not from another ; let your general do  
 his worst. For you, be what you are, long ; and your  
 misery increase with your age ! I say to you, as I was  
 said to, Away ! [Exit.

*1 Watch.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

*2 Watch.* The worthy fellow is our general.  
 He is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken.

[Exeunt.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *Though I owe*

*My revenge properly, ——— ]*

Though I have a *peculiar right* in revenge, in the power of for-  
 givencs the Volscians are conjoined. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *how we are shent* ] *Shent* is brought to *destruction*. JOHNSON.

SCENE

## SCENE III.

*Re-enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.*

*Cor.* We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow  
Set down our host.—My partner in this action,  
You must report to the Volscian lords, <sup>6</sup> how plainly  
I have born this business.

*Auf:* Only their ends you have respected; flopt  
You ears against the general suit of Rome;  
Never admitted 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,  
(Tho' 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.—Ha! what shout is this?

*[Shout within.]*

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow,  
In the same time 'tis made? I will not—

*Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, young Marcius, with  
Attendants, all in mourning.*

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould  
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand

<sup>6</sup> ————— *how plainly*  
*I have born this business.]*

That is, *how openly, how* remotely from artifice or concealment.

JOHNSON.

The



The grand-child to her blood. But, out, affection!  
 All bond and privilege of nature break!  
 Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate. [*Virgilia courtesies.*  
 What is that curt'sy worth? or those dove's eyes,  
 Which can make Gods forsworn?—I melt, and am  
 not  
 Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows,

[*Volumnia 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 Volscians  
 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.

*Virg.* My lord and husband!

*Cor.* These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

*Virg.* The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,  
 Makes you think so.<sup>7</sup>

*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!

<sup>8</sup> Now by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss  
 I carried from thee, dear, and my true lip

<sup>7</sup> *The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,  
 Makes you think so.]*

Virgilia makes a voluntary misinterpretation of her husband's words. He says, *These eyes are not the same*, meaning, that he saw things with *other eyes*, or *other dispositions*. She lays hold on the word *eyes*, to turn his attention on their present appearance.

JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Now by the jealous queen of heaven,——*] That is, *by Juno*, the guardian of marriage, and consequently the avenger of connubial perfidy. JOHNSON.

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; [*Kneels.*  
 Of thy deep duty more impression shew  
 Than that of common sons.

*Vol.* O stand up blest!

Whilst with no softer cushion than the flint,  
 I kneel before thee; and improperly  
 Shew duty as mistaken all the while [*Kneels.*  
 Between the child and parent.

*Cor.* What is this?

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?  
 [*Pointing to Valeria.*

*Cor.* <sup>1</sup> The noble sister of Poplicola,  
 The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,  
 That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,  
 And hangs on Dian's temple. Dear Valeria!—

*Vol.* This is a poor <sup>2</sup> epitome of yours,  
 [*Shewing young Marcius.*  
 Which

<sup>1</sup> *The noble sister of Poplicola,*] Valeria, methinks, should not  
 have been brought only to fill up the procession without speaking.

JOHNSON.

It is not improbable, but that the poet designed the following  
 speech of Volumnia for Valeria. Names are not unfrequently  
 confounded by the player-editors; and the lines that compose it  
 might be given to the sister of Poplicola without impropriety. It  
 may be added, that tho' the scheme to solicit Coriolanus was ori-  
 ginally proposed by Valeria, yet Plutarch has allotted her no  
 speech, when she comes, with the rest, into his presence.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ————*epitome of yours,*] I read,

———*epitome*

Which by the interpretation of full time  
May shew like all yourself.

*Cor.* The God of soldiers,  
With the consent of supreme 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 <sup>4</sup> 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 thing, I have forsworn to grant, may never  
Be held by you denial. Do not bid me  
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate  
Again with Rome's mechanics:—Tell me not,  
Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not  
To allay my rages and revenges, with  
Your colder reasons.

*Vol.* Oh, 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 Volscians, mark; for we'll  
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request?

——— *epitome of you.*

*An epitome of you, which, enlarged by the commentaries of time, may equal you in magnitude. JOHNSON.*

<sup>3</sup> *With the consent of supreme Jove,———*] This is inserted  
with great decorum. Jupiter was the tutelary God of Rome.

WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> *——— every flaw,]* That is, every gust, every storm.

JOHNSON.

*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 thy self,  
 How more unfortunate than all living women  
 Are we come hither: since thy sight, which should  
 Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with com-  
 forts,

<sup>2</sup> *Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment, &c.]*

“The speeches copied from Plutarch in *Coriolanus* may (says Mr. Pope) be as well made an instance of the learning of Shakespeare, as those copied from Cicero in *Catiline*, of Ben. Jonson’s.” Let us inquire into this matter, and transcribe a *speech* for a specimen. Take the famous one of Volumnia.

I will now give you the old translation, which shall effectually confute Mr. Pope: for our author hath done little more, than thrown the very words of North into blank verse.

“If we helde our peace (my sonne) and determined not to speake, the state of our poore bodies, and present sight of our rayment, would easely bewray to thee what life we haue led at home, since thy exile and abode abroad. But thinke now with thy selfe, howe much more unfortunately, then all the women liuinge we are come hether, considering that the sight which should be most pleasaunt to all other to beholde, spitefull fortune hath made most fearfull to us: making my telfe to see my sonne, and my daughter here, her husband, besieging the walles of his natiue countrie. So as that which is the only comfort to all other in their aduersitie and miserie, to pray unto the goddes, and to call to them for aide: is the onely thinge which plongeth us into most deepe perplexitie. For we cannot (alas) together pray, both for victorie, for our countrie, and for safetie of thy life also: but a worlde of grievous curses, yea more then any mortall enimie can heape uppon us, are forcibly wrapt up in our prayers. For the bitter soppe of most harde choyce is offered thy wife and children, to forgoe the one of the two: either to lose the persone of thy selfe, or the nurse of their natiue contrie. For my selfe (my sonne) I am determined not to tarrise, till fortune in my life time doe make an ende of this warre. For if I cannot perswade thee, rather to doe good unto both parties, then to ouerthrowe and destroye the one, preferring loue and nature before the malice and calamitie of warres: thou shalt see, my sonne, and trust unto it, thou shalt no soner marche forward to assault thy countrie, but thy foote shall tread upon thy mother’s wombe, that brought thee first into this world.”

FARMER.

Con-

<sup>2</sup> Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow ;

Making the mother, wife, and child to see,  
 The son, the husband, and the father, tearing  
 His country's bowels out. And to poor we,  
 Thine enmity's most capital : thou barr'st us  
 Our prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort  
 That all but we enjoy. For how can we,  
 Alas ! how can we, for our country pray,  
 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, tho' 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.

*Virg.* Ay, and 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 sat too long.—

<sup>2</sup> *Constrains them weep, and shake*————] That is, *constrain*  
 the eye to *weep*, and the heart to *shake*. JOHNSON.

*Vol.* Nay, go not from us thus.

If it were so, that our request did tend  
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy  
The Volscians whom you serve, you might condemn  
us,

As poisonous of your honour. No ; our suit  
Is, that you reconcile them : while the Volscians  
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 dogg'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 abhorr'd.* Speak to me, son :  
Thou hast affected <sup>3</sup> the fine strains of honour,  
To imitate the graces of the Gods ;  
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,  
<sup>4</sup> 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 in the world  
More bound to his mother, yet here he lets me prate,  
<sup>5</sup> Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life

<sup>3</sup> —*the fine strains*—] The niceties, the refinements. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *And yet to charge thy sulphur* ———] We should read *charge*. The meaning of the passage is, To threaten much, and yet be merciful. WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> *Like one i' the stocks*.—] Keep me in a state of ignominy talking to no purpose. JOHNSON.

Shew'd

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 ; and 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,  
<sup>6</sup> Does reason our petition with more strength  
 Than thou hast to deny't. Come, let us go.  
 This fellow had a Volscian to his mother ;  
 His wife is in Corioli, and this child  
 Like him by chance :—Yet give us our dispatch.  
 I am hush'd, until our city be afire ;  
 And then I'll speak a little.

*Cor.* Mother, mother !——

[*Holds her by the hands, silent.*]

What have you done ? Behold the heav'ns do ope,  
 The Gods look down, and this unnatural scene,  
 They laugh at. Oh, my mother, mother ! oh !  
 You have won a happy victory to Rome :  
 But for your son—believe it, oh, believe it—  
 Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,  
 If not most mortal to him. But let it come.—  
 Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,  
 I'll frame convenient peace.<sup>6</sup> Now, good Aufidius,  
 Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard  
 A mother less ? or granted less, Aufidius ?

<sup>6</sup> *Does reason our petition*———] *Does argue for us and our petition.* JOHNSON.

*Auf.* I was mov'd withal.

*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 !

*Auf.* I am glad, thou'ft set thy mercy and thy honour  
At difference in thee: out of that<sup>7</sup> I'll work  
Myself a former fortune. [*Aside.*

[*The Ladies make signs to Coriolanus.*]

*Cor.* Ay, by and by ;  
But we will drink together ; and you shall bear  
[*To Vol. Virg. &c.*

A better witness back than words, which we,  
On like conditions will have counter-seal'd.

Come, enter with us,—Ladies, you deserve

<sup>7</sup> ——— I'll work  
Myself a former fortune.]

I will take advantage of this concession to restore myself to my  
former credit and power. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Cor.* —Come enter with us : Ladies, you deserve, &c.] This  
speech, beginning at *Ladies, you deserve*—which is absurdly given  
to Coriolanus, belongs to Aufidius. For it cannot be supposed  
that the other, amidst all the disorder of violent and contrary pas-  
sions, could be calm and disengaged enough to make so gallant a  
compliment to the ladies. Let us farther observe from this speech,  
where he says,

————— all the fwords  
In Italy, and her confederate arms.

And from that a little before,

————— Let the Volscians  
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy ;——

That the poet's head was running on the later grandeur of Rome,  
when as at this time her dominion extended only a few miles round  
the city. WARBURTON.

The speech suits Aufidius justly enough, if it had been written  
for him ; but it may, without impropriety, be spoken by Corio-  
lanus: and since the copies give it to him, why should we dispossess  
him ? JOHNSON.



To have a temple built you: all the swords  
 In Italy, and her confederate arms,  
 Could not have made this peace.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

*The Forum, in Rome.*

*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, especially 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 butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius 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<sup>9</sup> an eight years old horse. The tartness of his face fours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. <sup>1</sup> He sits in state as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding.

<sup>9</sup> *than an eight years old horse.*] Subintelligitur *remembers his dam.*  
 WARBURTON.

<sup>1</sup> *He sits in state*] In a foregoing note he was said to *fit in gold.* The phrase, *as a thing made for Alexander,* means, *as one made to resemble Alexander.* JOHNSON.

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; and that shall our poor city find: and all this is long of you.

*Sic.* The Gods be good unto us!

*Men.* No, in such a case the Gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them: and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*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 Volscians are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone:  
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,  
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

*Sic.* Friend,

Art certain, this is true? Is it most certain?

*Mes.* As certain, as I know the sun is fire.

Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?  
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,  
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark  
you;

[*Trumpets, hautboys, drums beat, all together.*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,

Ta-

Tabors and cymbals, and the shouting Romans  
Make the fun dance. Hark you! [*A shout within.*

*Men.* This is good news:

I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia  
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,  
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,  
A sea and land full. You have pray'd well to-day;  
This morning, for ten thousand of your throats  
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!

[*Sound still, with the shouts.*

*Sic.* First, the Gods bless you for your tidings: next,  
Accept my thankfulness.

*Mes.* Sir, we have all great cause to give great thanks.

*Sic.* They are near the city?

*Mes.* Almost at point to enter.

*Sic.* We'll meet them, and help the joy. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter two Senators, with Ladies, passing over the stage;  
with other Lords.*

*Sen.* Behold our patroness, the life of Rome:  
Call all our tribes together. praise the Gods,  
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:  
Unshout the noise, that banish'd Marcius;  
Repeat him with the welcome of his mother.

Cry,—welcome, ladies, welcome!— [*Exeunt.*

*All.* Welcome, ladies, welcome!

[*A flourish with drums and trumpets.*

## S C E N E V.

*A publick place in Antium.*

*Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Attendants.*

*Auf.* Go tell the lords of the city, I am here:  
Deliver them this paper: having read it,  
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,  
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,  
Will vouch the truth of it. He, I accuse,  
The city-ports by this hath enter'd, and

In-

Intends to appear before the people, hoping  
To purge himself with words. Dispatch.—Most  
welcome !

*Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius's faction.*

1 *Con.* 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 *Con.* Most noble sir,  
If yet you hold the same intent, wherein  
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you  
Of your great danger.

*Auf.* Sir, I cannot tell ;  
We must proceed, as we do find the people.

3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilst  
'Twixt you there's difference ; but the fall of 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, and I pawn'd  
Mine honour for his truth : who being so heighten'd,  
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,  
Seducing so my friends : and to this end,  
He bow'd his nature, never known before  
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 *Con.* Sir, his stoutness,  
When he did stand for consul, which he lost  
By lack of stooping,—

*Auf.* That I would have spoke of :  
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth ;  
Presented to my knife his throat : I took him,  
Made him joint servant with me ; gave him way  
In all his own desires ; nay, let him chuse  
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,  
My best and freshest men ; serv'd his designments  
In mine own person ; holpe to reap the fame,  
Which

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  
<sup>2</sup> He wag'd me with his countenance, as if  
 I had been mercenary.

*1 Con.* So he did, my lord :  
 The army marvell'd at it. And, at last,  
 When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd  
 For no less spoil, than glory,—

*Auf.* There was it ;—

<sup>3</sup> 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,  
 And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark !

[*Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts  
 of the people.*]

*1 Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,  
 And had no welcomes home ; but he returns,  
 Splitting the air with noise.

*2 Con.* And patient fools,  
 Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear,  
 With giving him glory.

*3 Con.* 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,

<sup>2</sup> *He wag'd me with his countenance,—*] This is obscure. The meaning, I think, is, he *prescribed* to me with an air of authority, and gave me *his countenance* for my wages ; thought me sufficiently rewarded with good looks. JOHNSON.

The verb, to *wage*, is used in this sense in the *Wife Woman of Hogsdan*, by Heywood, 1638.

“ —I receive thee gladly to my house,

“ And *wage* thy stay. —” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *For which my sinews shall be stretch'd—*] This is the point on which I will attack him with my utmost abilities. JOHNSON.

After

After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury  
His reasons with his body.

*Auf.* Say no more ;  
Here come the lords.

*Enter the Lords of the city.*

*All Lords.* You are most welcome home.

*Auf.* I have not deserv'd it.  
But, worthy lords, you have with heed perus'd  
What I have written to you ?

*All.* We have.

*1 Lord.* 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, <sup>+</sup> answering us  
With our own charge ; making a treaty, where  
There was a yielding ; this admits no excuse.

*Auf.* He approaches, you shall hear him.

*Enter Coriolanus, marching with drums and colours ; the  
Commons being with him.*

*Cor.* Hail, lords ! I am return'd your soldier ;  
No more infected with my country's love,  
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting  
Under your great command. You are to know,  
That prosperously I have attempted, and  
With bloody passage led your wars, even to  
The gates of Rome. Our spoils, we have brought home,  
Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,  
The charges of the action. We have made peace  
With no less honour to the Antiates,  
Than shame to the Romans : and we here deliver,

<sup>+</sup> ——— answering us  
With our own charge ; ——— ]

That is, rewarding us with our own expences ; making the cost of  
the war its recompence. JOHNSON.

Sub-

Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,  
Together with the seal o' the senate, what  
We have compounded on.

*Auf.* Read it not, noble lords ;  
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree  
He hath abus'd your powers.

*Cor.* Traitor !—How now !—

*Auf.* Ay, traitor, Marcius.

*Cor.* Marcius !

*Auf.* Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius: Dost thou think,  
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name  
Coriolanus in Corioli ?

You lords and heads of 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  
Counsel o' the war : but at his nurse's tears  
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory,  
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart  
Look'd wondering at each 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 Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.

*Cor.* Cut me to pieces, Volscians, men and lads,  
Stain all your edges in me.—Boy ! False hound !

If

If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,  
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I  
Flutter'd your Volscians 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?

*All Con.* Let him die for't.

*All People.* Tear him to pieces, do it presently.

[*The Croud speak promiscuously.*]

He kill'd my son,—my daughter,—kill'd my cousin  
Marcus,—

He kill'd my father.—

*2 Lord.* Peace, ho:—no outrage,—peace.—  
The man is noble, and <sup>5</sup> his fame folds in  
This orb o' th' 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 Aufidius's, or more, his tribe,  
To use my lawful sword,—

*Auf.* Insolent villain!

*All Con.* Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[*The Conspirators all draw, and kill Marcius,  
who falls, and Aufidius stands on him.*]

*Lords.* Hold, hold, hold, hold.

*Auf.* My noble masters, hear me speak.

*1 Lord.* O Tullus,—

*2 Lord.* Thou hast done a deed, whereat  
Valour will weep.

*3 Lord.* Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be quiet;  
Put up your swords.

*Auf.* My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage

<sup>5</sup> —————his fame folds in

This orb o' the earth:—————]

His fame overspreads the world. JOHNSON.



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 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,  
And mourn you for him :—Let him be regarded  
As the most noble corse, that ever herald  
Did follow to his urn.

2 *Lord.* His own impatience  
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.  
Let's make the best of it.

*Auf.* My rage is gone,  
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up :—  
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers ; I'll be one.—  
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully :—  
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he  
Hath widowed, and unchilded many a one,  
Which to this hour bewail the injury,  
Yet he shall have a noble memory.  
Assist.

[*Exeunt, bearing the body of Marcius. A dead  
march sounded.*]

THE tragedy of *Coriolanus* is one of the most amusing of our author's performances. The old man's merriment in Menenius ; the lofty lady's dignity in Volumnia ; the bridal modesty in Virgilia ; the patrician and military haughtiness in Coriolanus ; the plebeian malignity and tribunitian insolence in Brutus and Sicinius, make a very pleasing and interesting variety : and the various revolutions of the hero's fortune fill the mind with anxious curiosity. There is, perhaps, too much bustle in the first act, and too little in the last. JOHNSON.









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